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April FICTION Collier's

Containing: a Story of Hounds and Hunters

By Rudyard Kipling

Entitled: LITTLE FOXES



Another *Story* of the *EIGHT LONESOME* PIRATES by the *Author* of MEHITABEL *Entitled:*

THE Hant



A LOVE *Romance* of a Radiant LADY and the *Head Clerk*



Entitled: The Lady With Wings

by JENNETTE LEE

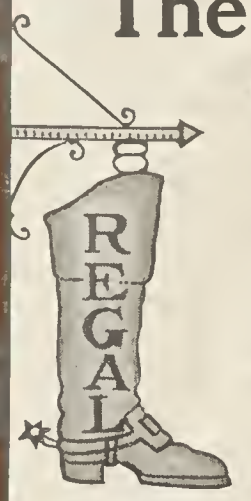
VOL XLIII NO 1 MARCH [illegible]

New York P. F. COLLIER & SON *Publishers*

P
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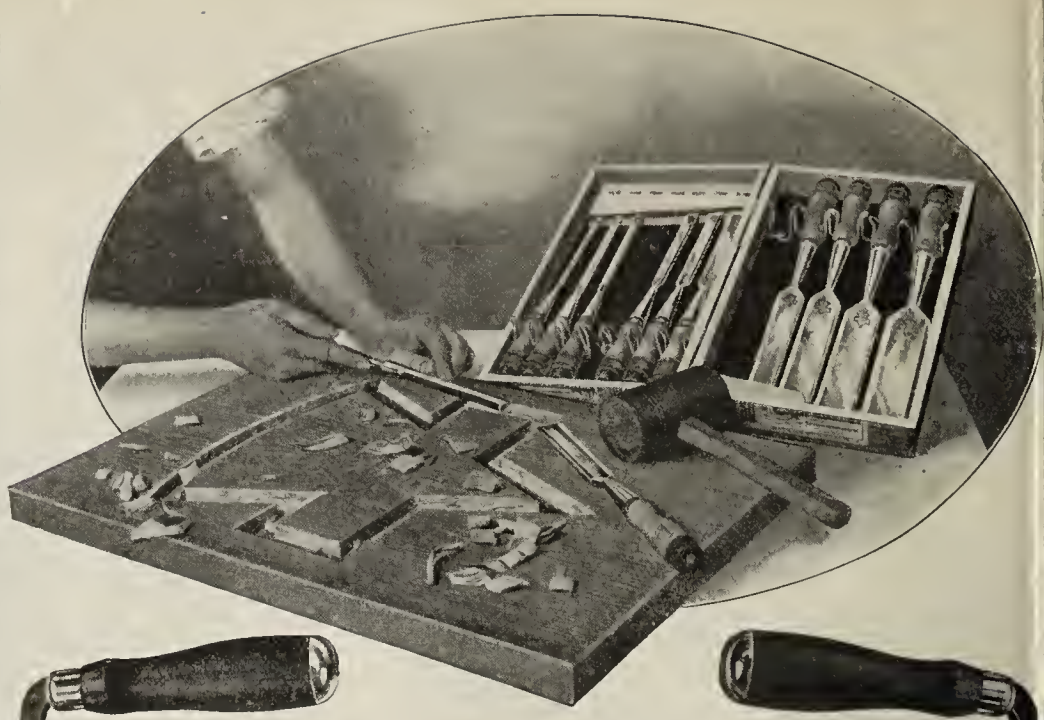
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Collier's

Saturday, March 27, 1909

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Volume XLIII Number 1

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Art Features *Next Week, April 3*

"April Showers," *Cover in color by*
MAXFIELD PARRISH

"The Grass Fire," *Frontispiece in color by*
FREDERIC REMINGTON

"One of the Leisure Class," *Double-page drawing by*
CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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* Hotel Ostend — WHOLE BLOCK BEACH FRONT. Cap. 600. Music; sea water plunge; Am. plan. $2.50 up, daily. Special rates. Coach. Booklet.

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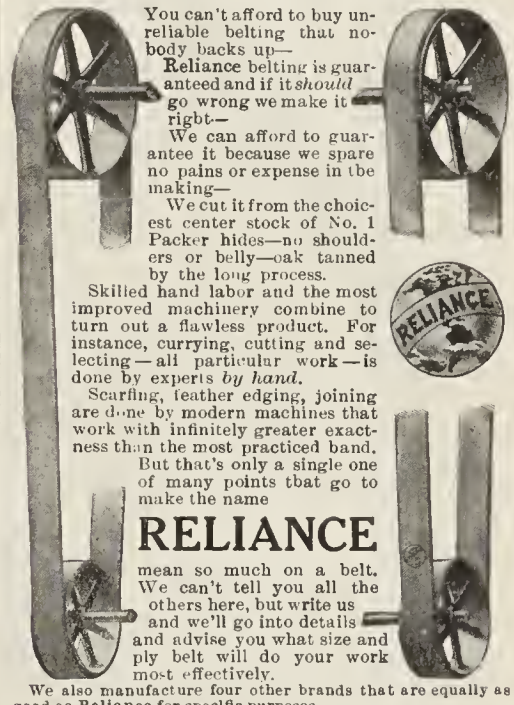
FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

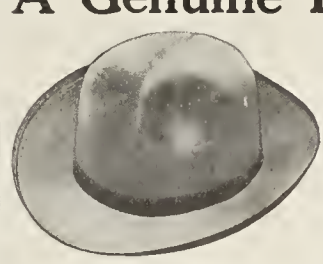
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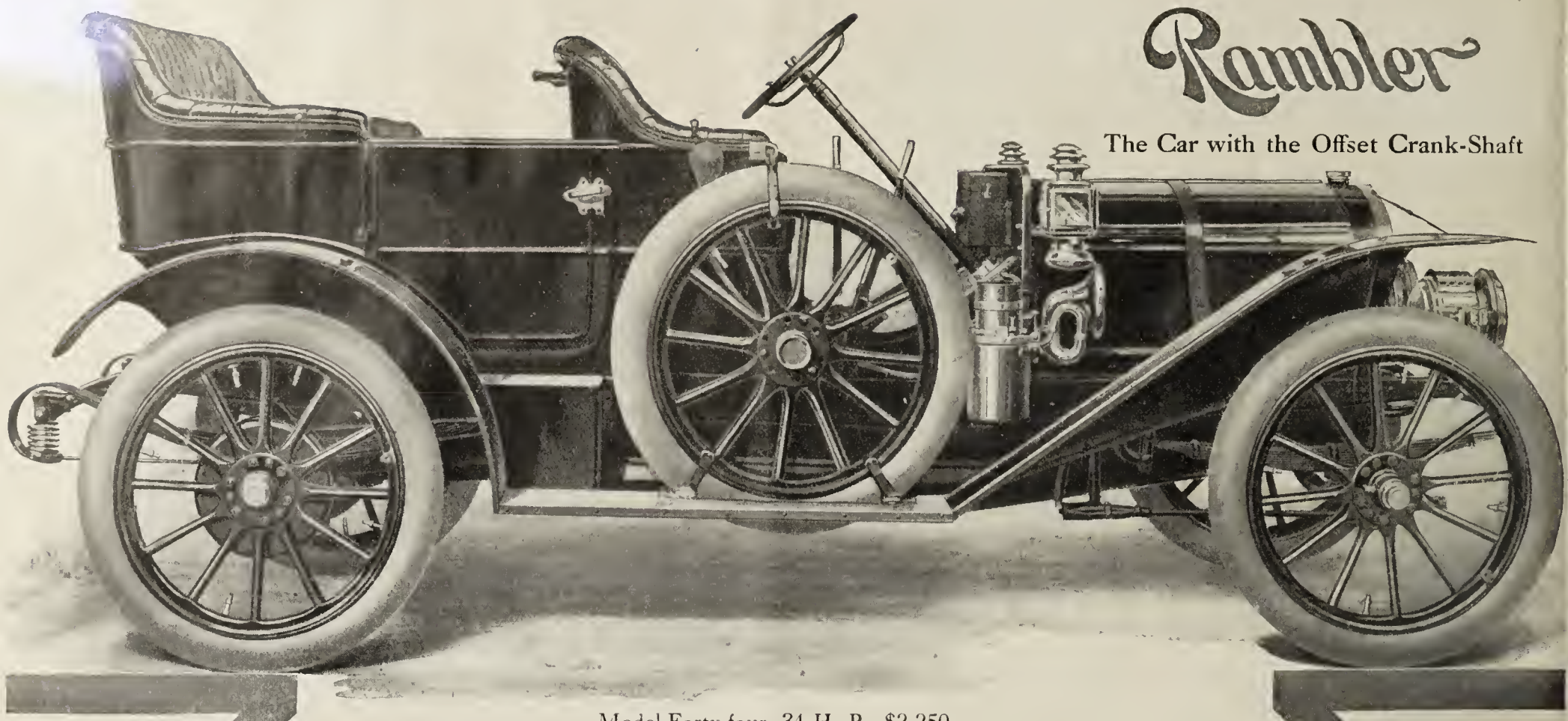
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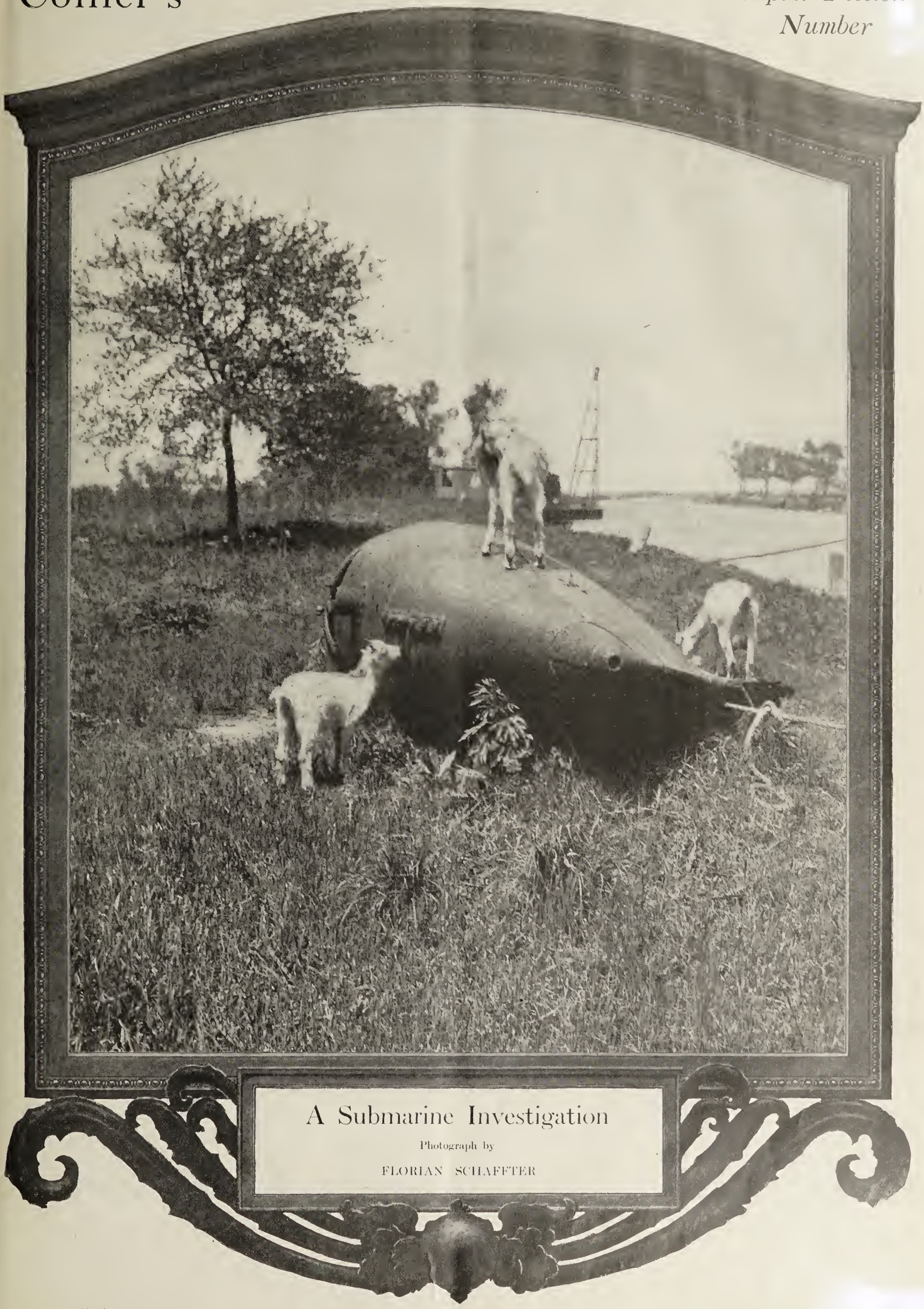
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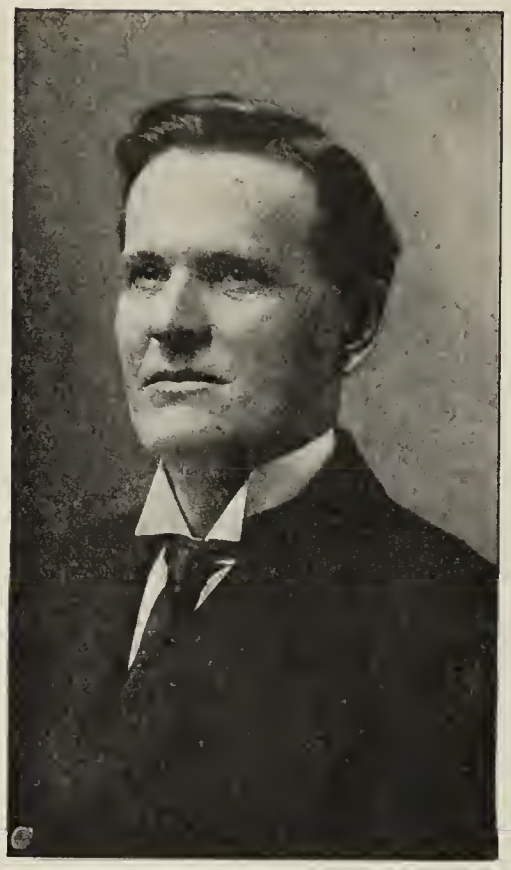
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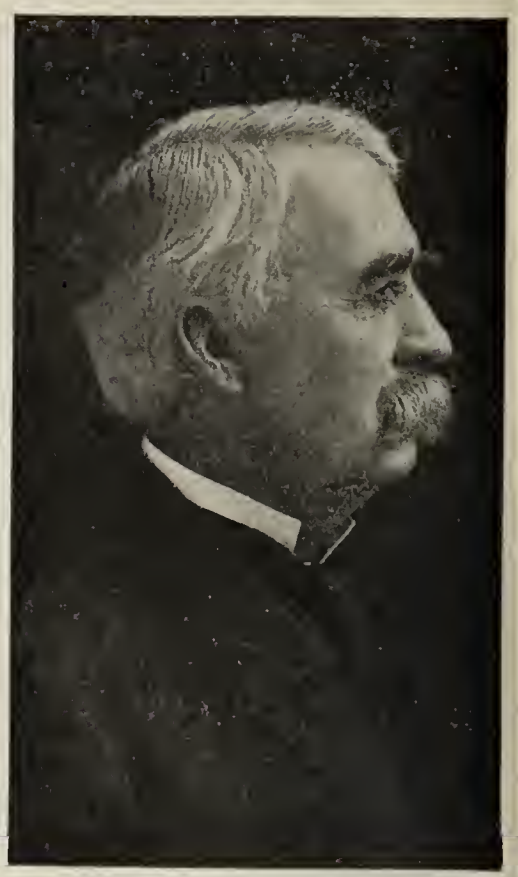
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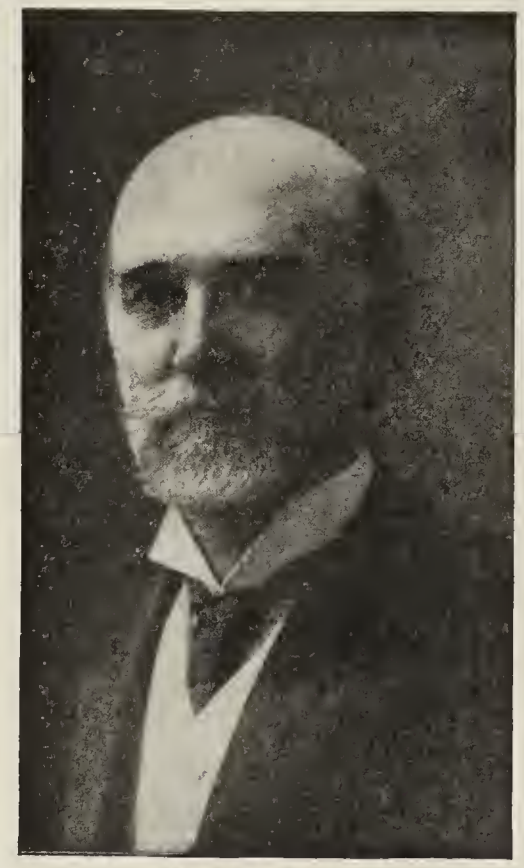
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Twelve Men of Courage

These Were the Leaders of the Insurgents Who Opposed Cannon

(See Article on Page 11)

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416–424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

March 27, 1909

PUBLICATION LIBRARY,

The Theater Trust

ABE ERLANGER has drawn his tomahawk. He seeks the scalp of FAVERSHAM. Will he add this trophy to his collection? He will not.

Ignorant and brutal, this rough egotist rules the syndicate which rules our stage. With no success but money, no eloquence but profanity, he has, nevertheless, been able to beat the other managers into subordinates. Long has been the jealousy between him and CHARLES FROHMAN. In sheer power to-day, ERLANGER has FROHMAN distanced. KLAW, NIXON, ZIMMERMANN, DANIEL FROHMAN, even HAYMAN, more and more become his puppets. If, as he looks into the future, ERLANGER fears the end of his despotism from any man, that man is LEE SHUBERT.

By the number of theaters which he controlled, ERLANGER built the first stages of his power. Actors, playwrights, managers, must bow to him, pay his terms, meet his tastes, or most towns were closed to them. CHARLES FROHMAN then was the principal producer. As he furnished the new plays, his power perhaps was greatest. Latterly, however, ERLANGER has been an increasing producer of tawdry shows, and with this double weapon he has driven FROHMAN from his throne. He speaks scornfully of FROHMAN to-day; snaps his fingers at him, as at all mankind. ERLANGER is as ruthless as he is coarse, as persistent as he is ill-bred. If he dons for a moment the raiment of respectability, then indeed the angels weep. He spoke latterly, with austerity and sternness, of impropriety on the stage, thundering that he would stamp out all tainted shows. What these mortals be! ABRAHAM ERLANGER was the real producer of "The Soul Kiss," the stupid pandering to crass licentiousness which bears the Ziegfeld label. Lumbering hypocrisy, therefore, must be added to his stock of qualities, high among which are vanity and boorishness and cruelty. In no haste are these words written. The American drama and its vicissitudes we have followed with affection since before the syndicate was established. We have watched the influence of this group of men; seen what a blight is their monopoly; and of the whole unlovely group ERLANGER it is who lies farthest outside the pale of sympathy.

The Faversham case has not until now been made public; let us hope that before summer every theatergoer may understand it. Even on ERLANGER'S list there are few performances in which the elements of irrational oppression stand so neatly forth. What had this man against FAVERSHAM? Nothing. No "rake-off" had been refused. There was no personal hostility. The actor had never been identified with rebellion. He had even been booked by the syndicate in such a way as to injure WARFIELD (and incidentally himself)—one of the pet trust methods of fighting rivals—and even then there had been no falling-out. This season he was informed, from a clear sky, that KLAW & ERLANGER would no longer book his plays. The exquisite reason far surpassed Sir Andrew Aguecheek. FAVERSHAM, in his starring venture, had borrowed money from a man named ISMAN. Afterward ERLANGER and ISMAN came into some sort of conflict, in an outside matter, wholly unrelated to FAVERSHAM or his productions. Therefore, to punish ISMAN, ERLANGER undertook to break FAVERSHAM. He not only refused to book him. He forbade local theaters to book him through the SHUBERTS. FAVERSHAM might, perhaps, have sued ERLANGER at once for the loss inflicted upon him, but he has gone ahead, making as profitable a season as possible, and he or the SHUBERTS may bring suit later, when the damage can be more exactly estimated. The outcome of the fight depends largely upon the power and courage of the SHUBERTS, who have undertaken to book FAVERSHAM in spite of ERLANGER'S decree. The czar went beyond his customary length. Usually his spoken word is sufficient, and it is more difficult to prove. He seems to us to have been incautious in sending out letters to the owners of theaters, warning them not to book FAVERSHAM. The outcome depends, in part, also on the courage of local managers, and they are more inclined to declare their independence than they have been for years. ERLANGER is consistently hated, especially since he has towered more and more arrogantly, arbiter and bully in an art which supplies pleasure to eighty millions of people. If GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM wishes to make himself a popular hero, behold an opportunity, made to his hand.

Why are the SHUBERTS a menace to ERLANGER'S authority? They have been expanding rapidly as producers; more important, they are quietly extending their control of a number of theaters so widely as to promise them immunity from ERLANGER'S domination. They already manage DE WOLF HOPPER, LEW FIELDS, "Girls," MAXINE ELLIOTT, "The Wolf," JOHN MASON, Madame NAZIMOVA, LULU GLASER, "The Mimic World," MARY MANNERING, "The Road to Yesterday," SAM BERNARD, JULIA MARLOWE, E. H. SOTHERN, LOUISE GUNNING, EDDIE FOY, JAMES T. POWERS, BERTHA GALLAND, and other well-known plays and actors. In securing control of theaters they are working so quietly that nobody knows exactly what progress they are making, but in theatrical circles it is generally believed that they will soon defy the trust entirely. In New York City they control the following: The Lyric, Maxine Elliott's, Daly's, the Casino, the Herald Square, the Majestic, the Hippodrome, the West End, the Yorkville, the Plaza, the Metropolis, and the Brooklyn Grand Opera House. In Philadelphia the Lyric and Adelphi, in Chicago the Garrick, in Washington the Belasco, in Pittsburg the Duquesne, in St. Louis the Garrick, in Cincinnati the Lyric, in Boston the Majestic and New Lyric. They have their theaters in Kansas City, Milwaukee, Buffalo, Providence, New Haven, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Toronto, Cleveland, Albany, and many other important towns. Already have the SHUBERTS demonstrated their strength by whipping the syndicate on a main issue between them: namely, they are able to own and conduct theaters in the principal cities and still to play those houses for which the syndicate acts as agent. If they fight this Faversham case out fully, the SHUBERTS will certainly prove themselves too strong to be made a catspaw for ERLANGER.

The advantage to the public, the dramatist, and the actor of having two booking routes can scarcely be overstated. Of course there ought to be more, but between one and two lies all the difference between slavery and freedom. Even when the power of the syndicate was most severe, a few managers held out. Such were the men who control the local theaters at Binghamton, New York, and Williamsport, Pennsylvania; but, as may be guessed from illustrations of such modesty, a rare bird has been the local manager who, in defying the trust, has managed his house to suit himself. With the central power divided between the syndicate and the SHUBERTS, the local managers will take heart and open their theaters to plays in which they themselves have confidence. It will no longer be possible for Mr. ERLANGER to decide alone whether dramas like STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "Herod" shall be produced; whether a play which New York did not happen to accept shall be refused a hearing on the road. No longer will the payment of an excessive "rake-off" to ERLANGER be the test of fitness to survive. No longer will it be possible to smother an actor-manager, or other individual producer, because one set of stupid autocrats find his play beyond their comprehension. The playgoing public of the United States will not have its rights until there is freedom in the theater. Imagine a situation by which no book could be published unless it pleased one man, and he ignorant of literature; no picture could be sold unless it pleased a certain creature who hated SARGENT and had never heard of REMBRANDT; no music could be heard unless it pleased a clown whose appreciation of ragtime equaled his contempt for MOZART. Such has been the situation in our theaters. The growing Shubert power promises a change. Despotism so bizarre as ERLANGER is now inflicting should hasten the day of freedom, by arousing comprehension, interest, and resentment in every city of the United States. Some trusts are supposed to be beneficent, others malign. Good and evil in this world are inextricably mixed up, but a microscope would be needed to discover benefits accruing to America from the grinding monopoly of the theater syndicate. Its disastrous effects on the drama and dramatists are unremitting and extreme. Either by law or by competition we should find for it a grave, where it can repose forever, unwept, unhonored, and [illegible]

Marines

SECRETARY MEYER, in asking Mr. WICKERSHAM for an opinion about the legality of the action of Congress in reference to marines, brought forward an interesting aspect of that unworthy procedure. The President is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. He issued his order about the marines in response to the overwhelming desire of naval officers. Foreign experience, as well as the experience of our own commanders, argued strongly for the change. What does Congress say? "To the devil with efficiency and discipline. Let us talk about jobs." Therefore it makes its appropriation for naval expenses dependent on the restoration of the marines to their former positions. We rather regretted that Mr. ROOSEVELT did not treat this outrageous bit of log-rolling as he did the attempted census grab, and send in a veto that would have helped the country to understand what Congress was about.

Swimmer and Diver

TO SEE ANNETTE KELLERMAN is to increase one's faith in the human form divine. Unaided by corsets and high heels, in trustful reliance on daily exercise, clean cold water, and all the open air that a busy life will permit, she has made herself into the likeness of Greek sculpture—the long flowing lines, the strength and definiteness of outline, the touch of austerity that clothes in chastity those ladies of the marble past. She has become this creature of vigor and beauty by ardent and unbroken pursuit of the noble art of swimming. The posters call Miss KELLERMAN "the Diving Venus." Now, there is distinct evidence that Venus emerged from the unplumbed salt, but there lives no record that the Lady Aphrodite ever cut the sounding furrows with a "dolphin plunge," as Miss KELLERMAN's little herald at the right wing labels one of her stirring "numbers." She dives twelve times for the audience—twelve kinds of dive—each with the perfect posture attained just at the instant of touching the water. The curve of her descent would make the lasting fame of the draftsman who could catch it. All lovers of the water, all lovers of the beautiful, should see this refreshing young woman playing around like a nymph or Rhine-maiden in the younger days of creation.

About Loan Sharks

TWO STATEMENTS are made with frequency by harassed lenders of money to low-salaried men and needy housekeepers. These answers summarize the "loan shark's" defense:

Ten per cent a month is the usual charge for money.

Ten per cent a month is as low a rate as the sharks can charge and continue to do business.

Now, compare these statements with the following statistics:

The average capital invested in a loan office is somewhere between $5,000 and $10,000.

A typical loan office will show a profit of from $5,000 to $10,000 a year.

If some clear thinker among the men engaged in the business will reconcile these figures, he will cast light into dark places. Our present opinion, based on a long investigation, is that the business, as now conducted by D. H. TOLMAN, CHARLES E. STRATTON, S. J. MASTERS, JOHN MULHOLLAND, and their many rivals and imitators, is about all that it ought not to be. The poor man often has need to borrow. We ought to be able to arrange methods by which he can escape being skinned by the usurers. In some early issues we shall give details. Meanwhile our ears are attentive to all who wish to prove that the shark should earn one hundred per cent a year on his investment.

Statesmen

THIS IS FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of February 17 last:

"MR. TILLMAN [speaking on the question of appropriations for the navy, and referring to the policy of the Senate not to inquire too closely into the appropriations for reclamation of public lands and other Western projects]— . . . It comes with a bad grace from men on that side who have been getting their share of chicks and eggs from the national Government to get up and captiously criticize the rest of us who are only doing the same thing.

"MR. HALE—Mr. President, we have, in the reclamation work, done precisely what the Senator is opposing in the naval bill. We have been leaving the reclamation matter almost entirely to the Western Senators, *and we have stood by them every time.*

"MR. TILLMAN—And Indian matters and public-land matters are also left to those Senators.

"MR. HALE—Almost entirely.

"MR. GALLINGER—And we all vote for the bills.

"MR. HALE—And we all vote for them."

Does Senatorial courtesy extend to deliberate ignorance of what other Senators are doing with the public funds? Is it division and silence? The excuse of the director of the looted bank is always that he didn't know.

Fun

HELD UNDER COLD WATER by some of his witty and spirited fellow students at the Oregon State University at Eugene last December, RALPH BRISTOL, aged twenty-one, at length ceased to struggle. He has since lost his reason. The facts have just leaked out. BRISTOL had violated some rule of the students, and the cold-water douche was his punishment. If the prosecuting officer of that county will effectively prosecute the culprits it may not return BRISTOL's reason nor appease the misery of his parents, but it may save some other youth.

The Modern Slavers

"THE PITTSBURG SURVEY" is rounding up its study, so accurate and thorough, into the conditions of life and labor of the wage-earners of the American steel district. The prosperous city, throbbing with energy, fecund in natural resources, with a colossal bank balance, is put upon the witness-stand and heckled in a searching cross-examination. Our only stricture on the patient and sure work of the investigators, the sum total of whose voluminous findings will be permanently valuable, is the dull presentation of the material. Many of the articles are so many cross-sections of tedium, unlighted by style or narrative skill. To that extent they will prove ineffectual, as their main driving force is entirely dependent on the arousal of public opinion. There is incorporated in the findings, however, an effectual summing-up, as may be seen by extracts:

"An altogether incredible amount of overwork by everybody, reaching its extreme in the twelve-hour shift for seven days in the week in the steel mills and the railway switchyards."

Criticism of these conditions in relation to charitable and educational gloss is thus vigorously put:

"Certainly no community before, in America or Europe, has ever had such a surplus, and never before has a great community applied what it had so meagerly to the rational purposes of human life. Not by gifts of libraries, galleries, technical schools, and parks, but by the cessation of toil one day in seven and sixteen hours in the twenty-four, by the increase of wages, by the sparing of lives, by the prevention of accidents, and by raising the standards of domestic life, should the surplus come back to the people of the community in which it is created."

And here is something which hits hard, and which no sympathetic or just American can ignore:

"The unadorned fact remains that in our most highly developed industrial community, where the two greatest individual fortunes in history have been made, and where the foundations of the two most powerful business corporations have been laid, the mass of the workers in the master industry are driven as large numbers of laborers, whether slave or free, have scarcely before in human history been driven."

"The Pittsburg Survey" is no superficial comment. It dives deep into the lives of common men. The facts which it presents are there for us all to reckon with.

Classification

A RESTAURANT lists among its phonographic allurements the following:

"CARUSO, Grand Opera, and Music."

Some, whose taste is confined to symphonic and chamber music, will be pleased. The announcement deserves a place beside that lunch-counter legend which read: "Sandwiches and Food."

Censorship

WHY PLAGIARIZE foreign absurdities? The English censor has ever been a cause of discouragement among the educated, yet there is heard occasionally a suggestion that we should introduce a similar creature in this country. The Briton has recently forbidden a burlesque on DU MAURIER'S "An Englishman's Home." He is continuously occupied in drawing pencil-marks about single phrases and words in serious drama which do not please his taste. In our Land of Freedom clamor is raised not against light-hearted salubrity, from cheap variety up to "The Merry Widow," but against serious thought, such as caused the outcry against "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Likewise, in England, what frightens the censor is not gay abandonment, however vulgar, but the attempt to give frank consideration to topics of importance. The first duty of a censor is to complain of honesty and originality. Who was it that said England was governed by the Dull, who had never had more than one great idea—to call themselves the Respectable?

English Traits

DON'T TAKE THAT SENTENCE about Dulness and Respectability as our own opinion. Look at the Suffragettes. Englishwomen have been long marveled at by Americans and by visitors from the Continent for their meekness under masculine domination. The English distaste for illegalities, disorder, the spectacular, are things accepted. EMERSON talked about the languid Oxford gentlemen who thought that nothing was new, nothing was true, and nothing mattered, and he merely summarized remarks made by CHAUCER on Oxonians some centuries earlier. Now come these ladies from the several classes that are the very strongholds of these same traditions, and fight and suffer and stand fast for their convictions after a fashion that is at least recognizably English in its tenacity. There are traits deep and traits superficial in a nation's make-up, and nowhere are the things on the surface less a clue to what is at the core than in England. The English worship the practical, the regular, the accepted; but it is not for its practicality they cherish the memory of the charge of the Light Brigade; it is not for his red-tape regularity that NELSON'S name is worshiped, and from Magna Charta to old-age pensions radical innovations have continuously starred their political history.

The Fight Against Cannonism

The Twelve Men Who Voted Against Cannon, and the Thirty-one Who Defeated the Old Rules

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE organization of the Lower House of Congress revealed two groups of courageous men. The first consists of twelve Republicans. They have opposed CANNON for two years or more, and they carried that opposition through the caucus of their party, which, in spite of the known feeling of the country, nominated CANNON for Speaker. These twelve Republicans voted against CANNON on the floor of the House. Their districts are given, as well as the counties and towns which compose their districts, because the loyal backing of their constituents is as much entitled to recognition as the personal courage of the members. The counties named in this list have better reason to be proud of their Representatives than any other constituencies.

Republican Congressmen Who Voted Against Cannon

VICTOR MURDOCK of Wichita, member for the Eighth District of Kansas, made up of the counties of Butler, Harvey, McPherson, Sedgwick, and Sumner.

HENRY ALLEN COOPER of Racine, member for the First District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Green, Kenosha, Lafayette, Racine, Rock, and Walworth.

IRVINE L. LENROOT of Superior, member for the Eleventh District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Barron, Bayfield, Burnett, Chippewa, Douglas, Dunn, Pierce, Polk, Rusk, St. Croix, Sawyer, and Washburn.

ELMER ADDISON MORSE of Antigo, member for the Tenth District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Ashland, Florence, Forest, Iron, Langlade, Lincoln, Marathon, Oneida, Price, Shawano, Taylor, Vilas, and Wood.

ARTHUR W. KOPP of Plattville, member for the Third District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Crawford, Grant, Iowa, Juneau, Richland, Sauk, and Vernon.

JOHN MANDT NELSON of Madison, member for the Second District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Adams, Columbia, Dane, Green Lake, Jefferson, and Marquette.

WILLIAM JOSEPH CARY of Milwaukee, member for the Fourth District of Wisconsin, made up of several wards of Milwaukee and the towns of South Milwaukee, Wauwatosa, Franklin, Greenfield, Lake, Oak Creek, Cudahy, and West Allis.

ELBERT HAMILTON HUBBARD of Sioux City, member for the Eleventh District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Buena Vista, Cherokee, Clay, Dickinson, Lyon, Ida, Monona, O'Brien, Osceola, Plymouth, Sac, Sioux, and Woodbury.

CHARLES RUSSELL DAVIS of St. Peter, member for the Third District of Minnesota, made up of the counties of Carver, Dakota, Goodhue, Lesueur, McLeod, Nicollet, Rice, Scott, and Sibley.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH of Little Falls, member for the Sixth District of Minnesota, made up of the counties of Benton, Cass, Crowwing, Douglas, Hubbard, Meeker, Morrison, Sherburne, Stearns, Todd, Wadena, and Wright.

EDMUND HOWARD HINSHAW of Fairbury, member for the Fourth District of Nebraska, made up of the counties of Butler, Fillmore, Gage, Hamilton, Jefferson, Polk, Saline, Saunders, Seward, Thayer, and York.

MILES POINDEXTER of Spokane, Representative at large from the State of Washington.

These men who voted against CANNON have, for the present, on this issue, only the satisfaction of having stood by their convictions. CANNON was elected Speaker; but on the motion to adopt the old rules which gave CANNON most of his power, CANNON and the Cannon organization lost.

Republicans Who Voted Against the Old Cannon Rules

Thirty-one Republicans voted against the old rules and were the means of defeating them. These thirty-one include the twelve above named, who also voted against CANNON, and, in addition, the following:

MOSES P. KINKAID of O'Neill, member for the Sixth District of Nebraska, composed of the counties of Banner, Blaine, Boxbutte, Boyd, Brown, Buffalo, Cherry, Cheyenne, Custer, Dawes, Dawson, Dueul, Garfield, Grant, Greeley, Holt, Hooker, Howard, Keith, Keyapaha, Kimball, Lincoln, Logan, Loup, McPherson, Rock, Scotts Bluff, Sheridan, Sherman, Sioux, Thomas, Valley, and Wheeler.

GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS of McCook, member for the Fifth District of Nebraska, composed of the counties of Adams, Chase, Clay, Dundy, Franklin, Frontier, Furnas, Gosper, Hall, Harlan, Hayes, Hitchcock, Kearney, Nuckolls, Perkins, Phelps, Redwillow, and Webster.

JAMES H. DAVIDSON of Oshkosh, member for the Eighth District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Calumet, Manitowoc, Portage, Waupaca, Waushara, and Winnebago.

EDMOND H. MADISON of Dodge City, member for the Seventh District of Kansas, made up of the counties of Barber, Barton, Clark, Comanche, Edwards, Finney, Ford, Grant, Gray, Greeley, Hamilton, Harper, Haskell, Hodgeman, Kearney, Kingman, Kiowa, Lane, Meade, Morton, Ness, Pawnee, Pratt, Reno, Rice, Rush, Scott, Seward, Stafford, Stanton, Stevens, and Wichita.

GUSTAV KÜSTERMANN of Green Bay, member for the Ninth District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Brown, Door, Kewaunee, Marinette, Oconto, and Outagamie.

CHARLES N. FOWLER of Elizabeth, member for the Fifth District of New Jersey, made up of the counties of Morris, Union, and Warren.

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER of Hamilton, member for the Sixth District of Massachusetts, made up of the cities of Beverly, Gloucester, Haverhill, Newburyport, and Salem, and towns of Amesbury, Boxford, Danvers, Essex, Georgetown, Groveland, Hamilton, Ipswich, Manchester, Marblehead, Merrimac, Middleton, Newbury, Peabody, Rockport, Rowley, Salisbury, Swampscott, Topsfield, Wenham, and West Newbury.

ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD of Granite Falls, member for the Seventh District of Minnesota, made up of the counties of Bigstone, Chippewa, Grant, Kaudiyohi, Lac qui Parle, Lincoln, Lyon, Pope, Redwood, Renville, Stevens, Swift, Traverse, and Yellow Medicine.

ASLE J. GRONNA of Lakota, member at large from North Dakota.

EVERIS ANSON HAYES of San Jose, member for the Fifth District of California, made up of the counties of San Mateo and Santa Clara and part of San Francisco.

CHARLES E. PICKETT of Waterloo, member for the Third District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Black Hawk, Bremer, Buchanan, Butler, Delaware, Dubuque, Franklin, Hardin, and Wright.

FRANK P. WOODS of Estherville, member for the Tenth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Boone, Calhoun, Carroll, Crawford, Emmet, Greene, Hamilton, Hancock, Humboldt, Kossuth, Palo Alto, Pocahontas, Webster, and Winnebago.

GILBERT N. HAUGEN of Northwood, member for the Fourth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Allamakee, Cerro Gordo, Chickasaw, Clayton, Fayette, Floyd, Howard, Mitchell, Winneshiek, and Worth.

N. E. KENDALL of Albia, member for the Sixth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Davis, Jasper, Keokuk, Mahaska, Monroe, Poweshiek, and Wapello.

WILLIAM C. LOVERING of Taunton, member for the Fourteenth District of Massachusetts, made up of the county of Barnstable, the cities of Taunton and Brockton, and the towns of Attleboro, Easton, Mansfield, Norton, Raynham, Cohasset, Abington, Bridgewater, Carver, Duxbury, East Bridgewater, Halifax, Hanover, Hanson, Hingham, Hull, Kingston, Lakeville, Marshfield, Middleboro, Norwell, Pembroke, Plymouth, Plympton, Rockland, Scituate, Wareham, West Bridgewater, and Whitman.

JAMES W. GOOD of Cedar Rapids, member for the Fifth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Benton, Cedar, Grundy, Jones, Linn, Marshall, and Tama.

DAVID A. HOLLINGSWORTH of the Sixteenth District of Ohio, ADNA R. JOHNSON of the Tenth District of Ohio, and HALVOR STEENERSON of the Ninth District of Minnesota are also entitled to credit for having voted with the insurgents against the old rules. After staying with the insurgents for several votes, they finally left to vote with the majority for a compromise. ESCH of Wisconsin would have voted with the insurgents, but was unavoidably absent.

These men won a substantial victory. The cartoon which appeared on this page two weeks ago, showing a Congressman in CANNON'S private office asking permission to call up his bill, will never again be possible. No man with a proper purpose need ever go to CANNON'S private chambers again. The members who have always considered these visits degrading can now perform the functions of their office as they could not before. The men named on this page won this victory by choosing the harder path for themselves. For the cost they paid, and must continue to pay so long as CANNON and his machine have power to visit resentment upon them, they should be compensated by the gratitude of the country. A good deal more than a normal proportion of them come from Wisconsin, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Iowa; more than a normal proportion are of Scandinavian origin; more than a normal proportion got part of their education at the University of Wisconsin.

Part of the Victory Lost Through Cannon Democrats

A share of the victory won by the insurgents was lost through a handful of Cannon Democrats. By the votes of these men, CANNON was able to retain for himself the important power of appointing all the committees. The chief result of this is the opportunity it gives him to visit resentment upon the insurgent Republicans by denying them the committee appointments to which their ability entitles them.

Does This Come from a Chastened Heart?

From Uncle JOE'S speech of acceptance after he was elected Speaker:

"We must subordinate personal feelings to the general good."

Let us hope so.

The Other Republicans

If your Representative is a Republican and is not among those whose names appear on this page, he voted for CANNON and also for the old rules which gave CANNON his power.

Who Heard These Promises?

Any person who heard the Hon. Irrigation BILL REEDER of the Sixth Kansas District make his public promises to vote against CANNON—by virtue of which promises he crept into Congress with a majority of 277 votes—will confer an obligation upon COLLIER'S and contribute something to the sum of recorded human knowledge by sending us the exact language of the Hon. BILL'S promise.

The same as to the Hon. ALFRED B. GARNER of the Twelfth Pennsylvania District. The same as to the Hon. JOHN H. PRAY of Montana.

Now for the Tariff

From now on, public attention should be focused on the tariff. At this present special session of Congress that is the only business to be considered. Everything else must wait till next December.

Collier's

Dithyrambs and Cacomacaques

The Expansive and Lyrical Haitians—Their Dinners and Duels and Substitutes for Marriage —and the Tragedy that Underlies the Surface Drolleries of the Black Republic

By ARTHUR RUHL

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE



A typical house in Port au Prince, where fires are never needed and windows rarely closed



The palm-tree and stand known as "Altar of the Country" which is a familiar sight in every Haitian town



Logwood, one of the leading exports of Haiti, piled on the beach awaiting shipment

THE night before President Simon was elected there was a banquet at our little hotel in Port au Prince. A German concessionaire, trimming his sails for the new wind, had arranged the dinner, and the guests included one of the President's sons, two or three white merchants, and several young blacks and mulattoes who were fluttering feverishly, and it was supposed rather closely, about the new government. From the veranda, where I was reading the evening paper in which all good Haitians were urged to offer their "sterile dissensions *en holocauste à la Patrie*," I could watch the diners addressing one another with that studied and almost Parisian elegance which the Haitian so loves to assume in public, and at the same time hear the sharp "ket-voos" of the sentinels on the Champs de Mars near by, and, from somewhere out of the warm, black night the strangely thrilling beat of tom-toms at a native dance.

This palpitating "Thump! Thump-ti-tump! Thump-*ti-ti-ti-ti-ti*—tump-tump!" rising in quick syncopations on the tepid breeze until it seems almost at hand, then dying away in a low muffled throb that comes apparently from the verdure-buried depths of some mountain gorge, is one of the common voices of the night in Haiti—a constant overtone, as it were, vaguely savage, sensuous, echoing from beneath the mask of ordinary things. It struck in strangely on this conventional dinner, even as the airy demeanor of the guests contrasted with the funereal cries rising and falling over the sleeping city—those "*clameurs sinistres*," as a Haitian novelist has called them, the "*qui-vive de nos légionnaires veillant sur la dolente Haïti.*"

One dapper young negro, near the head of the table, attracted especial attention. He was determined that he should. He was constantly proposing toasts, calling out vivaciously to those at the other end of the table, and in general taking the responsibility of the affair upon himself. He had been sent abroad to study engineering and had come back with a suit of American clothes and one of those green felt hats which were so frequent along Broadway last autumn, and whenever one met him he would shake hands and bow and say: "Very-well-thank-you—and *you?*" with such explosiveness as quite to deprive one of breath or the ability to frame a reply. He was one of the young men on whom, theoretically at least, this undeveloped country ought to depend, and I could not but think of the tremendously solemn and utilitarian advice about roads, water systems, irrigation canals, and what-not a young American similarly situated would have felt it necessary to give. No speeches had been planned, but when the table was cleared he could no longer restrain himself, and, jumping to his feet, he soared into declamatory French verse. Hugo, De Musset, Lamartine—I don't know just which it was, but something with a superb "*Sur mon cœur!*" (both hands pressed over his heart as if that expansive organ were about to leap through his coat) and a "*plus clair que l'astre du soir*" twanged from a lyre dripping sighs and tears.

His exhibition fired another young man, who, jumping up and raising his glass, dashed into a toast in heroic French verse, several hundred words long, and nobody knows when this flood of temperament would have been checked had not some strong man pushed his chair back and started for the veranda. Introductions all round followed, the lyrical engineer taking charge and giving each name every possible syllable that could be attached to it: "*Monsieur le docteur* Turnbull—*Monsieur le Secrétaire d'état aux relations imaginaires*," etc., etc. The other young man, not to be outdone, soared into another dithyrambic toast "to that great human family of which we were all," etc., etc. Then we said good night all round, shook hands—then, with renewed enthusiasm, did it all over again—*Encore messieurs! Bon soir!*—until the party finally tore itself away and disappeared into the brilliant tropic night.

It is with no intention of criticizing these amiable gentlemen that I have mentioned this incident, but merely to call attention to that "expansiveness" which is so characteristic of the Haitian temperament. "It is not our fault," as one of their writers has remarked, "if we are all born poets," and in fact it might be said that every Haitian has a "*lyre aux cordes pleureuses*" under his coat which he is only waiting the chance to whip out and twang upon. All day long in Port au Prince the politicians sit in little groups in the bars and cafés, with their glasses of rum and their *cacomacaque* sticks as big almost as baseball clubs, and their solemn frock coats, and listen while one of their number recounts some tiny adventure of the hour or expounds his opinion on the "disorientation of our unhappy country," etc., etc., with a prodigality of gesture and florid phrase scarcely to be exceeded were he addressing the Chamber of Deputies. Just as the caressing murmur of French phrases enchants them even when they scarcely know what they mean, so they dress themselves up in all sorts of French veneers without considering how little there may be underneath, as the blacks of Toussaint's time threw off their backs the coffee-sacks and sugar they had carried as slaves and hopped into the uniforms of French generals. Their fondness for musical and high-sounding names borrowed from French and classical literature—Télémaque, Cicéron, Altidor, Neptune, Louis Bonaparte, Demosthenes, Voltaire, and the like—is a habit handed down doubtless from slave days when there, as in our own country, such names as Pompey and Cæsar were commonly applied to slaves. The witty and not altogether reliable Texier avers that the Haitians even borrow names from botany and chemistry, and he mentions one gentleman of the name of Oxygène—surely a perfectly good name, almost as euphonious as Eugene and scarcely more illogical than the Pearls and Rubies we have at home. And, however extraordinary may be the things done and said under the sway of this exuberance, the average Haitians never dream that they are not intimately familiar with the final points of *ton* and *tenue*, and what might be considered merely clownish and vulgar in other societies they are convinced is quite "*Tartarinesque*" and proves conclusively that they are full of "*l'esprit gaulois.*"

The "*point d'honneur*" is an exceedingly delicate thing, naturally, among such a people, and one dark gentleman must be very scrupulous about the tone of voice in which he intimates to another gentleman that he hopes they will meet again lest the second gentleman, with a curt bow, reply: "Wherever, whenever, and however you wish, Monsieur!" and send round his seconds the next morning. The first paper I picked up in Haiti, the little "Le Cable" of Cape Haitien, contained a lengthy correspondence between two gentlemen of that town whose efforts to meet each other on the field of honor had been temporarily frustrated by the failure of the jury to meet and declare which was the aggrieved party. The one who thought he had this honor concluded his remarks, however, with the request that the other "would make no retraction, in order that he might measure himself" with his opponent. And while we were in Port au Prince a returned exile sent to the "Nouvelliste" one day the following:

"M. Edmond Polynice—En Ville

"Monsieur:

"Desiring to be certain as to the meaning of the remarks you made at St. Thomas, at the home of General Albert Salnave, and of the ironical gestures which you constantly indulged in during the passage from St. Thomas to Port au Prince, it would give me infinite pleasure to know without delay whether or not you intended them to have any significance, in order that I may know what action to take.

"I salute you, Monsieur, *parfaitement.*

"O. Castor."

The signature or "*paraphe*" is another matter of grave importance to the ordinary Haitian, and he spends almost as much time over it as an architect would in designing a house. And as Haitians are constantly changing their names or adding to them by taking the name of some ancestor, the newspapers almost always contain some such notice as that "the undersigned has the honor to announce to the public and *to commerce in general* that he will no longer be known as Jean Baptiste Demosthenes Lebour Fabius, but as Fabius Lebour, signing himself, however, *tout simplement*, with the same *paraphe.*"

Count Lemonade and Other Nobles

IN THEIR day, to be sure, the Haitians have even indulged in a nobility, and when Soulouque made himself Emperor Faustin I in 1852, he created also four princes of the blood, fifty-nine dukes, and numerous marquises, counts, and barons. Among them were the Duke of Marmalade and the Count Lemonade (*Marmalade* and *Limonade* were districts in Haiti), the Prince du Sale-Trou, and the Marquis de la Seringue. Soulouque was born a slave, but he had a very vivid conviction of his nobility, once he was in power, and he is said to have leaned out of a window of his palace on at least one occasion and yelled at a Spanish diplomat who was passing below: "What does that white mean by passing by without saluting my palace!" He was finally banished, "to the great despair," as Texier puts it, of "amateurs of anecdotes," and the nobility passed away. Christophe, the second ruler of Haiti, really succeeded in cutting a pretty imposing figure as a grand monarch. It was he who built near Cape Haitien the famous Sans Souci and the citadel above it, the ruins of which may be seen from the harbor to-day.

Sans Souci was a sort of African Versailles, designed and built by Frenchmen whom Christophe imported. The citadel was on the top of an almost inaccessible mountain near by. The tradition is that thirty thousand men lost their lives during its construction. Christophe would set a certain number of days for the completion of a piece of work. If the work was not done on time he would have, it is said, one workman thrown off the top of the rock for each day exceeding the limit. The method was scarcely economical, but there were plenty of subjects, and the final result was a fortress well-nigh impregnable, except against starvation, filled with secret passages and galleries bristling with French cannon, beautifully molded and decorated as cannon were in those days. Foreigners are not allowed to visit the citadel to-day except by very special permission, but you can buy post-cards with pictures of the ruined galleries and "*le canon favori du roi*" and "*de la reine.*" Christophe never had a chance to test his Gibraltar, for his men turned on him one day and he shot himself to escape assassination.

The obvious insignia of gentility to-day are the revolver, the *cacomacaque*, and the top hat and frock coat. The *cacomacaque* cane is cut from a certain palm, light

but dense and very durable. Policemen use these canes to beat their prisoners, officers use them in place of swords, and all but those of the lowest class generally carry them. In spite of the tremendous heat a frock coat and high hat must be worn by every one who wishes to be taken *au serieux*, and of course to doctors and lawyers they are indispensable. One of the first things one notices on landing in a Haitian town is these solemn gentlemen in their insufferably hot garments, picking their way through refuse and razor-backed hogs down the middle of the narrow street. The revolver is a rather higher mark of gentility, and of course the politician never knows when he may have to use one. The delegates who boarded our steamer on their way to Port au Prince were walking arsenals. All had revolvers, some knives and *machetes*, and one deputy carried a rusty old rifle "*pour bombarder la capitale*," as the little Jesuit priest whispered, coming over to my side of the deck after he had solemnly greeted the militant statesman on the other.

The author of "Aux Pays des Généraux" estimates the Haitian army to consist of 18,000 generals and 200 men, but of course he had to live up to his title, and he may be assumed to be somewhat prejudiced. It is nevertheless almost as true that Haitians are born generals as that they are born with a tearful lyre in their hands. Some are generals before they are born. Every one is told in Port au Prince of the man who, for some political service, received a general's commission for an unborn child which, inconveniently, turned out to be a girl. A friend of mine who never saw Haiti now holds a general's commission in the Haitian army because during the regular course of his duties as reporter on a New York paper he wrote interviews with a Haitian exile which pleased the next administration.

Adventures with the Haitian Army

MOST of these warriors take themselves very seriously. While strolling about Cape Haitien the day our steamer touched there we passed the *délégué's* headquarters. The country being in a state of revolution, the place was noisy with soldiers, and at the street crossing four tiny cannon glowered down each street. The moment Mr. Hare pointed his camera at one of these miniature guns there was a great hubbub and waving of swords and *cacomacaques*, and we retired under the impression that only retreat would prevent our immediate slaughter. Even when we returned later under the wing of the American Consul the same manifestations were repeated and a score of excited warriors surrounded the guns so as to screen them from view. Mr. Hare took a picture of them, which he sent home with many others in an envelope fastened with string but not sealed. When the envelope arrived in New York the others were safe, but that particular betrayal of Haitian military secrets was gone.

Generally speaking, however, I should say that a camera was one of the most effective weapons with which to advance against a Haitian army. Many times when our position seemed to be one of imminent peril the magic picture-box acted as an open sesame before which bayonets were lowered and scowling warriors melted into delighted smiles. We touched at Gonaïves the same morning the Revolutionary Committee arrived from Port au Prince to demand the resignation of the General of Arrondissement, a curious, little monkey-like fellow, with a terrific reputation for cruelty, of the name of Rameau. Had not the United States ship *Dolphin* accompanied the Haitians and warned them that if they attacked the defenseless city they would be fired on there would doubtless have been a spirited family party. As it was, Rameau just escaped the mob and was rowed to our steamer that afternoon without having had time to put his shoes on. In the morning, however, he was still nominally supreme, and he had ordered that no one be allowed to land. Inasmuch as no state of war had been declared this seemed a trifle arbitrary, and we decided to go ashore in spite of it. Met at the wharf by an officer, we were promptly escorted to the guard-house, and as we were about to walk demurely out, sentries with bayonets suddenly blocked the way in front and in the rear, and an officer shouted: "*Attention, messieurs!*"

He started in to ask us where we were born and what we were doing, tried to get the General of Arrondissement on the telephone, but in his excitement seemed unable to make the telephone work, and all in all acted as if convinced that he had just captured important prisoners of state. A few deferential words reassured him somewhat, and when I told him that we merely wanted to take a look at his extremely interesting city he melted, and, remarking with some pride: "It isn't bad," asked if we didn't want an escort. We declined this, and it was while drifting through the streets alone that we came upon the terrific little Rameau bidding farewell to his army. Knowing his reputation and not knowing what the ceremony was about, the soldiers and the drums and screaming bugles looked formidable enough, but the instant the local Nero caught sight of the camera he took off his cap politely, struck an attitude, with one foot slightly advanced, *cacomacaque* thrust firmly into the ground and the general air of Ajax defying the lightning. And the end of it all was that we shook hands and exchanged cards with half the army, while the dreaded Rameau never saw us on the streets of Port au Prince afterward without bowing as if we were life-long friends.

Haitian family life is so curious from our point of view that some mention of it is necessary in any discussion of Haitian manners and customs, although there is no space here to give this complex subject the consideration it deserves. As is pretty generally known, marriage, as we know it, is very little practised in Haiti. Indeed, it is almost unknown outside of what is called "*la société haïtienne*," which, so educated Haitians will assure you, is "a rigorous guardian of the principles and, in certain respects, the prejudices of French education." Mothers are only solicitous that their daughters be *placé*, placed, with some reliable man, preferably a young unmarried man who will take good care of them and their children. This custom, established by long usage, seems to them quite as natural and proper as our legal and religious ceremony. Without going into the final results of such a system, it can at least be said that it bestows certain temporary mercies—natural children are received on practically the same basis as legitimate ones, and no disgrace whatever attaches to motherhood without marriage.

Another curious condition is the endlessly complicated mixture of black and white, even that of children of markedly different colors in the same family. Marriages between Europeans and Haitians have not been uncommon and many of them seem to have continued happily. An illustration of the interesting social phenomena which may result is given in the Haitian novel "Séna." I do not know the source of this particular episode, but most of the characters in the book are lifted very literally from contemporary Haitian life. In an early chapter, in describing the family of Senator Rorotte—



Pausing near Port au Prince to rest and water the locomotive. The latter's name is "Progress"

a typical, big, well-meaning, ignorant mulatto—the author, Mr. Fernand Hibbert, mentions his daughter Matoute, the "real strong mind of the family."

The Rise of a Lady of Fashion

SHE was not pretty, but she had a certain *je ne sais quoi*, and both she and her father were determined that she should marry a white. The plan decided on was that they should start a dry-goods store—the heart's desire of most Haitians—import a white man to act as proprietor, and marry him to Matoute. She had explained it carefully.

"'Listen, papa,' said she, 'every year there are a hundred thousand Germans, who, dying of hunger in their own country, emigrate to other countries without a cent. When you go to Europe you will sign a contract with one of those one hundred thousand who haven't a sou, and as he will be dependent upon you and as you will always possess the capital, the scheme will fairly go itself and your daughter will become a great lady.'

"'You are right, you are right,' said Rorotte, delighted. 'I would have preferred *un petit français*. They are winning, they know how to talk—'

"'No, no, papa, no! No Frenchman! A German—a big German.'

"'Very well, very well, my child. We shall give you a big German.'"

Some months afterward, as the Haitian Senator sat dozing before the fire in his hotel in Paris, the boy who generally brought him his laundry came in with a bill. When Rorotte made some remark, the boy responded in an extraordinary Teutonic-French which astonished the good Senator.

"'Ah, so you are not French, my good fellow?' The boy explained as well as he could that he came from Mainz; that circumstances made it necessary for him to work in France; and in order not to die of hunger he had found a job in a laundry, but he hoped to emigrate to Brazil as soon as he had saved up a bit. In other words, Rorotte had before him a German deserter. He thought for a moment, as he looked the poor devil over, who, silent, with a very humble attitude, turned his hat round and round in his great paws. He was a huge fellow, rosy and with blond hair cut short. Rorotte asked him how he would like to go to Haiti.

"The eyes of the poor lad flashed. Haiti! For that wretched one it was some far-off Eldorado waved before his eyes. Haiti! Paradise of his brothers in distress!

"'I will pay your first cabin passage,' said Rorotte. 'I will employ you in a commercial house which I am about to start at Port au Prince. I will pay you five hundred francs a month plus board and lodging. Later, if I am satisfied with you, I will give you the management of the establishment besides, and keep still another surprise in store for you. Would you like to go?'

"The man fell on his knees, wrung Rorotte's hands, and swore that Rorotte was his Providence."

And in the epilogue, one reads, "Under the vigorous management of Kraussmann, Mme. Rorotte's business has become the solid bank 'Kraussmann & Company.' Matoute has married Kraussmann, and people who affected to disdain her before overwhelm her with calls to-day and are dizzy with pride if she spends five minutes with them, and they manage that every one shall know that Mme. Kraussmann was at our house to-day and spent the whole afternoon with us. And when Mme. Kraussmann, haughty as an idol, passes motionless and erect in her carriage, she enjoys a marvelous pleasure in imagining that all Port au Prince is petrified and regards her with admiration, rage, and envy. And that sentiment makes all her happiness. . . ."

The Tragedy Under the Dithyrambs

ONE could go on enumerating Haitian differences and drolleries, but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the most obvious of them, and the lot of the Haitians under their grotesqueness is so essentially tragic that one soon ceases to regard them merely as a cause for jocularity. In the preceding articles I have suggested some of the reasons why the Haitians so commonly speak of "our unhappy country" and mentioned the peculiarly difficult situation of that educated minority who understand their country's needs yet find themselves helpless between the inert lower class, which asks only to be left alone, and the ignorant militarism of those who rule.

The Haitian politician exhibits two very well defined phases—out of power he is gentle as a sucking dove, but the country is going to the bow-wows and everything is very *triste* and *malheureux;* in power, he is a raging lion, but Haiti is the best republic in the best of all possible worlds.

All efforts to improve the country then, all that discussion through the press and otherwise, which is assumed as a matter of course in more enlightened countries, is prohibited and punished. A very typical example of this occurred in the latter days of the Nord Alexis régime. Dr. Leon Audain, a physician graduated from a Paris medical school, a member of the Legion of Honor, and an intelligent and public-spirited Haitian, wrote a series of articles for a paper called "Le Pacificateur." Another Port au Prince paper, "Le Matin," had been conducting a campaign for Anglo-Saxon education as opposed to French education, and in his articles Dr. Audain analyzed Anglo-Saxon and Latin characteristics, discussed the possibilities of the Negro race, and then taking up such specific subjects as the Army, Education, etc., pointed out some of the difficulties under which Haiti is laboring and what would tend to their solution. The articles were published in pamphlet form while I was in Port au Prince, under the title "*Le Mal d'Haïti, Ses Causes et Son Traitement*"—purely a social study, written with moderation and quite impersonal.

Especially interesting, coming from a Haitian with a physician's training, were his remarks on the negro's future. Granting all that anthropologists say about the inferior size of the African brain and the differences in facial angles, Dr. Audain would not admit that such measurements determined finally the "essence of the cerebral tissue itself" and its possibilities of development. The African's backwardness was caused, he thought, by the tropical environment in which he had always lived, and which had tended to keep him in a state of nature. Once a race had acquired that habit they might go on in an indefinite circle until special circumstances came to break that circle and push them into new paths. And he called attention to Haitian families of blacks, who after cultivating their brains through several generations, now presented a type very different from the original African and approaching much nearer to the Caucasian.

In short, here was a book which discussed intelligently questions of vital importance to all Haitians. The most significant chapter in the book, pointing out the lamentable results of the distrust which exists between government and governed in Haiti, was refused by "Le Pacificateur" altogether, on the ground that it was too dangerous. It did, however, publish the one on the army in which Dr. Audain mildly pointed out what is painfully obvious to every traveler, that a great deal of the country's vitality is thrown away on an army useless to repel invasion and principally occupied in making trouble at home.

"He closed with an eloquent appeal to the politicians to save their country by using themselves the same remedies which foreigners would use on them, and to prevent intervention by proving that they could govern themselves."

No sooner had this article appeared than the "regenerator," Nord Alexis, stamped into the office of "Le Pacificateur" in a violent rage, suppressed the paper, discharged its editor from his position as professor in the Lycée National, and ordered his Minister of Interior to express to Dr. Audain his *extrême mécontentement*. The letter which M. Audain felt obliged to write to the President is so typical of the grotesque humiliations which Haitians have to endure from their [illegible]

their chiefs that it seems worth quoting in part. It should not be forgotten that this communication, addressed as if to the Grand Monarch, was written by an educated man to a doddering old negro who scarcely knew how to read or write.

"Port au Prince, le 24 Septembre, 1908.

"A Son Excellence M. le Général Nord Alexis,
"Président de la République d'Haiti,
"Au Palais National.

"Monsieur le Président:

"I had the honor to see this morning Monsieur the Minister of the Interior and of the General Police, who informed me of your extreme displeasure at the subject of an article of mine appearing in the 'Pacificateur' of the 18th inst. Although not having committed any illegal act by the simple publication of a general critical study, I promised M. the Minister of the Interior, because of my desire to be personally agreeable to you, to write to Your Excellency, in order to demonstrate the impersonal and innocuous character of the article and thus to efface the bad impression which wrongly interpreted, it might produce on your mind. . . ."

After a laborious and patient explanation, as if to a child, of this point, he continues:

"You will permit me, Excellence, to say to you that the foreigner knows better than many Haitians what is going on in our country. The agents which they have everywhere inform their governments with the greatest exactitude about whatever they wish to know. Consequently, I have taught the foreigner nothing new about our military organization. . . .

"Can any one see in the description which I have written an unpatriotic act? Excellence, Docteur Audain has proved too well since his return to Haiti that he loves his country for such an idea to occur to any one. . . .

"I hope the day will come when, in the face of our menaced Fatherland, all those hates which separate us will cease, when all, united under the same banner will be able to defend, if not successfully, at least gloriously, the one spot on earth where the negro has the right to walk with head erect.

"I am not a politician. I know nothing of politics, which, moreover, do not interest me, but I love my country. My one ambition is to be useful to it, and if my feeble voice can have any influence on the high decisions which you are susceptible of taking, I would say to you, of whom every one recognizes the great patriotism: 'President, be he who by a great clemency shall bring about concord between all children of Haiti to safeguard our independence, for the hour is a solemn one. As under Dessalines, *but by other means*, you must save our country.'"

So end the best-meant intentions of public-spirited Haitians to help their country. If such an experience seems an argument that a foreign government should step in and depose these stupid chiefs, it ought no less to stir a little fellow-feeling and sympathy for those who are working to make their people capable of governing themselves.

No open-minded foreigner can live among the Haitians for a few weeks, seeing the results of this struggle—little pamphlets published at the authors' expense, endless communications in the newspapers, hectic orations over the rum glasses in little bars and cafés; ignorant often, amusingly dithyrambic, yet the result of a very real intellectual groping and unrest—without having such a sympathy and fellow-feeling stirred. Happy-go-lucky children of a Nature that dulls and stupefies while it mothers and protects, they have suddenly been commanded to work and think for themselves—lifted from their tropic paradise, as it were, to confront our grim and relentless north. Grotesque they naturally are, but they are humans nevertheless, fighting with the exaggerated fear and savagery of outcasts who feel that every hand is against them for a little corner of the earth where they can hold up their hands and work out their own destiny.

THIS *is the last of a series of three articles written by Mr. Ruhl as a result of his visit to Haiti at the time of the recent revolution in the Black Republic. The other two were published: "Unhappy Haiti," February 6, 1909; "Vive A. T. Simon!" February 20, 1909.*





Hawaii's Annual Washington's Birthday Floral Parade

These two prize-winning cars may well be chosen as types of the many that gathered for the day's display. The one represents the native spirit in its exposition of the "Rainbow Legend," while the other pictures the new era—the American Suzerainty,—the coming of the white islander, the beauty and charm of the fairer conquest



The New Cabinet

From left to right: The President; Franklin MacVeagh, Treasury; George W. Wickersham, Attorney-General; George von L. Meyer, Navy; James Wilson, Agriculture; Charles Nagel, Commerce and Labor; Philander C. Knox, State; Jacob M. Dickinson, War; Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General; Richard A. Ballinger, Interior



Sometimes Gihon saw the whole procession of the hunt silhouetted against the morning sky, bearing him company for many merry miles

LITTLE FOXES

A Tale of the Gihon Hunt

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustrated by C. B. FALLS

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IN the United States where fox-hunting is confined to two or three small districts, it is difficult to understand the extent to which the sport exists to-day in England, Ireland, and Scotland. There are no less than 159 foxhound packs in England and Wales, containing 6,040 couples of hounds; in Scotland, 10 packs with 353 couples; and in Ireland, 24 packs, of 884 couples. In these three countries 50,000 men and women follow the hounds every week of the hunting season, which lasts for about five months. According to a recent estimate there is over $78,000,000 invested in the sport in Great Britain and over $43,000,000 is spent annually.—EDITOR'S NOTE

A FOX came out of his earth on the banks of the great River Gihon, which waters Ethiopia. He saw a white man riding through the dry durra-stalks, and, that his destiny might be fulfilled, barked at him.

The rider drew rein among the villagers round his stirrup.

"What," said he, "is that?"

"That," said the Sheikh of the village, "is a fox, O Excelleney our Governor."

"It is not, then, a jackal?"

"No jackal, but Abu Hussein, the father of cunning."

"Also," the white man spoke half-aloud, "I am Mudir of this Province."

"It is true," they cried. "Ya, Saart el Mudir" (O Excellency our Governor).

The great River Gihon, well used to the moods of kings, slid between his mile-wide banks toward the sea while the Governor praised God in a loud and searching cry never before heard by the river.

When he had lowered his right forefinger from behind his right ear, the villagers talked to him of their crops—barley, durra, millet, onions, and the like. The Governor stood in his stirrups. North he looked up a strip of green cultivation a few hundred yards wide that lay like a carpet between the river and the tawny line of the desert. Sixty miles that strip stretched before him, and sixty miles behind. At every half-mile a groaning water-wheel lifted the soft water from the river to the crops by way of a mud-built aqueduct. A foot or so wide was the water-channel; five foot or more high was the bank on which it ran, and its base was broad in proportion. Abu Hussein, misnamed the Father of Cunning, drank from the stream below his earth, and his shadow was long in the low sun. He could not understand the loud cry which the Governor had cried.

The Sheikh of the Village spoke of the crops from which the rulers of all lands draw revenue, but the Governor's eyes were fixed, between his horse's ears, on the nearest water-channel.

"Very like a ditch in Ireland," he murmured, and smiled, dreaming of a razor-topped bank in distant Kildare.

Encouraged by that smile, the Sheikh continued: "When crops fail it is necessary to remit taxation. Then it is a good thing, O Excellency our Governor, that you come and see the crops which have failed, and discover we have not lied."

"Assuredly." The Governor shortened his reins. The horse cantered on, rose at the embankment of the water-channel, changed leg cleverly on top, and hopped down in a cloud of golden dust.

Abu Hussein from his earth watched with interest. He had never before seen such doings.

"Assuredly," the Governor repeated, and came back by the way he had gone. "It is always best to see for oneself."

An ancient and still bullet-speckled stern-wheel steamer, with a barge lashed to her side, came round the river bend. She whistled to tell the Governor his dinner was ready, and the horse, seeing his fodder piled on the barge, whinnied back.

"Moreover," the Sheikh added, "in the days of the oppression the Emirs and their creatures dispossessed many people of their lands. All up and down the river our people are waiting to return to their lawful fields."

"Judges have been appointed to settle that matter," said the Governor. "They will presently come in steamers and hear the witnesses."

"Wherefore? Did the Judges kill the Emirs? We would rather be judged by the men who executed God's judgment on the Emirs. We would rather abide by *your* decision, O Excellency our Governor."

The Governor nodded. It was a year since he had seen the Emirs stretched close and still round the reddened sheepskin where lay El Mahdi, the Prophet of God. Now there remained no trace of their dominion except the old steamer, once part of a Dervish flotilla, which was his house and office. She sidled into the shore, lowered a plank, and the Governor followed his horse aboard.

Lights burned on her till late, dully reflected in the river that tugged at her mooring-ropes. The Governor read, not for the first time, the administration reports of one John Jorroeks, M.F.H.

"We shall need," he said suddenly to his Inspector, "about ten couple. I'll get 'em when I go home. You'll be Whip, Baker?"

The Inspector, who was not yet twenty-five, signified his assent in the usual manner, while Abu Hussein barked at the vast desert moon.

"Ha!" said the Governor, coming out in his pajamas, "we'll be giving you capivi in another three months, my friend!"

IT WAS four, as a matter of fact, ere a steamer with a melodious bargeful of hounds anchored at that landing. The Inspector leaped down among them, and the homesick wanderers received him as a brother.

"Everybody fed 'em everything on board ship; but they're real dainty hounds at bottom," the Governor explained. "That's Royal you've got hold of—the pick of the bunch—and the bitch that's got hold of you—she's a little excited—is May Queen. Merriman, out of Cottesmore Maudlin, you know."

"I know. Grand old beteh with the tan eyebrows," the Inspector cooed. "Oh, Ben! I shall take an interest in life now. Hark to 'em! Oh, hark!"

Abu Hussein, under the high bank, went about his night's work. An eddy carried his scent to the barge, and three villages heard the crash of music that followed. Even then Abu Hussein did not know better than to bark in reply.

"Well, what about my Province?" the Governor asked.

"Not so bad," the Inspector answered, with Royal's head between his knees. "Of course, all the villages want remission of taxes, but, as far as I can see, the whole country's stinkin' with foxes. Our trouble will be chop-pin' 'em in cover. I've got a list of the only villages entitled to any remission. What d'you call that flat-sided, blue-mottled beast with the jowl?"

"Beagle-boy. I have my doubts about him. Do you think we can get two days a week?"

"Easy, and as many byes as you please. The Sheikh of this village here tells me that his barley has failed, and he wants a fifty per cent remission."

"We'll begin with him to-morrow, and look at his crops as we go. Nothing like personal supervision," said the Governor.

They began at sunrise. The pack flew off the barge in every direction, and, after gambols, dug like terriers at Abu Hussein's many earths. Then they drank themselves pot-bellied on Gihon water while the Governor and the Inspector chastised them with whips. Scorpions were added; for May Queen nosed one, and was removed to the barge lamenting. Mystery (a puppy, alas!) met a snake, and the blue-mottled Beagle-boy (never a dainty hound) ate that which he should have passed by. Only Royal, of the Belvoir tan head and the sad, discerning eyes, made any attempt to uphold the honor of England before the watching village.

"You can't expect everything," said the Governor after breakfast.

"We got it, though—everything except foxes. Have you seen May Queen's nose?" said the Inspector.

"And Mystery's dead. We'll keep 'em coupled next time till we get well in among the crops. I say, what a babbling body-snatcher that Beagle-boy is! Ought to be drowned!"

"They bury people so dam casual hereabouts. Give him another chance," the Inspector pleaded [illegible] that he should live to repent most bitterly.

"Talkin' of chances," said the Governor, [illegible] lies about his barley bein' a failure. If it' [illegible]

to hide a hound at this time of year, it's all right. And he wants a fifty per cent remission, you said?"

"You didn't go on past the melon patch where I tried to turn Wanderer. It's all burned up from there on to the desert. His other water-wheel has broken down, too," the Inspector replied.

"Very good. We'll split the difference and allow him twenty-five per cent off. Where'll we meet to-morrow?"

"There's some trouble among the villages down the river about their land-titles. It's good goin' ground there, too," the Inspector said.

The next meet, then, was some twenty miles down the river, and the pack were not enlarged till they were fairly into the fields. Abu Hussein was there in force—four of him. Four delirious hunts of four minutes each—four hounds per fox—ended in four earths just above the river. All the village looked on.

"We forgot about the earths. The banks are riddled with 'em. This'll defeat us," said the Inspector.

"Wait a moment!" The Governor drew forth a sneezing hound. "I've just remembered I'm Governor of these parts."

"Then turn out a black battalion to stop for us. We'll need 'em, old man."

The Governor straightened his back. "Give ear, O people!" he cried. "I make a new law!"

The villagers closed in. He called:

"Henceforward I will give one dollar to the man on whose land Abu Hussein is found. And another dollar"—he held up the coin—"to the man on whose land these dogs shall kill him. But to the man on whose land Abu Hussein shall run into a hole such as is this hole, I will give not dollars, but a most unmeasurable beating. Is it understood?"

"Our Excellency," a man stepped forth, "on my land Abu Hussein was found this morning. Is it not so, brothers?"

None denied. The Governor tossed him over four dollars without a word.

"On my land they all went into their holes," cried another. "Therefore I must be beaten."

"Not so. The land is mine, and mine are the beatings."

This second speaker thrust forward his shoulders already bared, and the villagers shouted.

"Hullo! Two men anxious to be licked? There must be some game on about the land," said the Governor. Then in the local vernacular: "What are your rights to the beating?"

As a river-reach changes under a slant of the sun, that which had been a scattered mob changed to a court of most ancient justice. The hounds tore and sobbed at Abu Hussein's hearthstone, all unnoticed among the legs of the witnesses, and Gihon, also accustomed to laws, purred approval.

"You will not wait till the Judges come up the river to settle the dispute?" said the Governor at last.

"No!" shouted all the village save the man who had first asked to be beaten. "We will abide by our Excellency's decision. Let our Excellency turn out the creatures of the Emirs who stole our land in the days of the Oppression."

"And thou sayest?" the Governor turned to the man who had first asked to be beaten.

"I say *I* will wait till the wise Judges come down in the steamer. Then I will bring my many witnesses," he replied.

"He is rich. He will bring many witnesses," the village Sheikh muttered.

"No need. Thy own mouth condemns thee!" the Governor cried. "No man lawfully entitled to his land would wait one hour before entering upon it. Stand aside!" The man fell back, and the village jeered him.

The second claimant stooped quickly beneath the lifted hunting-crop. The village rejoiced.

"Oh, Sueh an one; Son of Sueh an one," said the Governor, prompted by the Sheikh, "learn, from the day when I send the order, to block up all the holes where Abu Hussein may hide—on—thy—land!"

The light flicks ended. The man stood up triumphant. By that accolade had the Supreme Government acknowledged his title before all men.

While the village praised the perspicacity of the Governor, a naked poekmarked child strode forward to the earth, and stood on one leg, unconcerned as a young stork.

"Ha!" he said, hands behind his back. "This should be blocked up with bundles of durra-stalks—or, better, bundles of thorns."

"Better thorns," said the Governor. "Thick ends innermost."

The child nodded gravely and squatted on the sand.

"An evil day for thee, Abu Hussein," he shrilled into the mouth of the earth. "A day of obstacles to thy [illegible]rn in the morning."

"Who is it?" the Governor asked the Sheikh. "It thinks."

"Farag the Fatherless. His people were slain in the days of the Oppression. The man to whom Our Excellency has awarded the land is, as it were, his maternal uncle."

"Will it come with me and feed the big dogs?" said the Governor.

The other peering children drew back. "Run!" they cried. "Our Excellency will feed Farag to the big dogs."

"I will come," said Farag. "And I will never go." He threw his arm round Royal's neck, and the wise beast licked his face.

"Binjamin, by Jove!" the Inspector cried.

"No!" said the Governor. "I believe he has the makings of a James Pigg!"

Farag waved his hand to his uncle, and led Royal on to the barge. The rest of the pack followed.



"Hullo! Two men anxious to be licked? There must be some game on about the land"

GIHON, that had seen many sports, learned to know the hunt barge well. He met her rounding his bends on gray December dawns to music wild and lamentable as the almost forgotten throb of Dervish drums, when, high above Royal's tenor bell, sharper even than lying Beagle-boy's falsetto break, Farag chanted deathless war against Abu Hussein and all his seed. At sunrise the river would shoulder her carefully into her place and listen to the rush and scutter of the pack fleeing up the gangplank, and the tramp of the Governor's Arab behind them. They would pass over the brow into the dewless crops where Gihon, low and shrunken, could only guess what they were about when Abu Hussein flew down the bank to scratch at a stopped earth, and flew back into the barley again.

As Farag had foretold, it was evil days for Abu Hussein ere he learned to take the necessary steps and to get away crisply. Sometimes Gihon saw the whole procession of the hunt silhouetted against the morning blue, bearing him company for many merry miles. At every half-mile the horses and the donkeys jumped the water-channels—up, on, change your leg, and off again—like figures in a zoetrope, till they grew small along the line of the water-wheels. Then Gihon waited their rustling return through the crops, and took them to rest on his bosom at ten o'clock. While the horses ate, and Farag slept with his head on Royal's flank, the Governor and his Inspector worked for the good of the hunt and his Province.

After a little while there was no need to beat any man for neglecting his earths. The steamer's destinations were telegraphed from water-wheel to water-wheel, and the villagers stopped out and put to according. If an earth was overlooked, it meant some dispute as to the ownership of the land, and then and there the Hunt checked and settled it in this wise: The Governor and the Inspector side by side, but the latter half a horse's length to the rear; both bare-shouldered claimants well in front; the villagers half mooned behind them, and Farag with the pack, who quite understood the performance, sitting down on the left. Twenty minutes were enough to settle the most complicated case, for, as the Governor said to a judge on the steamer, "One gets at the truth in a hunting-field a heap quicker than in your law courts."

"But when evidence is conflicting—?" the Judge suggested.

"Watch the field. They'll throw tongue fast enough if you're running a wrong scent. You've never had an appeal from one of my decisions yet."

The Sheikhs on horseback—the lesser folk on clever donkeys—the children so despised by Farag—soon understood that villages who repaired their water-wheels and channels stood highest in the Governor's favor. He bought their barley for his horses.

"Channels," said he, "are necessary that we may all jump them. They are necessary, moreover, for the crops. Let there be many wheels and sound channels—and much good barley."

"Without money," replied an aged Sheikh, "there are no water-wheels."

"I will lend the money," said the Governor.

"At what interest, O our Excellency?"

"Take you two of May Queen's puppies to bring up in your village in such a manner that they do not eat filth, nor lose their hair, nor catch fever from lying in the sun, but become wise hounds."

"Like Ray-yal—not like Biggle-bai?" (already it was an insult along the river to compare a man to the shifty anthropophagous blue-mottled harrier).

"Certainly, like Ray-yal—not in the least like Biggle-bai. *That* shall be the interest on the loan. Let the puppies thrive and the water-wheel be built, and I am content," said the Governor.

"The wheel shall be built; but, O our Excellency, if by God's favor the pups grow to be well-smellers, not filth-eaters, not unaccustomed to their names, not lawless, who will do them and me justice at the time of judging the young dogs?"

"Hounds, man, hounds! Ha-wands, O Sheikh, we call them in their manhood."

"The ha-wands when they are judged at the Sha-ho. I have unfriends down the river to whom our Excellency has also entrusted ha-wands to bring up."

"Puppies, man! Pah-peaz, we call them, O Sheikh, in their childhood."

"Pah-peaz. My enemies may judge my pah-peaz unjustly at the Sha-ho. This must be thought of."

"I see your difficulty. Hear now! If the new water-wheel is built in a month without oppression, thou, O Shiekh, shalt be named one of the judges to judge the pah-peaz at the Sha-ho. Is it understood?"

"Understood. We will build the wheel. I and my seed are responsible for the repayment of the loan. Where are my pah-peaz? If they eat fowls, must they on any account eat the feathers?"

"On no account must they eat the feathers. Farag in the barge will tell thee how they are to live."

There is no instance of any default on the Governor's personal and unauthorized loans, for which they called him the Father of Water-wheels. But the first puppy-show at the capital needed enormous tact and the presence of a black battalion ostentatiously drilling in the barrack square to prevent trouble after the prize-giving.

But who can chronicle the glories of the Gihon Hunt—or their shames? Who remembers the kill in the market-place, when the Governor bade the assembled sheikhs and warriors observe how the hounds would instantly devour the body of Abu Hussein, but how, when he had scientifically broken it up, the weary pack turned from it in loathing, and Farag wept because he said the world's face had been blackened? What men who have not yet ridden beyond the sound of any horn recall the midnight run which ended—Beagle-boy leading—among tombs, the hasty whip-off, and the oath taken above bones to forget the worry? The desert run, when Abu Hussein forsook the cultivation, and made a six-mile point to earth in a desolate khor—when strange armed riders on camels swooped out of a ravine, and instead of giving battle, offered to take the tired hounds home on their beasts. Which they did, and vanished.

Above all, who remembers the death of Royal, when a certain Sheikh wept above the body of the stainless hound as it might have been his son's—and that day the hunt rode no more? The badly-kept log-book says little of this, but at the end of their second season (forty-nine brace) appears the dark entry:

"New blood badly wanted. They are beginning to listen to Beagle-boy!"

THE Inspector attended to the matter when his leave fell due.

"Remember," said the Governor, "you must get us the best blood in England—real, dainty hounds—expense no object, but don't you trust your own judgment. Present my letters of introduction, and take what they give you."

The Inspector presented his letters in a society where they make much of horses, more of hounds, and are tolerably civil to men who can ride. They passed him from house to house, mounted him according to his merits, and fed him, after five years of goat chop and Worcester sauce, perhaps a thought too richly.

The seat or castle where he made his great coup does not much matter. Four Masters of Foxhounds were at table, and in a mellow hour the Inspector told them stories of the Gihon Hunt. He ended: "Ben said I wasn't to trust my own judgment about hounds, but *I* think there ought to be a special tariff for empire-makers."

As soon as his hosts could speak, they reassured him on this point.

"And now tell us about your first puppy-show all over again," said one.

"And about the earth-stoppin'. Was that all Ben's own invention?" said another.

"Wait a moment," said a large, clean-shaven man—not an M.F.H.—at the end of the table. "Are your villagers habitually beaten by your Governor when they fail to stop foxes' holes?"

The tone and the phrase were enough even if, as the Inspector confessed afterward, the big, blue double-chinned man had not looked so like Beagle-boy. He took him on for the honor of Ethiopia.

"We only hunt twice a week—sometimes three times. I've never known a man chastised more than four times a week—unless there's a bye."

The large, loose-lipped man flung his napkin over his shoulder, came round the table, cast himself into the chair next the Inspector, and leaned forward earnestly, so that he breathed in the Inspector's calm face.

"Chastised with what?" he asked.

"With the *kourbash*—on his feet. A *kourbash* is a strip of old hippo-hide with a sort of keel on it, like the cutting edge of a boar's tusk. We use the rounded side for a first offender."

"And do any consequences follow this sort of thing? For the victim, I mean—not for you."

"Ve-ry rarely. Let me be fair. I've never seen a man die under the lash, but gangrene may set up if the *kourbash* has been pickled."

"Pickled in what?" All the table was still and interested.

"In copperas, of course. Didn't you know *that?*" said the Inspector.

"Thank God I didn't." The man sputtered visibly.

The Inspector wiped his face and grew bolder.

"You mustn't think we're careless about our earth-stoppers. We've a hunt fund for hot tar. Tar's a splendid dressing if the toe-nails aren't beaten off. But huntin' as large a country as we do, we mayn't be back at that village for a month, and if the dressings ain't renewed, and gangrene begins, often as not you find your man pegging about on his stumps. We've a well-known Arabic name for 'em down the river. We call 'em the Mudir's cranes. You see, I persuaded the Governor to bastinado on one foot only."

"Only on one foot? The Mudir's cranes!" The large man turned purple to the top of his bald head. "Would you mind giving me the local word for Mudir's cranes?"

From a too well stocked memory the Inspector drew one short adhesive word which surprises by itself even unblushing Ethiopia. He spelt it out, saw the large man write it down on his cuff and withdraw. Then the Inspector translated a few of its significations and implications to the four Masters of Foxhounds. He left three days later with eight couple of the best hounds in England—a free and a friendly and an ample gift from four packs to the Gihon Hunt. He had honestly meant to undeceive the large blue-mottled man, but somehow forgot about it.

The new draft marks a new chapter in the Hunt's history. From an isolated phenomenon in a barge it became a permanent institution with brick-built kennels ashore, and an influence social, political, and administrative, coterminous with the boundaries of the Province. Ben, the Governor, departed to England, where he kept a pack of real dainty hounds, but never ceased to long for the old lawless lot. His successors were *ex-officio* Masters of the Gihon Hunt, as all Inspectors were Whips. For one reason, Farag, the kennel huntsman, in khaki and puttees, would obey nothing under the rank of an Excellency, and the hounds would obey no one but Farag; for another, the best way of estimating crop returns and revenue was by riding straight to hounds; for a third, though Judges down the river issued signed and sealed land-titles to all lawful owners, yet public opinion along the river never held any such title valid till it had been confirmed, according to precedent, by the Governor's hunting-crop in the hunting-field, above the wilfully neglected earth. True, the ceremony had been cut down to three mere taps on the shoulder, but Governors who tried to evade that much found themselves and their office compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses who took up their time with lawsuits, and, worse still, neglected the puppies. The older sheikhs, indeed, stood out for the unmeasurable beatings of the old days—the sharper the punishment, they argued, the surer the title; but here the hand of Modern Progress was against them, and they contented themselves with telling tales of Ben the first Governor,



Last to fall was the city-trained Abdul. He held on to the edge of apoplexy

whom they called the Father of Water-wheels, and of the heroic age when men, horses, and hounds were worth following.

The same Modern Progress which brought dog-biscuit and brass water-taps to the kennels was at work all over the world. Forces, Activities, and Movements sprang into being, agitated themselves, coalesced, and in one political avalanche overwhelmed a bewildered, and not in the least intending it, England. The echoes of the New Era were borne into the Province on the wings of inexplicable cables. The Gihon Hunt read speeches and sentiments, and policies which amazed them, and they thanked God, prematurely, that their Province was too far off, too hot, and too hard worked to be reached by the speakers or their policies. But they, with others, underestimated the scope and purpose of the New Era.

One by one the Provinces of the Empire were hauled up and baited, hit and held, lashed under the belly, and forced back on their haunches for the amusement of their new masters in the parish of Westminster. One by one they fell away, sore and angry, to compare stripes with each other at the ends of the uneasy earth. Even so, the Gihon Hunt, like Abu Hussein in the old days, did not understand. Then it reached them in the press that they habitually flogged to death good revenue-paying cultivators who neglected to stop earths; and that the few, the very few, who did not die under hippo-hide whips soaked in copperas, walked about on the gangrenous ankle-bones, and were known in derision as the Mudir's cranes. The charges were vouched for in the House of Commons by a Mr. Lethabie Groombride, who had formed a Committee, and was disseminating literature. The Province groaned; the Inspector—now an Inspector of Inspectors—whistled. He had forgotten the gentleman who sputtered in people's faces.

"He shouldn't have looked so like Beagle-boy!" was his sole defense when he met the Governor at breakfast on the steamer after a meet.

"You shouldn't have joked with an animal of that class," said Peter the Governor. "Look what Farag has brought me!"

It was a pamphlet, signed on behalf of a Committee by a lady secretary, but composed by some person who thoroughly understood the language of the Province. After telling the tale of the beatings, it recommended all the aggrieved to institute criminal proceedings against their Governor, and, as soon as might be, to rise against English oppression and tyranny. Such documents were new in Ethiopia in those days.

The Inspector read the last half page. "But—but," he stammered, "this is impossible. White men don't write this sort of stuff."

"Don't they, just?" said the Governor. "They get made Cabinet Ministers for doing it too. I went home last year. *I* know."

"It'll blow over," said the Inspector weakly.

"Not it. Groombride is coming down here to investigate the matter in a few days."

"For himself?"

"The Imperial Government's behind him. Perhaps you'd like to look at my orders." The Governor laid down a coded cable. The whiplash to it ran: "You will afford Mr. Groombride every facility for his inquiry, and will be held responsible that no obstacles are put in his way to the fullest possible examination of any witnesses which he may consider necessary. He will be accompanied by his own interpreter, who must not be tampered with."

"That's to me—Governor of the Province!" said Peter.

"It seems about enough," the Inspector answered.

Farag, kennel huntsman, entered the salon, as was his privilege.

"My uncle, who was beaten by the Father of Water-wheels, would approach, O Excellency," he said, "and there are others on the bank."

"Admit," said the Governor.

There tramped aboard sheikhs and villagers to the number of seventeen. In each man's hand was a copy of the pamphlet; in every man's eye terror and uneasiness of the sort that Governors spend and are spent to clear away. Farag's uncle, now Sheikh of the village, spoke: "It is written in the book, O Excellency, that the beatings whereby we hold our lands are all valueless. It is written that every man who received such a beating from the Father of Water-wheels who slew the Emirs, should instantly begin a lawsuit, because the title to his land is not valid."

"It is so written. We do not wish lawsuits. We wish to hold the land as it was given to us after the days of the Oppression," they cried.

The Governor glanced at the Inspector. This was serious. To cast doubt on the ownership of land means, in Ethiopia, the letting in of waters, and the getting out of troops.

"Your titles are good," said the Governor. The Inspector confirmed with a nod.

"Then what is the meaning of these writings which come from down the river where the Judges are?" Farag's uncle waved his copy. "By whose order are we ordered to slay you, O Excellency our Governor?"

"It is not written that you are to slay me."

"Not in those very words, but if we leave an earth unstopped, it is the same as though we wished to save Abu Hussein from the hounds. These writings say: 'Abolish your rulers.' How can we abolish except we kill? We hear rumors of one who comes from down the river soon to lead us to kill."

"Fools!" said the Governor. "Your titles are good. This is madness!"

"It is so written," they answered like a pack.

"Listen," said the Inspector smoothly. "I know who caused the writings to be written and sent. He is a man of a blue-mottled jowl, in aspect like Biggle-bai who ate unclean matters. He will come up the river and will give tongue about the beatings."

"Will he impeach our land-titles? An evil day for him!"

"Go slow, Baker," the Governor whispered. "They'll kill him if they get scared about their land."

"I tell a parable." The Inspector lit a cigarette. "Declare which one of you took to walk the children of Milk-maid?"

"Melik-meid first or second?" said Farag quickly.

"The second—the one that was lamed by the thorn."

"No—no. Melik-meid the second strained her shoulder leaping my water-channel," a Sheikh cried. "Melik-meid the first was lamed by the thorns on the hunt when our Excellency fell thrice."

"True—true. The second Melik-meid's mate was Malvolio, the pied hound," said the Inspector.

"I had two of the second Melik-meid's pups," said Farag's uncle. "They died of the madness in the [illegible]

(*Continued on page 26*)



The Face of Doom, with the air of an intelligent but cruel potato, startles the tuneful piratical chorus

THE HANT

Wherein is Veraciously Set Forth for the First Time in Any Language the Authentic History of Eight Melodious Pirates and the Terrible Pallid Face at the Window

By RALPH BERGENGREN

Illustrated by JOHN SLOAN

"MMMM, nnnnn, pyggy, pyggy, pyggy," muttered a lone pirate sitting in the cabin of the *Sacred Sarah* and laboriously scribbling on a stout sheet of vellum. It was an old, old cabin, the only part of the wreck that still projected from the sand of the beach, and as the busy pirate puffed at his short clay pipe a subtle odor of sweet fern expanded around him and probably penetrated even to the deepest hold of the sunken vessel. Outside the sun lay hot and lazy on Nonesuch Island, and from the open hatchway the bald white beach stretched flatly to the bald blue ocean.

Like the beach and the ocean, the industrious pirate was completely bald. His head was yellow where a hat might cover it; otherwise wind and sun had given him, with his knob of a nose, something of the air of an intelligent but cruel potato, capped by some passing humorist with a neatly fitting eggshell. Short white muslin pantaloons, edged with tattered Honiton lace, separated him from the old oak bench on which he sat in a peculiarly cramped and uncomfortable attitude. His body and head inclined stiffly to the left; his weight rested on his left forearm; his forearm rested mathematically parallel with the top of his parchment. It was the position, in 1825 or thereabout, of all who would attain and practise the graceful art of penmanship—a period when to write well was to write hard; but although the solitary pirate was evidently a conscientious pupil the blade of his rusty cutlas hiked up one swallow-tail of his fashionable blue broadcloth coat in a gay and reckless way quite out of harmony with his clerical employment. Now and then he glanced cautiously over his right shoulder to make sure that his quill pointed in that direction, and the movement, innocent enough in itself, added to his occupation something furtive and mysterious. Despite the heat, he wrote steadily; and at regular intervals, like an eccentric clock that ticks once a minute, a drop of perspiration splashed on his manuscript.

Sixty splashes of perspiration had fallen. The bald-headed man pushed aside his exercises and turned to another little pile of sheets, evidently representing a more consecutive effort. These he began to read, following the straggling lines and childishly formed letters with inky forefinger, and occasionally referring to a small water-stained volume (on whose cover the title, "Primer," was vaguely visible) as if to settle some nice point in orthography.

"I went two walk with"—so began the first paragraph, but here the writer's spelling had failed him and he had resorted to a hieroglyph which might represent either some unknown insect or a tall, thin man with long mustaches. "—by the See. He made me mad and i made him mad and We had a nice fierce fight. I fell in the See. When i came up he put his big strong hand on top of my head and gave me a fierce push down in the See. I came up and he gave me a push down and i came up and he gave me a push down and i came up and he gave me a push down with his big strong hand on top of my head. Then he thought i was dead and went off with a fierce laugh and i came up all wet but not dead. It is hard two kill me. Here am i on the isle and not dead.

"The ship went from the isle. All went in her. I see them go from on top of the hill. I went two the tort, but the door was two strong and the hedge two [illegible] and full of thorns and i could not went two the wall two try two climb it. I wish i knew how two spell bad words. I have my book two teach me how two read but the worst words in it are rot and blame and they are two mild two do me much good. Why is one word bad and one word good when both are of the same size? I do not know. But i can say bad words and it would be nice if i could write some of them here. It would show how i feel two be left on this isle. O rot.

"This is what I have. I have my book to teach me how to read. I have my cut lass. I have my pipe. I have my health. I have my hands and my feet and my nose and my mouth and my eyes and my ears and my pants and my coat. I have my flint and steal. I have some things to eat. This is what i have not. I have no home. I have no thing to smoke. I have no thing to drink but what comes out of a spring.



Bobbing, spinning, overturning—vicious Bald Head races the rakish schooner

"It is hard to beat me when i use my mind. Now i have a fine home. It is in the old ship that was drove on the shore by a storm. Her name is on the back of her where she sticks up out of the sand and it is *Sacred Sarah*, that is how it looks but it is two much for me two read. I can read words in one piece but no more. This ship is as old as the hills i think. She is deep in the sand but i can get in and then i am all right. There is a old book in her and if i had a pen and some ink i could write my thoughts.

"I have made a pen with my cut lass out of a quill. All so i have some sweet fern for my pipe. It is good but two mild.

"I have got some ink and this is how. It came from a fish. The fish has a lot of arms and legs and a fierce face and a bag of ink in him. He does not know how two write but when he fights he shys ink at you. The tide left him in a pool and i got him with my cut lass.

"If I am dead when you find this and all bones i will tell you what i look like and why i think i am left here like this. I fear a plot. There was one girl on this isle and ten men and she was in love with me. We were the kind of men that go to See in a ship and when we see a ship we take her and rob her. Our flag is the head of a dead man when he is all bones and we are a bad lot and full of vice. When we take a ship we make the men and girls in her walk on a plank and they fall in the See with a sad cry and we give fierce laughs. When i write girls i mean girls and old hens two.

"My head is round like a ball and i have no hair on it. I am like a small new born kid two look at. That is why the girl that was on the isle was in love with me. All girls love two look at small new born kids and say how sweet and so they love to look at me and say how sweet. It is not my fault. I am made that way and i can not help it.

"I can not live like this all my life. It is no fun. I long for vice.

"I have a bold thought. I will stay on this isle no more and drink no thing but what comes out of a spring. Way down in this ship there are a lot of large old kegs and some rope. I will make a raft that is my bold thought. I will begin now.

"2 weeks have gone by. I have made my raft and it was blame hard work. When the wind is right i will put two See and find a ship. I must have a drink. Sink or swim that is what i say now."

This determined sentence ended the chronicle, and the lonely author rose from the table and went out on the beach. The sun was some hours past the meridian, and not far from the cabin floated a good-sized raft clumsily contrived of empty hogsheads and three or four weather-worn planks. The wind blew gently off the island, and the raft tugged modestly at her painter; but the tide was leaving her and the forward kegs already scraped on the beach. Without even a backward glance the bald-headed man waded into the water, severed the painter with a single blow of his cutlas, and, throwing his weight on the stern of the raft, lifted the bow so that she floated gracefully out on the bosom of the wide ocean.

The Shrewd Adventure of the Disappearing Hogsheads, and the Pirate Who Bends His Handkerchief, and Lights His Pipe, the While a Salt Tear is Blown to Leeward

ONCE indubitably afloat, Bald Head the Pirate proceeded more calmly to make everything shipshape for his desperate venture. His first care was to overhaul his provisions, stored in two upright hogsheads, one filled with water and the other with a substantial supply of tropical fruit, nice dried lizards (of an edible variety indigenous to the island), and sweet fern to while away the likely monotony of his solitary journey. Then, after an instinctively modest glance toward the island, he slipped out of his nether garments and bent them as a sort of leg-o'-pirate sail to a small mast ingeniously driven into a bunghole just abaft the food hogsheads; and, this done, he shipped a rude but practicable rudder, lighted his pipe, and, taking his tiller

under his arm, sat down at the stern of his vessel and bore away from the island.

His course lay about northeast by north, and the tide helped him. Soon the island was far astern in the blue desert, a speck of oasis, on whose beach the long-legged flamingoes pomponsly promenaded, looking for supper in the wet sand. Had they looked seaward even their sharp eyes would have been unable to distinguish the raft, but the last rays of the sun now and again reflected cheerily from the bald head of its stout but lonely occupant.

Twilight settled into night. The solitary seaman, after a hearty supper of dried lizard and bananas, lit his pipe and contemplated the stars, wondering, in his simple way, whether there were other men like himself on those myriad distant worlds, and, if so, what they had to drink. But the deeper swell of the ocean now carried his tiny craft monotonously up and down, and the soothing motion reminded him of his hammock and suggested bedtime. He reefed his sail by tying a knot in one leg of it, made fast the sheet, and, having lashed the tiller amidships and himself to one of the planks, was soon lost in a slumber which was at least healthy if not completely innocent; it was the most innocent slumber that he had and he made the best of it. Now and then a wave washed over the raft; and about midnight, the wind backing up due east, she hesitated for a moment and then bore bravely westward. But the trustful sleeper snored peacefully, and it was only when the sun was again high in the heavens that Bald Head the Pirate sat up and stretched himself.

Never was pirate more completely alone. The raft still forged ahead under a fair wind, and the deep swell of the ocean carried her monotonously from one long green undulation to another. Neither sail nor land broke the monontony, nothing but a large hogshead some distance astern, placidly bobbing out of sight over the summit of a lazy swell. At sea (as has been frequently pointed out by observant travelers) even the smallest things attract our attention, and, having nothing better to do, the adventurous pirate thoughtfully contemplated the vanishing hogshead. Suddenly he sat up straighter, uttered a horrid oath, and brought his eyes sharply to the stern of his vessel. The tiller had vanished; the raft was smaller by four substantial hogsheads; and, to his infinite horror, a fifth was just slipping away from under him.

Awful as is the sensation of being alone in mid-ocean on a raft, it is mild and innocuous compared with the unpleasant surprise of finding that your raft is coming to pieces. For a long minute Bald Head sat stunned and bewildered, leaning backward on the extended tips of his rough fingers and gazing despairingly at the deserting hogshead; then he was on his hands and knees, thrusting his throbbing head far down into the water as he peered under the raft to examine the full extent of his unforeseen calamity. The old rope with which he had lashed his casks together was slowly fraying, and already the structure wabbled. Again he cast an agonized glance around the horizon, but no sail gladdened him; and even as he looked another hogshead carelessly detached itself from the raft and with a sardonically cheerful motion bobbed after the others.

Fortunately, however, the sudden immersion of his throbbing head in the cold water calmed the pirate, and he rose to his feet with the dangerous look of one who would sell his life dearly were anybody present to sell it to. Although he had lost his appetite, he bravely forced himself to eat a dried lizard, and this matter-of-course action still further restored his wonted self-possession. "While there be dried lizards there be hope," he told himself grimly, and even as he reached into the hogshead for a second sustaining morsel the way of salvation opened before him. As we have seen by his own journal, he was not only a hard man to kill but equally hard to beat when he used his mind; and circumstances were compelling him to work that useful organ with unusual rapidity.

Now that he had settled upon a plan, every motion of this brave but sorely pressed rascal revealed the quiet determination of his rugged nature, and bore out his journal. He unbent and put on his useless sail, lit his pipe, and turned his undivided attention to the food hogshead. This he quickly emptied, leaving only the sand which he had put in the bottom to steady it, and over the sand he jammed the cover of the water barrel, which he trimmed with his cutlas until it neatly fitted its new position. It was a generous hogshead, and there was still room in it for even a fat pirate to sit on his haunches with comparative comfort, as he now proved by trying the experiment. His chin came even with the rim of the hogshead; and his round face beamed with the satisfied pride of an inventor as he climbed nimbly out again, picked up the remaining cover, and with a single blow of his weapon severed it into two nearly equal half circles.

In any moment of peril there is nothing so salutary as hard work with a definite object. Sitting on the deck of his crumbling craft, Bald Head the Pirate busily bored a hole in each segment of the cover large enough to admit his thumb. He had now the two sections of cover, each with a small hole in it; and these he industriously whittled until, on putting them together around his neck, he found they fitted like a tight collar. It was a delicate business, handy as he was with his cutlas, and to obtain a perfect fit consumed the better part of two hours.

"All I needs now is a trig little sail," he remarked thoughtfully; and with that he deftly sharpened his weapon on the sole of his leathery foot and cut down his mast. At the end of another hour a miniature mast and two small spars had been neatly whittled, and on them it took him only a jiffy to bend his handkerchief.

It was now about nine o'clock by the sun, and hardly more than a dozen casks supported the raft. But the endangered seaman was not to be hurried. He made a quick but substantial breakfast and drank long and deep from the water barrel. Another cask bobbed away from under him, and he raised his little sail by stepping the mast between his neck and his coat collar and climbed nimbly into the hogshead. There he fitted the cover tightly to his neck and waited for the inevitable. It was a strange and terrifying spectacle, for he looked exactly like a head on a barrel with the thumbs of its former owner carefully placed on either side of it; but as he had taken the precaution to fill and light his pipe, this grisly impression was somewhat softened by an aspect of philosophical resignation. One by one he felt the remaining casks drop away from him, and despite the stanchness of his heart (and his confidence in his hogshead) his expression became less and less philosophical. Presently he felt that there were only two casks under him; the hogshead trembled in a sickening fashion; with a shuddering lurch to starboard it slid reluctantly into the cool, translucent water, turned a succession of clumsy somersaults, and then slowly righted. But the wind caught his sail, and in a few moments he was again merrily traveling westward.

It is one thing to put to sea on a raft and quite another to attempt the same desperate expedient in even the most seaworthy and well-ballasted hogshead. The wind freshened, backed up to the northwest, and covered the ocean with dancing little devils of blue water, which now spun the hogshead round and round like a top, or again turned it completely over, as if impertinently curious to find out whether there was another head on the bottom. Thought is difficult under such circumstances, and the adventurous pirate soon abandoned himself to profanity, which is always easy and requires little mental activity. He invented new forms and combinations; and, like an author struggling over a manuscript, sought in vain for exactly the right word with which to express himself. The afternoon, so to speak, dragged on his thumbs, and by six o'clock despair perched on his little mast and an occasional salt tear flew off in a horizontal direction as an unusually active wave spun him round like a top.



The ghost and his slayer are annoyed by seven murderous pirates squirming down the hatchway

It was about an hour before sunset when the exhausted pirate, spinning merrily on the top of a wave, sighted in turn a small island just rising to leeward and a small vessel just rising on his larboard quarter.

"A sail! A sail!" he cried joyously; and then the sea turned him promptly over, and the joyful shout was extinguished in a succession of angry bubbles.

But despite these annoying and involuntary gymnastics, the wind carried him steadily toward the island. It loomed nearer and nearer, while at the same time each successive spin of the hogshead showed the vessel rapidly overhauling him. He caught only a passing glimpse of her, but at each revolution he shouted: "Ship ahoy!" and bobbed his head anxiously to attract her attention. It waved his little sail, but otherwise it was apparently a wasted effort; and now he could see the island so clearly that the setting sun lighted a small fort just back of the beach. The solitary seaman stared at it in bewilderment, and a look of melancholy disgust settled over his features.

"Blamed if it ain't our own little old fort!" he exclaimed bitterly; and at that moment another spin of the hogshead brought him almost face to face with the oncoming vessel. She was a small, rakish-looking schooner, carrying all sail and taking full advantage of weather and tide to make the island before sunset.

"Bless my peepers!" cried the solitary seaman again, even more bitterly than before, "if she ain't the *Polly!*" And with that he made a frantic effort to dive under the surface. The hogshead shook with it, but, frequently as he had already dived without wishing to, nothing could now upset him. All he could do was to twist his neck so sharply that he shook the wind out of his little sail; the hogshead came to, her speed diminished, and the unresponsive schooner bore quickly past her.

And now the Face of Horror Flattens its Nose on the Midnight Window-pane

THE rakish schooner soon made the island and came to anchor in a small bay not far from the fort. Twilight fell rapidly, but not so rapidly as eight stalwart seamen fell over her starboard quarter and pulled toward the beach. There they formed in single file, and, each putting his hands on the shoulders of his immediate predecessor, they marched in a lively but not ungraceful lock-step to the door of the fort. It was a mode of progress to which, however eccentric, they were apparently well accustomed, their eight wide hat brims flapped in unison with the rise and fall of their heavy sea boots; and the thick red beard of their leader, had it not been neatly plaited into a number of spiky cues, would have waved in front of them like an auctioneer's oriflamme.

"That there fisherman," said the red-bearded man viciously as the line stopped and marked time while he felt in his pocket for the key to the fort, "sold us a rotten dory. An' it's what comes o' buyin' of things honest-like, as some folks calls it. You pays your money for a ole dory cos you've lost your own pooty little tender, an' the fust time you uses of her you wets your feet soppin'. Bah! says I." With this disgusted utterance, he led his companions to a small house inside the enclosure and lighted a large ship's lantern swinging from the rough oak ceiling.

Seeing the eight men thus clearly, their profession was evident. There was something at once gay, furtive, and somber in their several expressions, and their eyes had the hard, opaque glitter that comes only to those whose lives are a continuous performance of daring deeds and reckless revelry, although at the moment they all looked worried. One after another they hastily kicked off their heavy sea boots, and, each sitting down in one of the several red rocking-chairs with which the room was generously provided, they rubbed their bare feet earnestly with the nice white tidies that in those days ordinarily adorned the back of this graceful and comfortable piece of furniture. This exercise finished, they looked more hopeful, but it was only after each had swallowed two quinine pills and a large glass of whisky from the corner cupboard that they appeared comfortably certain of their immediate future. Then the red-bearded man lighted his pipe, drew up his chair, and luxuriously elevated his feet to the cool level of a marble-topped table.

"Dog tired I be," he said in a deep voice. "An' now which of us jolly rovers is a-goin' to cook supper? That's the conundrum I'm a-askin'."

One after another the rest of the wicked company followed his example, but none attempted to solve his conundrum. They lit their pipes; they drew up their rocking-chairs; and they rested the heels of their carpet slippers on the marble-topped table, taking due care not to upset the graceful bunch of wax roses under a glass case which adorned its center. Each had made up his mind not to establish a dangerous precedent by offering to cook the supper, and each endeavored to smoke his pipe with the air of a man really not in the least hungry.

It was a cozy enough room, rather incongruously furnished, that seemed at first glance to combine the salient features of a ship's cabin, a New England parlor, and a modern antique shop. Living in a period of rather decadent culture, and having no culture, even of this decadent kind, of their own, these eight desperate men had furnished their dwelling with such things as took their fancy in the natural course of business. Fortunately, they had secured a fairly good architect (whom they had afterward economically utilized to bury with some of their treasure), but the load of lumber taken on the same wild foray had of necessity been eked out with the remains of the brig that carried it; and the room had therefore that dark and aged look so eagerly sought after by those who to-day tire of the conventions of our strenuous cities. But it was homelike (which is the main thing in domestic architecture), even to the trim melodion standing under a religious print called "Susanna and the Elders," which the eight pirates, not knowing the story, unanimously regarded as the *tour de force* of a fevered but delightful imagination.

"Now if ole Bald Head was here," said one of them presently, carefully holding a large brass nose-ring out of the way with one hand while he relighted his pipe with the other, "he'd be a-cookin' of *that* supper, he would. Allus loved to be a-messin' in th' kitchen. 'Tain't like home somehow without ole Bald Head." And he stretched out his legs and gazed mournfully at a cardboard motto hanging over the mantel. "Home, Sweet Home," was marked on it in pink, green, blue, yellow, red, purple, and cinnamon-colored worsteds; and the pirates had all considered it very beautiful and appropriate when they found it among the belongings of a maiden lady who had sailed from Bos-

(Continued on page)

Collier's

THE LADY WITH WINGS



The Midsummer Idyl of a Radiant Visitor and the "Head Clerk"

By JENNETTE LEE

Illustrated by J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

He stood among the crowd on the dock looking at the boat as she steamed in. She was a round, clumsy craft, riding high in the water

THE steamer was late. The "head clerk" looked critically at the chandelier. Then he went out to fetch the dust-cloth and a piece of chamois. He took down the glass lamps and wiped each one carefully and put it back in its place in the chandelier, blowing bits of dust from the fixtures and running the dust-cloth carefully in and out along the brass filigree of grapes and vines.

It had been a busy day in the office—and upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber—for to-day the rush season began. They always came the first of August—shoals of them—and by the middle of the month the house would overflow. There would be cots in the parlor and the "head clerk" would retire to the woodshed to sleep—such sleep as he could get—a few winks between midnight and dawn—and dawn began with cockcrow. The "head clerk's" back had a busy, contemplative air as he regarded the chandelier, alert for any smudge of dust. It was not strictly his business to dust the chandelier, perhaps, or to fill the lamps, or bring in eggs, or set the table. His chief business in life was to make the boarders comfortable. Incidentally he did things that no one else found time for: He met the boat twice a day—carried up bags and trunks and golf sticks—brought the mail and distributed it from the piazza steps—with jokes for the boarders—he ran errands and filled water-pitchers and fed the hens and brought vegetables from the garden when the rest were too busy, and superintended the dining-room when things went hard—visiting with the guests and gathering up cups and plates and omelets, coffee, and fish hash, with his long arms that reached skilfully among them while he talked.

He had finished the chandelier and he returned the dust-cloth to its place and went to the window to scan the horizon. . . . Far to the west a little blur appeared on the sky. He looked at it again and then at the clock—twenty minutes before she would be in. He glanced again around the room, running a quick, thoughtful hand along his black hair—every chair and pen and blotter and toothpick in place. Some one passed the office door and he looked up.

"Oh, Annie!"

She turned back a little. "Yes, Joseph—?" She hesitated, and came in, smoothing her apron. She was a dark little figure, with clear, straight eyes.

Joseph looked, and his glance deepened approvingly. "First rate, Annie! Don't wear the gingham one again—not afternoons—will you?"

She smiled—a demure, shy smile—and turned away, as one might from the sun when it shines too bright. "Mother likes it better—this one," she said, smoothing the starched surface again.

"Of course she does." Joseph was hearty. "And the boarders will. You through work?"

"All but some flowers. Mother said petunias." She had started to go.

"That's right." He nodded again, his eyes on the dark, clear face. "We'll have a lot of people to-night."

"Yes." She lingered over the word and turned to go, and waited—a breath—

The clerk's eyes were on her kindly. . . . A whistle sounded—a long, low note that broke the quiet and echoed a little and sounded again—low and hoarse.

She started. "It's the boat!" She had slipped through the door and down the long hall toward the garden.

The clerk's face wore a puzzled look. It was almost dreamy as he went down the piazza steps. The day had a kind of radiance. He had not known that it was like this. He looked across the stretch of road that led to the water. There were flowers everywhere and tall grasses that swung on light stems, and dandelions fluffing and butterflies, yellow and white. Joseph's eyes took it in with slow content. It was the quiet air that made it so beautiful—there had been no wind all day. They would have had a good passage and would eat, he thought. He quickened his steps a little. The boat was off the Head now; there was no hurry, but he liked to be at the dock as she came in. He liked the bustle and the calling, as he liked to be first on board to gather up hand-bags and luggage and start the boarders right. There were no other hotels on the island—only a couple of boarding-houses that did not boast a head clerk between them—but it was safer for Joseph to be there—and he liked it.

He stood among the crowd on the dock looking at the boat as she steamed in. She was a round, clumsy craft, riding high in the water. A little group of people gathered in the bow waved gaily as she came. Parasols—bits of color, red and deep blue—twirled in the light. The crowd on the wharf waved back and called out foolish things. Summer was alive, pulsing between the great boat and the island.

Then Joseph saw her first—standing on the deck of the steamer, her eyes scanning eagerly this new island she had come to. Her parasol was not blue or red, but a kind of creamy light that circled about her and shut her off from the sky.

The tide was high and the landing was made from the upper deck. So she came down the gangplank, her light skirts held daintily away and the creamy parasol atilt to shade her face. Behind her followed Joseph, laden to the chin with booty, and before and behind them came various youths who carried the surplus. She was accustomed to little swarms of men waiting on her. Since her earliest babyhood she had had them; they had danced at her feet, and she would not have known how to travel without them. She did not need them so much for the wraps and bags and parasols and flowers, perhaps, as for a kind of moral support—to applaud softly when she spoke, and to remain dumb.

II

IT WAS a pretty picture she made, coming down the steamer plank—with her attendants before and behind. But no one would have guessed, from the curve of her pretty mouth or the tilt of her chin, that she was aware how pretty she was, or that she had taken in the whole long wharf, the radiant island, and Joseph in his black coat and tie with one sweep of her lashes before the eyes fell. It was such an absent, preoccupied prettiness—not self-conscious or put on for the wharf, but genuinely preoccupied—as if she had retired for a while to the citadel—to commune with herself—perhaps to plan a campaign of happy laughter—a slaughter of hearts. It was not easy to know what was going on under the filmy hat—behind the absent eyes, and so everybody guessed.

If she had been an inch taller she would have been majestic—and her admirers would have known why they ran helter-skelter to do her bidding—or if an inch had been taken off, she would have been fragile—needing protection. She was neither tall nor short—only straight as a flame, from the little slender feet; and she was neither witty nor wise—but all the men who knew her waited on her lightest wish—because such is the way of men.

To Joseph, lumbering behind, with the luggage, these things were a sealed book. He knew woman nature—through many summers and much tribulation he had learned that some women are to be placated and some are to be commanded, and as "head clerk" he had done his duty by them all. No one could say that he had a favorite among them—fishballs and flowers and towels were dealt out with impartial hand—for Joseph's ideal in life was to be a faithful "head clerk."

But the clerk's head reeled to-day, as he followed the happy cortège up the road, between the flowery fields. The flowers nodded as before and the long grass waved and butterflies were everywhere—but the radiance of the day was not in them. It had gathered in a straight, slight figure that went before him—like a cloud.

Poor Joseph!—as he turned the register on the desk and dipped the pen in its ink and placed his finger on the black line where the first guest was to sign—he knew that his world had tumbled upside down and that things were falling out.

But when she came to the desk and took the pen in her fingers and looked at it a moment, dubiously, and then at Joseph, before she signed, his trouble went away. He saw things clear again and he knew. Whatever she might wish him to do it would be done.

"Mrs. Gregory Blair, Garyville, Kentucky, and Miss Anita Blair," with ditto marks, ran its fresh blackness across the page and the pen was in his fingers again—with the lightest smile for thanks. He laid the blotter, almost tenderly, upon the page—as if it guarded a secret for him, while he assigned guests and rooms and played his part as mere "head clerk."

They had never had a guest from Kentucky . . . and Joseph might have known, had he not been a very ignorant "head clerk," that there is a charmed land, and its daughters have the smile of the sun, and he upon whom that smile falls has tasted wine that will linger with him till old age—a smile of charm and gladness and the purity of heart that little children have, yet somehow faintly troubled with the downcast look and listening eyes of Mother Eve while the serpent coiled his shining length and bent his weaving head to whisper wisdom in her shell-pink ear. So when she had smiled her thanks and handed back the pen, Joseph's head swam with the draft the gods had brewed for the sons of men since the first light fell upon the earth. Alas, Joseph!

III

SHE was not a coquette—but, like the lady of Ferrara, she "liked whate'er she looked on—and her looks went everywhere." The hotel woke up. There were riding parties and driving parties and boating and golf and tennis—only bridge, in the parlors, seemed to languish a little, and the old ladies, gathered in sheltered corners of the piazzas, were no longer safe over their bits of news and scallops and wool—for the piazzas chattered and hummed. Chairs rocked with gay little ruffles and creaked and whispered when the ruffles had fled. If one would keep up with the pace, he must rise early and sit up late, and even then he could not be sure that something delightful going past, some charming little guess at life, had not escaped him. As for Joseph, devoted to kitchen and office and hens, he lived in one long, glorious dream that knew no waking—and no sleep. Never had life pressed so hard and never had he been so happy.

It could not be said that she flirted with Joseph, but neither could it be denied that Joseph was singled out. If she was the center of the group and dispensed favors, it was Joseph who stood at her side and placed the favors in her hand.

She was planning this morning for a driving party to Southern Head and back. They would take luncheon and drive back by moonlight—everybody—old ladies and all. She was very determined about the old ladies. *Why* she wished this would be a secret between herself and heaven—since the old ladies did not wish to go—and there were not horses enough on the island to carry so many old ladies to Southern Head and back in a day. Joseph had pointed this out to her carefully, sitting on the piazza railing, one long, black leg swinging back and forth as he talked.

And she had listened—with her pretty head bent—and she had nodded and raised her eyes, and continued her plans, which included *all* the old ladies and luncheon for everybody.

And Joseph had gone away and created horses out of dust and air and had changed a roast dinner, with vege-



They went in little groups, laughing and talking. . . . Like a child he cradled her

tables and soup and ice-cream, into a cold boiled luncheon, with sandwiches and relishes and a delicate, spicy drink that she liked. These were not easy days for Joseph, but his countenance shone with joy.

He had not known what living meant before. He recalled now—how far away it all seemed—the first night she came, when the hotel was about to settle down to its placid, accustomed sleep, and she had appeared in the dining-room, with her court about her and a chafing-dish borne aloft—and had demanded cheese and butter and eggs and paprika and beer! That it was a prohibition island Joseph had explained with his most courteous gravity, and that you *must* have beer for a Welsh rabbit, she had explained with her sweetest, gravest air, and while their two souls wrestled together, a feather-brained youth, who had no principles, had scoured the place and produced the beer—just one bottle—and it was Joseph himself who stood at her right hand and poured it in—a little at a time, as she commanded, while some one at her left did the paprika, and some one else the cheese, and her wooden spoon was everywhere, a kind of baton that kept order and beat the time—and the air was full of laughter and gay little sounds that tinkled and sweet, high-pitched commands that sent Joseph on useless errands and called him back and praised and scolded him in a breath till it seemed too good to be true. So, in heaven, the angels might call to each other, from bench to bench—but surely earth never brimmed so before.

Joseph smiled now, the long, slow smile that always rested on his face when he thought of her—Joseph was always thinking of her. Did he go to gather the eggs—it was to select the freshest and daintiest and slip it into his black coat pocket, to be boiled later, with his own careful eye on the clock, and borne in triumph to place before her. The day was a blaze of glory for him if she said: "Thank you!" and if she only raised her lids a little and looked at it, half-curiously, half-indifferently, still Joseph's heart sang within him, and when her fingers swung the knife that broke the shell with even cut, Joseph's heart went crack, too—just a little. For Joseph had seen a great light upon the way, and—like the rest of us—he would never be the same again.

IV

THE Southern Head was bathed in sunshine. The great cliffs that circled back from the sea were red at heart—like vast orchestral stalls that waited, silent and empty, for the accustomed gods—perchance they were asleep or gone upon a journey. So the day slept; and over the quiet sea, gulls wheeled on slow, outspread wings.

Now and then a face peered above the edge of the cliff, and was withdrawn, or a stone dropped from the top and fell into space—giving back no sound. The guests went warily along the path that edged the cliff. The path was well back from the sea, but there were ugly rumors—enough to make one cautious. A misstep and one might not see the sunshine again, or breathe the air. They went in little groups, laughing and talking, the bowl of sky above them and the great cliffs at the left that dropped to the sea.

It was not a day to linger indoors. Even the old ladies, wrapped in shawls, but without the knitting, had ventured a little way. They would not go far—they would be within call of the bell when it rang. Already, before they left the house, the smell of coffee had met the nostrils, and Joseph was here and there and everywhere, his black coat awry and the wisp of necktie standing under one ear, giving orders, bringing in baskets, unpacking cups and glasses and plates. The old ladies walked slowly past the stables where the horses could be heard through thin boards blowing softly and crunching their hay and oats. The way from the stable to the cliffs ran through an open field and the old ladies went with leisurely foot. One of them, who carried a black parasol, raised it to shield her eyes from the light. And it was as if heaven mocked her—for a little black cloud, like a parasol gone aloft, sailed between her and the sun and rested there. She looked up with blinking eyes and lowered the parasol, smiling. The other old ladies looked up—the cloud was on the sun and other clouds were coming—from the east and from the west. There had been no warning—but the sky was overcast. Great masses were rolling up, hurrying to blot out the heavens, from the four corners of the earth. The old ladies turned in their places with swift thought. They gathered up their skirts—as if the rain were already descending—and ran, their wide soles gleaming in the light as they went. Before they reached the house, the first drops fell, splashing big.

Joseph on the steps of the rough shelter house greeted them, smiling and helping them up the steps. They laughed and twittered and shook their wraps and peered through the windows, and watched the rest of the party hurrying now across the open field, fleeing from the wrath of the rain. They came flying—skirts drawn protectingly over bent heads—hats under arms—blown by the wind, hurrying, drifting to shelter, half-amused and half-angry at the power that drove them on.

It was Joseph who met them on the steps, scanning each group as it came—his quick eye running beyond it to search the field in the distance. She was not come—No, they did not see her—but she must be here. She started with them—yes, of course. It was so sudden—they had to run, single file—no one could tell. But Joseph had not listened, he was gone—across the field—hatless, in the rain.

They watched him, from the piazza, down the path. He would find her. She was surely safe—waiting under some rock, probably—wiser and safer than all of them. The other young men were searching the house hastily. Then they turned back into the rain. The last bevy of girls drifted into the house, shaking the wet from their garments, crowding about the blazing fire.

The wind had risen with the storm. They heard it whirling outside. The sky had grown black. They could scarcely see each other, except by the lightning flare. . . . The man who ran by the cliff called as he ran, lifting his face to listen. The ran had drenched him, but the wind that sailed past lifted the soaked coat and whipped it about him, slapping his face. He fought it down, peering ahead. He darted to the edge of the cliff and threw himself flat—far below an angry, muffled sound came up out of darkness. He rose to his feet and ran—stumbling, calling: "Anita! Anita!" The wind lulled a little and he made a hollow of his hands, calling to her: "Anita! Anita!" . . . Then louder, as the wind grew . . . and louder again and again: "Anita! An-i-ta!"—dying away pitifully like a sob. It was only the wind that heard him and hissed across the headlands. He stumbled and fell, and the wind echoed it again while he lay, beaten upon by the rain. When he rose a little three-cornered cut was in his forehead and a red streak trickled down his face as he fought the wind for foothold. He had reached the end of the path now, where it dips to the sea and curves back toward the great procession of cliffs. . . If he should not find her. He went cautiously, feeling the treacherous rock with his hands, slipping, sliding, catching at brambles, and waiting while huge pebbles, loosened from their place, rattled and fell, striking against the side of the cliff once—and again—and were lost to sound. He strained his eyes to pierce the dimness. The lightning flared high—and gleamed white on the sky and the cliff—and on something lodged below. He caught fast hold of the cliff and held himself against the beating of his heart that would thrust him





off. Swiftly he had stripped himself of the black coat and was tearing it in slits, testing each link with set lip. He gripped the strong cloth fiercely, as if he swore it to service. The tense fingers had found a cervice where a huge root thrust out and made fast the ribboned coat. It might not hold—God knew. . . . There was not time to go back. . . . She lay with the rain falling on her face, and below her the darkness fell away— If she awoke. . . . He put his foot cautiously down. . . . The rope held fast and he swung himself faster—and faster—careless now. . . . He would reach her. . . . The rain blinded him . . . but he held her, strained to his breast. . . . He had lifted her up the great cliff. . . . "Anita!" He sobbed it, bending to her, and the eyes opened and smiled wistfully and closed in the night. He stumbled and ran—hatless and coatless—babbling with joy—for he carried her safe. . . . Like a child, he cradled her, shielding the face from the rain. . . . The gods were jealous. . . . He held them at bay . . . he thrust them back. . . .

So he met the others, coming toward him through the storm, and gave her to them. But she had struggled to her feet and went along among them, laughing a little as her feet stumbled and they held her up on every side.

At the stables Joseph left them. He went in among the wagons and sobbed like a child.

And when he came to the house, the coffee was made, and Anita, sitting by the fire, held a steaming cup to her lips. When she saw him she put it down and looked at him with gentle eyes—and the gentleness in her eyes mocked him.

V

THE day lay like a pearl upon the sea. The world was new-washed by the storm—all the flowers and the grass and the little leaves.

Under the trees in the orchard Joseph waited for her. She had said she would come—with a little nod of her head and laughing eyes she said it. . . . She would come. . . . She was coming—with light feet—there on the grass. . . . He could see her. . . . Out of some other world. . . . She was coming. . . . She had paused for a moment to speak to the group by the path, then she came slowly on. Her eyes were on the ground, a little smile on her lips.

When she looked up, her glance rested on Joseph in his black clothes—waiting—and the smile faded, and she came more quickly and stood beside him. "I didn't mean to keep you waiting," she said. The light through the green leaves filtered and fell on the tilted face. It nodded to him kindly. "I meant to come right off, but it takes so long to pack, you know—to find your things and say good-by . . . and I *always* forget *something*." . . . The candid eyes appealed to him for sympathy.

But Joseph did not give it. He had started forward a step, his hand half-clenched at his side—words struggling on his lips. . . . But it was the "head clerk" that spoke. . . .

"You took your rooms—till the first—" The voice was harsh.

"Yes, I know. But we must go. . . I just *can't* stay—"

"Sit down," said Joseph. He motioned to the bench. "I want to say something."

She sat down obediently, her light skirt trailing a little and the slender foot peeping from among its ruffles.

Joseph stood before her humbly. His dark head was bent and the light traced lines of silver on it. . . . She looked at them curiously. "I haven't thanked you—" she said gently.

His hand put it aside with a gesture. "Wait . . . I didn't know you were going . . . I can't let you go—" He spoke fast—breathless—and dropped to one knee beside her—half resting on the bench. . . .

She did not move away—a grave look had crossed the childish petulance of her face. "I wish you wouldn't say things like that to me," she said. She was speaking very low. . . . "It makes me quite unhappy—" She spread her little hands.

Joseph looked at them. "I would not make you unhappy, or hurt you—for the world—"

"No . . . no—" Her lips half parted with a little smile—"I know you wouldn't. . . . You're such a kind good man—and I love you. Everybody does, you know—They just can't help it . . ." She was looking strange

[illegible] into his face—as if all the mirth and all [illegible] of the world dwelt in her eyes.

"I want you to love me," said Joseph. "I want you to marry me." But his face was unutterably sad. . . . "I can not live without you—" he added simply.

She looked down at him with swift eyes. . . . "I wish you wouldn't. . . . I couldn't marry you." She shook her head. "I just couldn't marry you—I'd be glad if I could—"

There was silence in the orchard all about, and the golden day brimmed with it. . . . He had not stirred from his place.

She half put out her little hand toward him and drew it back. . . . "You see, I don't expect to marry anybody—not anybody—" She shook her head gravely. . . . Then her eyes laughed. "I'd like to, real well—but I don't ever expect to."

The toe of her slipper found a little pebble and pushed it about. "You wouldn't like it—to live with me—" she said; "I'm as hard as hard to live with."

He looked up and smiled—a slow smile, that was full of tenderness and gentleness. "Don't — Anita — I understand—now—" He stood up, his hands behind him, looking down at her.

"I'm sorry I ever came to this island," she said. . . . The quick eyes brimmed and ran over. . . . She was searching among the flimsy ruffles for a bit of handkerchief. When she found it she dabbed them fiercely. . . . Then she stood up, both hands outstretched. "You'll just have to forgive me," she said. A little smile struggled up among the tears.

He took the hands, holding them fast, looking into the face of Eve—mother of men. Then he dropped them slowly. "I am glad I have loved you," he said.

"Oh—dear! Please don't—I'm going to cry *again!*" She searched for the handkerchief frantically. Then the laugh bubbled up. The day was filled with it and the orchard light and all the great world, and the smell of salt crept up from the sea. "Good-by." She turned away, but the eyes had brimmed again.

So he watched her move away, under the trees—out into the light, where the sunshine caught her and the flowers made a path for her, and the butterflies, on either side, rose and circled and fell as she went.

VI

THE ticking of the office clock on the wall behind him was like the echo of his thought. . . . She was gone—but the sun was shining out on the water and the sky was blue. He turned away from the window and crossed the empty room and sat down. The season was done now. There would be a few more days, then the last guests would go and the house would be closed. His hand in his pocket felt for something and drew it out—a fragile bit of lace and lightness. . . . He held it in his hand, gazing at it stupidly. It was so frail and gossamer and useless. . . . The clock ticked past the hour . . . but he had not stirred.

Some one in the hall passed the door and looked in and passed on with light foot. By and by the step came again, pausing a little by the door. Then he looked up. . . . "Did you want something—Annie?" The girl's face held its clear light steadily.

"I thought you might want me, Joseph—to do something—"

"No—there is nothing to do—now. Things are about over."

"Yes—" But she waited. She did not look at the closed hand that held something in it, but only at his face.

"The cut in your forehead is worse," she said. She had come nearer, looking at it.

"Is it? I don't know—" He raised a stupid hand. "Never mind," he said.

But she was looking at it—with clear eyes. "I have something—" Her gaze lightened. "One of the boarders left it—for me. When you put it on, it heals. You wait—"

She was gone and he dreamed again. The clenched hand opened and the bit of lace fell to the table beside him.

When she returned, she pushed it a little aside, making a place for the dish of water she had brought, and the scissors and a tiny bottle of fluid.

"I wash it first—in carbolic—" She drew the dish toward her. Then she reached out. "This will do—nicely—" she said. "I forgot the cotton." She had gathered up the little handkerchief and dipped it lightly in the water.

"Bend down, Joseph—just a little, please—"

The dark head, with its silver streaks, was bent obediently. . . .

The little hand that dabbed the water was very firm, but she gave an anxious look. "Does it hurt?"

"No—" He smiled a little.

"There—" She drew a quick breath. "It's clean—now." She lifted the bottle. "I put some of this on. It makes a kind of new skin, you know, and cures it—" She stood on tiptoe . . . reaching up. "It will hurt—a little—at first, but you won't mind—?"

"I shall not mind," said Joseph.

The cool finger-tips worked quickly. "There!" She stood off, looking at him.

A smile crossed the sad, quiet face. "Thank you, child," said [illegible]

"You're [illegible] welcome." She lifted the bit of handkerchief from the water and squeezed it with careful fingers and laid it on the table—a little wet ball.

But her eyes were on the cut. "It will be better to-morrow," she said.

Joseph's hand had reached out to the table. It returned to his pocket. "I think it is better now," he said.

Her face glowed with happiness. "You have to be careful of hurts like that." She nodded gravely. "Sometimes they stay and get worse and make a lot of trouble—if you don't take care." She gathered up the things she had brought—the dish of water and the scissors and the little bottle of fluid. Then she turned away, her face full of happiness and a kind of childlike courage.

When she had gone the room was still again. Joseph sat motionless, staring before him. Only the tick of the clock on the wall . . . and the sun shining outside. He drew his hand from the pocket and looked down at it—a little ball of filmy wetness, in the great palm. . . . The ticking of the clock on the wall echoed his thought.



To Liberty

A Toast

By OLIVER HERFORD

HERE'S *to our Goddess, Liberty,*
Idol of bronze and stone!
May she come to life some day
And let her charms be known.

THE HANT

(Continued from page 19)

Christmas with a nephew in India and had never been heard of afterward.

Nose Ring's ill-considered remark cast a damper over the whole company. A tall man with yellow mustaches rose nervously and sat down at the melodion where he struck a few notes at random, but the familiar sound of the homelike instrument only deepened the general sadness, and one after another the seven pirates turned their heads and fixed their eyes on him with a brooding and almost vindictive melancholy. No one, except an occasional minor poet, likes to be stared at, and Yellow Mustaches was no minor poet. He twisted slowly about on his music stool, and there was something in this combined and unwinking gaze of his seven savage companions that visibly disconcerted him.

"I'll cook the confounded supper," he remarked briskly; and a moment later they heard him busy with the pans and kettles.

Yellow Mustaches cooked a good supper, but he was slow about it. The cuckoo clock in the parlor had long ago chirped nine cuckoos when the last pannikin was emptied of rum and the last belly fairly well filled with it. They rolled pleasantly in their chairs, and Red Whisker, getting to his feet at the head of the table, voiced a general sentiment.

"A good cook ye be, Yaller Mustaches," he said dogmatically, "but a better songster. A song, says I, an' then to bed, as it's most bedtime already."

None more willing than Yellow Mustaches. He might have doubts about his ability to cook, and even a modest disinclination to practise that accomplishment, but as a musician he took a back seat for nobody; and he now led them to the parlor all a-twitter with gratified vanity. Not that he *was* a musician; but the type survives in every neighborhood, and the only difference is that, whereas the usual victim of his obsession has taken *some* lessons, Yellow Mustaches had never taken any. He gave a gallant curl to his mustaches and another to the music stool; then he sat down and hit several of the keys in succession with his strong forefinger, for he had once seen the melodion played, and learned that the real secret is to hit with your finger and pump with your toes at the same moment. And seven delighted smiles of happy anticipation spread softly over the faces of the listening pirates as they resumed their rocking-chairs.

Yellow Mustaches sang in a sweet, unnatural voice. He had known life, had Yellow Mustaches; and when it came to sweet and simple ballads he could interpret them with all the pensive understanding of one who has also loved and suffered. Now he drew a long, sobbing breath and was off as follows:

"There was a gentle faarmer's boy
As loved a paarson's daughter.
A bunch of pinks with honest jooy
He daaily picked and broought her.
But, aaah! one daay,
I'm grieved to saay,
He found his dream was oover.
So he cut the hay,
And skipped away
To be a jolly roover."

Here the singer paused significantly; and the entire company, which had been waiting impatiently, roared a rollicking chorus:

"'Adoo to innercence,' he cried,
'Adoo to fond deluuuusion.
I go to hide
My busted pride
And salve its sore conluuuusion.
No siren's art
Shall breuk my heart
Agin, or booowl me ooover.'
So he cut the hay,
And skipped away
To be a jolly rooover."

Like so many other singers, Yellow Mustache's eyes roved as he sang, and now they turned wistfully to the parlor window. The nights were often mildly chilly on Nonesuch Island; the window was closed and dirty, but the stars shone through it. When the chorus ended, the musical pirate drew another long, sobbing breath, slapped the melodion coquettishly, and was away on his next stanza:

"It happened at a soooshibul
When all was pullin' caaandy.
This same young man, he—"

It was a fine start, but got no further. The singer's voice quavered, stopped, and the song flickered out into a sudden terrifying silence, broken by a simultaneous scraping of seven pairs of rockers as the pirates turned to look at him. His mouth was still open to emit its music. But no sound came from the round black aperture; and on either side of it his yellow mustaches bristled so stiff with terror that his expression was like the little o of the typewriter when the ingenious typist puts four hyphens on either side to indicate a break in the narrative.

He glared straight at the window, and as the seven pirates followed the direction of his glare the cozy room quivered with their simultaneous shudder. Pressed against the pane, where it made a round, wet spot about the size of a dime, was a round, fat nose under a shining cranium which the light of the room illuminated with a ghastly radiance. And from the face beneath, which dimly suggested a large, water-soaked potato, a pair of blue eyes gazed into the room with a mingled look of hope and apprehension. Yellow Mustaches staggered to his feet wildly. His teeth rattled together, and each individual hair on his head stood on tiptoe as if trying to see what was the matter.

"It's him!" he stuttered. "It's pore, ole Bald Head, as I m-m-murdered by a-p-p-pushin' of him overboard all in f-f-fun like! It's his hant, an' he's a-comin' after me! Oh! Oh!" And with a terrified wail the anguished musician staggered against the melodion, which wailed in unison. It was the first time that the instrument had ever given out a note in harmony with his own voice, and the dismal, unexpected sound completed the univer-

sal panic. Instinctively the seven pirates had drawn their cutlases, but at the horrified scream of the melodeon the useless weapons fell with a clatter from their nervous fingers.

"A hant! hant!" they stuttered, too; and with one desperate thought in common they rushed tumultuously upstairs to their bedroom, where they undressed hastily, tumbled into bed, and pulled the covers over their ashen faces. No ghost has ever been known to turn down a bedcover, but even in this security they still shook and shuddered.

In the deserted parlor the light of the ship's lantern illuminated seven overturned rocking-chairs (with white tidies), one overturned piano stool, seven cutlases, and sixteen scattered carpet slippers. On the wall over the melodeon the elders (for nothing could stop them) still peeped at Susanna. And outside the silent stars looked down at the unaccustomed spectacle of a baldheaded man running as fast as his legs could carry him toward the *Sacred Sarah*.

Wherein the Wicked Company Tiptoes from the Sleeping-Chamber, leaving Yellow Mustaches in Perilous Plight in His Nightie

PIRATES at home usually slept late, but it was only nine o'clock the next morning when Red Whisker cautiously projected his fierce and serious countenance from under his bedclothes. Framed in the white counterpane, he was a sorry, and even comical, looking pirate, for he had neglected to comb out his beard before retiring, and restless slumber had tied several of the ends together in a hard knot that pulled his cheeks forward and gave him the pensive, pouting expression of a plump, innocent young girl just learning to whistle. The seven other pirates still had their heads under the bedclothes.

"If so happened as I hopped into th' wrong bed last night, careless like," he muttered, "'t stands to reason as somebody else has been a-hoppin' into the wrong bed. An' how's a fellow goin' to know which of his merry companions is which? That's the conundrum I'm a-askin' of myself." Then his face lighted, and he smiled so broadly that he hurt himself and was compelled to pause and untie his ends. Snores emanated from each pirate coverlet, but from under one of them came a sound like the thin whistle of a peanut roaster.

"That's him," muttered Red Whisker. "That's pore ole Yaller Mustaches a-snorin' like a human tea kettle."

And with that he hopped silently out of bed and went softly from one sleeping figure to another. He woke them gently, and six fierce men got cautiously out of bed and followed Red Whisker downstairs to the parlor. From the seventh bed the whistling sound continued louder than ever; but hardly had the last nightgown rustled down the narrow stairway when a pair of long yellow mustaches appeared warily from under the coverlet and the owner carefully tiptoed after them.

Once in the parlor, the seven desperate men responded to force of habit. They drew up their rockers, lit their pipes, put on their carpet slippers, and elevated their feet to the surface of the marble-topped table.

"Now this 'ere hant," said Red Whisker, coming directly to the point. "I loved ole Bald Head, so to speak, as much as any. Praised his cookin' I allus did. Made a pet of him in more ways than one, as ye'll all bear me out in it. But a hant's different. Not as I'm feared of 'em, mind ye, but I don't like 'em, an' that's a fact, gentlemen."

He had struck the right note, and a murmur of agreement ran around the table. It was the unanimous opinion of the seven pirates that while none of them were afraid of ghosts there was unquestionably something undesirable about them as steady companions. The man with the nose-ring offered an explanation while he absently polished that admirable ornament with the hem of his nightgown.

"It's their cussed onexpectedness, Whisker."

"So 'tis," said another. "Allus a-bobbin' of theirselves up when they ain't wanted."

"An' a-listenin', too," added a third. "Mebbe you has a leetle secret an' you tells it to a comrade confidential-like, an' then you looks round an' there's the cussed hant a-lookin' at you. Never a smile on him either. That's what I hates about 'em. They're so —— —— —— —— —— —— sad."

"An' who do a hant hant?" continued Red Whisker in a tone of argument. "Hants the pussun who's been a murderin' of him if so be he don't live too far off for a hant to reach him. Made a good many hants we have, fust an' last," he added, with a touch of professional pride; "but the pore things don't come a-hantin' of us cos we allus murders 'em away from home, businesslike. But now here's ole Yaller Mustaches, he goes a-murderin' of ole Bald Head right here on the island. An' here's ole Bald Head, he comes a-hantin' of ole Yaller Mustaches an' a-hantin' of us incidental. It's a sittywation, says I, as must be handled without no silly sentiment. Practical men we be, an' there ain't but one way to lay a hant."

He paused significantly; and with a simultaneous movement the seven companions took their feet off the table and replaced them with their elbows, thus bringing their scowling faces close together over the wax flowers. It was their favorite attitude when plotting. Their voices sunk to a hoarse whisper in which the words 'trial" and "execution" were delightedly audible. Then they disputed, and for a few minutes it looked as if their peaceful garments might soon be blushing with the blood of unseemly conflict, but Red Whisker put an end to it. He strode to the corner cupboard and returned with a dice-box in one hand and a pistol in the other.

"Judge I'm a-goin' to be, gentlemen all," he remarked grimly, "'n there's an end on it. An' what's the use o' quarrelin' over the jury an' th' opposin' counsel when we've got to have the trial immejit after pore ole Yaller Mustaches have washed up the breakfast dishes? Shake for it, says I, an' then all hands together to rig th' gallus."

The dice shook in the box, and Yellow Mustaches shook in his nightgown as he listened at the head of the stairway; then, as he heard them rise from the table, he sped back to bed and again tucked his head under the bedclothes. Never had life seemed sweeter to him, and his brain whirled under his pillow as he sought some way of prolonging it.

Fortunately, it whirled to some purpose. He got out of bed grimly, took several pillows, and arranged them cunningly under his own coverlet until they looked like a tall and unawakened sleeper. It was a ghostly business, recalling as it did the operation of burial, but soon finished, and he contemplated the dummy with satisfaction as he picked up his trousers and started to dress himself. But the legs of the doomed pirate trembled in spite of him; he found it difficult to project them into the proper apertures; and even as he was for the third time withdrawing his right foot from the left leg of these ordinarily friendly garments, the fatal step of a carpet slipper sounded ominously at the foot of the stairway. With a muttered exclamation he threw his trousers from him and sped to the window, which commanded a pleasant view of the ocean that in happier moments he had often paused to appreciate. But the carpet slipper was now half-way up the staircase; and with a bitter oath he leaped from the window to the roof of the kitchen ell and in another moment was speeding out of the door of the fort.

Nothing would have more keenly distressed Yellow Mustaches, under ordinary circumstances, than to be abroad by day with nothing on but his nightgown. But now his sole thought was to put as much ground as possible between himself and his once congenial companions, and he remembered instinctively that the island was widest from west to east. Lack of breath compelled him after a time to stop running, but he still pushed earnestly eastward, and at the end of an hour, such was the speed lent him by his well-founded terror, reached the long beach at the extreme easterly end of the island. The ocean forbade further progress, and the wreck of the *Sacred Sarah* offered the only visible shelter.

The *Sacred Sarah* had had a good-sized cabin, and Yellow Mustaches entered well into it before he realized that it was already occupied. At the table in the center sat a man wearing a green hat ingeniously contrived of palm leaves. He was back to the entrance, and sat in the cramped and rigidly easy attitude of a careful penman, muttering to himself a succession of apparently meaningless letters. The fugitive's bare feet made no sound on the floor of the ancient cabin, and the discovery of its busy occupant startled him into temporary forgetfulness of his own troubles. Afraid of no single man was Yellow Mustaches.

"How now, my jolly buck!" he exclaimed in a round voice. And he twirled his mustaches, swaggered to the table, and gave the mysterious penman a jovial whack on his rigid shoulder.

The effect was magical. "M," said the man suddenly; and his hat, disintegrated by the force of the blow, fell in a shower of green leaves over his shoulders and revealed his bald, yellow head wrinkled with surprise, vexation, and apprehension. He half rose from the table and turned sharply to see what had hit him.

"The hant!" cried Yellow Mustaches. "The hant!" He tried to flee, but his legs failed him (as would have been natural enough even had he not been seized by that awful paralysis which, thank Heaven, afflicts most of us only in nightmares), and he stood swaying like a paper soldier that has been left on guard in front of the nursery register. The other wondered at him. He looked quickly toward the cabin hatchway, and, seeing that his visitor was alone, his expression softened to a look of combined indignation and curiosity.

"Who's a hant?" he demanded. "An' what be you a-doin' of runnin' round in your nightie, Yaller Mustaches?"

Hardly could he have found a question better calculated to shock the other into common sense. The thought flashed over Yellow Mustaches that no real ghost is ever visible by daylight.

"I—I've just got up," he remarked weakly; and with a painful blush he sat down hastily at the further side of the table. As in the familiar case of two old friends meeting unexpectedly on a street corner, silence fell between the two pirates and each regarded the other across the table with a dumb, determined expression of cordiality. Each was full of questions which the unexpectedness of the meeting had rudely jarred into a hopeless chaos.

"It's a warm day," said Yellow Mustaches, after several efforts to begin a natural-sounding conversation.

"Hot," said Bald Head, after a considerable interval. "Where you been a-keepin' of yourself, ole feller?"

"Oh, just a-cruisin'," returned the other, indifferently. "Same ole story. What *you* been a-doin'?"

"Writin'," said Bald Head, with a proud glance at his manuscript. "Letters an' sentances, an'—an' a sort of tale," he added, suddenly yielding to a natural temptation. "Now just you listen to this, ole feller, an' tell me honest-like what you think of it."

And with that, after the manner of young and determined authors, he fixed his victim with a proud, hesitating eye and began to read his manuscript. Yellow Mustaches stirred uneasily in his nightgown, but the modest author still had his cutlas, and there was nothing to do but sit tight and listen. And in spite of himself Yellow Mustaches found it interesting.

"Now i am back on the isle. My raft did not work"—so Bald Head finished. And with what must have been an instinctive affectation of modesty (for he was neither an affected pirate nor an indifferent author) he crossed the cabin to where he kept his sweet fern and tremulously busied himself filling his pipe.

Yellow Mustaches meditated. His eyes roved the cabin, climbed the ladder, and suddenly expanded as they encountered two others gazing greedily at him over a bushy red beard. Red Whisker himself peered cautiously down the hatchway; his eyes glowed like a cat's; and behind him, although Yellow Mustaches could not see them, six ferocious pirates, armed to the very teeth, in which they gripped their naked cutlases, lay on their bellies and squirmed, snake-like, toward the cabin of the *Sacred Sarah*.

"Come out, you murderer!" roared Red Whisker. Great was his satisfaction that he was at last going to kill some one without committing an act of palpable injustice, and his voice showed it.

But nothing so annoys an author as this kind of an interruption to critical discussion. In the bitterness of his spirit, Bald Head forgot his former terrors and stepped boldly under the hatchway.

"Who's he been a-murderin' of now?" he demanded tartly; and his tone was so human that Red Whisker, even as he recoiled in horror from the bald head shining below him, could not but realize its unghostlike quality.

"Y—Y—You," he explained doubtfully.

"*Him* kill *me!*" echoed Bald Head indignantly; but the thought recalled his own dangerous position. Caught he was. There was no way out of the cabin. But when he again spoke it was with the dignity of a brave man at his last extremity. "Mebbe ye can all do it together," he said simply. "An' now as the end is come, Whisker, all I'm a-askin' of ye is the temporrery use o' a pint o' rum."

The request was plain enough, although the words puzzled the hearer. Behind him his six companions wriggled venomously nearer and nearer, pausing now and then to get a better grip on their cutlases with their tired teeth. They saw Red Whisker take a flask from his pocket and hand it cautiously down the hatchway. Nearer they crept; when all at once the broad back of their leader straightened so suddenly that six mouths opened and six cutlases fell with a single thud on the white sand. There they lay untouched and unheeded. Red Whisker stood with one hand on his hip; the index finger of the other pointed into the cabin; and his dishonest face glowed with satisfied conviction.

"It weren't no hant," he shouted joyously. "It were ole Bald Head himself. An' here he is down in this very cabin, alive—an' drinkin'."

Here Endeth the Memorable and Extraordinarily Remarkable Four-Part Narrative of Eight Melodious Pirates and the Terrible Pallid Face at the Window.

¶ MEHITABEL, *a narrative in four parts, being the Startling Piratical Adventures of a Virtuous New England Schoolmistress in the Hands of These Unlettered and Ferocious Freebooters, appeared in the Thanksgiving Issue, Dated November 21, 190*

Reminiscences of a
Dancing Man

By THOMAS HARDY

I

WHO now remembers Almack's balls
Willis's sometimes named—
In those two smooth-floored upper halls
For faded ones so famed?
Where as we trod to trilling sound
The fancied phantoms stood around,
Or joined us in the maze,
Of the powdered Dears from Georgian years,
Whose dust lay in eighteen sealed-up biers;
The fairest of former days.

II

WHO now remembers gay Cremorne
And all its jaunty jills,
And those wild whirling figures born
Of Jullien's grand quadrilles?
With hats on head and morning coats
Then footed to his prancing notes
Our partner-girls and we;
And the gas-jets winked, and the lusters clinked,
And the platform throbbed as with arms enlinked,
We moved to the minstrelsy.

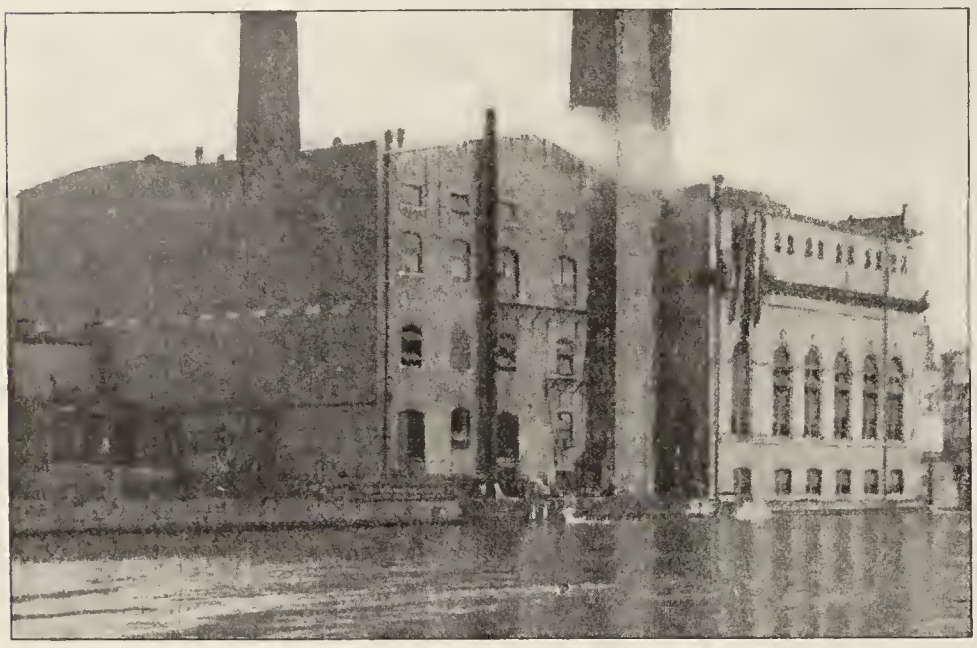
III

WHO now recalls those crowded rooms
Of old yclept "The Argyll,"
Where to the deep Drum-polka's booms
We hopped in boisterous style?
Whither have danced those damsels now!
Is Death the partner who doth mow
Their wormy chaps and bare?
Do their spectres spin like sparks within
The smoky halls of the Prince of Sin
To a thunderous Jullien air?

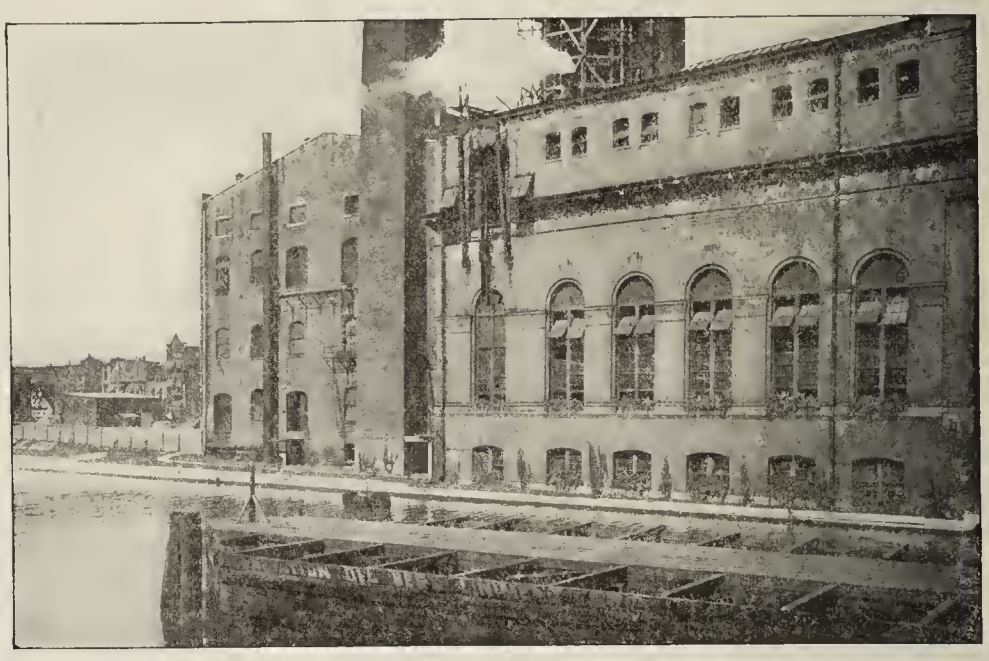
1895.



These were the conditions as they existed in a block just north of the Wisconsin Street Bridge, a point viewed by more people than any other spot in the city



A view of one of the power-houses of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Lighting Company before the river-front improvements were begun



This picture shows the transformation in the appearance of the power-house after the officials of the company had become imbued with the improvement spirit

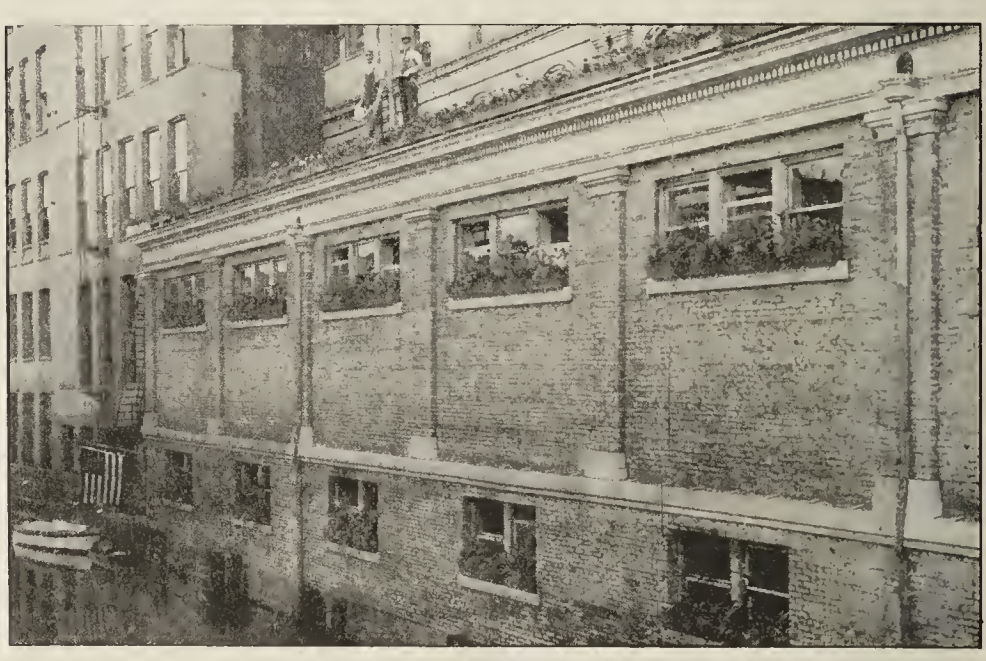
Milwaukee's River-Front

By J. HORACE McFARLAND

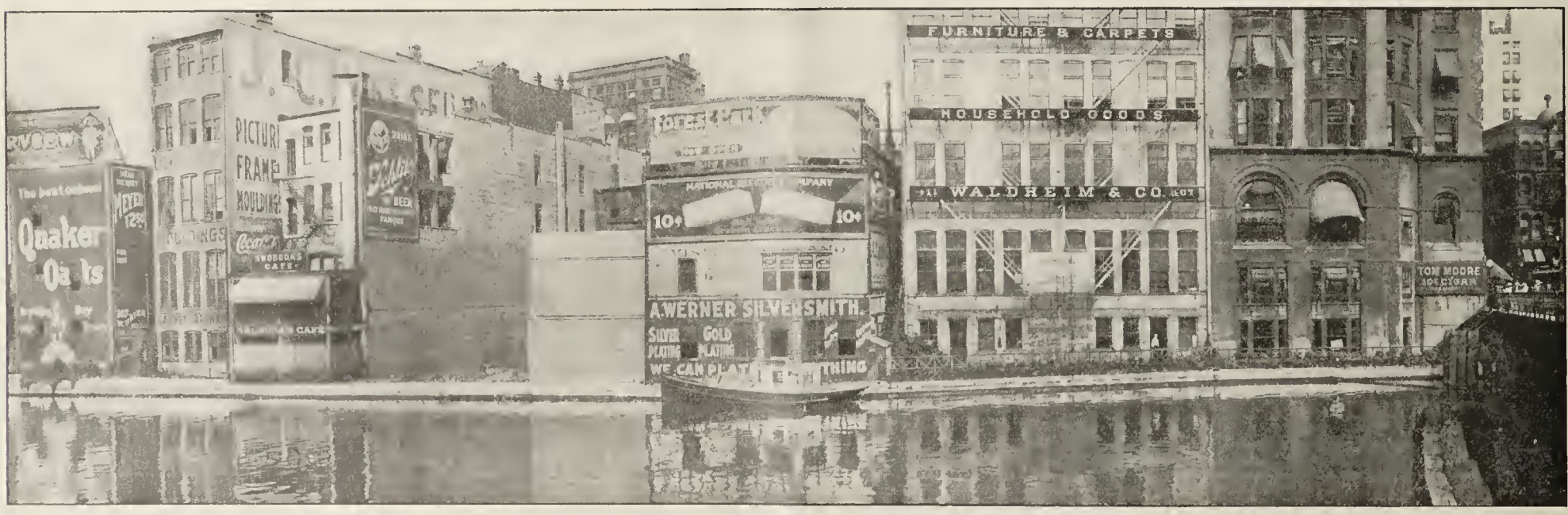
THE pictorial story here shown is most suggestive. It means that one American city, live, vigorous, and wealthy, is beginning to care for its appearance, to reach out toward the city beautiful. Bad as are the best of the conditions shown, they are better than the best in Chicago, in Detroit, or in Cincinnati, or any other American city with a "business" water-front. With knowledge of the way in which Amsterdam and Hamburg, Paris and London, Stockholm and Copenhagen, treat their commercial waterways, Milwaukee will never be satisfied until she has what her wealth and energy entitle her to—a completely pleasing and completely efficient water-front. She will get double value from this water-front, in its effect on her own people and in its drawing power on "beauty travel."

As but one mile in fifteen of America's possible waterways has been developed for commerce, there is both opportunity and danger at present—opportunity to have these waterways both pleasing to the eye and useful to commerce, and danger that they will be "improved" into the ugliness of the Erie Canal or of the Allegheny or Schuylkill River. With consideration of the value of public beauty, these waterways, through city and country, will be more than ugly trenches and open sewers. Winona, Minnesota, has made her Mississippi River levee-front a beautiful park and a safe landing-place. In Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, some public-spirited men and women bought the banks of the Wisconsin River, then leased them as public property to the city for the city's good, and chased off bill-boards.

Hundreds of American communities are now using the rivers which border or bisect them as dumps and sewers. If we are fit to have what Europe has, we will begin to clean up and beautify our water-fronts.



Flower boxes in the windows and on the roof of the store of Gimbel Brothers, illustrating one of the attractive forms which the river-front work has assumed



Contrast this picture with the one at the top of the page. It shows the same situation after improvement work had been commenced



Who Prefers Van Camp's?

Madam, you should raise your hand. All of your people like Van Camp's better than home-baked beans. Yet this ready-baked dish means less to them than to you.

Serve a dish of home-baked beans with a dish of Van Camp's. Then take a vote of your table.

The result is always the same. All, save the housewife, will vote for Van Camp's. The housewife, of course, can't decry her own dish.

Yet, Mrs. Housewife, think what Van Camp's mean to you. Think of the time and the fuel you'll save when you once vote with the rest.

Think of what it will mean to have a dozen meals in the house, ready for instant serving.

All people like their beans nutty, mealy and whole. Yet you can't get them that way without a steam oven.

People want their beans to digest, so they won't ferment and form gas. No home oven can make them digestible.

People like the tomato sauce baked into the beans.

Your folks will eat more beans, by five times over, when you serve Van Camp's. And beans are 84% nutriment.

They contain more food than meat or eggs or cheese. Yet they cost but a fraction as much.

See what a saving it makes on your meat bills to serve beans that people like.

Here are the reasons why Van Camp's excel beans baked at home. Note that the fault does not lie with you, but solely with your lack of facilities.

Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Thus we break up the particles so the digestive juices can get to them.

The beans in the center of your baking dish rarely get more than 100 degrees. That's not half heat enough. That's why your beans ferment and form gas.

We bake in live steam—not in dry heat. Thus we bake our beans until they are mealy, yet not a bean is crisped or broken.

Your top beans are crisped. The rest of your beans are mushy and broken. That is all due to dry heat.

Then we bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get our delicious blend. Those are the reasons why people prefer Van Camp's.

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

We pay $2.25 per bushel to get the best beans grown. We pay for tomato sauce five times what it need cost. There's no other dish like this.

We buy only the choicest Michigan beans. Then we pick out by hand the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest-grown. All but the best are discarded.

Some beans sell as low as 30 cents per bushel. We pay $2.25 for ours.

We could buy tomato sauce ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours. But ours is made solely from whole ripe tomatoes—ripened on the vines—picked when the juice fairly sparkles.

That's how we get our superlative zest.

Please bear in mind this difference in beans and tomato sauce. You will find, if you compare them, that no other brand is half so good as Van Camp's.

Be sure that you get what you want.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

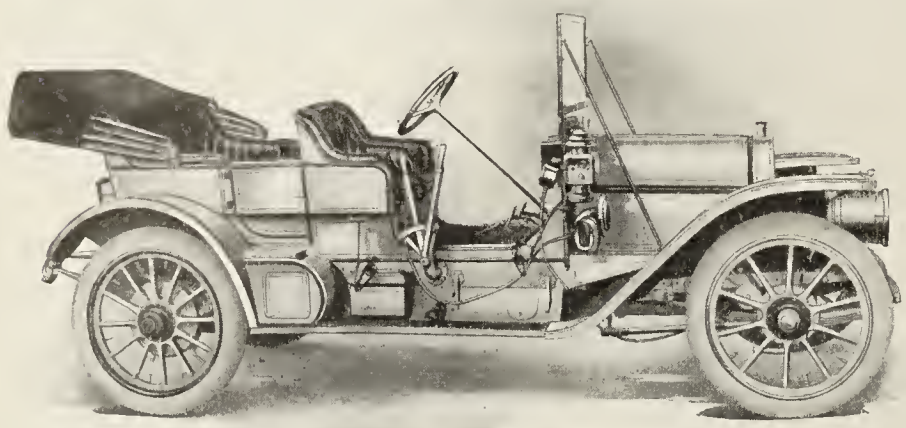
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The car you buy today should wear well and be a *good car* after many seasons' hard service.

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TRADEMORE CO., Dept. B., Toledo, O.

Little Foxes

(*Continued from page 17*)

"And how did they do before they died?" said the Inspector.

"They ran about in the sun and slavered at the mouth till they died."

"Wherefore?"

"God knows. He sent the madness. It was no fault of mine."

"Thy mouth hath answered thee," the Inspector laughed. "It is with men as it is with dogs. God afflicts some with a madness. It is no fault of ours if such men run about in the sun and froth at the mouth. The man who is coming will emit spray from his mouth in speaking, and will always edge and push in towards his hearers. When ye see and hear him ye will understand that he is an afflicted of God: being mad. He is in God's hands."

"But our titles—are our titles to our lands good?" the crowd repeated.

"Your titles are in my hands—they are good," said the Governor.

"And he who wrote the writings is an afflicted of God?" said Farag's uncle.

"The Inspector hath said it," cried the Governor. "Ye will see when the man comes. O sheikhs and men, have we ridden together and walked puppies together, and bought and sold barley for the horses—that after these years we should run riot on the seent of a madman—an afflicted of God?"

"But the hunt pays us to kill mad jackals," said Farag's uncle. "And he who questions my titles to my land—"

"Aahh! 'Ware riot!" The Governor's hunting crop cracked like a three-pounder. "By Allah," he thundered, "if the afflicted of God comes to any harm at your hands, I myself will shoot every hound and every puppy, and the hunt shall ride no more, On your heads be it. Go in peace, and tell the others."

"The hunt shall ride no more," said Farag's uncle. "Then how can the land be governed? No—no, O Exeellency our Governor, we will not harm a hair on the head of the afflicted of God. He shall be to us as is Abu Hussein's wife in the breeding season."

When they were gone the Governor mopped his forehead.

"We must put a few soldiers in every village this Groombride visits, Baker. Tell 'em to keep out of sight, but keep an eye on the villagers. He's trying 'em rather high."

"O Excellency," said the smooth voice of Farag, laying the "Field" and "Country Life" square on the table, "is the afflicted of God who resembles Biggle-bai one with the man whom the Bimbashi met in the great house in England, to whom he told the tale of the Mudir's cranes?"

"The one same man, Farag," said the Inspector.

"I have often heard the Inspector tell the tale to our Excellency at feeding time in the kennels; but since I am in the Government service I have never told it to my people. May I loose that tale among the villages?"

The Governor nodded. "No harm," said he.

THE details of Mr. Groombride's arrival with his interpreter, who he proposed should eat with him at the Governor's table, his allocution to the Governor on the New Movement, and the sins of Imperialism, I purposely omit. At three in the afternoon Mr. Groombride said: "I will go out now and address your victims in this village."

"Won't you find it rather hot?" said the Governor. "They generally take a nap till sunset at this time of year."

Mr. Groombride's large, loose lips set. "*That,*" he replied pointedly, "would be enough to decide me. I fear you have not quite mastered your instruetions. May I ask you to send for my interpreter? I hope he has not been tampered with by some snbordinates."

He was a yellowish boy called Abdul, who had well eaten and drunk with Farag. The Inspeetor, by the way, was not present at the meal.

"At whatever risk, I shall go unattended," said Mr. Groombride. "Your presence would cow them from giving evidence. Abdul, my good friend, would you very kindly open the umbrella?"

He passed up the gangplank to the village, and with no more prelude than a Salvation Army picket in a Portsmouth slum, eried: "Oh, my brothers!"

He did not guess how his path had been prepared. The village was widely awake. Farag, in loose, flowing garments, quite unlike a kennel huntsman's khaki and puttees, leaned against the wall of his

The first Derby made in America was a

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Your newspaper probably has the advertisement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

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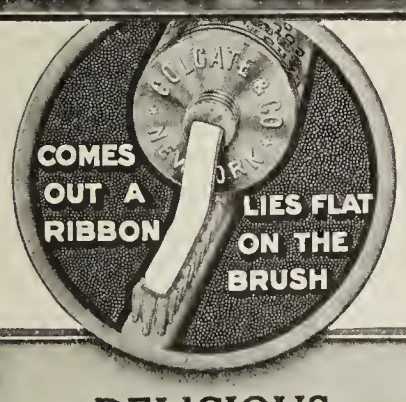
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uncle's house. "Come and see the afflicted of God," he cried musically, "whose face truly resembles that of Biggle-bai."

The village came, and decided that on the whole Farag was right.

"I can't quite catch what they are saying," said Mr. Groombride.

"They saying they very much pleased to see you, sar," Abdul interpreted.

"Then I do think they might have sent a deputation to the steamer, but I suppose they were frightened of the officials. Tell them not to be frightened, Abdul."

"He says you are not to be frightened," Abdul explained. A child here sputtered with laughter. "Refrain from mirth!" Farag cried. "The afflicted of God is the guest of the Excellency our Governor. We are responsible for every hair of his head."

"He has none," a voice spoke. "He has the white and the shining mange."

"Now tell them what I have come for, Abdul, and please keep the umbrella well up. I think I shall reserve myself for my little Arabic speech at the end."

"Approach! Look! Listen!" Abdul chanted. "The afflicted of God will not make sport. Presently he will speak in your tongue, and will consume you with mirth. I have been his servant for three weeks. I will tell you about his undergarments and his perfume for his head."

He told them at length.

"And didst thou take any of his perfume bottles?" said Farag at the end.

"I am his servant. I took two," Abdul replied.

"Ask him," said Farag's uncle, "what he knows about our land-titles. Ye young men are all alike." He waved a pamphlet. Mr. Groombride smiled to see how the good seed sown in London has borne fruit by Gihon. Lo! All the seniors held copies of the pamphlet.

"He knows less than any buffalo. He told me on the steamer that he was driven out of his own land by Demah-Kerazi, which is a devil inhabiting crowds and assemblies," said Abdul.

"Allah between us and evil," a woman cackled from the darkness of a hut. "Come in, children, he may have the Evil Eye."

"No, my aunt," said Farag. "No afflicted of God has an evil eye. Wait till ye hear his mirth-provoking speech which he will deliver. I have heard it twice from Abdul."

"They seem very quick to grasp the point. How far have you got, Abdul?"

"All about the beatings, sar. They are highly interested."

"Don't forget the local self-government, and please hold the umbrella over me. It is hopeless to destroy unless one first builds up."

"He may not have the Evil Eye," Farag's uncle grunted, "but his devil led him too certainly to question my land-title. Ask him whether he still doubts my land-title?"

"Or mine, or mine?" cried the elders.

"What odds? He is an afflicted of God," Farag called. "Remember the tale I told you."

"Yes, but he is an Englishman, and doubtless of influence, or our Excellency would not entertain him. Bid the down-country jackass ask him."

"Sar," said Abdul, "these people, much fearing they may be turned out of their land in consequence of your remarks. Therefore they ask you to make promise no bad consequences following your visit."

Mr. Groombride held his breath and turned purple. Then he stamped his foot.

"Tell them," he cried, "that if a hair of any one of their heads is touched by any official on any account whatever, all England shall ring with it. Good God! What callous oppression! The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." He wiped his face, and throwing out his arms cried: "Tell them, oh! tell the poor serfs not to be afraid of me. Tell them I come to redress their wrongs—not, Heaven knows, to add to their burden."

The long-drawn gurgle of the practised public speaker pleased them much.

"That is how the new water-tap runs out in the kennel," said Farag. "The Excellency our Governor entertains him that he may make sport. Make him say the mirth-moving speech."

"What did he say about my land-titles?" Farag's uncle was not to be turned.

"He says," Farag interpreted, "that he desires nothing better than that you should live on your lands in peace. He talks as though he believed himself to be Governor."

"Well. We here are all witnesses to what he has said. Now go forward with the sport." Farag's uncle smoothed his garments. "How diversely hath Allah made His creatures! On one He bestows strength to slay Emirs; another He causes

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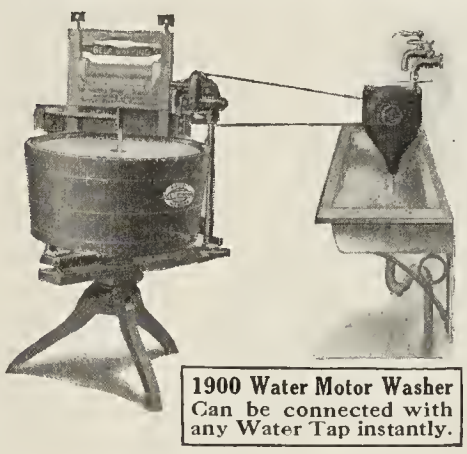
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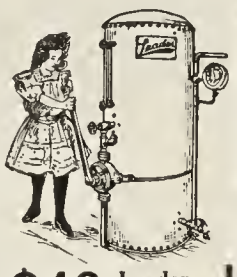
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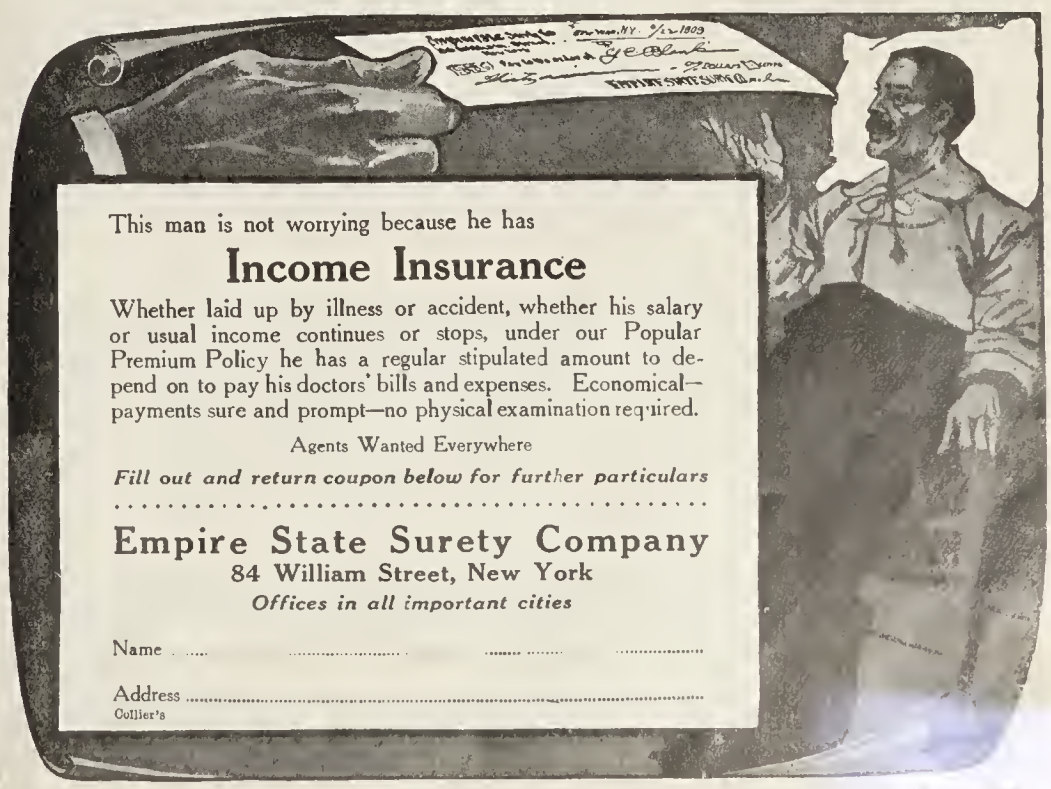
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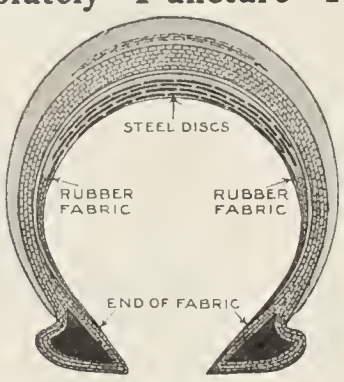
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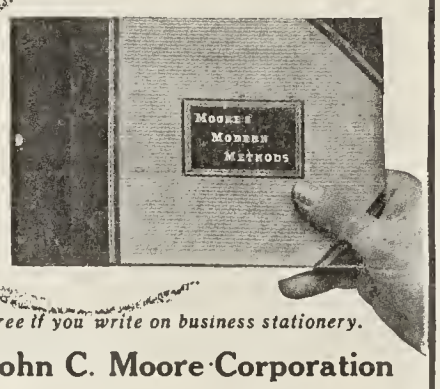
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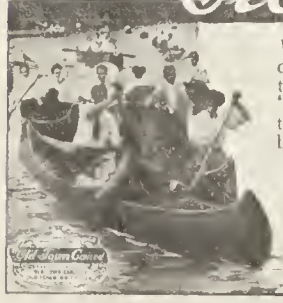


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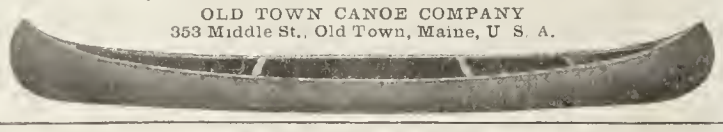
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to go mad and wander in the sun, like the afflicted sons of Melik-meid."

"Yes, and to emit spray from the mouth, as the Inspector told us. All will happen as the Inspector foretold," said Farag. "I have never seen the Inspector thrown out during any run."

"I think," Abdul plucked at Mr. Groombride's sleeves, "I think perhaps it is better now, sar, if you give your fine Arabic speech. They not understanding English, but much pleased to your condescensions."

"Condescensions?" Mr. Groombride spun round. "If they only knew how I felt towards them in my heart! If I could express a tithe of my feelings! I must stay here and learn the language. Hold up the umbrella, Abdul! I think my little speech will show them I know something of their *vie intime*."

It was a short, simple, carefully-learned address, and the accent, supervised by Abdul, on the steamer, allowed the hearers to guess its meaning, which was a request to see one of the Mudir's cranes—since the desire of the speaker's life, the object to which he would consecrate his days, was to improve the condition of the Mudir's cranes. But first he must behold them with his own eyes. Would, then, his brethren, whom he loved, show him a Mudir's crane?

Once, twice, and again in his peroration he repeated his demand, using always—that they might see he was acquainted with their local argot—using always, I say, the word which the Inspector had given him in England long ago—the short adhesive word which, by itself, surprises even unblushing Ethiopia.

There are limits to the sublime politeness of an ancient people. A bulky, blue-chinned man in white clothes, his name red-lettered across his lower shirt front, spluttering from under a green-lined umbrella almost tearful appeals to be introduced to the unintroducible; naming loudly the unnamable; dancing, as it seemed, in perverse joy at mere mention of the unmentionable—found those limits. There was a moment's hush, and then such mirth as Gihon through his centuries had never heard—a roar like to the roar of his own cataracts in flood. Children cast themselves on the ground, and rolled back and forth cheering and whooping; strong men, their faces hidden in their clothes, swayed in silence, till the agony became insupportable, and they threw up their heads and bayed at the sun; women, mothers and virgins, shrilled shrick upon mounting shriek, and slapped their thighs as it might have been the roll of musketry. When they tried to draw breath, some half-strangled voice would quack out the word, and the riot began afresh. Last to fall was the city-trained Abdul. He held on to the edge of apoplexy, then collapsed, throwing the umbrella from him.

Mr. Groombride should not be judged too harshly. Exercise and strong emotion under a hot sun, the shock of public ingratitude, for the moment ruffled his spirit. He furled the umbrella, and with it beat the prostrate Abdul, crying that he had been betrayed.

In which posture the Inspector, on horseback, followed by the Governor, suddenly found him.

"THAT'S all very well," said the Inspector, when he had taken Abdul's dramatically dying depositions on the steamer, "but you can't hammer a native merely because he laughs at you. I see nothing for it but the law to take its course."

"You might reduce the charge to—er—tampering with an interpreter," said the Governor. Mr. Groombride was too far gone to be comforted.

"It's the publicity that I fear," he wailed. "Is there no possible means of hushing up the affair? You don't know what a question—a single question in the House means to a man of my position—the ruin of my political career, I assure you."

"I shouldn't have imagined it," said the Governor thoughtfully.

"And, though perhaps I ought not to say it, I am not without honor in my own country—or influence. A word in season, as you know, Your Excellency. It might carry an official far."

The Governor shuddered.

"Yes, that had to come too," he said to himself. "Well, look here. If I tell this man of yours to withdraw the charge against you, you can go to Gehenna for aught I care. The only condition I make is, that if you write—I suppose that's part of your business—about your travels, you don't praise *me!*"

So far, Mr. Groombride has loyally adhered to this understanding.

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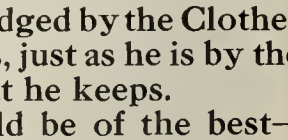
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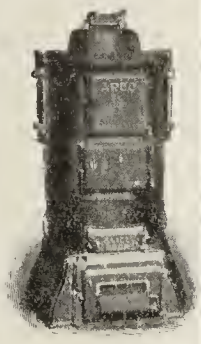
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Listen! *Have Your Feet Lost Their Spring?*

Do you sit down where you used to stand? Do you ride where you used to walk? Are you disinclined to walk? Do you wear the soles of your shoes on the inside? Look to your shoes; look to the heels of your shoes particularly. These symptoms and many others arise from improper attitudes in walking, bringing disproportionate weight on the inner or weaker side of the feet.

See to your shoes; see to the heels of your shoes; see that the heels are low and long enough to receive a perpendicular line passing down through the center of the ankle on the inside of your foot; see that your boots are fitted with heels of Live Rubber for just one reason, though there are many others which physicians, nurses, teachers, housekeepers, and in fact all sensible people, will offer; and the great reason why you should wear Heels of Live Rubber is that they encourage walking, which is universally conceded to be the simplest and best exercise, and enable you to walk more briskly and farther with the same effort. They do more than that; they help you to walk normally and gracefully.

If all people wore Heels of Live Rubber and had them put on by shoemakers who understood their work, they would be wearing heels one inch high and long enough to receive that portion of the weight which ought to be supported by the breast of the heel and to relieve the strain upon the instep arch.

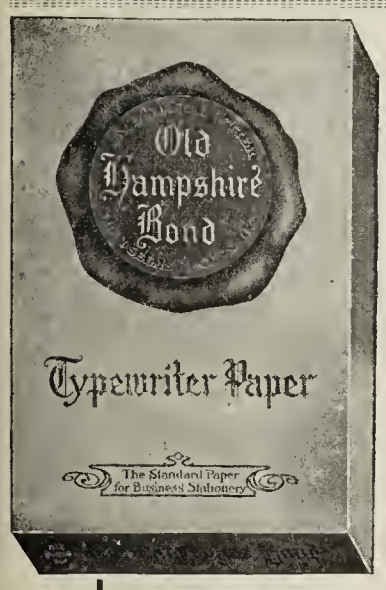
The resiliency of the Live Rubber Heel induces you to walk normally; that is, to carry your feet parallel in walking. Leather heels are inclined to make you toe out; that is abnormal, ungainly, and tiresome, and results in the afflictions for which instep supports are worn on the inside of the shoes.

Provided Heels of Live Rubber encourage walking and induce normal attitudes in walking, then it follows that they cause you to use the ball of your foot as the fulcrum, and the muscles of your leg to lift your body in walking.

If Heels of Live Rubber are helpful along these lines, isn't 50c. a low price for them? Isn't it almost a shame to substitute ash-barrel rubber stuffed with rags when *Live Rubber* is the only article that will fill the mission of the rubber heel? But that is the situation; if you want *Live Rubber* you must demand O'Sullivan's. The few cents more profit that the substitute leaves the dealer explains why he makes his little speech as to why they are "just as good."

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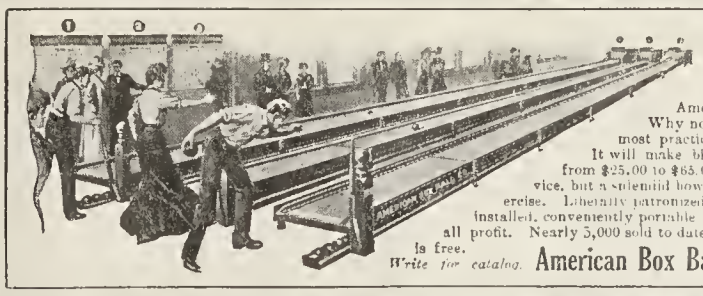
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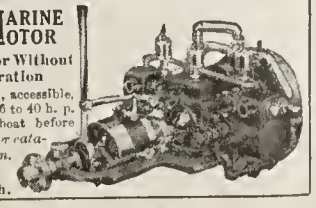
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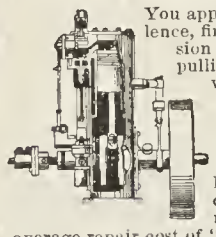
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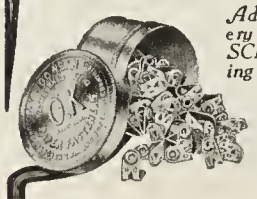
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For the Reader of Books

What We Think of Recent Authors and Their Efforts

Social Studies

NEW universities in this country are so close to the problems of the time as the University of Wisconsin. A group of men, including Richard T. Ely, John R. Commons, and Edward A. Ross, are applying intelligence to the social movement. These men realize that questions of labor and capital, the treatment of the criminal, the liquor problem, and so on, are within academic jurisdiction quite as surely as Euclid and civil engineering. A man in that university, Richard Henry Edwards, is publishing a series of ten-cent pamphlets, called "Studies in American Social Conditions," dealing with Immigration, the Negro Problem, the Labor Problem, Poverty, Excessive and Concentrated Wealth, the Divorce Problem, the Boy Problem, the Increase of Crime, the Administration of Criminal Justice, and the other present-day vital questions.

It would hasten much-needed solutions if every voting citizen would take out a subscription to these trenchant, accurate studies. They are so many cross-sections of our national life. Mr. Edwards has no panacea. He believes that already enough trustworthy and amazing information on social conditions is in hand to stir the public to action. He further believes that enough lines of solution are in working order to diminish ignorance, poverty, and disease. What is needed, then, is to relate the accumulated knowledge—both of conditions and of preventive measures—to wise public action. These pamphlet studies give that point of contact. They state each problem, they outline the solutions on which experts are agreed, and they publish a bibliography both of popular articles and of scholarly volumes on the particular subject under discussion. A. H. G.

A Book of Predjudices

IF YOU are familiar with Mr. Swinburne's mental processes, it is enlivening to read a prose book of his, and what he states and overstates may perhaps carry few ill effects in the devastating trail of his dislikes. But for an innocent soul to blunder in on the field of Mars of this old war horse would mean to be trampled under foot. Such prancings of one whose neck is clothed in thunder are not for the unwary. He grows lyrical at every mention of Charles Lamb, because Lamb was good to his sister. Carlyle he detests, because Carlyle once wrote a searching paragraph on Saint Charles and too much gin. For Shelley he has little but bitterness. Mark Twain wrote a book about a Down Easterner appearing in the days of Lancelot. Swinburne disapproved of the treatise, and takes out his revenge in classing Twain with Martin Tupper as apostle of dulness. In "The Age of Shakespeare" he has tuned him a chorus from many an old-time battle-cry.

You wish he would quit pulling out all the stops and pedaling with both feet. His feelings are always being aroused, and then there is nothing for it but a roar of wind and a rush of sound. Up goes his voice, and he clutches out for the superlatives. It is good fun, but the truth is nowhere in the hurly-burly.

It is a little of a pity that a man of genius, with the resources of language at his command—when the man himself is under control—with a reading in several literatures, the greatest of living English poets, should find the truth inadequate.

In spite of his over-emphasis and his anger, he does a service in his book in brightening up the fame of those who have become obscured by time, and in showing a race of indiscriminate hero-worshipers that their Titan was only a head taller than the giants of those days. A. H. G.

"What the White Race May Learn From the Indian"

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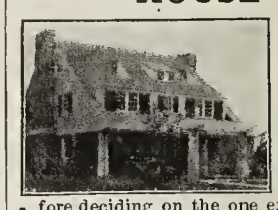
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Having placed himself, Mr. James marches back and forth across the deserts and plains, pointing out something here that we whites might learn to our advantage, and shaping a positive "don't do that any longer" there. There is deep breathing, as an example—the breathing exercises prescribed at one of our best-known sanitaria are what many tribes of Indians have practised for generations. And the real outdoors life—sleeping out of doors, working, so far as possible, in the open, going out of doors always to play, splashing out at the height of a storm to find out, as John Muir put it, that "nature has always something rare to show us." Like the birds, the Indian "doesn't know enough to go in when it rains." Unfortunately, Mr. James reflects, we whites have acquired this useless knowledge.

Respect for physical labor Mr. James finds in various tribes of Indians. "What labor he has to do, the Indian does gladly, cheerfully, openly. He is not ashamed to have soiled hands." Nor are his wife and daughter.

Hints also of a wide philosophy are contained in the chapters on the Indian's conception of social usage, his frankness, his theory of the nude, his attitude toward the superfluities of life, his self-restraint, his uncomplicated belief in immortality, and his calm meeting of death. At the last, says Mr. James, the Indian echoes Browning:

"I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
And forbore, and bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it; fare like my peers,
The heroes of old!"

Not very smoothly written, intemperate in places, overenthusiastic at times, these chapters, nevertheless, help us to set up the Indian as a human being, rather than a capering, feather-duster-topped savage, a man with tried race habits and traditions, wise enough to work out a well-adapted plan of living and stick to it remarkably well. J. M. O.

On Certain Tendencies

TIMES change. Who would have expected to find the "Ladies' Home Journal" heading a campaign for greater frankness toward children about the relation of morality to hygiene? No periodical has a clientele more sensitive to the proprieties—more likely to be prudish. If Mr. Bok and Mr. Curtis had not had the courage of intelligence they never would have undertaken the present series of talks. This performance of the "Ladies' Home Journal" was recalled to my mind by a little medical book at which I have just been glancing. It is written by Dr. Follen Cabot, published by E. R. Treat & Co., New York, and called "Diseases of the Bladder"; but the reason for mentioning it at all in a magazine of general circulation such as COLLIER'S is that any one who wishes to read a few pages, beginning at page 23, will learn some very important facts, put here with a medical brevity and precision which was not possible to the "Ladies' Home Journal." Wives, husbands, parents, and all intending to enter any of these groups, will be better equipped for proper living after this information is acquired.

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The general public, like every other division of the human race, has its shortcomings as well as its inspirations. It has the power to make a harmful fool of itself, as shown in the victories which it has won against science in vivisection laws abroad. In scientific matters the voice of the people has frequently small resemblance to the voice of God. The ideas passed from mouth to mouth about the morality connected with sex are equally inadequate. It is a case where the public needs instruction from the doctors and where the average physician also needs information from those members of his profession who have gathered special knowledge of the subject. N. H.



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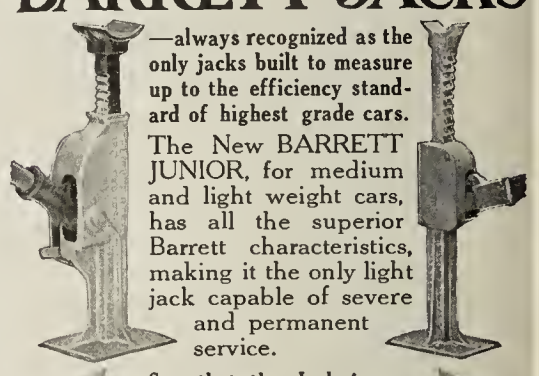
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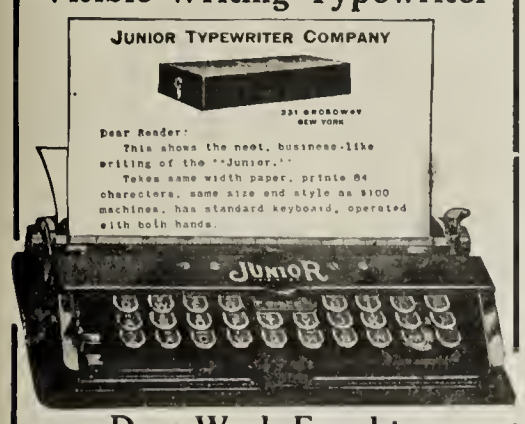
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Built for country roads, hills and mud. Engine—10 H. P., 2 cylinders, air cooled, chain drive rear wheels, double brake. Speed 2 to 25 m. per hr.—30 miles on 1 gal. of gasoline. Highest quality finish, workmanship and materials. Absolutely safe and reliable. **Write for Book No. A-66.**

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Does Work Equal to Best $100 Machines

YOU have never had a chance like this before. The Junior Typewriter is the first practical, portable, standard keyboard, serviceable typewriter ever sold at a price within the reach of all.

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and any language you want. Writes single or double space. Takes all sizes of paper up to 9 inches wide.

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which is much faster than the average person operates any typewriter. Writing always in sight.

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Durable, made to stand severe usage. Every part thoroughly tested before leaving factory. Guaranteed for one year. Could not be better made at any price.

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Send your order for a Junior to-day, with money order or draft for $15, and it will be shipped you express prepaid. Money back if you do not find it everything we claim for it. If you'd like to know more about the Junior before ordering WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET.

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ACTIVE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED in every locality to sell the "Junior." Hustlers earn big money. Write today for particulars.

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Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath.

Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century.

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A collar gets most worn when not worn,—chewed up and rubbed to death at the laundry. Here's the difference:

LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen COLLARS and CUFFS

need no laundering as they can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth. See what that saves in wear and tear. Will not wilt or fray. The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed. All styles and sizes.

COLLARS 25c. CUFFS 50c

Always sold from a RED box Avoid substitution

If not sold at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY, Dept. 3, 7 Waverly Pl., New York

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DO YOU STAMMER

Trial lesson explaining methods for home instruction sent FREE. Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis.
Geo. Andrew Lewis, No. 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

THE BUYER'S TASK

WHOEVER has had difficulty in deciding which of two or more articles on a counter he will purchase may be able to appreciate the task which confronts the buyer of a stock of merchandise. The numbers of varieties offered for selection are almost beyond belief. In the toy department of a large wholesale house, the following figures were obtained in regard to the goods actually being shown at one time in the sample rooms:

Magic lanterns, 250 varieties.
Boats, 300 varieties.
Engines, 500 varieties.
Horns, 1,000 varieties.
Christmas tree ornaments, 2,000 varieties.
Dolls, 12,000 varieties.

Even these large numbers do not represent all the possible varieties the general market affords. They merely represent the numbers which one wholesaler selected for his customers out of perhaps ten times those numbers in the samples shown by manufacturers.

In gathering this assortment of Christmas tree ornaments, which are now being ordered for next Christmas, it was necessary to deal with 750 manufacturers throughout Europe, and the selection of 2,000 samples represents only a fraction of the samples submitted by manufacturers.

When it is considered that almost every person uses dishes at three meals a day, and that the prices of plates may range from a few cents each to a thousand dollars or more a set, it is not surprising to learn that the same wholesaler would display in his sample rooms over 250,000 varieties of articles in china.

The buyer has, within such ranges of variety, opportunity to "make or break" the patronage of a store by the wisdom and taste he uses in making his selections.

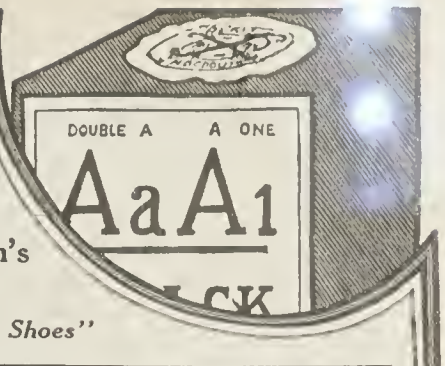
PART OF THE PRICE

IT IS interesting to observe that a great deal of the expense of doing business is made necessary to prevent dishonesty. There are many overseers whose chief business is to see that others keep at work. There are elaborate systems of bookkeeping and checking which are designed primarily to prevent misdealing. From the time a piece of raw material is taken from its original source, until the goods are made and delivered and receipted for, there is this constantly accumulating expense for protection. The public at last pays for it. Every high price, and every low bank account, every skimped luxury or necessity, and every unsatisfied need is, in some degree, a reminder that one is helping to pay the price of insincerity and dishonesty. It ought to make the opposite virtues much admired by those who prefer to enjoy the full fruits of their labor.

SPECIFICATIONS

AN IDEA of the influence of American standards on foreign manufacture may be gained from considering one of the definite ways in which this influence is manifested. The time was when American wholesalers and importers were largely content to buy such things as they could in foreign countries and offer them for sale in this. If the articles were made according to German taste or French taste or Dutch taste, they came over about as they were made, and the homes of America were fitted out with a heterogeneous assortment of foreign-made articles. Gradually the importer began to learn that it was easier to sell the things that approximated the American standards, and his orders to foreign manufacturers included specifications as to style and design, such as would be acceptable to the more particular classes of his customers. When we consider that one large importer in America may deal with as many as five thousand foreign manufacturers, and in many cases give them the largest orders they receive, every item of every order having passed under the critical eye of men skilled in knowing what American taste requires, it is evident that this influence

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The Ideal Shoe Dressing for Women's and Children's Use

Write for free booklet — "Care of Shoes"

Because— Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is cleaner than any other. It will not rub off on the clothing nor fly about the room while being rubbed down to a brilliant shine.

Because— It requires less time and less labor to make the shoes look their best; and it contains no acid, shellac or varnish to spoil the leather:—Therefore easiest and best for women to use.

Because— Being a liquid it is easily applied. Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is made of *Oil*, to soften and nourish the leather, *wax*, to take a high polish with only three or four rubs of a soft cloth and a little dye that restores color and finish of scarred spots.

"Aa A1" DOUBLE A BIXBY'S A ONE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. SHOE POLISH

Because There are 100 Shines in a Bottle for 25c

If not yet on sale by your shoe man, send 25c. for full size package

S. M. BIXBY & COMPANY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Brighton FLAT CLASP GARTER



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This is the only garter that does not press on the leg at any point. It has the smallest but strongest metal parts ever put on a garter; the smoothest, flattest clasp; a grip that tightens with every movement; a clinging, stretchy silk web, elastic as the skin itself—that never chafes or binds. It keeps the leg comfortable, the sock smooth, the temper even. 25 cents—*at your dealers, or we mail a pair on receipt of price.*

Pioneer Suspenders are supreme in fit, service and beauty. 50 cents at your dealers or prepaid from factory.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
718 Market Street, Philadelphia
MAKERS OF PIONEER BELTS

Making Desserts

might be called the "embroidery work" of cooking. It is the part you enjoy, the part you do after the heavier cooking is over and the working costume is exchanged for the afternoon dress.

One of the things that make dessert-making so easy and so pleasant in these days is the very general use of

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The Minute Cook Book suggests 18 different uses, and your own genius will suggest many more. Quickly cooked, never soggy, gummy or lumpy. A delicious, nourishing food. Send your **grocer's address** and **four cents** for enough to make **one pint.** The full package makes **six quarts.** Minute Cook Book **Free.**

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31 STATE AGENTS WANTED; BUSINESS which calls for the highest order of executive ability. State Agent will need 50 to 100 Sub-Agents to cover territory. Margin on each Sub-Agent should be $1.00 to $3.00 per day, leaving handsome net profits. Best self-heating flat-iron. No pipes or wires needed to connect with fixtures. Actually heats itself and sells easily. Imperial Brass, Chicago.

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JUST PATENTED, YOUNG'S BUTTON HOLE Gauge Knife. Every woman wants one. One agent sold 107 in one day at 25c, 100% profit. 14 other useful rapid sellers. A. M. Young & Co., 199 Young's Bldg., Chicago.

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AGENTS: PROTECTED TERRITORY GIVEN on new rapid seller. Particulars free. Write this very day and get busy. Address "C. W.," United Supply House, Lyons, Iowa.

GET TERRITORY ASSIGNMENT NOW TO handle Rosalind specialties. All staples. An entirely new, winning, patented article. Send 10c for sample. Money refunded if not satisfactory. The Rosalind Co., 377 B'way, N.Y.

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is very great. It would be odd, indeed, if this culling out of undesirable samples and altering and substituting designs did not have a marked effect on the other products of those manufacturers, wherever they might be marketed. Of course a similar influence, in some degree, is going on through the requirements of other countries, the net result of which is that each nation is bringing its best ideas forward and dropping those which other nations veto by refusing to buy. Judging from the number of specifications which American importers find necessary to require of foreign makers, the influence of American ideas is by no means least in this symposium of national taste. But any pride we might have in this fact is more than offset by the things we are still obliged to learn from the older countries, and the things we have, so far, neglected to learn.

ODD PRICES

A FEW weeks ago we referred in this column to the matter of marking goods 49 cents, 99 cents, $19.98, and so on, and voiced the popular thought that this method was used with the intention of making the customer think the price was cheaper. An advocate of the system comes forward and claims that this method was begun for the purpose of preventing salespeople from pocketing even change, and that in some establishments it is continued for that purpose. It is safe to say, however, that neither the public nor the majority of store managers ever thought of this as the underlying reason. As the average reduction would amount to several cents on the dollar, and therefore a handsome percentage of the gross receipts, it is fitting that many store managers should know why they follow the custom, and consider whether or not the insurance thus paid for is worth the percentage it costs.

A NEW MATERIAL

THE origin of some of the materials used in common manufacture is often very far removed from the nature and use of the finished product. This is well illustrated in the new substitute for ivory and celluloid, called "galalith," which is made of sour milk. It has an advantage over celluloid in that it is not so inflammable, and over ivory in that it is not so expensive, and may be made in any color. It is at present used chiefly in making combs, but will doubtless come to be used in a large variety of articles that are now made of the other two substances.

PAYING WOMEN LESS

IN DEPLORING the fact that women are usually paid less than men for the same work, many writers overlook certain points which are necessary to a just consideration of the question. As no one individual or corporation, more than another, is to blame, it is the world in general that must be blamed or justified. With many notable exceptions, the world tends to frame its customs so as to work out the greatest good to the greatest number. The individual must be forever secondary to the common good. The question may then be stated thus: Can we blame the world for not encouraging women to give up the proper feminine ideals of home-making by making them even-handed competitors with men and independent of them? The world especially needs two things, more and better homes and more and better people. Is it to be blamed for not framing its customs to attain those ends? If it be denied that this general result is good, then it may be denied that the means to gain it are good. But if it be admitted that the general result is the right one, then the world is justified in not encouraging too great a divergence from whatever will conduce to that end. The world is justified in saying to woman: "For you business is but a preparatory school, a stepping-stone, a partial service. Your real work is to be wife and mother. Be employed at any useful work so long as that seems best for you individually, but remember that you are endowed with a higher capacity for service, and there is need for your work in the home." To give emphasis to this dictum, and to keep it hourly fresh in mind, the world, perhaps wisely and kindly, declines to encourage woman overmuch to prefer an independent life.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to speak in general terms of the problem of women in business without seeming to countenance many flagrant wrongs. In presenting this view it is not to justify any known injustice the reader may have in mind, but to afford a perspective which may enable us to consider universal tendencies.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.—*Adv.*



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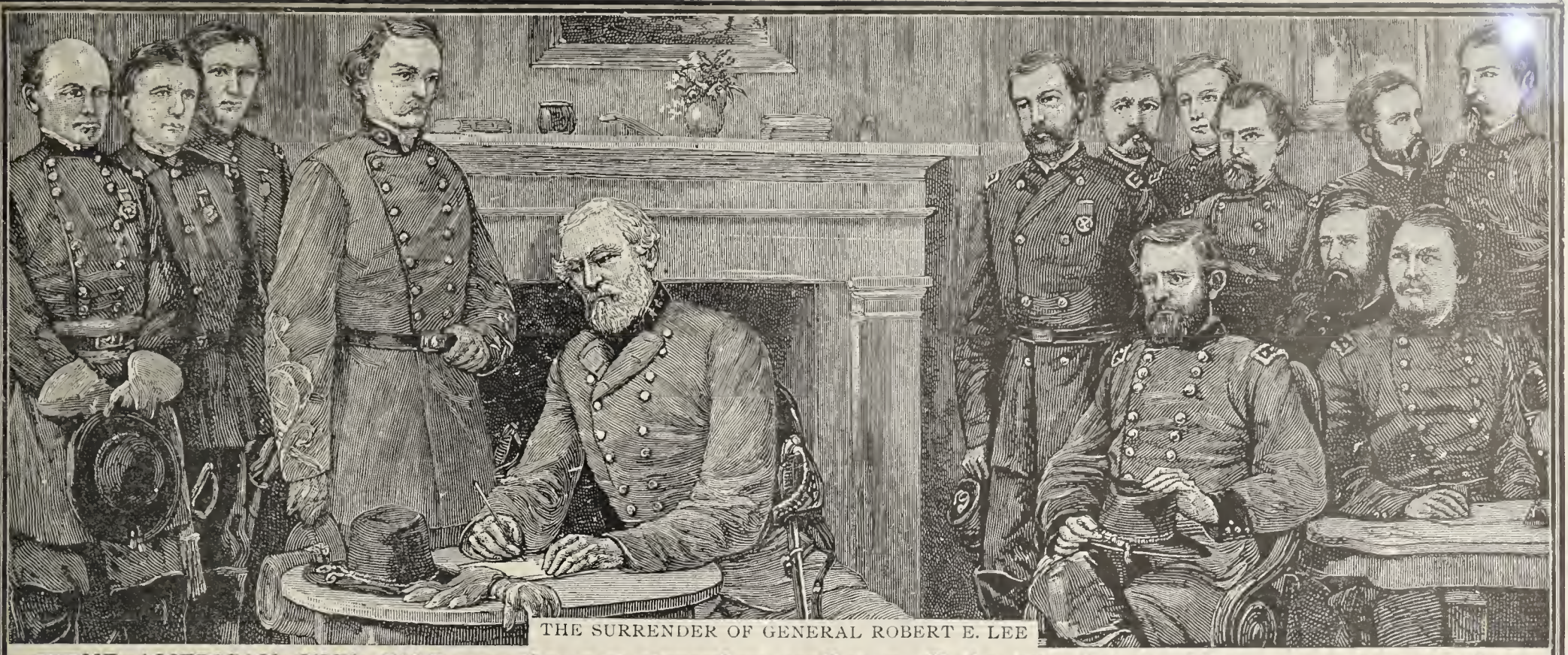


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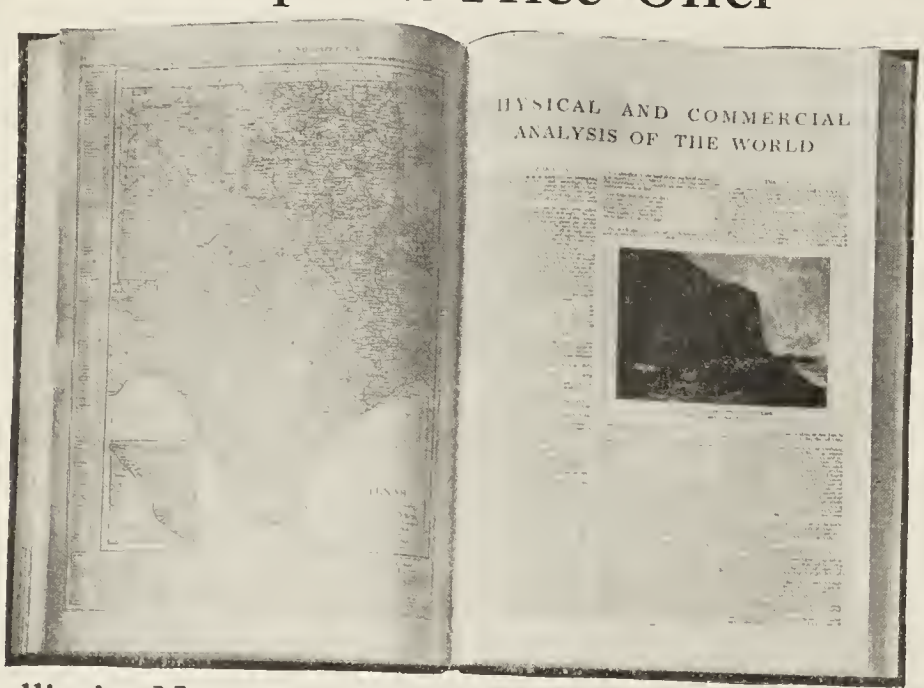
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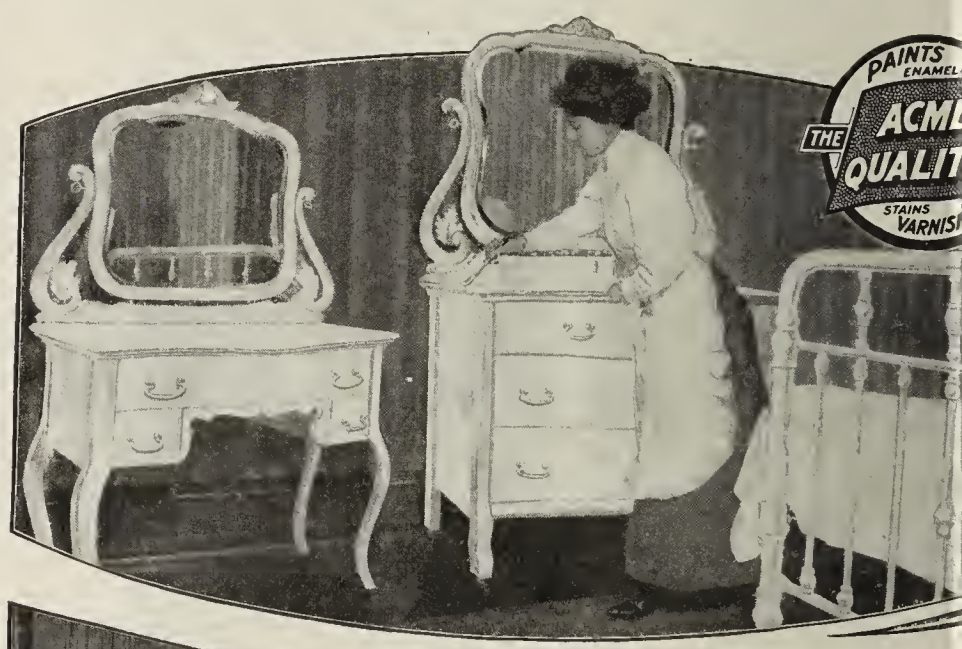
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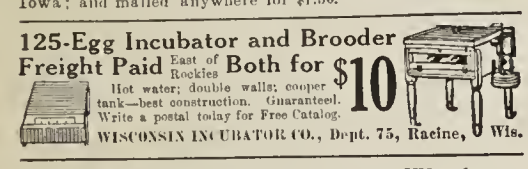
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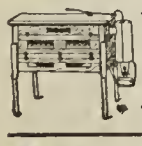
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Easter Number

Next Week April 10

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The Youthful, the Humanitarian, and the Quietistic Period in the Life of the Distinguished Russian

By

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

Satan and the Suffragette

Being the Easter Meditations of the Antique Nick and a Pretty Suffragette—a Springtime Fantasy

By

WALLACE IRWIN

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The Calf, the Crate, and the Millinery

A Humorous Story by

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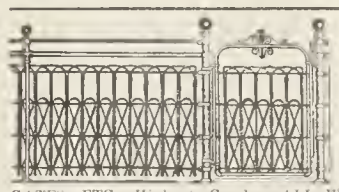
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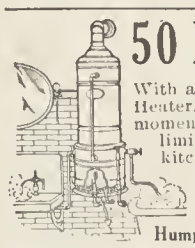
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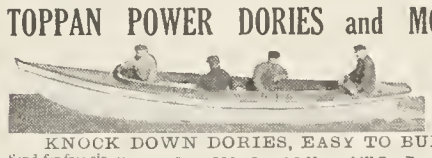
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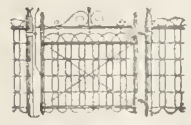


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The Grass Fire

Painted by FREDERIC REMINGTON

(See page 28)

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416–424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

April 3, 1909

Business

PAST IS THE DAY when in commercial dealings the Yankee was only "smart." Courage and progress are frequent among business men. Let us examine for a moment the stand being taken by certain manufacturers. The food traffic has a double importance, since in it we have to consider not only good faith but the vigor of a nation. More than half the illness in the United States is preventable. The average physical force of Americans could be indefinitely improved. Fifteen years could be added to life. The economic gain has been estimated at $1,500,000,000, but this calculation includes only the most literal saving, not the incalculable gain of increased strength. In this great subject a large consideration is purity of food. Not long ago a group of manufacturers formed the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products, and resolved:

"That the members of this association will severally and jointly give their moral and financial support and undivided influence toward upholding the proper and legitimate efforts of the regularly constituted officials charged with the administration of all laws looking to the elevation of the standards of the food-producing interests of the country."

Among the members of this association are:

The Shredded Wheat Company,	J. Hungerford-Smith Company,
Merrell-Soule Company,	Beech-Nut Packing Company,
H. J. Heinz Company,	E. C. Hazard & Company,
Columbia Conserve Company,	Price Flavoring Extract Company,
The Franco-American Food Company,	J. W. Beardsley's Sons,
Richardson & Robbins,	The Belle Mead Sweetsmakers.

This association takes the position that to whatever degree the Department of Agriculture may choose to enforce or not to enforce the pure-food laws, it will do its own progressive work. On the most sharply controverted food question of the moment, the association, representing packers of meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, confectionery, condiments, and canned goods, takes the position that on the actual harmfulness in itself of this benzoate of soda, even since the decision of the referee board, there is difference of expert opinion, but this point is not their main reliance. What they ultimately rely upon is the allegation that the best methods need no chemical preservative, and that the use of one is desired usually to make possible bad material and inferior processes. Their words are these:

"The principal commercial use of benzoate of soda is to permit the employment of ill-cared-for waste raw material, unfit for human food; the maintenance of unsanitary factory premises; the employment of careless, slovenly work-people; inexactness and mistakes in preparation and cooking and the reduction of food value by permitting the presence of a high percentage of water in displacement of the usual and reasonable percentage of actual food solids. In short, it encourages the production of foods that no one would care to eat who could see them made and know what they are made of."

Other manufacturers deny these statements. We are not at the present moment going into the facts about packing methods. That task may or may not be laid upon our shoulders later. What we are endeavoring to point out is that an interesting spectacle is presented when a group of packers get together and declare that whatever may be done by Mr. WILSON's department they will abide by their principles, however much it cost. One of them remarked in conversation that he would stand by his convictions if it cost him a million dollars in a single year.

Push It Farther

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY in regard to appointing office-holders in the Southern States is to be heartily approved. The North, from reconstruction days, has done enough to harass the South and to make more arduous its struggles with the manifold difficulties bequeathed by slavery and war. Also it is true, as urged by Mr. TAFT, that there would be advantage to the South in ceasing to be solid; but why should not our large-minded President seize a pliant week to travel about New England or Pennsylvania and preach a sermon of similar import? If party stubbornness is injurious in one part of the country, it should be stupid also in another; and the South at least has more excuse for her solidity. South Carolina has her reasons, right or wrong, for remaining immovably of one party, but what reason has Vermont? The South distrusts the effect of Republican victory on her hardest problem. Mr. TAFT is wise in working to remove that distrust. To considerably more than one Northern State, however, we would suggest some of the same political independence that the President has so justly recommended to the South. Living with the characteristics of a flock of sheep is not stimulating to a community anywhere.

Good for Tennessee

THE CONVICTION OF THE COOPERS helps to put one State on record against the license of the individual to criticize a fellow being by shooting him to death. There have been some distressing performances by juries within the memory of man. Let us instance the Hains acquittal. When a Governor does his duty, as Governor PATTERSON in the night-rider case did his, and when a jury is secured which uses its intellect, the community has reason to be proud, as Tennessee has cause for pride and satisfaction now. A new South is being born—one in which the brilliancy and ardor of the old régime may be combined with the steadiness, industry, and impartiality which mean leadership in civilization as it is to-day. The gifts for which the South was conspicuous, from JEFFERSON to CALHOUN, and from WASHINGTON to LEE, are presumably still alive, and it needs only a correct approach to current facts to bring them out again. Times change, circumstances vary, but we can still pick out of history truths which hold good always, especially, perhaps, when they come from the history of a time when the human intellect reached its highest flight. THUCYDIDES puts into the mouth of PERICLES these reasons for the love which her citizens bore to Athens: "She wishes all to be equal before the law, she gives liberty, keeps open to everybody the path to distinction, maintains public order and judicial authority, protects the weak, and gives to all her citizens entertainments which educate the soul." One choice between principle and passion, one successful example, in a case so conspicuous as the Carmack trial, is of serious value to the State in which it is rendered, for its influence spreads into all fields—social, political, and economic. In a free country, where juries represent local opinion, prison is unfashionable. Acts which send men to prison tend to become unfashionable also.

Psychology

IF WE EVER START an Ananias Club, the first crowd elected, after the patent-medicine gentry, will be the antivivisectionists. It would keep us busy merely to enumerate the lies they tell. Apparently they have no reliance whatever on the truth. Most of them, however, are well-meaning. They don't lie for the pleasure of it, but from something akin to hysteria—what doctors call psychasthenia. Their sentiment, though sickly, is sincere. A certain type of neurotic mind may be honest and at the same time entirely false. The leaders in the movement, apart from the few with a money motive, are usually either childless or without strong affections for children, or, indeed, for human beings. RAYMOND and JANET, studying the disease, tell of a woman who had melancholia over a cat, but lost a child without regret. Morbid anxiety about animals, morbid love of them, they found frequent among degenerate patients. An extreme case is told by MOREL, of a patient who would faint at sight of a sick animal, but always went to executions. Dr. CHARLES L. DANA says that morbid sensitiveness about animals is not infrequent in defective children. He finds it likely to be associated with weak and selfish natures—kindly, perhaps, but without intelligence, and lazy.

"It is much *easier* to pet a dog or nurse a kitten than to tell the exact truth . . . or provide thoughtfully for the poor; or keep watch over the temper and make a household comfortable."

Therefore the kindly feelings of the indolent and unintelligent take this direction. To those who are afflicted with zoophilism, the diseased love of animals developed by "mutual encouragement among the unstable and by self-indulgence," we recommend that they send fifteen cents to the "Medical Record," New York, for the issue of March 6. Can anybody read the summary of what superb results vivisection has accomplished, given by Dr. W. W. KEEN in the current number of "Harper's Magazine," and then wish to allow a bunch of useless women, and their foolish male allies, to busy themselves with a science of which their ignorance is abysmal? In candor it must be conceded that the backbone of the antivivisection crusade is formed by women, and that no other activity of theirs has been so strong an argument against increased feminine influence. We submit to a certain brand of Suffragette that an effective policy in the long run would be [illegible] in

[illegible] of Great Britain and more hard work. Some groups of women are securing the suffrage by quiet, patient labor, and any strong request made upon such a foundation will be granted in the United States. Others are more noticeable for the vivacity of their claims. One among many useful exercises for them would be to study vivisection carefully, and then endeavor to quiet their hysterical and untutored sisters.

Americanism of Omar

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of EDWARD FITZGERALD, who came into the world on the 31st of March, 1809, brought into relief the vogue enjoyed in the United States by the verses of OMAR, the Tent-Maker. Neither their own intrinsic merit nor the fact that FITZGERALD translated those quatrains so superbly explains entirely why the little book entitled "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" is published in a far greater number of editions here than any other single poetical work, whether of native or of foreign origin. Even "Evangeline" lags a long way behind. OMAR'S popularity—in no other country is he so widely read—no doubt derives mainly from the circumstance that the thought of this Persian of the eleventh century has considerable affinity with twentieth century American habits of mind. OMAR was quite un-Oriental in his derision of mysticism; and he was not only a thorough skeptic, but he possessed a broad religious tolerance not general outside of America even to-day. He had small reverence for historical traditions, or for "saints and sages" whose "mouths are stopped with dust."

"Waste not your hour, nor in this vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute."

He reminds us that "this life flies," cautions us lest we foolishly "after some to-morrow stare," and advises us to "take the cash and let the credit go," all of which is practical and American. And when the old Persian opines that we ought to

"—make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we too into the dust descend,"

he comes to exact coincidence with the spirit of a people who express the same idea in one of their most frequent phrases: "Let's enjoy ourselves while we can, we'll be a long time dead." Let us hope also that OMAR KHAYYAM'S sturdy self-reliance and independence are American, and his fondness for direct thinking and plain living.

Payment

NOT ALWAYS does merit triumph with the certainty of melodrama. It is, in part, a world of chance. Corns stepped on also may change history. Let us give an illustration since it is fermenting in our memory. One GEORGE L. SHELDON of Nebraska, in his day, has fought many fights. He was Governor of Nebraska once, and now he isn't. Why? Because he did his governing well. He was beaten for reelection by brewers, railroads, patent-medicine venders, and associated artists. Some were innocent, like the lovers of Sunday baseball, but most were trying to get more out of the pail than was assigned to them. The pure-food bill signed by him was too drastic to suit the taste of certain artists. What hurt him most was the Gibson bill, prohibiting any brewer from operating a bill as licensee. The enforcement of that bill brought the ax to the Governor's jugular vein. Mr. SHELDON is now enjoying private life in Mississippi. When he returns to Nebraska in June he will have the vast satisfaction of seeing the rain fall from heaven impartially upon the just and upon the unjust. In justice to Nebraska, it is but fair to add that people usually vote in lumps, with ballots expressly designed to aid this brilliant tendency, and therefore SHELDON suffered much from the desire of his neighbors to assist the Peerless One.

Rats

CALIFORNIA DISTINGUISHED HERSELF the other day when the Rush bill became law, putting on private owners drastic duties regarding the extermination of rats, and ordering the State and local boards of health to act when private owners fail. If the State is compelled to act, the owner pays the cost. If he refuses, his property will be sold. This looks considerably as if an enlightened attitude toward the rodent had settled upon the beautiful Golden State. In the city of Oakland, California, a few weeks ago, the Republican Party adopted a platform which included emphatic pledges to keep up all work heretofore done against bubonic plague, and to take all possible steps toward improving the general sanitation of the city.

Slyness

WILLIAM F. MAINES, president of the Rhode Island Liquor Dealers' Association, has sent a circular to the saloon-keepers of New England in which he announces that "the anti-saloon agitation is largely artificial and is financed by JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER for the purpose of giving the public something to think about that will take its mind off the anti-trust agitation." That was intended to be subtle. Can Mr. MAINES be trying to take the public mind off the anti-saloon agitation by pointing again to the ever-convenient Mr. ROCKEFELLER? BISMARCK provoked a war with France to take the mind of Germany off internal dissensions. Is Mr. MAINES a humorist?

Sunday Opening

THE VICE AND LIQUOR SITUATION in New York City is poorly handled to-day. A large proportion of the saloons, except in the business district, sell drinks all day Sunday. Entrance is made through the side-door. The saloon-keepers pay for this illegal privilege $5 to $6.25 a month, some of them direct to the plain-clothes man of their police precinct (the money passes through one to three pair of hands, so as to obscure the trail), but most of the liquor dealers belong to the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, and pay the president of their "local," coterminous with the police precinct, who pays the plain-clothes man. Thus the present system creates police blackmail. The Committee of Fourteen has petitioned for legalized opening. Three courses are open to Governor HUGHES. He can act on the charges of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which proved that the present excise law is not enforced. He can aid the bill of the Committee of Fourteen, which amends that law. He can appoint a saloon commission to collect more facts and suggest the appropriate remedies. He is thoroughly informed of the present situation, and is desirous of bettering it. What faces him is one of the hardest problems which now confront mankind.

Politics

HOW FAR can skill in manipulating votes succeed as a substitute for the more inclusive statesmanship that is coming more and more to be demanded of public servants? For craft in getting votes, Senator REED SMOOT is a recognized expert in his own country. One way to do it is to have willing servitors in an allied pulpit preach from end to end of your State that the forces of evil are allied against you, threatening your overthrow, and that all who are pious, regardless of political views, should rush to your defense. And then another way is to have J. U. ELDREDGE, Jr., Federal office-holder and Salt Lake County boss, send word through all the saloons that the fanaticism of the pious will smother them in dry legislation unless they get "on the band-wagon." Both of these methods Senator SMOOT employed in 1908; the forces of evil and of pious good teamed it together for a Smoot triumph. Now the ecclesiasts have discovered in what manner of game they played. Once before they rushed to SMOOT'S aid for fear an assault on him covered a real attack on them. Now, with this fear removed, some of them are speaking out. Senator SMOOT, in Washington, confidently explains to the Federal office-holders, comprising the active council of his party, that long before another election this hysteria of opposition will blow away. Politicians learn to figure so, in the security of their power to manipulate. In the mean time, what steps are being taken, to make their cause effective in practical politics, by those who have become aware of the relationship between SMOOT and his church and SMOOT and the brewers?

In the Wake of Togo

A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY in the University of Seattle declares that if he were Mikado, Hashimura Togo should have a medal. He thinks Togo has done more service to Japan than any number of diplomats could do. Very different is the view of Mr. ADZU KAONAMI, who thinks the result of Togo is to belittle the Japanese, which, naturally, seems to him of great importance, since he believes the future of his country will be determined largely by international opinion.

"We are a serious people and a reading people. We recognize and appreciate high-class literature. Possibly the average reader of COLLIER'S would be surprised to know the extent to which standard historical and philosophical works, in English, are circulated and read in Japan. Also it may not be so generally known that the works of DARWIN, HUXLEY, SPENCER, and such scientific writers are more read among the common people of Japan than among the same class in this country."

Our friend celebrates eloquently and justly the Japanese virtues, and then calls upon us to treat international questions in the pure light of the Golden Rule. Alas, no easy feat is that. The Golden Rule is the greatest single ethical dogma in existence, but no single dogma suffices for the conduct and complexity of life. Besides, interpretations of that rule differ. An American might favor exclusion and hold himself within the rule because he justified Japan in taking steps which she deemed necessary to her peace and welfare. The spirit, strength, and taste of the Japanese have often aroused our admiration, yet it surely *may* be true that a certain people is excellent, and a certain other people also excellent, and yet those two peoples better separate than together.

Cyrano and Sarah

SO BERNHARDT plans to enact the title rôle in "Cyrano de Bergerae" and also Mephistopheles in "Faust." There is very little on this earth that Madame SARAH overlooks by way of experiment and experience. Men's rôles are an old story for her. She played the Duke of Reichstadt well, and if her Hamlet was unsatisfactory the reason lay principally in her nationality. She has played Romeo, but not in this country. Lorenzacchio is one of her famous rôles. Boys' rôles are frequently played by women with success. Nobody would cast a man for Peter Pan or Puck. Cyrano, however, is another story. The many-sided BERNHARDT may well be interesting as Mephistopheles, but if she does any justice whatever to ROSTAND'S swashbuckling poet, score one erroneous guess for COLLIER'S.

Comment About Congress

The Two Committees That Are Actually Responsible for the Tariff Bill—The Most Active Influence at Work in Washington

By MARK SULLIVAN

A TARIFF BILL must be born in the Lower House of Congress. This was provided by the men who made the Constitution, because a tariff bill is a bill to tax the people, and they believed that it should originate only with that part of Congress which is closest to the people, which is elected by the people directly, and which must return to the people for approval or disapproval every two years. Within the Lower House it is the Ways and Means Committee which has final charge, for the complete title of that committee would be "The Committee on Ways and Means of Raising Revenue to Run the Government." The members of that committee, which stands finally responsible for the bill in its present form, are:

Sereno E. Payne, *Chairman, New York*
John Dalzell, *Pennsylvania*
Samuel W. McCall, *Massachusetts*
Ebenezer J. Hill, *Connecticut*
Henry S. Boutell, *Illinois*
James C. Needham, *California*
William A. Calderhead, *Kansas*
Joseph W. Fordney, *Michigan*
Joseph H. Gaines, *West Virginia*
Nicholas Longworth, *Ohio*
Edgar D. Crumpacker, *Indiana*
Champ Clark, *Missouri*
F. Burton Harrison, *New York*
Oscar W. Underwood, *Alabama*
Robert F. Broussard, *Louisiana*
James M. Griggs, *Georgia*
Edward W. Pou, *North Carolina*
Choice B. Randell, *Texas*
Francis W. Cushman, *Washington*

When the bill was formally introduced by this committee to the House as a whole, it took, as a matter of custom, the name of the chairman, and, for purposes of history, became known as the Payne bill. In the House there will be three or four weeks of debate. Then the bill will go to the Finance Committee of the Senate, which consists of these men:

Nelson W. Aldrich, *Chairman, Rhode Island*
Julius C. Burrows, *Michigan*
Boies Penrose, *Pennsylvania*
Eugene Hale, *Maine*
Henry Cabot Lodge, *Massachusetts*
Frank P. Flint, *California*
Reed Smoot, *Utah*
Shelby M. Cullom, *Illinois*
John W. Daniel, *Virgina*
Hernando D. Money, *Mississippi*
Joseph W. Bailey, *Texas*
James P. Taliaferro, *Florida*
F. M. Simmons, *North Carolina*

This committee of the Senate will make such changes as it sees fit and report the bill to the floor of the Senate. There it will undergo the most thorough debate. Finally, to come to agreement on those points where the House and the Senate disagree, there will be a committee of conferees, not yet named, of three from each chamber. When these finally reach their compromises, and the compromises are endorsed by both bodies, the bill goes to the President.

Such is the machinery for making a tariff. Happily the issue is not clouded by any other pending legislation (the census bill is the only other measure to be considered at this session). There is nothing to divert the spot-light from the Payne bill; the responsibility is clearly placed. As to those responsible up to date, it is fair to say that, with millions of hostile eyes focused upon it, there has been little condemnation that goes to the heart of the bill as a whole. It is conceded to have been framed in the spirit in which the people demanded it—the spirit of a substantial revision downward.

The Office-Boy on the Job

THE American Protective Tariff League is the organization of those who profit by the protective tariff. Its members contribute large subsidies to publish the "American Economist" (save the mark!); to "accelerate" public opinion by means of plate service for small newspapers; and to maintain "representatives" at Washington and elsewhere. Something more than a year and a half ago the chief official of the League gave forth this public utterance:

"As a Judge of the Supreme [?] Bench, Mr. Taft was one of the greatest jurists that ever graced that body. As Governor of the Philippines, Mr. Taft was a splendid Governor. But his policy, both at the Philippines and at the Isthmus of Panama, was for free trade and not for protection of American industries. . . . *That is why Mr. Taft will not bear the standard of the Republican Party next year.*"

Not all that has happened since this was said has been wholly pleasing to the organization that fathered it. One is certain that Mr. Taft feels no obligation to the American Protective Tariff League such as would fetter his actions in any matter of administration policy. But the Tariff League breast is not without hope. It is out with another official hurry-call:

"Recently one of our prominent members said: *'Let your office-boy run the factory until tariff matters are settled,' and the gentleman who made this remark is in Washington and will stay there until tariff conditions are determined.* . . . Please go to Washington and stay there until tariff legislation is disposed of."

The consumers, who would be benefited by a lower tariff, haven't got office-boys, as a rule; and they can't afford to spend the next three months at Washington. But they can do much with two-cent stamps.

One First Principle

JUST so far as the Payne bill is a measure to raise taxes, it belongs in the most complex and disputed field of politics or economics, and one man's guess is as good as another's. *Just so far as it is a measure to protect some industries, it raises a moral question.* It affirms the justice of taking money from the pockets of one group of men to put it in the pockets of another. It confuses the vision of a whole nation as to the sharp lines between meum and tuum, accustoms people to the sight, under sanction of law and the acceptance of custom, of special privileges for some at the cost of others, and makes them tolerant of all the allied forms of acquisition that go by the name of graft.

Strategy

ON THIS page from time to time appear a good many quotations from the official Congressional Record. This one is from another source—the weekly stock-market letter of Hayden, Stone & Company, members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges:

"As the tariff bill becomes the all-absorbing topic of the day, all eyes are turned to Washington. . . . Of one thing in this connection we can be reasonably sure. *With a deficit of $140,000,000 in Government receipts during the last sixteen months, there can not well be any radical reduction.* Congress is confronted with the embarrassing problem of trying to meet the wishes of the Administration, and—at the same time—of providing the Government with a maximum revenue during the lean times. While other auxiliary measures may be provided, the tariff must remain the backbone of the Government's revenue resources, and the people must pay the piper through continued high tariff rates.

"*It might be an interesting question to discuss whether the 'orgy of extravagance' had not been entered upon for the express purpose of providing this very situation.* At any rate, it seems fairly certain that the stock market has nothing to fear from the invasion of the rights of any protected interest."

One need not take the source as authoritative. It is accepted in other quarters than Wall Street that those who dominate the Senate and the House were not without cognizance of the strategic value of confronting Mr. Taft, at the very moment he asked for drastic tariff revision, with the wholly regrettable necessity of providing for a $140,000,000 deficit.

The Senate as a Soft Pedal

THE Hon. Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania is chairman of the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads. In that official capacity Mr. Penrose, toward the end of the last session, reported the General Post-Office Appropriation bill. That measure provided for a total expenditure of $238,000,000. Somewhere on the twenty-eighth page of the bill was this:

"*Provided further*, That the Postmaster-General, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of establishing a local parcels-post system on the rural delivery routes . . . is hereby authorized to experiment . . . *in two counties of the United States* . . . and the sum of $5,000, *or so much thereof as may be necessary*, be and the same is hereby appropriated . . . for the purpose of carrying out these provisions."

Five thousand dollars out of 238 millions, and two counties out of 2,500, *for an experiment only*, is a small mouse to come from the mountain of advocacy through the country for a parcels-post system. The Senate, as a check on popular clamor for rash experiments in government, justifies itself.

"Keeping Down the Demand of the People"

CONGRESSMAN DAVID J. FOSTER of Vermont was arguing for a very small beginning of the Parcels-Post—enough to allow a farmer in the vicinity of any rural post-office to send packages *to and from his own village only* by his rural route carrier. He did not propose a general parcels-post system, no use of the railroads, no competition with the express companies. But the idea of an opening wedge was considered dangerous. There ensued this colloquy:

"CONGRESSMAN SYLVESTER C. SMITH OF CALIFORNIA—Then let me ask another question. How are you going to keep down the demand of the people for some uniformity in the postal service?

"CONGRESSMAN FOSTER—I shall never undertake to keep down any demand of the people that is just and reasonable."

Apparently Congressman Smith and Congressman Foster differ as to point of view.

"Disgusted Citizens"

THIS letter to COLLIER'S comes from a man who lives at 9 Mulford Street, East Orange, New Jersey. He writes "M. E." after his name, and is, therefore, presumably a man of college education and standing in his community:

"What can one thoroughly disgusted citizen do? Write to my Congressman, you say? Be kind enough to tell me his name, will you? . . . Kindly reply at your convenience. YOURS FOR PURE POLITICAL METHODS."

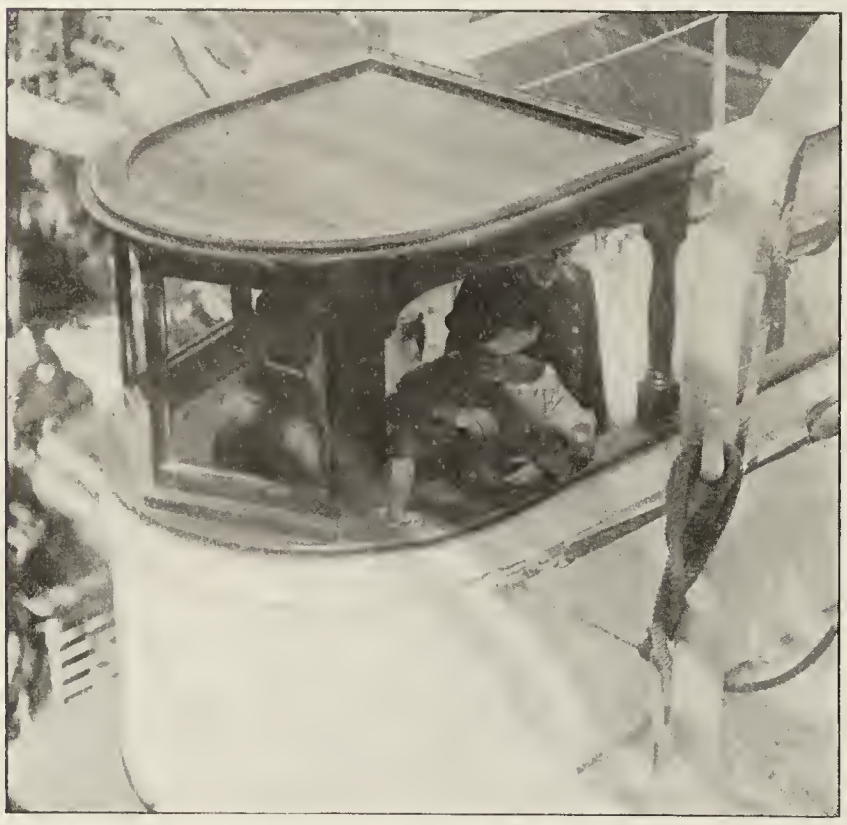
If "Disgusted Citizen" will ask his barber, or his bartender, if he patronizes one, he will doubtless learn his Congressman's name. Most assuredly he can learn from that holder of a political office who calls for his garbage-can in the morning. If "Disgusted Citizen" doesn't know his Congressman's name, presumably he didn't vote either for him or against him. Said a Massachusetts Congressman when the fight against Cannon was at its height:

"Oh, yes, I'm getting those letters and telegrams—hundreds of them; but I don't care. I've had my secretary look all those fellows up, and not one of them ever attends a caucus."

Congressmen measure the weight of their constituents by votes, not by degree of "disgusted citizenship" nor by the ardency of abstract desire for Pure Political Methods. The earliest political essays that Theodore Roosevelt wrote, more than twenty-five years ago, dealt with that type of business or professional man who looks on election day as a chance to get away for a little golf, and isn't ashamed to see his coachman wield more political influence than himself.



New York's last sight of Theodore Roosevelt—the liner "Hamburg" steaming past the Battery



"Off!"—the "Hamburg" just clear of the pier—Mr. Roosevelt on the bridge



Mr. Roosevelt shipping his rifles and the rest of his twenty pieces of baggage



Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit on the bridge with Captain Burmeister at 11.15, on March 23, as the "Hamburg" left her pier

Off for Africa

Freight Tariffs

Suppressing Water Commerce on the Pacific by Control of the Water Frontage, and by the Unhampered Control of Transcontinental Freight Rates—Johannesburg, South Africa, Closer to San Francisco than Goldfield, Nevada—The Longest Way Round the Cheapest Way for Freight

By C. P. CONNOLLY



When the fleet under Rear-Admiral Evans steamed into San Pedro Harbor, in southern California, there was no landing-place for its sailors and no embarking-point for its supplies that the Southern Pacific did not control

CALIFORNIA is once more beating the air in a struggle against the Southern Pacific. She has rarely, if ever, succeeded in concentrating her forces successfully against her ancient enemy. Every now and then she organizes a Wat Tyler rebellion, which usually ends in unconditional surrender. The present protest is against a ten-million-dollar increase of coast freight rates.

The Interstate Commerce Act prohibits discrimination between points, and forbids charging more for a long haul than a short one over the same line under similar conditions; but when the railroads undertook to establish terminal rates the courts held they had the right to meet water competition. So San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other Atlantic Coast cities, got terminal rates, and Chicago and the other lacustrine ports which connect by water with the sea were given the same preference. The Missouri River, being navigable, was given terminal rates. That took in Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul, and Minneapolis. The fixed rates between all Eastern and Western terminals, generally speaking, were the same: that is to say, the rate from Chicago or Omaha to the Pacific Coast was the same as the rate from New York to the Pacific Coast.

To get out from the lakes, our water freight all goes through the Welland Canal and through British territory. The railroads fought any extension of the Erie Canal that might make for larger water commerce. That struggle is trite history. Chicago and the Mississippi Valley have sought for years to secure legislation from Congress that would extend the Chicago Drainage Canal to the Mississippi River; but because it would give the upper Mississippi Valley communication by water with the Gulf the railroad influence has successfully fought its extension, just as it fought the Panama Canal, which will cut the water route between San Francisco and New York more than half.

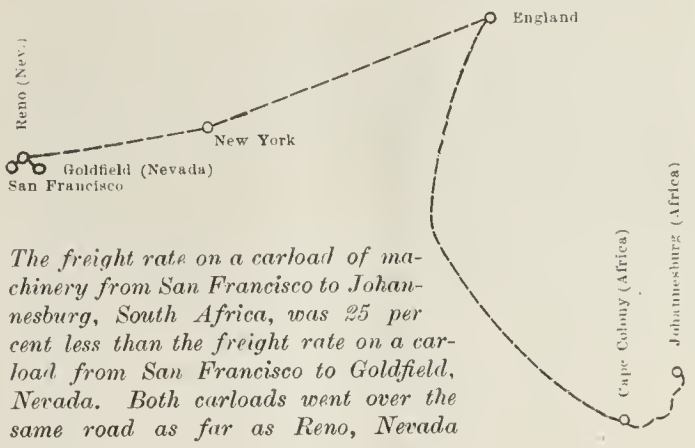
The Railroads as Rate-Makers

ON THE passage of the Interstate Commerce Act of March 3, 1887, the transcontinental railroads set about securing mutual agreements covering transcontinental traffic. That act prohibited railroads from rebating or secretly cutting rates; it also prohibited combinations of railroads for the purpose of pooling earnings. The Sherman act, passed three years later, prohibited, under penalty of imprisonment, any combination between persons or corporations to monopolize commerce or to restrain trade. The Government has never enforced the penal provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act or of the Sherman act against railroad combinations formed to fix tariffs between competing lines. The result has been that the railroads have regularly fixed rates, and have advanced them from time to time until their net earnings have increased enormously. To do this successfully it was necessary to control the harbors which fed the commerce of the seas.

With their entrenched political power it was not difficult to influence State legislation in the Pacific Coast States in such a way as to enable the railroads to secure possession of the water fronts. Laws were passed creating for the larger Pacific Coast cities State harbor boards. The titles to the water frontage were transferred to these harbor boards. These boards extinguished by condemnation proceedings all private holdings upon the water. They constructed sea-walls and filled in ground. As fast as any part of these water fronts was reclaimed and made available, the harbor boards were authorized to lease the frontage. The railroads, controlling the appointments of the harbor boards—**the Southern Pacific controls practically every appointment in California**—secured leases in the name of the State for the improved frontage. The State's power of eminent domain was thus turned over to the railroads, and **the public funds used to improve harbors, which were taken over by the railroads as soon as they were ready to receive them.**

The territory lying north of the Columbia, which river disembogues in the region near Portland, is largely dominated by the Hill-Morgan interests, though the Standard Oil interests have recently entered that territory. The Hill-Morgan interests look to the control of the water frontage north of the Columbia River as far as the Canadian line. The Supreme Court of the United States, following the English precedent, early declared that the several States owned all the tide-lands below the line of high-water mark, in trust for public uses. Based upon this decision, the State of Washington, ignoring the public trust, passed a law providing for the sale of its tide-lands by auction, and tide-lands along the shores of all navigable rivers were sold at a nominal price. Later it was discovered that the Hill-Morgan interests owned or controlled many of these. This same policy was pursued on the lower coast, from the Columbia River to the Mexican border, with the result that a hard and fast monopoly of the coastwise commerce, both by land and sea, passed into the hands of the Southern Pacific. **When the fleet under Rear-Admiral Evans steamed into San Pedro Harbor, in southern California, there was no landing-place for its sailors and no embarking-point for its supplies that the Southern Pacific did not control.**

There was a key to these locked harbors. The Southern Pacific and its allied lines were formerly in the hands of Collis P. Huntington. When he died, about



The freight rate on a carload of machinery from San Francisco to Johannesburg, South Africa, was 25 per cent less than the freight rate on a carload from San Francisco to Goldfield, Nevada. Both carloads went over the same road as far as Reno, Nevada

1903, the control of the entire system passed over to E. H. Harriman and his associates, members of the Standard Oil group of financiers. Earlier than this the Union Pacific was made the pivot of a great railroad system which was to spread over the continent and connect with every port between Portland and the Mexican border, where vessels loaded. A policy was projected which was to absorb the Hill interests north of Portland, bringing the northern harbors also under Standard Oil tribute. This policy was foiled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The directors of the Union Pacific, the parent of the Standard Oil Western system, delegated their power to manage and direct the affairs of the company to an executive committee of five members. In turn this committee relinquished its functions to Mr. Harriman, who exercised absolute control—a distinctive Standard Oil policy which combines corporate immunity with individual power and secrecy.

The Standard Oil Group in Action

THE Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific, both subsidized by enormous land grants from the Government, were consolidated by the formation of a corporation called the Southern Pacific Company, created by a special act of the Kentucky Legislature. A majority of the stock of these two competing lines was turned over to the Kentucky corporation, and leases of their properties for ninety-nine years were made to the Kentucky company by each of these corporations. In this and like ways the Standard Oil group acquired the Southern Pacific, the Central Pacific, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and the Oregon Short Line, as well as every American line of trans-Pacific steamboats operating south of Puget Sound and every coast-going steamboat line south of Portland, with the Union Pacific as the holding company. The Standard Oil group acquired, as connecting lines, the Illinois Central, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Chicago and Alton. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, in which the Standard Oil interests have already large stock holdings, alone of all the Western roads south of Portland, remains unabsorbed. The possession of this Western territory by this group is undisputed. Its freight toll is arbitrary. Into its field no rival may venture. Former United States Senator W. A. Clark of Montana sought to build a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles and the San Pedro Harbor. **With as much assurance as if Clark were laying tracks across a private domain, Harriman stopped him, first by physical force and then by a show of hands. He made Clark capitulate and turn over to the Standard Oil interests the control of his road.**

Dexterity of the Southern Pacific

AT ONE time the Panama Railroad chartered a ship and put on an independent service between New Orleans and Colon, which was to compete for Pacific Coast freight with rail and water lines owned by the Southern Pacific. The Southern Pacific immediately cut rates on products which could be successfully transported by way of Panama. After the Panama ship had made one round trip, the New Orleans merchants withdrew their patronage and took advantage of the reduced Southern Pacific rate. **The Panama Railroad then withdrew its ship for lack of patronage. The Southern Pacific immediately put its tariff back to the old rate and has kept it there ever since.**

The representatives of this Standard Oil group of railroads, representatives of the Hill-Morgan group, and the representatives of such other railroads as are not controlled by either group, meet annually to fix freight rates throughout the United States. There is no law of Congress which authorizes the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise these rates or to make any general orders reducing them. That body has the power, upon complaint being filed and pleadings and arguments had, to determine a particular rate as to any particular commodity over any particular line. A hearing on one of these complaints may last from one month to two or three years. Some cases have been under investigation by the commission for nearly five years. The railroads meanwhile, unhobbled by restriction, go on advancing rates at will. **The results of this policy of suppressing water commerce on the Pacific by control of the water frontage and by the unhampered control of transcontinental freight rates are startling. Freight rates have steadily advanced until they have in many cases doubled, and in some cases trebled, since the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act of March 3, 1887.** The rates on dry-goods, furniture, stoves, glassware, crockery, nails, agricultural implements, and scores of other necessary commodities have been raised excessively. **At the time of the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, for instance, the transcontinental rate on furniture was $16 per ton in carload lots; it is now $30 a ton. On stoves the rate was $10 a ton in carload lots; the present rate varies from $26 to $50 a ton, depending on the character of the shipment.** The list might be continued at length. Of course, it will be contended that many other considerations have entered into these advances, yet the stubborn fact remains that competition by rail and water then involved an inevitable fluctuation in rates which does not now exist.

One of the chief factors entering into the adjustment of transcontinental rates by the railroads has been the competition from abroad. It has been comparatively easy for the railroad pool to gather in the ship lines engaged in coastwise trade, but it has not been possible to force foreign ships into the pool. The coastwise trade act of Congress, which has been in force for fifty years, prohibits foreign ships from carrying freight or passengers from one American port to another. That act was passed ostensibly to encourage American shipbuilding. It has had the opposite effect. The combination of railroads and coastwise water lines—the Standard Oil interests, for example, own the Morgan line of steamships plying between New York and New Orleans and Galveston—has stifled the coastwise water traffic and has forced transcontinental rail transportation. If the Californians desire to ship freight from New York by water, they can not engage a foreign ship; that is prohibited by law; they can not mend the situation by patronizing American coastwise vessels; these are under railroad dominion and their freight rates are regulated by the railroad pool. They might patronize tramp steamers on the Atlantic seaboard, but they would be made to pay the regular toll, either by rail or water, before reaching the Pacific Coast. **If you ship canned goods, a heavy California export, by rail from San Francisco to Galveston and then to New York, the** [illegible] **from**

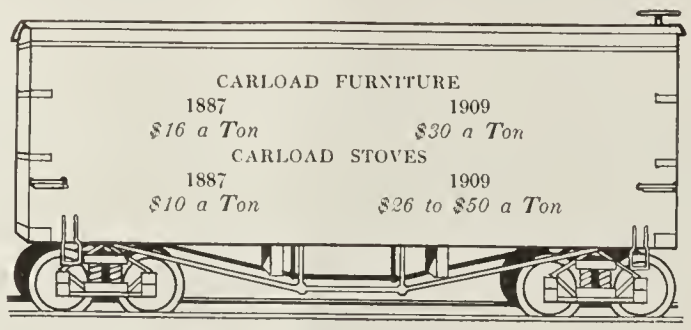
Galveston to New York is the same as the rate by rail from San Francisco to Galveston; but you pay the full rate from San Francisco to New York, whether you patronize the steamship line from Galveston to New York owned by the railroad or not. This arrangement cuts off the rivalry of any steamship line not in the railroad pool. This bratticing of the ocean highways has not been without its effect. The tonnage from San Francisco to New York by way of Panama decreased from 30,409 tons in 1904 to 15,285 tons in 1907, a period during which the railroads were so congested with traffic that it took from sixty to ninety days for freight to cross the continent.

Dingley Plus the Water Rates

IT IS claimed that in the transportation of many of the necessities of the Western coast, the railroads base their rates upon the cost of transportation by water from foreign countries to the Pacific Coast, plus the American customs duties; in other words, that their terminal freight rates for the Pacific Coast are based, not on the length of the haul, or the value of the service, but on the custom rates of the Dingley bill, plus the water transportation from abroad. Whether this claim is based in every instance on a comparison of the railroad rates with the Dingley bill, it is true that the rates on various commodities bear out the contention clearly. Not only is this true of West-bound freight, but it is true also of East-bound freight. California ships East, for instance, 30,000 carloads of oranges each year. Oranges are carried from Mediterranean ports to New York for $3 a ton; the import duty is $20, making the total cost to New York $23 a ton. The freight rate from California to the Atlantic seaboard is exactly the same.

A Spokane merchant wanted to ship two carloads of linoleum from Chicago to Spokane. The railroad rate to Spokane was the terminal rate from Chicago to Seattle, plus the local rate back to Spokane. The linoleum had to pass through Spokane to get to Seattle. The rate being exorbitant, the Spokane merchant purchased his linoleum in Liverpool, to which point it had originally been shipped from the manufacturing plant near Chicago. He shipped it from Liverpool through the Suez Canal to Seattle, paying the import duty and the local freight rate from Seattle to Spokane, and beat the railroad rate from Chicago to Spokane by a considerable discount.

The proprietor of a San Francisco ironworks shipped



Twenty two years ago, you could send just short of twice as much furniture—desks, bureaus, chairs—as now, for the same money. You could send anywhere from two to five stoves where to-day you can send one. Of course, the person who pays the freight is the purchaser, the consumer—the "general public"

on the same day two carloads of machinery of the same kind and bulk. **One went to Goldfield, Nevada, a distance of about three hundred miles from San Francisco, and the other went to Johannesburg, South Africa. Both carloads went over the same road to Reno, Nevada, the Goldfield shipment going south and the other keeping on its way to New York, whence it was shipped by water to an English port, transferred to another vessel bound for Cape Colony, South Africa, and from Cape Colony was shipped three hundred miles by rail to Johannesburg. The freight rate on the carload from San Francisco to Johannesburg was 25 per cent less than the freight rate on the carload from San Francisco to Goldfield.**

From Bakersfield, California, to Los Angeles is 168 miles. Bakersfield formerly shipped large quantities of tallow to the soap manufacturers of Los Angeles. The rate on tallow from Bakersfield to Los Angeles was $9.60 a ton in carload lots. Later Galveston got a rate on tallow from Bakersfield, a distance of over nineteen hundred miles, of $10.40 per ton, only eighty cents a ton more than the rate from Bakersfield to Los Angeles. Bakersfield's tallow went to foreign markets, and Los Angeles was compelled to look elsewhere for its grease. Its soap manufacturers went to China for their tallow, and the freight on a ton of tallow from Chinese ports is only $6, $3.60 less than Los Angeles used to pay for the 168 miles from Bakersfield.

The Enemies of Tariff Reform

A SHIPMENT of goods from Antwerp, intended for a Los Angeles merchant, went by mistake to San Francisco. The Los Angeles merchant was compelled to have the consignment reshipped from San Francisco to Los Angeles, a distance of 480 miles. The cost of the freight from San Francisco to Los Angeles, 480 miles, was the same as the cost of the 16,000 miles of water transportation from Antwerp.

There is one consideration that operates to the advantage of the Pacific Coast manufacturer. By reason of the greater cost of labor and of raw material, he can not manufacture his goods within, say, 10 or 15 per cent of the Eastern manufacturer. A freight rate which is 40 per cent of the cost of the article in the East affords him a liberal margin of protection.

It will eventually be found that the railroads are the real power behind the opposition that has prevented reforms of the tariff. If the Dingley tariff rates were uniformly reduced, it would result in a reduction of freight rates on many commodities. Local rates would inevitably follow a reduction of terminal rates.

The Panama Canal will be useless to California unless, like New Orleans, she can have municipal docks and open up her harbors to free competition. Los Angeles is straining every nerve to secure a part of San Pedro Harbor for municipal docks. So important to all nations has been the question of free harbors that the English people protected themselves against this form of monopoly by several provisions in Magna Charta. It may be argued that the State has the legal right to condemn harbor frontage by eminent domain, but the railroads have the same right, and **the Southern Pacific is as powerful politically on the Pacific Coast as it is commercially. It is the real government of California.**

In the Revolution Belt

Being the Ingenuous Impressions of a First-Time Traveler Concerning Caracas and Its Cinematograph Methods of Government

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrated by C. J. POST

SOME TIME and somehow somebody will write a veracious Guide-Book to Venezuela. Heading the list of Principal Products in that future and valuable tome will be the entry: "Trouble." Under this head it will be noted that Venezuela produces more trouble than any other country in the world, both for home and foreign consumption. The brand designed for the outer world is labeled "International Complications," and is highly disesteemed by polished diplomats, whose exequaturs are presented to them on the toe of the Presidential boot. The home variety is revolution. If you will look up the word in any respectable dictionary you will note that its derivative meaning is "a going around." There is always enough revolution to go around in Venezuela. Any earnest applicant with a desire to reconstruct the Government and write his name in imperishable gold-flake upon a tinware statue in the Plaza Bolivar can be accommodated at market rates. Only by revolution does the ruling power ever change.

Theoretically there are elections at stated intervals; but going to the polls is dangerous, because if you're suspected of voting for the other fellow, the incumbent of office puts you in jail. Much better start a popular uprising, and shun the unnecessary peril of the suffrage. If the cause is defeated you can flee like a bird to the mountain, there to lead a highly non-combative and arboreal existence until the worst is over. If it is successful you can pick out the swaggerest title not already preempted, preferably ending in d-o-r, and ensconce yourself under the plum tree until somebody else's revolution dislodges you.



"Can phut prevail against bang?"

Almost anything is a sufficient incentive to one of these little rotary disturbances. It may begin because a man has been put in jail or because a man has been let out of jail, or because the President wears pointed boots, or because a man has a new gun and an experimental trend of mind, or because somebody did or didn't get decorated with the Sublime Order of the Pink Mackerel, or because the price of maize is too low or the price of drinks too high, or because the wrong number came out in the Government lottery; or the coiled springs of action may be loosed merely by such simple and sequential logic as obtains in the convincing and historical case of—



He rallies the downtrodden peon

"The languid young man from Fort Blaney,
Who married his typist, named Janie.
When his friends said: 'Oh, dear!
She's so old, and so queer!'
He said: 'Yes; but the day was so rainy.'"

Framing up a Martyrdom

TO QUOTE from the poet Jones, known to fame as the Chaste Chortler of Caracas:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Which can't produce one uprising per day."

The country of his poetic pride pretty nearly maintains this average. It's such a simple process, revolutionizing. The local correspondence schools give a course in it. "How to Overturn the Government by Mail; Two Dollars, Postage Paid." All that is required is a leader and a motto. The leader, upon being thoroughly equipped, with twelve rounds of ammunition and a furlong of gold lace, to alter the destiny of nations, provides himself, as a finishing touch, with a *nom de guerre*. This must be allusive, inspiring, and straight from the heart of nature. As, for instance, "The Cloudburst" or "The Flyspeck." Next he issues a *pronunciamento* full of the grandest adjectives in the Spanish tongue, heavily capitalized, proclaiming himself the Implacable Foe of Enthroned Tyranny and the Strong Refuge of the Oppressed. After which he rallies the downtrodden peon to the standard of deliverance and freedom with the flat side of a *machete*, and, at the head of his augmented army, swoops down upon some unconsidered cross-roads a day's march from the capital, where he declares himself dictator and serves a copy of his official document upon the local mayor. Probably the mayor can't read. But he can ride, at least, and the clatter of his jackass's hoofs in full retreat marks the first glorious victory of the cause. The conqueror, wasted with his strenuous efforts, sits down to administer the district and exchange rhetoric for taxes with the surprised and gratified inhabitants. In the course of time, however, a few Government troops, armed with cigarettes, appear in the roadway, trying their best to make a mark-time resemble an impetuous advance. Thereupon the Human Earthquake makes three leaps to the revolution's man-of-war, the *Crawfish*, which has been held in readiness for this unexpected dénouement, and steams away with snorts of defiance and the revolutionary bar'l. Some weeks later the Moulin Rouge and other Parisian resorts for the study of sociology are enlivened by the advent of a brunette gentleman handsomely framed in gilt and with money to spend. Another lost cause is entered upon the scroll of martyrdom, and Venezuela continues to be ground under the iron heel of tyranny.

Revoluting per Program

THERE obtains a popular superstition that all South American revolutions are inspired by gentlemen claiming, in strange accents, the United States as their fatherland, who passionately desire to sell at high rates non-explosive cartridges and rifles which antedate the invention of gunpowder. This is a mistake. The revolutionary spirit is indigenous to the country, and follows fixed rules of procedure, which are susceptible of being accurately formulated. First come the *bolas*. A bola is a rumor which your friend whispers to you confidentially with the assurance that he knows it to be authentic—in other words, a lie. The early *bolas* state, with a wealth of detail, that the insurgent leader, El Burro, has escaped from the *cuartel*, where an oppressive Government had incarcerated him for stealing salt without a license, and is advancing upon Caracas to revenge his wrongs. The program then proceeds as follows:



Exchanging the bolas *of the day*

(1) Reports by telegraph, heliograph, wig-wag, telephone, gramophone, and saxophone that El Burro has raised a force of five thousand intrepid patriots and is marching on Caracas. (Later reports, just received, correct "intrepid" to "intoxicated.")

(2) Retirement of the Minister of War and the commander of the barracks because of ill-health.

(3) *Bola* that a fleet of fishing boats from Trinidad has joined the insurgent forces.

(4) Resignation of the admiral of the navy, on account of a pressing engagement.

(5) Stealthy night attack on Barracks No. 23, resulting in the nervous prostration of the entire force, after exhausting their ammunition. Two badly perforated

cats discovered next morning at the spot from which the advance was projected.

(6) Seventeen proclamations issued from unidentifiable sources, in prose, poetry, and profanity, appear on the streets, prescribing "Death to the Tyrant" in sundry unpleasant forms.

(7) President departs for the country on advice of his physician.

(8) Arrest of all persons found on the streets after dark without a numbered collar and a certificate of good conduct.

(9) *Bola* that El Burro with 50,000 men, armed to the teeth, is within a day's march of the capital; in consequence of which—

(*a*) Manager Cherry of the Ferrocarril Central formally warns the revolution that all armies trespassing on his right-of-way will be first kicked and then prosecuted by his general counsel. (Irish and quick in action.)

(*b*) Manager Almond of the Ferrocarril La Guayra notifies the Government that demurrage will be charged upon all officers below the rank of colonel taking refuge in his freight-cars.

(10) Outburst of assorted *bolas*, followed by emigration of Caracas's bravest and best on mules.

(11) Departure of the Army of the Republic in tears.

(12) Twenty-seven badly scattered gunshots heard in the distance.

(12*a*) *Bola* of utter rout of Government forces.

(12*b*) *Bola* of total destruction of insurgent army.

(13) Receipt of message from El Burro by his secret representative: "Defeated and dishonored, but not discouraged. Send cash."

(14) Return of patriotic defenders, heroes, bulwarks of nation's safety, etc. Total loss, one; cause, butted off cliff by goat.

(15) P e a c e, prosperity, and pyrotechnics, lasting till next time.



Developing a concession

Outside the Rules

NOT invariably does the affair go off as per program. There was once a minor turn-up in which the infraction of the recognized rules brought about lamentable consequences. The insurrectionists had picked up somewhere a man from the lowlands who was accustomed to shoot the large, handsome, and highly efficient jaguar of that region. As it was incumbent upon him either to shoot straight or to become an entrée for Mrs. Jaguar and the little Jaguars, he had improved upon the national method of marksmanship, which is to shut the eyes and fire with a shrill, unearthly yell into the air. Consequently, when the battle was joined, on opposite sides of a small stream, and the shrill, unearthly yells began to mount heavenward, together with the bullets of the contestants, the lowlander deployed himself upon his stomach and perforated a particularly vociferous officer on the other bank. The officer, with an expression of blank surprise, lapsed into the brook and proceeded to drift. His companions, naturally supposing that he had been sunstruck, hastened to fish him out, whereupon the jaguar hunter pinked three more of them. While both parties were still petrified with horror at this unheard-of catastrophe, the marksman ran his score up to nine. The regular army then burrowed into the jungle, and the revolution was about to declare its champion Liberador, or Restaurador, or something of the high-sounding sort, when he resigned in profound disgust, declaring that he had never had poorer sport in his life, and returned to his jaguar-haunted valley, leaving the Cause to disband behind him.

Machetes and Marksmanship

ADVANTAGE is to the regular army, on the whole, in the matter of gunnery. For, though the soldier of the republic never gets any target practise, he is at least taught to bring his rifle to his shoulder before shooting. The revolutionary method is to fire from the waist line, with the eyes firmly closed against the flash. If the butt kicks the marksman in the stomach, he has a welcome excuse for retiring from action. If not, he shoots again. Now, were it the custom of the Government forces to arrive in airships, or to advance, simian-wise, through the tree-tops, their mortality would be dreadful to contemplate. As it is, the chief damage is to foliage. Before a battle all the buzzards in the vicinity sagaciously emigrate, chiefly for self-preservation, but partly, as well, from a pessimistic and experienced conviction that there will be nothing in their line of interest, anyway; while, for days after the action, the awed tree-frogs mourn their dead in whispers. Usually, after filling the skies with lead and smoke, the forces part with mutual sentiments of esteem and alarm. But once in a long time some accident of geographical conformation brings them close enough together to stop shooting and begin fighting. Then the thing is grim enough earnest. For they fight with *machetes*, and a Venezolano with a *machete* is far, far from being a white-winged dove of peace. Imagine a razor, three feet and a half in length, eight pounds in weight, and balanced to the wrist with the delicacy of a tennis racket, and you have some idea of the trusty blade of the country. But no one other than an eye-witness can imagine the deftness and power with which a native handles this formidable weapon. One stroke of it will shear through a tree-trunk as big around as your knee. Yet the expert, holding a banana in his fingers, slices the peel off with three precise and elegant passes. Upon the human frame this glorified knife has a distinctly dispersive effect, and with this weapon of their choice Andino and Orientale alike fight like demons or dervishes. After a *machete* battle, the ground looks like a bargain counter in second-hand limbs. Is it strange that the Venezuelan prefers to arbitrate his little difficulties with the humane and harmless rifle?

Where Silence is Not Golden

NOISE-PRODUCTION is a highly esteemed quality in firearms hereabout. This important truth was acquired, at some cost, by a professional inciter of insurrections, who arrived, some years since, with what he was pleased to call a noiseless carbine, and sought to make a contract for it with a revolutionary general. In enthusiastic language he explained the advantages of his weapon. The general shook his head dubiously.

"No bang-noise?" he inquired.

"No bang-noise at all."

"Only 'phut'?"

"Only 'phut'!"

"Señor," said the leader, "take your phut-gun to some elsewhere. If I equip with it my Army of the Revolt of the Oppressed, what then? My heroes and the paid hirelings of the tyrant make a battle. My heroes hear the other army shoot— Bang! My heroes shoot. What do they obtain? Phut! Phut only! Señor, can phut prevail against bang? Alas! No. Good-by."

Poorer by his expenses, but the richer by a new insight into Venezolanan psychology, the professional promoter of trouble took the next ship home.

Venezuela's (Palmer) Cox-y Army

BETWEEN revolution and stability stands an army of a few thousand integers. Mr. Palmer Cox ought to come down here and visit it. He's responsible for these soldiers: he created them, and they stepped right out of the pages of his books into Venezuelan military service at the wage of thirty cents a day and find yourself. These props of Government have broad, brown faces, and wear funny brown helmets, funnier brown coats, and trousers from the comic supplements; and on their feet are brown alpargatas. An alpargata is a glorified bath slipper with a hole in front, wherethrough one and sometimes two toes coyly peep. Outside of its esthetic merit, the hole has, I believe, no reason for being. Thus clad, they patter about the city, and the stranger takes them for the street-cleaning department—until he has observed the condition of the streets. I injured the feelings of my local mentor by asking him where their brooms were.

"They are not sweepers," he said peevishly. "They are the Army of the Republic."

"Not at all," I retorted. "I've seen the army. It stands on the corner, wearing a carbine and a blue suit made by the Seven Little Tailors for somebody else, and smokes a cigarette."

"That is the police force," he explained. "When trouble comes the police usually take one side and the soldiers the other."

Now there's a system for you! It insures action. As a matter of profit I should bet on the police. They are a well set-up and businesslike appearing lot. But my sympathies would be with the Cox-y army. They look so droll and gnomelike and wise and good-natured. There are always plenty of them around the city barracks. They lounge and smoke on the queer old bastions, and exchange the *bolas* of the day with friends in the street, or, curled up in silent little heaps, pray for a row so that they can go and get some loot. In troublous times they do sentry duty in the street, and shout "*Otro lado!*" to the casual night-farer, after which they shoot at him. One of them shot at a newly arrived American consular official, who hadn't learned that "*Otro lado!*" means, "Cross the street, and do it *now*," and who was so indignant that he marched up to the well-meaning, hard-working little private and was about to mistreat him shamefully, when an officer happened along and explained. In the door of the barracks is a square peep-hole which, at all hours of the night, frames a watchful and comical brownie face. That peep-hole represents the eternal vigilance which is the price of continuity for the established Government. It is the Unsleeping Eye of Venezuela.



He resigned in disgust

The Etiquette of Warfare

ABOVE all else, your Venezolano is a formalist. Even when revoluting he must revolute in a given orbit. This ineluctable instinct for party regularity is all that prevented one uprising from being successful. A certain commandante had been won over to the insurgent side, and with him some three companies of soldiers who, unsuspected of disloyalty, were kept on duty in Caracas barracks. Unfortunately the official had taken to heart the Venezuelan version, whatever it may be, of:

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her banner to the air. . . ."

The first principle of revolutionary procedure in his mind was that freedom and banners and similar poetic emoluments of war flourish only on mountain heights. Therefore, when the time came to uprise, he led his gallant band hastily up the nearest slope, giving lusty



Rifle practise à la mode

cheers for liberty—also giving the alarm. President Castro was at the opera. To have surrounded the place and taken him prisoner would have been simple and final. It would have meant the complete success of the revolution. But it wasn't frilly enough. So the President, upon the alarm, hurried out, got together his troops, and by and by chased the banner-unfurlers from their mountain heights and closed that incident. The commandante, who might now be Governor of Caracas, is instead living in a cave somewhere and studying the art of war from the Household Book of Etiquette.

The Convertible Concession Game

THE great drawback to revolutions is that they're bad for business. For example, you get a concession from the Government giving you the exclusive right to extract knot-holes from the nitt tree in the Province of Chilzanague. To obtain this concession you have paid whoever is President at the moment a round sum. You are taxed an enormous import duty on all machinery and supplies, a stupendous export duty on every knot-hole that you ship, and incredible octroi, internal revenue, traffic, impost, liquor license, and sewer taxes. All this you cheerfully figure into the cost of doing business. Then, one day, when everything seems to be going well, along come twenty or thirty gentlemen with proud Spanish names and no socks, headed by a general with a sword. Says the General:

"Señor Americano, the revolution it is me. Vive la Libertad! Fare, please."

Then you have to pay an extra assessment of taxes, all through the list, to him, besides setting up the drinks for his forces, because, while the Government army was occupied in chasing butterflies off the Executive lawn, he has possessed himself of the official machinery of the Province of Chilzanague. This also you figure into the cost of doing business. In the course of time the Government army mobilizes, the revolutionary leader goes to jail or to Paris and a presidential decree declares the country pacified. Also the chief magistrate despatches to you an envoy extraordinary, plenipotentiary, and supernumerary bearing a heart-to-heart message, as follows:

"You have aided and abetted mine enemies, with taxes and strong drink. Caramba! Flee the country in twenty-four hours."

This is the only Venezuelan formula that has no mañana attachment or codicil. You flee, as per instructions. The cost of doing business devolves upon the President. Also the business. The duty on knot-holes is abrogated; the octroi is remitted, and the other imposts forgotten. The power that is proceeds to extract knot-holes from the nitt tree in peace and profit to his own pocket. Thus by the statesmanship of the patriotic President the nation has been saved again from the strangle-hold of the interloping foreign monopolist. Any one who considers this a flight of imagination is referred to United States Senate Document No. Four-million-four-hundred-and-forty-four-thousand of the famous asphalt controversy.

A Matinée War

WHILE I was in the act of communicating to paper the foregoing philosophical profundities, one of them went off under my window and disturbed me. A revolution, I mean. The process seemed to me rather confusing and obscure; but two features of it shone clearly amid the murk of action; it began with a shower of pronunciamentos, and culminated in a speech by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who rashly committed himself to the theory that, no matter what happened, every true and loyal son of Venezuela would stand by his principles, be those what they might. (Loud and surprised cheers.) The actual performance was in two parts; a matinée and an evening production—standing room only. The matinée consisted in an attack on the plant of the

(Continued on page 16)

Collier's

The Wicked City

PART I.—*The First Visit to New York—Where All Are in a Hurry, But Good-Hearted—How It Feels to Be "Just One Young Fellow" More Who Has Drifted in from God's Country*

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



As you walked up Broadway for the first time, tilting your head back to count the rows of windows in the tall buildings

JUST one young fellow disembarking from the ferryboat or train, at once tickled and terrified by what he's dreamed of so long now actually before him; just one young fellow from the uncharted, negligible darkness that settles down upon the country just beyond commuting distance from New York, who, if he has not oats in his pockets, has what will as certainly betray him as also a Galilean—I do not mean his speech, but his silver dollars; just one young fellow, dropping his jaw and wrinkling his nose, and tilting his head back while he counts the stories of the tall buildings, his gripsack jostled against his legs by so many people, all in such a hurry, all seeming to belong in town and not merely come in to do their trading; just one young fellow— Why, what is that, even if the young fellow be you or I? Who cares? Who cares that a mother bore us, held us in her arms, reached out her hands for us to stagger into when first we walked alone, tucked us into our bed, and heard us say our "Now I lay me," watched us to the schoolhouse with ineffable yearning, uttered those prayers for us that God Himself stoops over a little from His throne to harken to the better? Who cares that a father toiled for us and stinted for us and hoped to see in us his own thwarted hopes brought to fruition, who took such pride in us, whose very heart stood still to think what perils waited for us at every step? Who cares that teachers tried so patiently and honestly to make us better and wiser men? Who cares what struggles of the soul we underwent, the evil in us fighting with the good for mastery? Just one young fellow, more or less, alive or dead, hoping or despairing, redeemed or ruined. Don't you care. There's plenty more.

But multiply this one young fellow by the uncounted thousands of the sons whom mothers bore in deathly agony, whom fathers toiled for, and for whom the noblest part of who shall say how many lives has been poured with ungrudging hand; these living embodiments of the age to come, whose every thread of flesh and grain of bone are so much clotted prayers and hopes and fears, ambitions and aspirations; these heirs of all the past, begetters of all the future. Multiply them thus, and their daily march upon the Wicked City, which no more regards them than the dust that the wind whirls, becomes a terrible thing, a tragic thing. Something sinister and menacing is in it. It's got to be a mighty thoughtless young fellow that doesn't sense this on his first visit to New York, that doesn't kind of gasp when the cold feeling splashes on him that if he should drop down dead on the sidewalk the people would step over him and go right ahead.

You know now that it isn't quite so bad as all that. I've often thought that if the worst should come to us, if we died and went to hell itself, we'd find some one there from our part of the country that would try to make us as comfortable as possible under the circumstances for old sakes' sake, or just out of pure kindness of heart. I knew a woman once that lived as near to hell as we can make it for a woman on this earth, and in her spare time she sewed and made up little dresses and things for the daughters of the stepfather that had "turned her out," as the phrase goes. He had been a strong, hearty, upstanding sort of fellow, but a tree fell on him and crippled him for life, and as she could spare the money she sent it home to keep a roof over the family and bread before them. "Tainted money," but—

And just so in the Wicked City, there's always somebody that you knew back home, or somebody who went to college with your brother, or has some sort of common ground with you. And they can put you in the way of getting a job, or they can talk over old times with you and tell you to keep a stiff upper lip, because, you know, the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day, and if they find it's kind of—you know—with you, and you hate to let on before them that you're in that fix, why, they ask you if you don't need a little money to tide you over. So they do without something they meant to get so as to lend you money they never expect to see again. That's what makes me think that if we died and went to the hell that they used to have "in the airly days," we'd find somebody there to show us how to fix ourselves so we could make out to stand it. I dare say you've read about those old notions of how heaven meant being with the noblest and best of all ages, and hell with the selfish and the "on'ry." Heaven nowadays is to live in New York and have so much money coming in that you can't possibly spend it all, and hell is to work on and on without ever getting ahead or having any more than will just keep you going, provided you don't get sick or lose your job. I get kind o' lonesome for the old faith once in a while.

However, what takes the curse off the Wicked City is that hardly anybody in it was born and brought up there. They all came from God's country at one time, and they haven't forgotten how to act, but, of course, you didn't know that on your first visit to the Wicked City.

We see plainly now that the essential wickedness of the Wicked City lies not in the transgressions of its inhabitants. Sin for sin, and man for man, matching every group of human habitations with another clear to the backwoods where they still plow with oxen, one is every bit and grain as wicked as another. They may not be so frank about it, but whether there is much to choose between open and secret devilment I'm not prepared to say. The essential wickedness of the Wicked City we perceive to be that it exists at all; that it is a place not to make the things that support life, but to make prices on the things of life; that it denies that he is worthy to be had in honor that has caused two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, for such a man it contemns, and honors him who can shrewdly get two blades of grass and give the worth of only one in exchange, so that the overalls burn like Nessus's shirt, and only a white collar can hold a man's head up eye to eye with his fellows; that to the plain command of the Almighty that man should eat his bread in his brow's sweat, that if he lives by food and clothing and shelter he himself must bear his part in making food and clothes and shelter, to the solemn words, "Six days shalt thou labor," the Wicked City impudently answers God with: "A-ah, gwan! I know a better scheme than that."

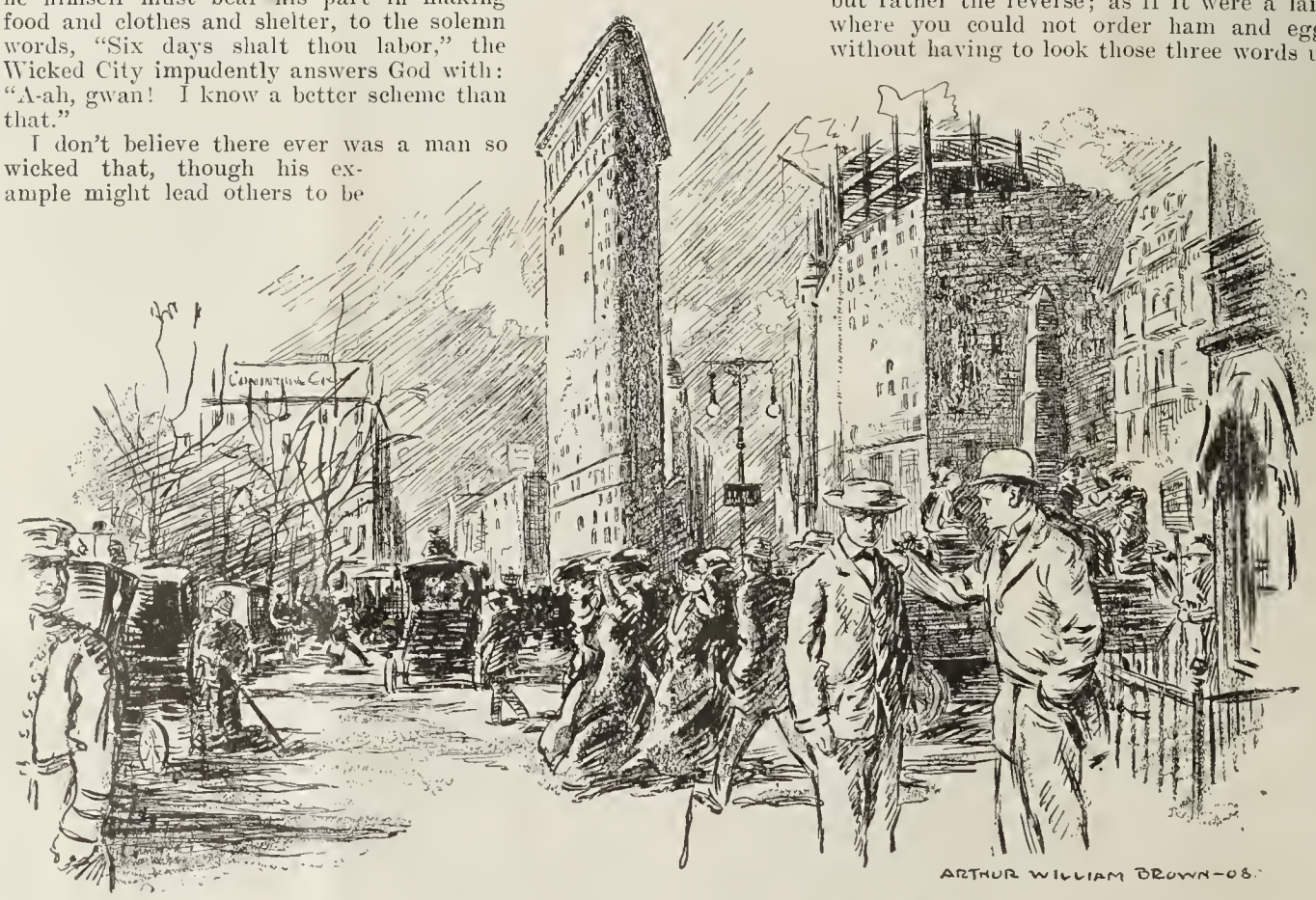
I don't believe there ever was a man so wicked that, though his example might lead others to be like him, he did not counsel others *not* to be like him. What smoker, for an instance, does not say: "Young fellow, you're better off without it"? And so, though the Wicked City lures us to it by its mere being, yet, spite of itself, it drives us off; it says: "Young fellow, you're better off without it," by that sinister and menacing disregard for us that daunted us so in the beginning.

The Hidden Sky-Rim

AS YOU walked up Broadway for the first time, tilting your head back to count the rows of windows in the tall buildings, shouldered this way and that by the hurrying, heedless crowd, that sinister menace somehow got to you. Though you were delighted, you were also a little daunted. It was a bully place to be in for a while, but you wouldn't want to live there. You fingered over the silver dollars that were to betray you as a wandering star from the outer, negligible, even contemptible, darkness of one-night stands; you fingered the equally perfidious wad of limp and smouchy paper money (in New York the paper money is clean and crackling, right off the vines, as you might say), and you figured out you'd have enough to get back home on if you didn't pamper your stomach too much. Said the Vermont farmer to his summer boarder: "I sh'd think you'd hate to live to New York. It's so fur away." And, though you were right there in New York that moment, it did seem "fur away" to you, remote and inaccessible, tight-shut, locked up against you, a high sheer cliff with not a crevice you could hook your fingers into to climb up by. Out in the country, out in God's country that the Wicked City mocks at and despises, it isn't so hard to believe that you are worth more than many sparrows, for look! the bending sky-rim is everywhere equidistant from you. Surely you are the center of all things. People that you meet along the road that don't know you from Adam say "How de do?" to you as if you were somebody. But on Broadway they don't even notice that you are alive, and all proof of your centricity is gone because the lofty buildings hide the sky-rim.

There are many advantages, I'm told, attaching to a trip abroad. Personally I've never enjoyed them, unless you can call Canada "abroad." At that, I was only on the southern edge of it. How it may be, away back in the interior beyond the enlightening and refining influence of the United States, I do not know, but so far as my experience enables me to judge, the natives of that foreign shore are peaceably disposed, they speak our language fluently, and even have the same sort of money that we have. Of course it isn't as good money as ours is. What imitation ever is quite equal to the real thing? But, strange to relate, in Canada you can buy with it about as much as the same named money will buy in our own dear land.

Though their system of government is benightedly monarchical and their flag ridiculously different, the educational advantages of a trip to Canada can not be as great as if it took you a whole week to get there on a steamboat, drawing no pay-envelope of a Saturday, but rather the reverse; as if it were a land where you could not order ham and eggs without having to look those three words up



And tell you to keep a stiff upper lip, because, you know, the darkest hour is just before the dawn

in a dictionary, and where they could short-change you and you not find it out till afterward.

However, it was not the mental discipline I had so much in view as the large peace of mind with which you can describe the things you saw when you first visited London or Paris or any of those "abroad" towns. There the centuries kind of jog along, and the few changes in the looks of things appear so imperceptibly that they're dateless. But in the Great City of America, par excellence, the changes are profound, deracinating, and of revolutionary violence. They are epoch-marking, so that if you say: "The first time I came to New York as a young fellow such-and-such an institution was still in existence," your hearers do a swift sum in mental arithmetic: "Eight and two's ten, and four's fourteen, and— Gee! Is he that old?" And that's your guilty secret. Or if it isn't now, it soon will be. But no regrets. Brazen it out. Let 'em even look it up and find out when Jake Sharp got the franchise to lay tracks on Broadway if it does 'em so much good to know how old we are. Only— No! No "only" about it. We mustn't let it spoil our satisfaction at the thought that less discerning minds than ours, even if we were immature, would not have seized that picture and preserved it against the time when we should be able to comprehend that, trivial and temporary as the Broadway stages might seem to be, they embodied a principle of deep significance and as eternal as the Wicked City can be.

In your heart you're just as young as ever; just as green and inexperienced; just as credulous of what people tell you; just as eager to undertake what only youth should undertake. It is true, I know, that the little girl who only yesterday—or was it last week? I forget—was jumping rope and chanting:

"One, two, three,
And a bumblebee;
All in together,
Pigs in the meadow,"

walks in to-day with her frock to her shoe-tops and her hair done up high, but what does that signify? Nothing at all. And that hair in your mustache; is it white or just a shade more blond than common? Never mind. It is true that they print the newspapers very badly nowadays, but your eyesight is still good; folks mumble their words a lot more than they used to do, but your hearing is first-rate; it would be nice if some one could be found to cook as well as mother used to, but you relish your food as well as ever: you



They all came from God's country sometime

waken in the morning refreshed by your night's rest and surer than ever that along about sun-up is the prettiest part of the whole day. Into each life some rain must fall; you know that right well, but, thank God, the sun comes out again pretty soon and the dark storm-clouds roll away. Young? Why, certainly.

Only, when you sit out on your front porch of a summer Sunday evening, and the hushed twilight deepens into dark, and they start up the sweet, old-fashioned [illegible] they used to sing when you were little, a [illegible] silence follows that one which begins:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger."

Yes, they are gliding swiftly by, there's no two ways about it. We sigh to think that we are growing old, sadly, inevitably growing old; that the evil days draw nigh when thou shalt say: "I have no pleasure in them"; when the summer shower of disappointment and of grief shall not pass as once it did, and the sun come out again pretty soon as once it did, but the clouds return after the rain, the bleak November sky of old age when the clouds return after the rain. Let them be "hours of toil and danger," if they must be, but, oh, how gladly would we detain them! There is so much for us to do or ever the evil days shall come. We are like Lear that held his dead daughter in his arms and cried aloud: "Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little!"

Oh, well, what's the use of fretting? It's got to be that way; let's make the best of it. Maybe it won't be so hard for us as we imagine. Maybe the fountain of eternal youth will still bubble up within us just the same as now; maybe, though the almond tree shall flourish and our heads be white, we shall keep on being as green and inexperienced as ever; just as ready to believe what people tell us, just as eager to undertake what only youth should undertake. And maybe even when the whistle blows at last, and the long day is ended, we shall be glad to take off our overalls and go home to rest. And anyhow we've lived. And seen things. And if, of all the sights that our bright, eager eyes took in the first time we walked up Broadway, the picture that is vividest in the remembered summer sunshine is that of stages tacking and slewing from curb to curb to pick up passengers, why, what difference does it make if some curious person with a head for dates and figures begins to cast up: "Eight and two's ten, and four's fourteen, and— Gee! Is he that old?"

"To the Publisher" and "To the Editor"

Two Toasts

By OLIVER HERFORD



OH, EDITOR, EDITOR, *awful and grand,*
Who holdest our fate in the palm of thy hand,
Dost ever reflect how one day thy ghost
To an Editor awf'ler and grander will post?
Before him a great golden scroll is spread wide,
And a bottomless waste-basket yawns at his side.
With a swift, searching glance he reads right through thy soul
Then he looks at the basket and looks at the scroll;
He purses his lips and nibbles his pen,
And frowns for one long awful moment—and then—
Oh, Editor!—think! if thy poor crumpled soul
Should fall in the basket and not in the scroll!





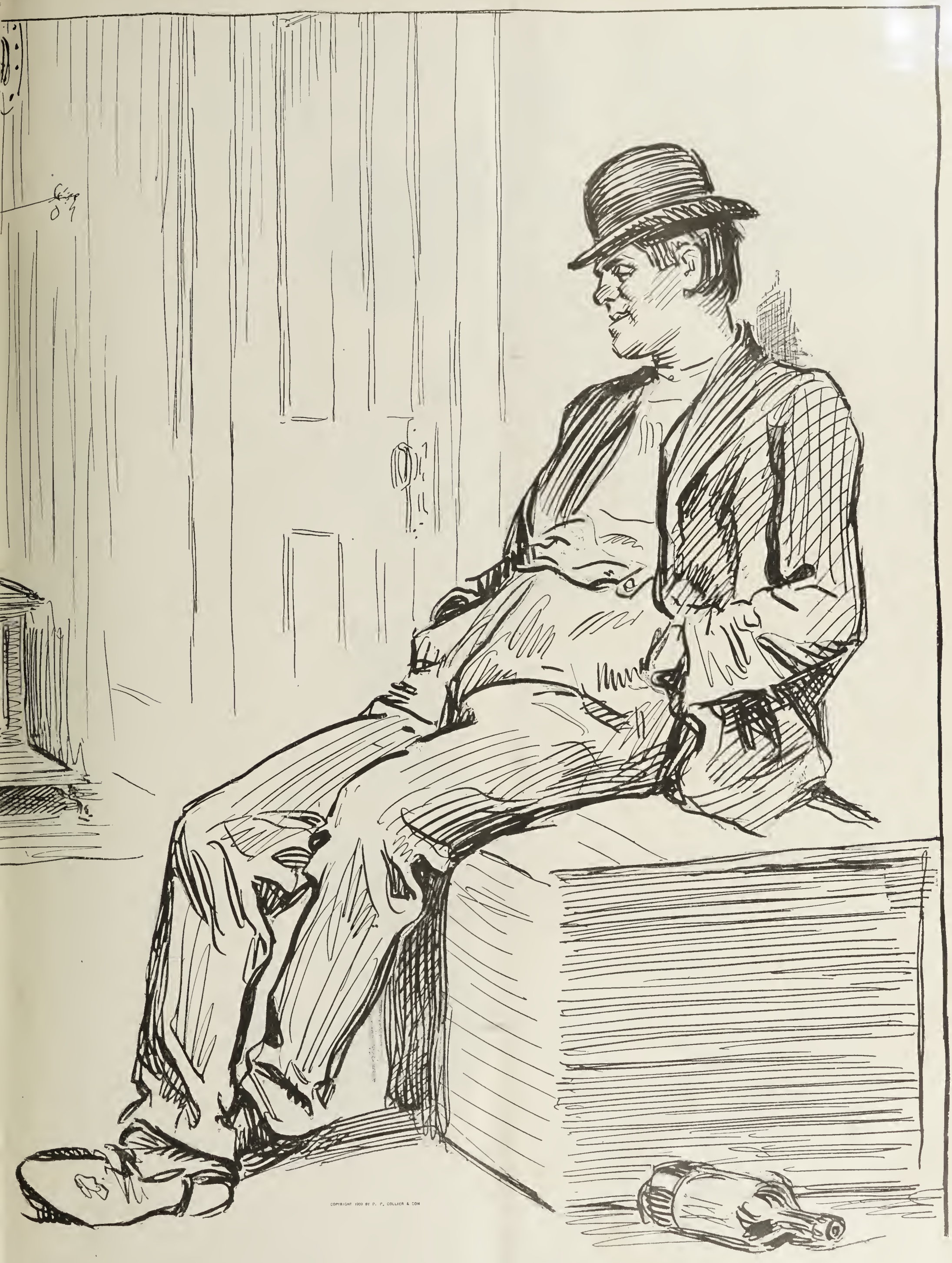
TO THE *Publisher!—Drink!*
Let his virtue be shown
In the Good Works *of others*
If not in his own.

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One of Ou

Drawn by CHA



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Leisure Class

DANA GIBSON



"What makes you look so strange? Are you not glad?" she quickly asked

An Exchange of Currency

The Restaurant Romance of

Aimee

the Pretty Cashier

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Illustrated by M. LEONE BRACKER

THE shape of Garat's restaurant is that of a square bottle. The entrance is in the customary place—the neck of the bottle—and as one goes back the establishment opens out on either side to a wideness unpromised by the modest street front. Opposite to the wine counter in the neck of the bottle, there are three little tables one after another, which albeit nearest the door are yet the last to be occupied. What is the reason? For one thing they are removed from the main body of the restaurant with its cheerful clatter of plates and noisy conversation; and man is a gregarious animal; but the prime cause lies undoubtedly in the forbidding dressiness of their aspect. These tables alone wear long-tailed white cloths, on which the newest silver is set forth every day by Aspasie Gaspard with a nice precision. They give the place an air, it is true, but the worn, polished oak of the tables in the rear is much dearer to the habitués of Garat's.

Nevertheless there was one customer who chose the table nearest the door; and sat down at noon every day with his back to the street. His reason was plain; he brought a book which he desired to study while he ate; and in this one spot was there daylight sufficient to read by. His seat brought him directly under the eyes of Aimée Larose, the pretty cashier; and how in this situation could she have been expected not to watch him day after day? Aimée was interested in the book: it was like her beloved Paris to see a young man intent upon a book; certainly nothing could be less typical of the noisy crowd of newspaper men and clerks that made Garat's its headquarters at noon. Aimée hoped it was a book of poems. Later she learned that it was Hodgdon's "Steam Engineering"; and filled with fatiguing diagrams and formulas. It was a disappointment: but the book was not the young man's only claim on a maiden's fancy: he had beautiful brown hair, almost red, which curled loosely all over his head; he was broad-shouldered and thin, a combination Aimée approved of; and his gaze was at once resolute and modest, with a charming quality of wistfulness which spoke direct to Aimée's maternal instinct. He was always busy with his book, thrusting his food sidewise into his mouth; and when he rose to pay Aimée his score, his eyes were still full of his problems. He never saw her—that is, not at first.

For many months previous to the advent of the young man Aimée's life had been a dreary desert pilgrimage. Her instinct to smile and be agreeable was so strong no one had suspected she hated America—but she did; and very thoroughly. She had no one in whom to confide any private feelings; her aunt, the worthy Aspasie Gaspard, not being sympathetic with the concerns of youth; and her fiancé, Antoine Garat—certainly one would not confide in him! These were all Aimée knew in America. She had come out to her aunt upon the death of her parents in France. Aspasie was *maîtresse-d'hôtel* at Garat's—only one does not use such a high-sounding title; and the moment Antoine Garat caught sight of her niece he recognized in Aimée the pearl of cashiers—she was so amiable! So she was promptly installed in the little desk by the door, and her success was instantaneous. From satisfaction Antoine presently graduated to anxiety lest he should lose her. Antoine was a widower, fat, fifty, and hugely bearded. What more natural than that he should propose to Aspasie to marry her niece? Aspasie shrugged her shoulders: one suspects it may have interfered with a plan of her own; but it was manifestly such a suitable arrangement she could find no excuse for opposing it. Aspasie gave her consent; as for Aimée, dazed with homesickness, she was like wax in their hands. So Antoine and Aimée were betrothed; and, pending the date of the ceremony, Aspasie and her niece were sharing Antoine's house at Williamsbridge; a most prudent and fortunate joining of forces.

Aimée—how shall I describe her! From behind the little glass window of her desk she smiled on Garat's customers—old or young, blatant or obsequious, shabby or flashy—as sweetly and as graciously as a lady on her guests. Aimée was as pretty as a flower, an anemone: and one must add to this that it was her religion to please. Yet her charm, her coquetry if you will, was entirely guileless and impersonal: the warning of dignity was never absent. Privately Aimée was of an angelic tenderness and as easily pleased as a child; yet she was no fool; she pondered a good deal in her simple way, and held conclusions of her own.

In appearance Aimée was of a type unusual among her countrywomen, though never for an instant could you have mistaken her for the product of any land save France. Her face was shaped like a slender heart, broadest under the alluring quirks and curls of her heavy hair, and tapering to a bewitching pointed chin. Her eyes were of the deepest blue of the sky; and her skin very fair, with the faintest freckles, which, far from being blemishes, were tributes to her delicacy and rareness. Aimée's freckles were adorable. As for her clothes—they were herself! She nearly always wore black; her wardrobe was far from extensive; yet she managed never to look quite the same two days running. Her simple adornments lost whatever character of their own they might have possessed away from her; one never looked at what she had on; it only served to set off Aimée.

And all this loveliness was betrothed to old Antoine Garat, fat of body and fat of wits! Antoine served the wine counter himself; and so stood immediately next to Aimée all day, where he could watch her every movement. It was not the girl he was jealous of, but the incomparable cashier. Aimée's loveliness represented to him no more than a valuable business asset. It made him writhe to think of the sums a street-level restaurant-keeper could afford to pay for such a cashier. It was to forestall any such offer that he had determined to marry her.



With the help of a bit of money coming to Aspasie he hoped to contrive it

Antoine was greedy enough by nature, God knows!—but certain circumstances had combined even to increase his natural propensity. Three dollars of the profits of the establishment had to be sent to a retired partner in France for every dollar Antoine kept for himself. The injustice of it, since he, Antoine, did all the work, was ever present in his soul. He could not rejoice over a good day's receipts for bitterly counting what must be sent away. Under an old agreement the entire establishment was to become Antoine's property upon the payment of a sum of money the coming spring. If he could raise it, all right; if not, the price was to be advanced—greatly advanced. It was a very large sum: and Antoine had scraped for years to get it together, groaning miserably as the price of provisions rose and utterly prostrated each time his rent was put up. It was an open question now whether he could complete the sum in time or not; but with the help of a bit of money coming to Aspasie on a mortgage about that time, he hoped to contrive it. It had long been tacitly understood that Aspasie was to purchase a small share in the business with this money of hers.

Aspasie's station is in the rear of the establishment, where, standing in her amplitude behind the serving-counter, she may shrill with equal facility at the cooks within and the waiters without. Garat's at lunch-time is undoubtedly the noisiest restaurant in either hemisphere; the din of that gas-lit, smoky basement is truly deafening; the diners needs must shriek at each other. Yet one may believe they love it for that very reason—also the food is excellent; such snails *à la bourguignonne!* such omelets with chicken livers! such tarts *Sainte-Honoré!*—after a lapse of years the mouth waters at the remembrance! The good wines, too, so cheap; that was the French of it. Another duty of Aspasie's was to watch the bottles, ostentatiously cobwebbed and dusty, which were stored in bins all around the walls.

Antoine's sly surveillance of Aimée bore no fruit. The untidy, clever-looking, slangy reporters attracted her no more than the natty, complacent haberdashers' clerks. The youths were smitten hard enough, every man jack of them; but there was that in Aimée's sweetness which discouraged pleasantries; besides, there was a pane of glass in front of her; you had to bend almost double in order to speak into the hole through which she passed your change, with your head turned on one side if you wished to see how she was receiving your remarks—on the whole, a disconcerting attitude. Aimée looked at no man twice, until the young man with the poetic hair and the book of engineering problems began to come to Garat's; then her covert glances would have escaped sharper eyes than Antoine's; so his watchfulness was still unavailing. Anyway, the young man came twenty times without noticing Aimée; surely there was nothing here to alarm old Garat—but spring was coming on.

The next time he came, say it was the twenty-first, it was a warm day in April; what one could see of the sky above the cañons of streets was of a heavenly tender blue; and the air was of a softness to cause even lower Manhattan to relax its face and slacken its pace a little. He sat down at his usual table—but facing the sunlight this time; and pushed his book to one side with an impatient hand. His eyes fell upon Aimée and stayed there. She was making change, her graceful head bent flower-like over the cash drawer; the sunlight was behind her. She raised her head; her eyes met those of the young man and hung there an instant; then her lashes fell; and a slow, delicate pink crept under her fair skin. More customers paid their scores; Aimée mechanically made change, her eyes ever and anon flying back to the steady gaze of the young man. She was like a snared bird; her heart beat against her breast; her hands fluttered ceaselessly over the silver and bills; the color flew in and out of her cheeks. Yet it was a delicious imprisonment; there was nothing offensive or degrading in this young man's stare: on the contrary, something grave and wondering: something delighted beyond measure; and something stricken, too. Aimée darted an anxious look at Garat standing beside her; but Garat cared little how a young man stared so he perceived no answering smile in Aimée.

That was all that happened then. Alas for Romance! that I should have to say it—he ate his lunch with an unimpaired appetite; his meat graced, as it were, by the sight of Aimée's new-found loveliness. When he came to pay his check they were both painfully embarrassed. The following day it was much the same; also the day after that. He brought his book; but it lay unheeded on the table, while he devoured Aimée with his wistful, hungry eyes. It was sweet torture for the girl; on the second night Garat made a terrible scene when her cash came to be balanced; but the third day she was ahead and he said nothing. On the fourth day the light of a new resolution gleamed in the young man's eyes when he got up to leave. He actually bent down to speak to Aimée through the hole in the glass. She became very pale. What he meant to say will never be known; for Garat, on the alert for such a demonstration, leaned across the wine counter and touched the young man's shoulder.

"What can I do for you, M'sieu'?" said he, in his thick voice. "Mademoiselle is unfortunately deaf."

The young man looked at Garat an instant, stupidly it seemed, then turned and left the restaurant without replying to his question.

Aimée had a dreadful fear lest he might not come any more; but he showed up the next day at his usual time; nor was his gaze a whit the less ardent for the rebuke he had received.

When it came time for him to go, he tendered Aimée a dollar bill in payment of his check. He did not look at her at this moment; nor she at him; it was as if such close proximity was more than either could bear. She passed back the right change; and followed it with another dollar bill. The young man looked at her inquiringly; she avoided his eyes. He gently pushed the bill back; she returned it to him with an appealing glance. But he did not understand. He stood undecided in front of her desk.

Garat leaned forward. "What is it?" he asked suspiciously.

"M'sieu' gave me a two-dollar bill," said Aimée, instantly exhibiting a greenback of that denomination.

The young man started to disclaim it politely. He took up the bill to offer it again to Aimée—when suddenly his fingers felt something beneath it. A great light broke upon him; and his face changed. He hastily muttered something about being mistaken; and, thrusting the bill in his pocket, hurried out of the restaurant. Aimée's face cleared, and she took Garat's scolding for her overscrupulousness with perfect equanimity. As for the young man, he tore around the corner, and, snatching the bill from his pocket, scrutinized it with burning eyes. Underneath, affixed with a tiny drop of mucilage, was a folded white square; and this was written on it:

"I am not def. But you mos not try to spek with me, nevar! Pardon me such spellin. My Angliss, she is by the ear, not of the bok. What is your name? Me, I am

"AIMÉE LAROSE."

At night he sat down in his room to answer it. The ordinary place was transfigured with the sense of her sweet presence; wherever he turned his eyes he saw her. As he bent his head to write, her hair seemed to brush his cheek; and as for the precious little square of white paper, it breathed forth the very essence of her. But it is one thing to feel and another thing to write. Out of this tremendous rapture was evolved with infinite labor this:

"MISS LAROSE—DEAR MISS:

"Yours of to-day received and contents noted. I knew the old guy was lying about your being deaf. Miss Larose, I will hand you a two-dollar bill every day with my check and a letter pinned underneath; and you have a dollar bill all ready to hand me with your note. My name is Robert Wrenn. So no more at present.

"Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

On his way to lunch next day he secured a two-dollar bill in a cigar store in exchange for silver, and affixed his note to it with a large pin. All through his lunch they eyed each other blushingly, each wondering what the other was thinking of. Robert watched Aimée's graceful, darting hands, and dimly pictured seizing them in his own, while they struggled to escape. He was not very imaginative. Aimée was: she thanked God her lover's eyes were good and true. In his agitation Robert almost presented the two-dollar bill note side up. Aimée whisked it into the cash drawer. He was most unreasonably disappointed that there was nothing from her. Life seemed scarcely worth living until the next day. That night he wrote to her again.

The Second Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT WRENN:

"That is a good name. One of the garçons has Robert, but he is not worth it. From him I no how to say it a l'Anglaise. I have sed it mene times to-day. If it is that you would write to me each day do not use a pin I beg. It may be seen in the bill and of broken bills Garat is ever susp—I can not spel that strange word! Do you live in family? What is your work?

"AIMÉE LAROSE."

"MISS LAROSE—DEAR MISS:

"These few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot it cost you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I herewith return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, if you will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask of the cashier she will have something for you. Hoping you will not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you soon. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

The Third Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"*Mon Dieu!* but those bonbons were delicieuse! Me, I adore bonbons! But you mos not scatar your monay, *mon petit*. *Ma foi!* What a time I had to come by myself to get them! I go home with my aunt. I had to eet quick and hide some in my bodice for that I could not show the bocs. And I feared they would melt! I have eet too moch of bonbons, behold, to-day I am pale and ogly. So do not buy me any more, *cher* Robert.

"AIMEE."

"MISS LAROSE—DEAR FRIEND:

"Answering yours, would say I was mighty glad to get it. I work in Henderson's machine shop on Gold Street. At present I am a machinist's helper at $2.50 per day, but I am studying to be a mechanical engineer. The mathematics is something fierce to puzzle out by yourself, but I guess I have a turn that way. As to the family I live with, it's only a furnished-room house, 321 West Twenty-fourth Street. I have a mother and sister out in Ohio. My sister is out of sight! I wish you knew her, Miss Larose. With this I will close.

"Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN.

"P.S.—Where do you live?"

The Fourth Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"I burn to learn more of your sister. What is her name? Is she blond or brunette? How mene years has she? Who is her friend intimate? Undoubtedly you are in love with that one. Are the girls of Ohio pretty? What do you consider pretty in a woman? I will not tell you where I live because you must not come there. You had on a pretty tie to-day. Dark blue is your color. I will crochet you a silk tie in the dark of the nights when I am in bed with my aunt. You may call me Aimée.

"AIMEE.

"P.S.—I have a little dictionnaire English."

"MISS LAROSE—DEAR FRIEND:

"Yours to hand. What does *mon petit* mean?—and *cher?* Is it anything like cheer in English? Miss Larose, you did not look ugly to-day. Not having the pen of a ready writer, I will say no more on this subject. I got the job of assembling the parts of a new patent pin-making machine to-day. There were a hundred and seventy-two parts. This afternoon I started her going. She worked beautiful. No more at present. Yours truly.

"ROBERT WRENN."



After another period of painful hesitation he ventured to open it

The Fifth Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"I know you think I am ugly, but you are kind and do not wish to hurt me. I am happy that you found the patent pin-making machine beautiful. *Mon petit* means foolish one; *cher* is what you are, but I shall not tell you what that is. You were pale to-day. Where do you get your other meals? Is it food of the best? I fear you sit too late at night with those silly mathematics. But no, it is that you are writing to the girls of Ohio!

"AIMEE."

"FRIEND AIMÉE:

"Yours to hand. Why won't you tell me where you live? What is the reason I can't come to see you? Is it because some other fellow calls every night? If so tell me right away and I'll take it the best I can. If it's some other reason let me know some place where I can meet you outside, day after to-morrow night. I couldn't do a thing at the shop to-day. Broke four good drills. It makes me sore on myself to be so careless. Awaiting your kind reply, Yours truly,

"ROBERT WRENN."

The Sixth Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"You make me very unhappy! Why will you be so impatient? Why can't we go on writing nice letters every day and but seeing each other? You would break it in pieces. You may not come to see me—but do not fear, no one else comes. I can not meet you to-night. Do not ask me why. It is not because I do not trust you, *cher ami*.

AIMÉE."

"FRIEND AIMÉE:

"I trust you will excuse the hasty lines I penned you yesterday. I was excited. As I have said already, I do not think you ugly. I am no judge of girls, but you certainly suit me. Not being highly educated, I can not say more, but I feel it. Common words and slang is all I know, and that doesn't suit you. That's why I want to meet you so much. I could tell you by word of mouth. When I take my pen in hand it seems to paralyze all my ideas. Anxiously awaiting your reply to mine of yesterday, Yours truly,

"ROBERT WRENN.

"P.S.—I don't know any girls in Ohio except my sister. I never had anything to do with girls."

The Seventh Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"That was a sweet letter you wrote me yesterday, and I am happy of it— Ah! but I dread what you are going to say to me to-day. Men are so violent! I have prayed all night that you will not be unkind. If you make your brows a straight line and look at me with hard eyes, how shall I endure the hour that you are here? Believe me, dear friend, I have much to bear—be kind to me.

AIMÉE."

"FRIEND AIMÉE:

"Yours to hand. At first I was crazy with disappointment, but I thought it all out and decided I was a fool to expect you to meet me, not knowing the customs of your country. I don't understand it, but I know you are all right, Aimée. You couldn't make me mad any more. I want you too badly, Aimée. I am thinking of you day and night. My wits are clean gone out of my head. I am that absent-minded, to-day I put a brass rule in my mouth and tried to light it, thinking it was my pipe. I won't ask you any more questions but one. Do you love me as they say? Tell me how to set about getting you. I'll do anything in the world. If I could only do something I wouldn't feel so near like going out of my head. I wish I could tell you about this feeling, but I only strangle with it and I can't get anything out. I write like a fool. Dear Aimée, I love you. You are the prettiest and the cleverest and the wonderfulest girl in the whole world. I never get tired of watching you. Every day you are different. I want to hear you speak. If only you liked me, too, how fine it would be. I would be able to look and look at you all the days of my life. I won't write again till I get your answer.

"ROBERT.

"P.S.—Excuse this crazy scrawl. I couldn't stop to think out a proper letter."

On the day after this bulky note was delivered by means of its two-dollar bill, Robert's prized hour at Garat's was a sorry affair. He came in all glowing and tremulous, his eager eyes seeking Aimée's face for his answer. It was written there plain enough; and it instantly killed his hopes. Aimée was perfectly white; her eyelids heavy and swollen. She did not look at Robert all the time he was there, except once, when, in his desperation, he made as if to speak to her. Nothing but her look of agonized appeal could have restrained him from that. He made the merest pretense of eating, and hurried away with the dollar bill and Aimée's answer clutched tightly in his hand. When he opened it—it delivered even a crueler blow than he had braced himself to receive:

"I am affianced to Antoine Garat. Try to think kindly of me.

AIMÉE."

That was all.

GRIEVOUS is the suffering of a whole-souled, ardent youth. For many days poor Robert was unconscious of the world outside his own little hemisphere of pain. He neither saw nor heard nor tasted that he knew; though, of course, he did all three, quite in his usual manner. At first he raged and stormed—even cursed her—but all in silence; then a softer fit overtaking him, he sorrowed for her—and for himself—this in silence, too. Outwardly he showed little: day after day he went to his work as usual; and while his objective mind whirled dizzyingly in its orbit of torture, the subjective Robert deftly and industriously effected nice adjustments of machinery. He could even talk and laugh with his mates; and they, unobservant males, perceived nothing ghastly in his mirth.

At the end of two weeks he could endure the pain no longer. He dragged himself back to Garat's, determined to have speech with her, though the heavens should fall. Here a blow still shrewder awaited the unhappy young man. The restaurant was closed; and on the door was pinned a card reading thus:

"Closed in consequence of the marriage of M. Garat. Open to-morrow as usual."

A sad representation of the whilom well-favored and self-respecting young mechanic lay outstretched on the untidy bed of a hallroom in the furnished-room house on Twenty-fourth Street. He lay on his back with an arm flung over his face; his chin was unshaven; the hidden eyes were not good to see. In such a coil an older man would have taken to drink; but Robert was not familiar with this means of achieving forgetfulness. It had not occurred to him. He had come straight home, staggering a little maybe from the impact of the blow he had received at the door of Garat's, and since then he had neither moved nor spoken, except to rebuff the well-meant inquiries of his landlady, who, poor soul, was of two minds which to send for, the patrol-wagon or the ambulance.

She was knocking at his door now. Robert angrily ordered her away, but she stayed. He sprang out of bed and moved the bureau and his trunk in front of the door for a barricade. In the noise this made, the explanations she offered were lost. When Robert flung himself on the bed again she started anew; but he wrapped his head in the pillow and heard her not. Then she gave up: something white fluttered through the transom, and, falling on the pillow, slid to the counterpane, thence to the floor. Robert, conscious only of a feeling of relief that his tormentor was on her way downstairs, did not heed it.

Some time in the course of the afternoon he rolled over on the bed and saw the white object lying on the floor. He blinked his eyes rapidly, then he smiled and looked at it a long time. He had forgotten how it came there, and he did not believe it was real. It looked like an envelope with a stamp in the corner and his own name written across it in the poignantly-remembered hand of Aimée. Slowly it filtered through his dazed and wandering consciousness—he had not eaten in two days—that Aimée had never written to him [illegible] mail

(Conclusion on page



A Matinée Party in the "Royal" Box of the Manila Hippodrome

In February, on Wallace Field of the Luneta, at the edge of the city of Manila, was held the second Philippine carnival. Urged by the Americans in the Islands, the natives helped to make the celebration notable. Beside its picturesque features, the carnival was regarded by business men, from Tokyo to Melbourne, as a fine show window



Statues of Taft (in the foreground) and José Rizal, the Filipino martyr Moro exhibit and Mosque (at the right)



The big auditorium erected for the Manila carnival this year was capable of holding fifteen thousand people



The King of the Occident—his float



The Queen of the Orient

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SINCE the carnival is a celebration indulged in by the two races—Americans and Filipinos—there are two queens. The Queen of the Orient this year was a native Filipino girl, and in choosing her it is asserted that her father's financial standing was not considered. "Court" functions were elaborate, carefully carried out, and the grand ball in the Auditorium was, literally, a crush. No one was able to dance.



The float representing the United States



"The Tribute of Nations" was one of the most striking floats in the big parade



A battleship float that attracted attention in the automobile parade at the Philippine carnival

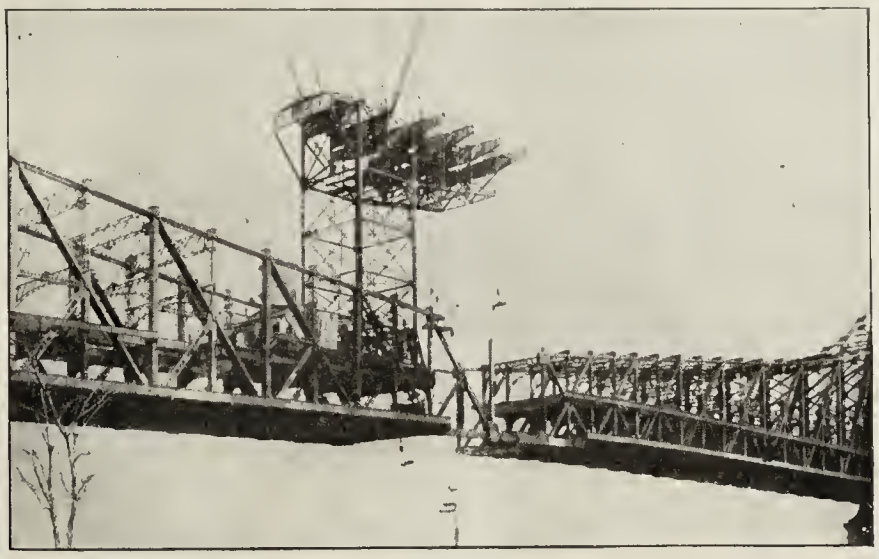
The Philippine Carnival of 1909



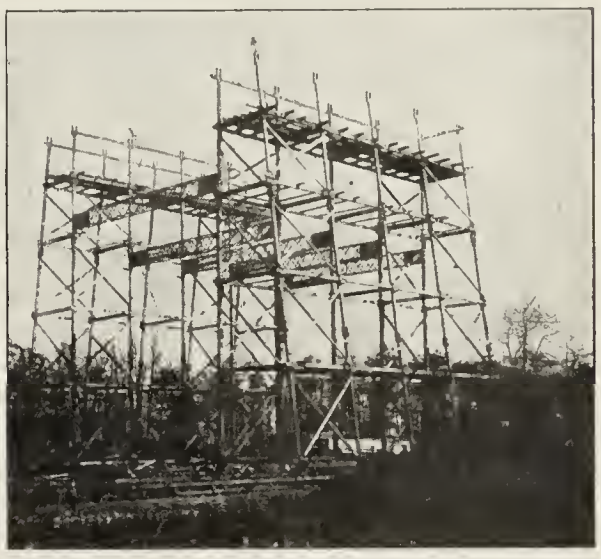
The cantilevers nearing completion:—fifty thousand tons of steel were used in the erection of the five spans



One of the Blackwell's Island piers



Connecting the cantilevers of the main (1,182 feet) span, March 12, 1908



Part of the traveler with which the viaduct was built



The lower deck of the main span where the trolley cars will run



View of the upper deck of the main span



General view of the completed structure

The New Queensborough Bridge

Connecting New York City with Long Island, to be Opened for Traffic with Pageants and Ceremonies, June 12

Collier's

The Late Moral Wave

With Especial Reference to "The Easiest Way" and Two Other Plays

By ARTHUR RUHL



Miss Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way"

THERE has been a great deal of talk lately about the malign influence of the theaters on the morals of New York. Scarcely a day passes that something isn't "denounced." The inhabitants of this huge, heterogeneous, rather raucous Babel are represented as in great danger from something assumed to be in no wise a reflection of themselves, but mysteriously and wickedly imposed from without. And some Assemblyman undertakes to frame a bill which will prevent vulgarity.

The actors, on their side, trim their sails as best they may. One climbs into a pulpit and mourns that the theater doors are open six days in the week, while church doors are only open once. Another, whose plays are known to be witty, hastens to assure the public by means of the bill-boards that although he may be entertaining he is nevertheless good. Managers who are wont to drive honest reporters from their jobs for writing frank and intelligent criticism, grab at the skirts of the agitation by announcing that they are "in accord with the sincere clergymen and newspaper men" and that they will refuse to book any play that has been "denounced." And all these things add to the quaintness of existence, as one strolls down our great white way of an evening, past the crowded musical shows, the honk-honking mob, and the flashing whisky signs.

As usual, the accent is put on unexpected places. The serious discussion of some unpleasant social question is condemned; jocular ribaldry about it passes unnoticed. Mr. Shaw's play is stopped by the police; a Ziegfeld show runs on forever.

Shouts are heard from as far West as Kansas against Salome dancers. Few, certainly, wish to defend the subject-matter of the original opera. It is interesting. And if the emotions of a lot of African cannibals were ingeniously expressed in modern music, and we should see them on the stage gnawing the ribs of their enemies and chanting their native lays in diminished sevenths or submerged tenths, or whatever be the name for such subtleties, that, too, would be interesting. But it would scarcely be desirable.

Mere dancing itself, however, is another matter, and although it would be a cruel hand which would stay Miss Mary Garden from endeavoring to make two heads grow where one grew before, yet one can not help thinking that her humbler sisters of the music-halls have been condemned unjustly. Among the various rôles in which these ladies have previously appeared, there were surely few in which they were not more dangerously alluring than when, stripped of words and all the sartorial aphrodisiacs which modern dressmakers can devise, they are forced to caper madly about the stage to noisy and unpleasant music.

As a matter of fact, the appetite of the eye is so sated a[illegible] spoiled [illegible] the exaggerations and artificialities of dress that mere nature is tame and disappointing. How many confident sirens, if forced to throw aside the immoral support of clothes, would not excite ridicule or even pity! As for undermining moral foundations, the lady you take out to dinner to-night, although covered with clothes up to her ears, can do more in a couple of sentences of not too scrupulous repartee. To be sure, the young women who venture to impersonate Salome are architecturally not at all ordinary. And yet, measured by what is called suggestiveness, how infinitely less potent is Miss Gertrude Hoffman, for instance, galloping impersonally about the stage to the swishing of a few beads than the same young woman standing over the footlights in a strapless bodice giving an imitation of Anna Held!

Especially lacking in perception have been most of the objections to Mr. Eugene Walter's play "The Easiest Way"—a work just about as immoral as the greenish-yellow are-lamps which illuminate parts of Broadway, although just about as raucous and unlovely.

The same sincerity and reportorial truth which Mr. Walter showed in "Paid in Full" is put into this play. The reason it seems so raw is that in the first he was treating a problem comparatively simple and objective, while in "The Easiest Way" he undertakes to set forth the complex psychology of a woman's mind and heart. In other words, photography may be suitable to depict the robbery of a cash drawer, but it is a crude and unsatisfactory device to record a woman's struggle between her instinct for physical ease and luxury and her desire to be loved and do right.

A young actress who owes her position on the stage to a rich New York broker, whose mistress she has been, meets a young Westerner while on a summer vacation in the mountains of Colorado. Both fall in love for the first time. They are convinced that they are experiencing something deeper and more important than has ever come to them before, and, as the man has lived a variegated enough life himself not to object to the woman's past, they decide to marry.

As he is getting only thirty dollars a week as a reporter on a Denver paper, he decides to go to Goldfield for a year in the hope of making a big strike, while she is to return to New York for another year on the stage. Why the woman, who is assumed to be in a highly exalted frame of mind, should subject herself to the tremendous temptations involved in this course instead of marrying her reporter at once—certainly for a man only twenty-six years old, in Colorado, thirty dollars a week is comparatively princely—is not clear except that otherwise, as is so often the case, "there wouldn't be any play."



Miss Eleanor Robson in "The Dawn of a To-morrow"

The broker—an admirably realistic metropolitan type, wholly immoral in his dealings with women, brutally cynical, yet always what is known as a "good sport" and true to his own curious code of square dealing—warns them both. He points out with relentless sense that the young woman has too long lived as a spoiled butterfly to settle down to the humdrum difficulties of married life on nothing a year; that she spends more for her cabs than the reporter earns in a week, and he finally goes East without her with the understanding that whenever she wishes to come back to him she may, but she must let the other man know.

She also returns, and after a few months' respectable and desperate existence, during which she can get no work, and no contributions come from the miner, the man-with-the automobile appears at the psychological instant and she gives up the struggle. Unwilling to surrender "her one chance of happiness," however, she burns the letter which the broker dictates instead of sending it to the other man. Then the miner strikes it rich and hurries East. For a little while she fights desperately to keep her sinking ship afloat, but in the end both men discover her double-dealing and cast her off. As the curtain falls, she is pinning on a big plumed hat with the feverish excitement which unhappy heroines assume in such crises and announcing that she is going to Rector's—and, evidently, completely to the bad.

The realism of this unpleasant picture is complete and one can not but admire the lack of sentimentality with which Mr. Walter has set it forth. The objections to the play are purely those of taste. It is a photographic reproduction of the externals of a side of life which after all is vital to but very few people and which has little legitimate interest, transferred to the stage, except to that extremely small audience which takes a flâneur's interest in all the types of their town. The language is wholly commonplace, no insight or imagination lifts these brutal, material facts into any region of universal truth. The play is merely a reproduction of surfaces and of unpleasant, unimportant surfaces.

Mr. Walter's assertion that he is teaching a great moral lesson does not recommend itself. The play does not show that if you do so-and-so you will be sorry. It merely states that if you have been doing so-and-so for a good many years you are quite likely to keep it up. Very disagreeable people are shown, and one doesn't get the notion—which to be felt need not be put into words—that the author is acquainted with more agreeable people.

Miss Frances Starr, who plays the leading rôle, looks and dresses prettily and moves about and uses her arms, face, etc., with a great deal of smooth and accurate technique. Occasionally she reads the lines properly, but most of the time her voice is so artificial and affected that nothing rings true. The rest of the company are, in the main, satisfactory, especially Mr. James Kilgour as the broker.

Ladies to the Rescue

IN REFRESHING contrast is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Dawn of a To-morrow" and Miss Edith Ellis's unhappily named but really admirable "Mary Jane's Pa." While neither of these plays has the mannish vividness and sharp vigor of Mr. Walter's transcription of Broadway life, both possess qualities which his most lacks—an intelligently hopeful philosophy and the revelation of fine and gracious intelligence behind the lines.

In "The Dawn of a To-morrow" Mrs. Burnett preaches the forgetting of one's own troubles by escaping from the isolation of one's own personality to share the lives of others. She believes in the theory now so fashionable—that if you don't feel the way you want to, act as if you do, and pretty soon you will.

We are first introduced to a well-to-do London gentleman suffering from nervous breakdown. Doctors practically give him up, and the curtain falls as he is contemplating suicide. The second act takes place on a foggy night in , the East End, whither Sir Oliver has come disguised as a working man to dispose of himself without attracting attention. After a picturesque exposition of the miseries enjoyed by the inhabitants of Apple-Blossom Court, it is learned that a murder has been committed, and the supposed culprit appears and is hidden from the police.

The neurasthenic gentleman views all this from a shady corner, and is apparently about to use his revolver when Glad, the sweetheart of the supposed murderer, sees it and takes it away from him. Out of her own bitter experience she gives him practical advice. When your own troubles seem overpowering, get interested in somebody else's and forget your own. The rest of the play is concerned with this plucky young woman's efforts—assisted by the now convalescent Sir Oliver—to save her lover's life.

The only man who can prove an alibi for him is Sir Oliver's degenerate nephew, who—as the accomplished playgoer will not be surprised to hear—has secret designs on Glad herself. She goes to his rooms, finally, to get him to swear to the alibi, and after a stirring and capitally unconventional scene, in which this clear-headed, vigorous young person tramps all over the playwright's moss-grown convention that a woman who happens to find herself alone in a locked room with a man is necessarily compromised and unable to defend herself, the police and the uncle rush in, the suspect is cleared, and everything ends happily.

The play has a literary finish to be expected from Mrs. Burnett, and its unhackneyed philosophy is as rare on the stage as it is delightful. A great deal of the play's distinction and sane vigor is due, of course, to the personality and acting of Miss Eleanor Robson.

"Mary Jane's Pa" tells the story of a sort of Peer

(*Concluded on page 30*)

A Floor Finish

That Smoothes Out Over Night

The heel prints left in a floor finished with the wonderful new *Elastica*—will be gone in the morning.

The castors on a heavy table, will make but a temporary print—the varnish will smooth itself back into shape.

Any pressure that does not break into the wood of the floor will not break this floor finish.

It is a floor finish so tough and so flexible that it will not crumble or crystallize

So waterproof that it will not turn white.

We Age Our Oils

The secret of this new *Elastica* lies in our exclusive process of ageing our oils.

By this process of manipulation, we overcome the "deviltry" in oils.

It is this "deviltry" in oils which makes common varnish too brittle for floors.

It is this "deviltry" in oils which makes common varnish turn white under water.

Try mixing different oils in the palm of your hand, and you will know what old varnish makers mean when they talk of the "deviltry" in oils.

It is the mastery of the special oils we use, that has enabled us, after thirty-nine years of patient experiment, to make a varnish still tough and elastic, when it is dry on the floor.

The common varnishes which you have seen on floors are unfit for the purpose.

They are not tough like *Elastica*. They are not flexible like *Elastica*. They are not waterproof like *Elastica*.

Where *Elastica* stretches, these common varnishes break.

Where *Elastica* gives, they puncture.

After a month or so of use, they present a whitened, cracked, uneven surface.

While *Elastica*, to the end, is smooth, beautiful, unbroken.

No Care—No Attention

A floor finished with *Elastica* needs no care, no attention.

It stretches back into smoothness.

Elastica

Floor Finish

Once on, it looks well always.

It is easier to apply than common varnishes—and it is as nearly permanent as a floor finish can be.

Think of this, you who have preferred the slavery of wax.

Think of this, you who know the disgust which scratchy, crumbling varnishes bring.

Wax a Makeshift

You, who have used wax and wax preparations, have done so only because you have not known of a perfect varnish.

For wax is but a temporary finish—a makeshift.

Two weeks—a month—or perhaps to-morrow, and a wax finished floor must be done over.

For a waxed surface is perfect only *before* it is used.

The first footstep leaves its heel mark. The shuffling of chairs leaves zig-zags. The movements of a table are recorded in the paths which castors leave.

Wax is costly. Wax is an endless nuisance.

And now, with *Elastica*, wax is needless.

Beware the Wrong Varnish

In choosing a varnish for floors, beware of the substitute for *Elastica*. For there are a thousand common varnishes, but only one *Elastica*.

Before deciding how to finish *any* floor, learn the facts about all kinds of floor finishes.

Learn why some floor finishes last only a week—and are gone—while others, costing no more, last a year.

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Simply send for our free book, "*The Right and Wrong Finish for Floors.*"

This book is brimful of practical points on finishing all kinds of floors.

It tells not only about the wonderful new *Elastica*, but about other kinds of floor finishes—and gives the right treatment for each kind of floor.

In asking for this book, please address Department 4, 29 Broadway, New York, 2620 Armour Ave., Chicago, or International Varnish Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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There is need of a Camera





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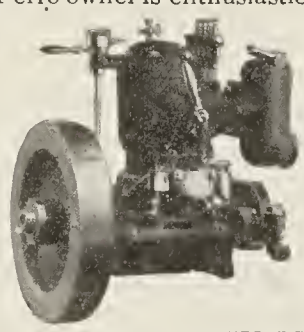
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"I made a trip to Siking Beach and back last Sunday, (a distance of 50 miles) and my Ferro never missed an explosion but behaved in its usual splendid manner. I wouldn't trade my Ferro for another make of twice the H.P." he is simply repeating what all Ferro owners say, the world over. The 15000 Ferros in use are not the result of advertising or sales methods but of the *mechanical perfection* of the engine itself. Every Ferro owner is enthusiastic over the operation of his engine.

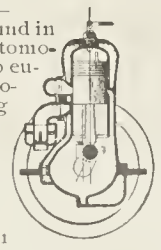
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Free Catalogue describing all 1909 models upon request. Write for it.

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A large stock of engines. Experts in charge.

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Largest Marine Engine Builders in the World
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Woman's Battle for the Ballot in Chicago

"It is the Women Who Have Done Civic Work Who Have Found Out that They Need Votes"

By CAROLINE M. HILL

THAT Chicago has the largest and most influential social settlement in the United States is very well known, and that she has the best organized woman's club in the world. It is also well known in Chicago that the investigation of the packing industry and the census of women in industry were inspired by a woman; and that the juvenile court, the parental school, the vacation schools, and the improvement associations are mainly the work of women. Women's work for Chicago is famous in the city itself, and there are many women to whom the men's associations turn when they wish machinery put in motion that will accomplish certain results. The women, on the other hand, who have tried to do things have discovered that office-holders can only be effectually moved to do their duty by men of whose votes they are afraid. It is the women who have done civic work who have found out that they need votes. It is the women who have tried to do most who are the best leaders and speakers in the present movement for municipal suffrage.

Two years ago Chicago tried to get a new charter. One was framed by a steering committee of sixteen, which included representative men from different professions and kinds of business. It was drafted by a university professor of constitutional law, and then passed on to a convention of seventy-five, who revised it. In this convention a provision for woman suffrage was defeated by the casting vote of the chairman. From them the charter went on to the State Legislature, which made many changes in it to suit the demands of different political interests. It was finally defeated in a referendum in Chicago, after it had been so mutilated by the politicians that the most competent of its original framers did not wish it to be adopted.

Woman's Care Needed

THIS winter the same committee of sixteen has revised the former draft and recommended a separate bill to allow women to vote for city officers on the same terms as men. The first step is thus taken, and a committee called "The Committee for the Extension of Municipal Suffrage to Chicago Women" is organized in the attempt to crystallize public opinion and convince the Charter Convention that women do want to vote for city officers. Of this committee, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, well known as a leader since the World's Fair, Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. O. W. Stewart, the president of the State Equal Suffrage Association, and Mrs. William Hill, a representative of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ and the wife of a university professor, are officers and leading spirits.

Subcommittees have been appointed to secure expressions of public opinion from its main organs, the churches, the press, men's clubs, educational organizations, labor organizations, associations of physicians, lawyers, bankers, and university professors. They are making known the situation in addresses before the different audiences in the city, and resolutions favoring municipal suffrage for Chicago women are being passed by all kinds of bodies. A men's association of about 150 members has been formed to help the women in the legislative campaign which is to follow.

The attention of passers-by is being attracted by yellow-printed posters saying:

"WHY DO NOT
"CHICAGO WOMEN
"HAVE MUNICIPAL SUFFRAGE?

"Women Vote on Municipal Affairs in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Norway, Sweden, Finland, British America, Natal, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and in the States of Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho.

"IT IS UP TO THE
"CHARTER CONVENTION!"



WHY buy "near-style"? It costs little to produce and is worth less than it costs. *Real* style is characteristic of

Michaels-Stern Clothes.

They set the style-pace because they're made by style creators—which means absolute correctness. Priced within reason.

The season's newest models should be on sale in your City. If not, we'll tell you where to obtain them and will also forward you one of our handsome Portfolios of styles if you'll send us your local dealer's name.

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SPRING 1909

HARVARD CLOTHES

A man may be better than his clothes, but he has to prove it

AT THE HARVARD SHOPS the young man who wishes to improve his wardrobe without increasing his expenditures, will find *America's highest type of ready-to-wear clothing.*

This statement would have no significance did not the clothes themselves carry the evidence of its truth.

"HARVARD CLOTHES" have established a new standard in young men's dress, from all standpoints of *quality, fit and "classy" appearance.*

Every careful dresser can make sure of obtaining the correct clothes for spring and summer wear by asking us for the name of a local dealer in "HARVARD CLOTHES."

Write to-day for our free fashion book, which portrays authoritatively the correct styles for spring.

Get that Style Book

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If you don't find Harvard Clothes, tell us.

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Shoe Laces

recommend themselves to every wearer of oxfords.

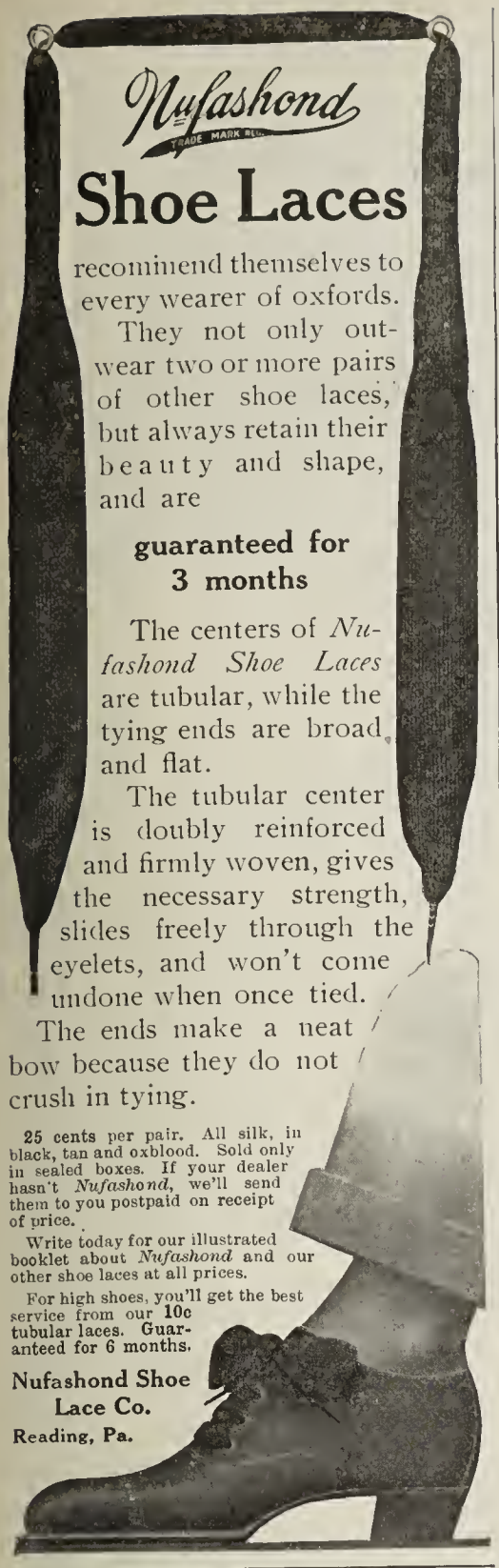
They not only outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces, but always retain their beauty and shape, and are

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The centers of *Nufashond Shoe Laces* are tubular, while the tying ends are broad and flat.

The tubular center is doubly reinforced and firmly woven, gives the necessary strength, slides freely through the eyelets, and won't come undone when once tied.

The ends make a neat bow because they do not crush in tying.



25 cents per pair. All silk, in black, tan and oxblood. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't *Nufashond*, we'll send them to you postpaid on receipt of price.

Write today for our illustrated booklet about *Nufashond* and our other shoe laces at all prices.

For high shoes, you'll get the best service from our **10c** tubular laces. Guaranteed for 6 months.

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Reading, Pa.

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These motors are in use in all types of boats and are giving the best results. Correct design, manufacture and equipment, high power, easy starting and simplicity throughout, with a reasonable price, make them popular with all classes. 2½ to 27 H. P., one, two and three cylinders. Get FREE catalog.

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is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carousselles. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.



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Last Longer—Cost No More

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UNION METAL MANUFACTURING CO.
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WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

And also:

"Municipal Suffrage
"for Chicago Women!

"For the long work day,
For the taxes we pay
And the laws we obey.
We want something to say."

Lining up the Forces

THE attitude of the Chicago papers is in the main friendly, although the "Tribune" notices only such features as it can treat sensationally, and the "American" is coming out more and more strongly in favor. The "Record-Herald" and the "Evening Post" are decidedly with the women's cause. Some of the papers always speak of the leaders as "The Suffragettes," although the methods have been in no respect like those of the English Suffragettes. Chicago women believe that such methods are by no means necessary for them, for they think that all patriotic men and women recognize this as the next logical step in the city's development. The Chicago Federation of Labor has declared strongly for it, and so have the largest bodies of ministers in the city. It is supported by the same class of people who support other reforms. The patriotic men and women of Chicago believe that neither the Charter Convention nor the State Legislature is willing to take upon itself the responsibility of refusing women's proffered aid at this crisis in the city's affairs.

When such a woman as Miss Mary McDowell tells her experiences and says, with controlled emotion in her voice, that she can no longer work in the indirect ways which she has been compelled to use and keep her self-respect, it moves the hearts of Chicago men. When the head of the Political Equality League says women have gone as far as they can in trying to accomplish their ends by means of influence—that if they go farther they will become deceitful and underhanded, and their best work will react to their own demoralization—then the lukewarm women begin to wake up. When Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo says that the exercise of power by means of influencing votes is illegal anyhow, the last bit of standing-ground is knocked from under the feet of the anti-suffragists, for they must either say that women must have nothing whatever to do with politics or they must be in favor of giving them a legitimate means of expression.

Combating Old Arguments

THE same ground is being thrashed over in Chicago that was gone over in England and in many of the States of the United States when universal manhood suffrage was granted. Those who were in possession then argued that working men did not care to vote, that they did not know enough to vote, and that some of them were bad anyhow.

If women do secure the right to vote for municipal officers in Chicago the men and women who believe in it think they will see renewed interest in civic affairs and a tremendous gain in the power of the forces of law and order. They think they would make short work of the First Ward Ball. The argument for municipal housekeeping, brought out two years ago, has had time to penetrate, and has been accepted by most of the disinterested voters of the town, while the response of the women is seen in the resolutions being sent in by the most influential clubs on the three sides of the city, asking to be allowed to "help in those matters of civic improvement which men have been too busy to take up."

✣ ✣ ✣

In the Revolution Belt

(Continued from page 15)

"Constitucional," Castro's personal mouthpiece. Everything was going smoothly, and a statistically minded proof-reader had already calculated that 7,853 shots had been fired without casualty, when a stray bullet smashed his inkwell and spoiled his reckoning. At this outrage he poked a revolver through the window and emptied every chamber, several of his associates following suit. Three men were fatally wounded, this being the total mortality of the revolution. Of course all three were innocent bystanders. Did any one ever hear of a street battle in which the casualties were not confined to this unfortunate class? "The Innocent Bystander collects the Lead" is the Venezuelan proverb, paralleling our apothegm about the prompt bird and the premature worm. To be sure, two out of the three

WINCHESTER



Winchester

Winchester Rifles and Winchester Ammunition—the invariable choice of experienced and discriminating big game hunters.

Sold everywhere. Ask for

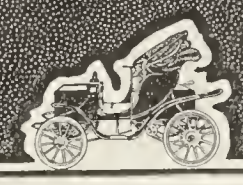
THE RED **W** BRAND

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

Electric Vehicles

IN THEIR FIELD ARE
THE MOST ECONOMICAL & SATISFACTORY
IN
THE
WORLD





The makers of good Electric Vehicles are getting all the business they can handle this year. This advertisement is designed to tell you *why*.

It is not written in the interest of any one manufacturer, but in the interest of all of them. Not by any vehicle maker, but by the maker of

The "Exide" Battery

The "Exide" stores electric power in a "box." It is used in over 90% of all Electric Vehicles made.

The "Exide" Battery is the one greatest factor that has helped build up the demand for Electrics to its present great proportions. That's why the demand for "Exide" is so unanimous. It has made "stored electricity" the most satisfactory and economical power in the world for street vehicles.

This "stored Electricity" responds quickly, delivering just enough force to move the vehicle at a snail's pace, or instantly all its great power can be exerted. No "expert" knowledge—"Just turn the switch." Like turning on an Electric Light.

An Electric Makes You Independent

This explains why ladies, as well as men, like Electrics—they don't need a driver.

Both men and women are perfectly independent of the "expert." You stop or start at will, without troubling to think about machinery.

Electrics are not designed for high-speed, long-distance touring, but for city and suburban work, for physicians, for theatre going and for ladies driving, shopping or calling they have no competitor.

Light, staunch and true your Electric with an "Exide" does its work. In its field the simplest and most economical—satisfactory Vehicle in the world.

Specify the "Exide" Battery and order from any of the following makers or their agents:

Baker Motor Vehicle Co.
Broc Carriage & Wagon Co.
Columbus Buggy Co.
Champion Wagon Co.
Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co.
Electric Vehicle Co.
General Vehicle Co.
Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.
Studebaker Automobile Co.
The Anderson Carriage Co.
The Waverley Co.
Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

The "Exide" Battery is made by the oldest and largest manufacturer of all kinds of storage batteries, including types for the great steam and electric railways, telephone companies, The Electric Light Companies, Fire Alarm Systems, Telegraph Companies, The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., who now use stored electric power. Their experience is safe to follow.

The Electric Storage Battery Company

1888 1909

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO ST. LOUIS CLEVELAND ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO
And 562 Distributors Throughout the United States

THE "Exide" SPARKING BATTERY IS THE BEST

victims had large, emphatic-looking guns about their persons. But that proves nothing against their peaceful intentions. Every Caraquenian gentleman wears a gun. His clothes don't fit without it.

These three were acclaimed as martyrs, at the evening performance, which was a mere epilogue. It filled the Plaza Bolivar with assorted oratory by gentlemen who made continuous scroll-saw patterns in the air all the time they were speaking. At the finish the courageous multitude attacked the Government band (unarmed), put the musicians to flight, captured the bass-drum, and went home to bed, proud in the consciousness of having added a page to history. When it was all over, Castro was no longer dictator. Gomez was. And the new Government had declared war against Holland in a poster that was printed like one of Barnum and Bailey's refined and restrained soliloquies on the subject of the two-headed calf.

Untimeous Advices

ONE of the American visitors, a gentleman named Coulombe, played an unlucky part in the affair of the afternoon. In the rush of retreat after the firing, he brought up, two blocks distant, with his nose jammed into the shoulder-blade of a large and husky Venezuelan. Adjacent to the shoulder he observed a small, peculiar hole. The hole seemed to go all the way through. "See here," said Mr. Coulombe to the man, "you've been shot."

The Venezuelan glanced down at his chest, saw the place where the bullet had entered, gave a loud yell, fell down, and died. Coulombe returned to the hotel, deeply remorseful.

"If I hadn't told the poor chap," he lamented, "he might be alive and happy now."

Farewell, Rivas

NO GAIN without some loss in this world of mournful compensations. "El Constitucional" is no more. It was edited by a genius, Señor Gumersindo Rivas, the possessor of so keen a nose for news that none of it ever got into the paper. It was further distinguished above its rivals of the outer darkness by an ultra-Chesterfieldian politeness. For example, the first mention of an important killing would appear in this wise:

"Valencia, Oct. —

"EL SEÑOR RIVAS, Editor 'El Constitucional,' Caracas.

"*Dear Friend*—It gives me profound pleasure to inform your magnificent journal that Señor Paramano, who was unhappily stabbed in the leg while engaged in shooting the late lamented Señor Cramonte through the heart week before last, is able to be out on crutches. Assuring you of my admiring esteem, I am,

"Yours affectionately,

"P. SCONCHAS,

"Correspondent of 'El Constitucional.'"

All events of the day were rigidly tabooed by Editor Rivas. All the time that Caracas was panic-stricken over bubonic plague, "El Constitucional" never mentioned it. It eschewed alike all reference to Castro's illness and impending departure while the capital was alive with *bolas* about it, and any mention of the dreaded Dutch blockade, although the hostile warships were patrolling the coast. However, I do not wish to be unjust. It did tell of Mr. Taft's election within a week after the fact. And when the German Minister gave a large diplomatic dinner, "El Constitucional," by a grand burst of enterprise, published the menu on the third morning thereafter. Now, alas, it is no more. Its spirited editorials comparing Castro respectively to Alexander, Cæsar, Washington, Roosevelt, Lincoln, Napoleon, and the Saviour—generally to the disadvantage of the compared ones—will never again delight the eye. Señor Rivas has unostentatiously flitted. The revolution did for him, as well as for his unique journal. *Requiescat in pace.* We ne'er shall look upon its like again.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Grass Fire

(See Frontispiece)

IN THEIR early conflict with the whites—soldiers and wagon-trains—the plains Indians used to set the rank prairie grass afire to the windward of the force they meant to attack and follow the flames, hidden from sight by the thick smoke-clouds. Usually the fire was started before daybreak. This was one of the tricks elaborated in the long warfare of the border—a particularly effective one in the open country, where the chances of surprising a watchful enemy were exceedingly small.



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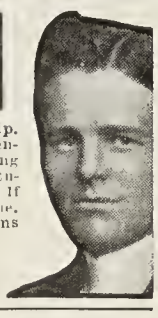
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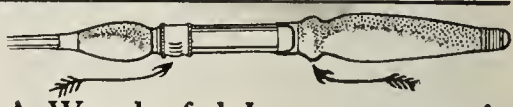
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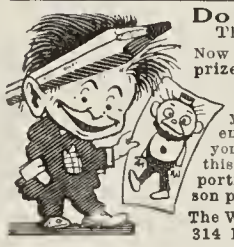


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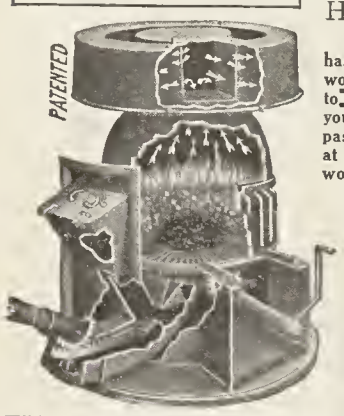
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Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



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The Late Moral Wave

(*Concluded from page 24*)

Gynt husband who "hears the East a-callin';" finds domesticity irksome, and runs away to let his wife make her fight alone for herself and their two little children. She goes to a country village, edits the local paper, is respected and even courted, and all goes well until the village gossips begin to wonder who the children's father was and what became of him.

The mother, knowing the stimulus it would be to their pride, has always tried to make them believe that their mysterious and departed parent was all that he should be.

Just as matters are approaching a crisis, the erratic husband strolls in. He is still charming in his irresponsible and unfeeling way, has an apt literary quotation for everything that turns up, and describes with easy eloquence his adventures up and down the world as a sentimental tramp. He is about to hit the trail again when his wife, unable flatly to turn him away without money or shelter, proposes that he shall remain and work for her as a house-servant, a position which, with the same insouciance, he cheerfully accepts.

The gossip now becomes, naturally, unbearable, ending at last in bringing the whole village in a mob to the "widow's" cottage ready to tar and feather the supposed intruder. Long before this dénouement is reached, however, the man's better nature has been so aroused through his paternal instincts and a number of situations in which he has been forced to take a man's part in helping and defending his wife that the revelation of his identity and his subsequent decision to brace up and behave himself are scarcely more than the mechanical unraveling of the knot already spiritually untied.

This may seem like a play for grown-ups, and so it is. But the children are so important to the story, and their scenes with the plucky mother and the witty, irresponsible father—played gracefully, as may be imagined, by Mr. Henry E. Dixey—are done with such humor and affectionate sincerity, that, during the several months which the piece ran in New York before fortuitous circumstances forced it on the road, audiences half made up of children seemed to enjoy it quite as much as their elders.
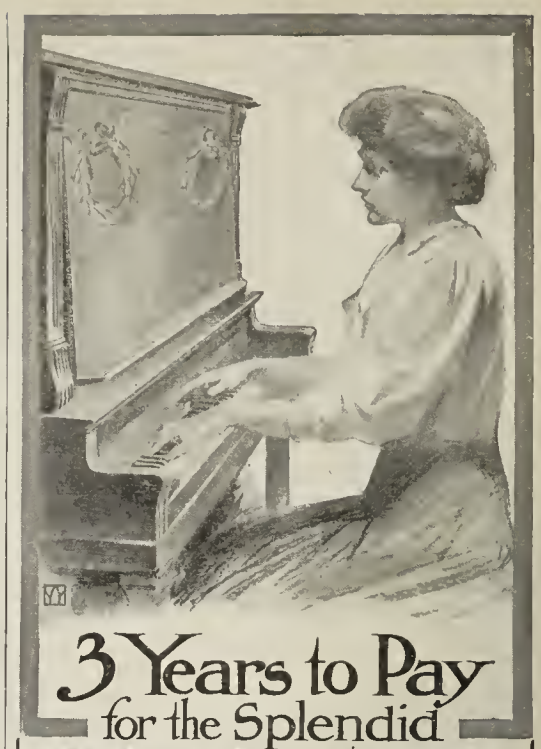
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By FRANK W. SKINNER

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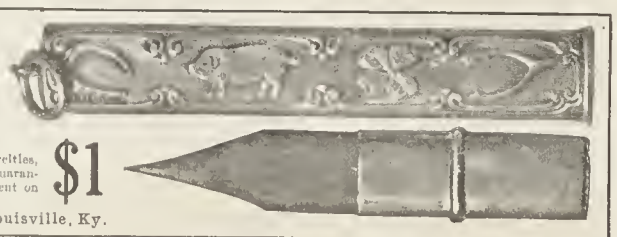
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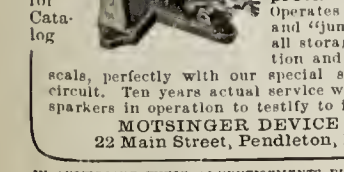
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

masonry, while on the less populous Queen's shore the longer steel spans frankly admit their construction, and are attractive for their excellent proportions and the graceful Gothic arched bracing in their supporting steel towers. The entire bridge contains about 145,000,000 pounds of steel (enough to build 100 twelve-story office buildings 100 feet square) and 48,000 yards of granite masonry, and will have cost over $20,000,000 and have required more than eight years for its construction.

The locations of the bridge piers to fit the steel spans were determined not by direct measurement, but by calculations and accurate surveys, in which the principal angles were measured 100 times each, and the span lengths computed from a base-line over 1,000 feet long, measured on the ground at right angles to the bridge, with an error of only about one-fortieth inch.

The masonry piers for the main spans contain thousands of tons of concrete, making them virtually huge monoliths of artificial stone faced with great blocks of granite from Maine.

"The Rigid Monsters"

THE superstructure has two lines of steel trusses made with the largest nickel steel eyebars ever manufactured, and riveted posts, chords, and beams, some of which weigh over 120 tons each, and were built and shipped in two pieces weighing up to 60 tons each, limited by the practicability of transportation and handling. Other members, weighing 80 tons each, were built and shipped complete. The principal connections are made with steel bolts, or "pins," 16 to 18 inches in diameter and 10 feet long, weighing several thousand pounds; secondary ones are riveted at the site.

All of the members were finished at the shops in Steelton and Pittsburg, and although never fitted together until assembled in the finished structure, the calculations, drawings, and shop-work were so perfect that the rigid monsters, some of them 6 feet wide and 100 feet long, were joined, high in air, suspended from swinging ropes, and fitted like watch mechanism, within the thirty-second part of an inch, providing successfully, too, for the deflections due to the great weight and to the many more inches by which the pieces were, in the aggregate, lengthened or shortened by variations of temperature.

A battery of steam boilers, electric generators, air-compressors, and other plant was established on the island to furnish power for all erection uses; docks and railroad tracks were built, and the steelwork, received on lighters, was handled and stored in piles, 20 feet high, by two electric gauntry cranes of 85 feet span. Erection was commenced with the island span, and, to carry its 5,500 tons of steel until it was self-supporting, a 1,700-ton steel "falsework," fully equivalent to a first-class, permanent railroad bridge, was built, consisting of two rows of towers over 100 feet high on concrete foundations. Hydraulic jacks of 500 tons capacity were operated from time to time on each tower to raise the span and compensate for the settlement of the falsework.

A Two-Piece Job

THE vertical and inclined posts in the trusses were so long and heavy that all of them were made in two pieces, spliced at the center point, and the lower parts, together with both decks, were erected first by a two-derrick traveler, after which the upper parts of the trusses and the bracing between them were completed by two special Z-shaped travelers, a combination of methods never before adopted in bridge erection. The 200-ton steel boom derricks were among the largest ever used, and had a maximum radius of 85 feet and lifted as much as 80 tons. The Z-travelers were 124 feet high, with long arms projecting in front, from which were suspended nearly 40 powerful tackles operated by two hoisting engines with multiple drums and capstan heads carried in the traveler, and serving also to pull it forward as the work progressed.

After the island span was erected, the two travelers built out the cantilever arms of the two river spans simultaneously, from the piers to midstream, assembling all the members for one panel in advance, and making it self-supporting, then moving on it and building out another, and so on.

As the travelers advanced, their weight and that of the cantilever spans, acting with increasing leverage, lifted the island span from its falsework, and, as fast as the latter was thus released, it was taken down and reerected on shore, and on it both the end spans were erected in the same manner as the island span. By the time the falsework was completed the Z-travelers had reached mid-stream, were



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Length 16 feet
Beam 4 ft. 2 in.
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The Howard Watch

Rhythm and regularity of stroke is one of the great points of good oarsmanship. With long training a boat's crew attains it in imperfect degree.

In the balance-wheel of a fine watch this rhythm and regularity of beat is called *isochronism*—a difficult word for a difficult thing.

The HOWARD Watch is closely and permanently adjusted to *isochronism*.

A scientific test will show that in practical everyday use the balance-wheel of a HOWARD pulsates with more perfect rhythm and regularity than that of any other watch in the world.

Every HOWARD Watch is cased at the factory and timed and adjusted in its own case by the HOWARD watchmakers.

The price of each watch—from 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00, to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.00,—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. A, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

taken down and reerected on the upper decks of the end spans, completed them, and then advanced beyond the shore piers to erect the remaining cantilever arms, which eventually met the first cantilevers and were connected to them with perfect accuracy, completing the critical part of one of the greatest structural engineering feats ever accomplished. The changes of stress as the work progressed made it necessary to erect the great pier posts, 185 feet high and 12 feet thick, with their tops leaning 8 inches out of plumb, and to connect the trusses these were forced back out of the vertical, like great springs, by hydraulic jacks, easily and safely.

There are in the floor-beams, splices, and other connections about 752,000 rivets driven in the field, mostly by pneumatic hammers which struck about 1,800 blows per minute and were operated by as many as 32 four-man gangs.

The comparatively short-girder approach spans at the New York end were erected by ordinary derricks, but the towers and longer truss spans on the Queen's approach were erected by a traveling wooden tower about 100 feet long, 135 feet wide, and 140 feet high, moving astride of the structure on two 30-foot surface tracks, advancing to build a tower, returning to erect the span on it, and then going forward to build the next tower, and so on.

✣ ✣ ✣

An Exchange of Currency

(*Concluded from page 21*)

that he had not pictured her doing so; that illusions were the result of things previously seen or imagined; therefore—at this point in his painful reasoning he slowly put forth a hand to seize the envelope. It was a real envelope; it did not evaporate in his fingers. After another period of painful hesitation he ventured to open it. There was a paper inside with more of the handwriting the sight of which so nearly caused him to swoon. This was what it said:

"Come to the restaurant to-morrow. Come early, half-past eleven, that I can speak with you. You may speak to me, now. AIMÉE."

And so neither the ambulance nor the patrol-wagon was required to convey the body of Robert from the Twenty-fourth Street house!

WHEN he entered Garat's next day Aimée beamed on him. He had never seen her look so happy, and therefore so entrancingly lovely. Moreover, there was no longer a hint of fear or concealment; she nodded to him openly. Poor Robert, torn hither and thither, remembered the unworthier side of the French character; and for a moment harbored an ugly doubt of her, for which he was presently to suffer. She indicated that he was to take his usual table, and he sat down as in a dream. Wonder heaped upon wonder! She calmly came out from behind her little desk and approached him! For the first time Robert was sensible that his divinity possessed the power of locomotion. Garat spoke her name sharply; she turned her head to him with a smile of cool contempt. Garat was crushed. She sat down opposite Robert and put her elbows on the table.

"Well, w'at do you sink of it?" she asked, with a heavenly smile.

"Of wh-what?" stammered Robert.

"My voice."

"I—I do not know."

"W'at makes you look so strange? Are you not glad?" she quickly asked.

"Glad!" echoed poor Robert stupidly. "I don't understand. The card on the door—"

Aimée's face underwent a rapid change. "Oh-h!" she breathed. "You came that day! You saw it! You thought—" She broke into irrepressible smiles again—"that poor Garat! He is married fas' enough!"

"But you!—"

"I am still single, M'sieu'."

"But you said—"

"Yes, I know. Sings happen quickly. W'en Aspasie's money came in she wouldn't give it to Garat! We 'ad an understanding—that dear Aspasie! To get the restaurant Garat was oblige' to 'ave Aspasie's money; to get Aspasie's money, Garat was oblige' to take Aspasie also! *Voilà!* I'm jilt', *mon ami!*"

PURITY ESSENTIAL

In no other form of food is Purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, as without richness, milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the embodiment of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal.—*Adv.*



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Fabric—Style—Workmanship—Fit; these are the four essentials of Good Clothes. But the greatest of these is Fit.

Nature makes no duplicates. No two human forms are exactly alike. The Great Western System of Measurement is based on this fact.

It is the only exact system. It shows our cutters your every line, curve, angle, hollow, bulge and stoop. No other system does this.

We cut your fabric to fit **your** form. Your clothing becomes a very part of **you**—the clothes we fit to **you** will fit **nobody else.**

We Make To Your Exact Measure A Suit from $18 to $40.

In your town we have a dealer. We have taught him the Great Western System of Measurement. If you don't know him, ask us. With his name and address, we'll send you free handsome Style Plates.

Call on our dealer. Choose a fabric from his superb line of 400 samples. Let him measure you. Then let us make for you the best fitting suit of clothes you ever wore—a lasting credit to you and us.

Your Local Tailor Can't Fit You as Well, Yet He Charges $15 to $20 More.

We guarantee the Fabric—the Workmanship—and the Fit. If you are not satisfied, you get your money back. Our dealers are instructed to do this.

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Makes you a **Profit of 140%**. Sells a vest pocket box of matches for 1 cent. Saves giving away of matches. Convenient for customers. Occupies very small space and looks well on counter.

If your jobber doesn't keep it, send us $7.00 for machine and 720 boxes of matches, freight prepaid. Repeat orders for matches at $3.00 per case (720 boxes) f. o. b. St. Louis. Wholesale Prices furnished on application

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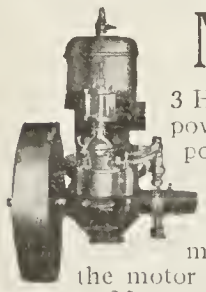
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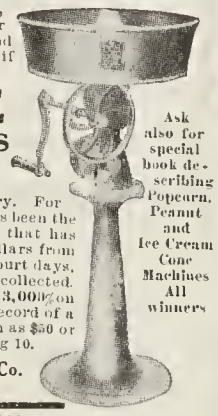
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MODEL 1

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Demand the brand *"Sampeck"*, of your clothes-shop. The label is in *every* garment. The fascinating "College Almanac of Dress and Sports" sent *free* for a post-card.

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NEW YORK CITY

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

NEWSPAPER GROWTH

WE ARE accustomed to think of everything as growing bigger as time goes on. The idea that increased size means growth seems to be an accepted standard of the American people. And while in a great measure this is a wholesome tendency, and is born of the necessity that all things should advance in proportion, it is evident that too much growth in size may tend to restrict the growth in quality.

Years ago it was thought that some things had about reached the limit of size, but the giant things of a few years ago are the pigmies of to-day.

There is one direction, however, in which it now seems that the limit of size has really been reached, and that any future growth will have to be in the direction of an improvement in quality. That is, the size of the daily and Sunday newspapers. There are certain limitations which at last must be recognized. One is the fact that there is only a limited amount of time which the average reader can take each day or each Sunday to look over the paper. The publication that goes beyond that limit, and puts out a paper of which no individual can peruse more than a small fraction, is getting near the climax of its possible growth in size. The larger the circulation of a newspaper the more it must charge for its advertising space, and the less likelihood that an individual will ever see a given advertisement the less valuable the space becomes. The stopping point in mere size will be reached when the climax of advertising efficiency is reached.

Another fact with which the future newspaper will have to reckon is the fact that the public is becoming more and more aware of the inaccuracies which inevitably attend the hurried preparation of a large paper, and more and more aware of the insincerity with which a great portion of the "news" is calmly manufactured and colored. This awakening is slowly but surely bringing about a distrust of the information and opinions voiced by the daily press, and this will in turn reflect upon the drawing power of the advertising by which it subsists.

At present we do things in such a big, bold way that many of these underlying tendencies are not especially felt either in the amount of advertising received by newspapers or in the drawing power of the advertising for the advertiser. But we are moving rapidly to new conditions —at least in every other industry. It can not, in the nature of things, be many years before this tendency will make itself felt, and a reorganization of newspaper methods will necessarily follow.

With the size standard passed, the only remaining room for growth will be in quality of the reading matter, quality of the advertising matter, and quality of the circulation. While circulations will doubtless continue to increase, the time has already passed when mere quantity of circulation means anything to the intelligent advertiser. But when these points become generally admitted, and the cry for quality is set up, the newspaper will find before it room to grow for generations to come without scratching into the possibilities for wholesome development.

Is it too much to hope that we have already reached the climax of newspaper insincerity, and that future efforts for development will embody more of the spirit which seeks to improve the quality of the service rendered to the public, in contrast with the blatant clamor for domination by mere bulk?

TAXI-TYPEWRITERS

A NEW device that has begun to be installed in hotels, waiting-rooms, and other public places is called the "taxi-typewriter." By dropping a dime in the slot the mechanism is released and the typewriter may be used for half an hour. At the end of that time, according to the clock attached, a bar comes down and stops the action of the keys.

Such an enterprise would have been im-



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Worthy of Its Name

WE do not claim for the Lyon & Healy Piano that it is better than the best, or older than the oldest.

But we do claim that the Lyon & Healy Piano in every respect is worthy of the name that it bears, and that in our experience of retailing over

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during the past 45 years, we have never been able to offer to the public a piano that would please the great majority of buyers so well.

You owe it to yourself to—

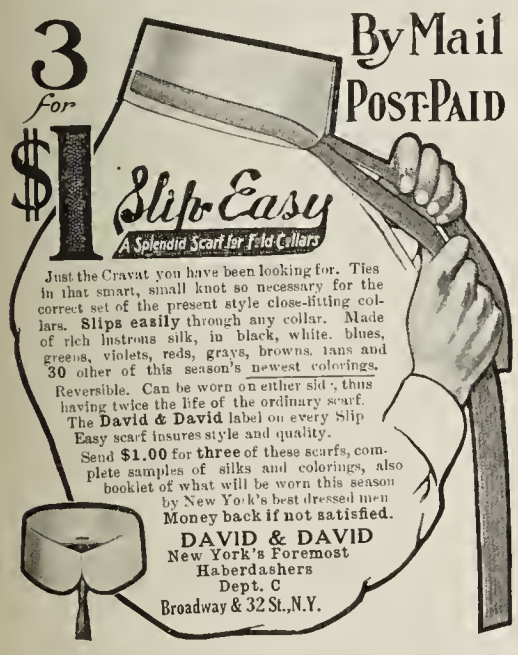
Examine this epoch-making instrument.

The tone will be a surprise. The price will be a surprise. The "feel" of the keyboard will be a surprise.

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Send **$1.00** for **three** of these scarfs, complete samples of silks and colorings, also booklet of what will be worn this season by New York's best dressed men. **Money back if not satisfied.**

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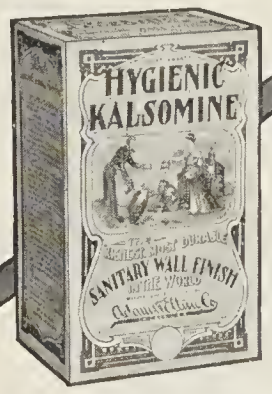
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MEAD CYCLE COMPANY DEPT. K-54 CHICAGO, ILL.



There's no dark room with a KODAK TANK

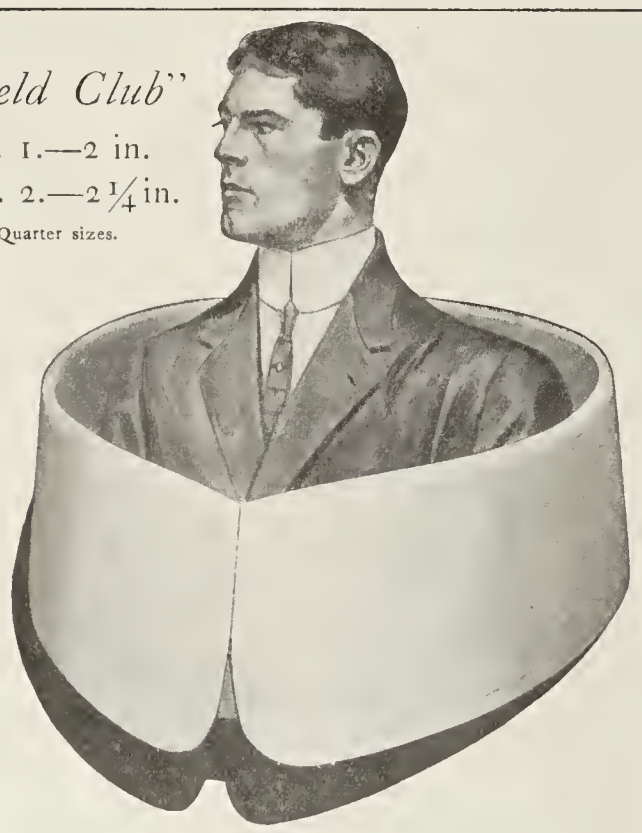
Every step is simple and easy but, more than that, it means ***better pictures.*** The success of the tank development idea has now been absolutely proven by the fact that many leading professional photographers, although ***they*** have every dark room convenience, use our tank system of development for all of their work. If tank development is better for the skilled professional, there's no question about it for the amateur.

The Experience is in the Tank.

Ask your dealer, or write us for our booklet, "Tank Development." It tells about the modern methods of developing Cartridge Films, Premo Film Packs and Glass Plates.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"Field Club"
No. 1.—2 in.
No. 2.—2 1/4 in.
Quarter sizes.



FIELD CLUB—The newest type of a perfect fitting close front collar that—IS RIGHT.

Corliss-Coon

Hand Made Collars
2 for 25c

The hand made collars talked about. They do their own demonstrating for style, fit and lasting qualities. That is why so many men who care prefer—Corliss-Coon Collars.

At most all the best shops everywhere. Send for new style book, showing all the latest shapes—it will help you in your collar selections.

Corliss, Coon & Company, Dept. T, Troy, N. Y.

practicable a few years ago, when the use of a typewriter was largely confined to those who made a business of transcribing the dictation of others. But in recent years the popularity of the typewriter has grown until its use is a very general accomplishment, especially among those who have to do with literary, legal, and advertising work. If the tendency increases, and there is no reason to think it will not, the time may come when the ability to write on a typewriter will be the rule and not the exception.

MARKING FREIGHT

THERE seems to be a great need of some method of marking packages so as to cut down the amount of freight that goes astray. In the rough handling which freight almost necessarily receives it is not to be wondered at that many tags come off and the packages can not be sent to the proper destination. When to this condition is added the confusion resulting from old markings on second-hand boxes, insufficient marking on some portion of a shipment, and tags that have faded out in the sun—a very common thing—it causes much trouble on the part of the railroad and perhaps more on the part of the shipper or consignee. The loss is often far greater than the cost of the goods, as is the case when a single casting is needed to complete a machine, or to go on with certain work, and without it there is a deadlock or an expensive delay. Seasonable goods delayed beyond the wonted time are often worthless, in addition to the loss and inconvenience occasioned by their delay. Much of this trouble could be obviated if railroads would more carefully inspect the markings of freight received, and shippers were impressed with the importance of eliminating carelessness in the marking of goods sent out.

TELEPHONING

IT IS an interesting commentary on human nature that many business men who have been used to the telephone all their lives will forget its possibilities and make long trips to transact business that could be done in a few moments over the telephone. That thousands have become habituated to the long-distance telephone, and have been steadily increasing their use of it, only makes more apparent the fact that others are still taking unnecessary trips for no other reason than that they do not think to handle the matter by telephone.

A trip from Chicago to New York and return, allowing for one day's average expense in the city, would cost a business man about ninety dollars at a conservative estimate, and would require at least two days' time. That expense alone would cover the cost of eighteen long-distance telephone conversations at five dollars for three minutes, or for a total of about an hour's conversation at one dollar and a half per minute. In addition to this, the man would have his two days' time, and his plans would be spared the delay and interruption. The proportion is even greater for lesser distances and smaller telephone rates.

The time has passed when such a statement is to be considered merely as an advertisement for the long-distance telephone business. Such reckonings now have a place in the economic philosophy of the progressive business man, and differ in no wise from a systematic policy in the use of the mails.

A BIG TASK

THE task of an editorial writer on a metropolitan daily paper is often one that is so stupendous as to require humor for its appreciation. An instance is told of where a telephone company had engaged the services of sixty experts for four years to work out a gigantic problem in connection with the reconstruction of the system, underground wires, provision for future growth, and other such problems which call for endless investigation and study. Even the best-informed men in the telephone business would feel the necessity of hesitating and seeking further technical information before making a decision as to the wisdom of even a small move in connection with the new system. Almost every expert in the country who knew anything about telephone construction was in touch with the plan, and was giving it his best thought. Finally when the detail of the new plan was announced it became a matter of news, and the newspaper editorial writers were entrusted with the rather weighty problem of giving the public a standard opinion by which the reconstruction plan was to be judged. The following day six or eight great newspapers contained editorials which pointed out the flaws in the system and set the people right. Each one saw the matter from a different viewpoint—a viewpoint based on information that took perhaps an hour to acquire. So much for twentieth century journalism.



Schloss Baltimore Clothes are worn by the best dressed men in the business and social world. 1260 new models for Spring and Summer of 1909. New designs—new colors—suitable for every form and figure.

Ask any of the best clothiers to show you the new 1909 models—if they haven't the new models we will cheerfully send them. *No obligation to buy—our pleasure to show.*

SCHLOSS BROS. & CO
BALTIMORE NEW YORK

PARIS GARTERS



You need them with Knee Drawers

No Metal can come next the wearer

This garter conforms absolutely to the shape of the leg. **PARIS** is *the only garter that fits so perfectly you wear it unconsciously.*

25 and 50 cents at dealers, or direct if he is out.

Copyrighted 1908

A. STEIN & CO., 160 Center Ave., Chicago

Will you accept this business book if we send it free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk

One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books—2,070 pages—1,497 vital business secrets, ideas, methods. In them is the best of all that they know about

—Purchasing	—Salesmanship	—Position-Getting
—Credits	—Advertising	—Position-Holding
—Collections	—Correspondence	—Selling Plans
—Accounting	—Man-Handling	—Handling Customers
—Cost-keeping	—Man-Training	—Business Generalship
—Organization	—Office Systems	—Competition Fighting
—Retailing	—Short-cuts and Methods for every line and department	and hundreds and hundreds of other vital business subjects.
—Wholesaling		
—Manufacturing		

A 9,059-word booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work. Pages 2 and 3 tell about managing businesses great and small; pages 4 and 5 deal with credits, collections and with rock-bottom purchasing; pages 6 and 7 with handling and training men; pages 7 to 12 with salesmanship, with advertising, with the marketing of goods through salesmen, dealers and by mail; pages 12 to 15 with the great problem of securing the highest market price for your services—no matter what your line; and the last page tells how you may get a complete set—bound in handsome half morocco, contents in colors—for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

Will you read the book if we send it free? Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

If there are, in your books, any new ways to increase my business or my salary, I should like to know them. So send on your 16-page free descriptive booklet. I'll read it. 171-43

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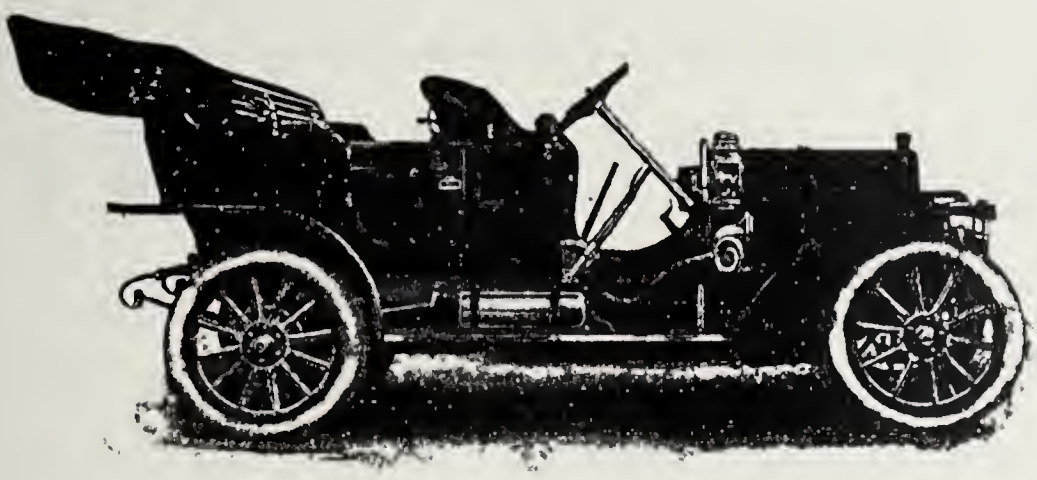
Collier's Easter

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Vol XLIII No 3

April 10 1909



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750
Made also as a Roadster and with Toy Tonneau

The Utmost Value For the Money

We make the statement boldly—there is no better car than this. You want the utmost value at the lowest price, and here it is, in the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," at $2,750.

Prices have interest only in their relation to values. As between equal values, you will choose that offered at the lowest price. As between equal prices, you will decide to pay that which will buy the greatest value.

Settle for yourself by careful investigation the question of value. See the "Forty." Examine it thoroughly. Compare it with all others, first in *value;* then in *price.* This is all we ask.

What more could you want in a motor car than you get in the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" at $2,750?

Any "Forty" will go as fast as sixty miles an hour. Of course you will probably not want to drive that fast but you will be glad to realize you have a car with that much power. For you can use the power in other ways than getting speed—on hills, on rough roads, and in the sand and mud.

The lines of the "Forty" are as beautiful as any car can show, and it is painted and upholstered as well as any car can be.

For its engine power, it's a light car. This means saving of tires—low cost of upkeep. The design of the "Forty" is one of the best proved in the world. More than any other American car, it has been standard from the start. Very few changes—minor ones—have been necessary.

Every Owner Enthusiastic

The "Forty" is sold by its friends. There are more than a thousand owners to tell you what they think of this car. Ask some of them. Let us give you their names if you don't happen to know them now. They will tell you they wouldn't own another car, having used the "Forty."

Aside from what owners say, the "Forty" has a public performance record which has probably never been surpassed.

At the Pasadena, Calif., hill climb, February 22, it won two principal events, one of them the free-for-all for stock cars, and made the fastest time of any stock car that day. A short time before this it had defeated all gasoline cars at the great Riverside, Calif., hill climb, making there also the fastest time of the day.

During 1908 it finished first or with a perfect score in twenty-five nationally known races, hill climbs, and endurance contests. The car which stands up under such severe strains as these is pretty sure to meet satisfactorily the lesser demands of the average owner.

Over muddy winter roads last December, Mr. J. S. Harrington drove his new "Forty" from Detroit to Providence, R. I.—856 miles—in 34 hours and 50 minutes actual running time.

Mr. Thomas D. Murphy, of Red Oak, Iowa, touring abroad writes: "In our 'Forty' we have completed 5,000 miles since leaving London, and I have not paid out a single dollar for repairs."

A New England owner says: "The car has just covered 499 miles on a trip through the White Mountains, where we used six quarts of oil and 35 gallons of gasoline, or a little over *fourteen miles travelled per gallon.*"

We have now in our factory store rooms, $33,000 worth of unused extra parts.

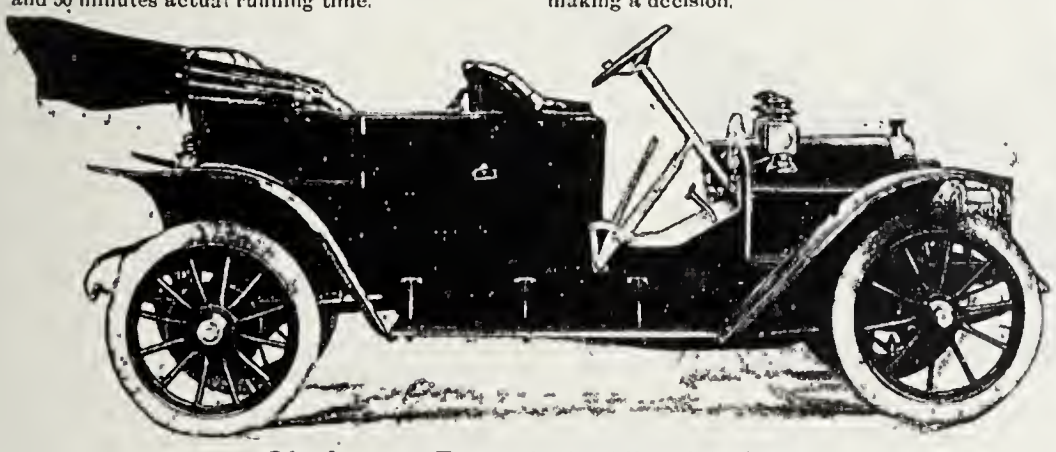
This stock was laid in for any repairs that might be found necessary—to guard against every emergency.

But the car has proved so good that we might as well not have reserved this supply.

For instance, in all our experience we've not had to replace a single crank shaft.

We planned originally to build 545 of these cars this year. We have just decided to increase our schedule by 55 cars, making an even 600 in all. We do this in response to a demand which becomes ever more insistent as more and more people come to know the true quality of this car.

See one of these cars. Or write for a catalog. Learn the facts and you will not have trouble making a decision.



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1,500
Made also as a Tourabout and Roadster

Our "30" is the car which Mr. Coffin spent two years in designing. We are putting out 2,500 this year at a profit of nine per cent. About 1,500 are already delivered.

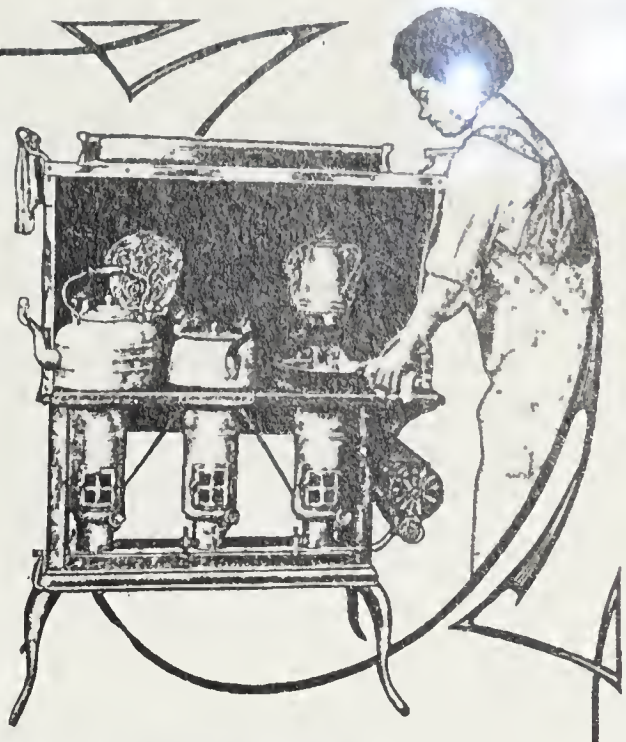
No car on the market gives nearly so much for the money. No car in its class can stand for a moment in actual mechanical comparison, made by unbiased engineers. No car at any price has stood more trying endurance tests than has the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

Please write for our catalog to learn all the facts, then see our nearest dealer.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members A. L. A. M.

A "Home Comfort" Stove



Have you solved the "Home Comfort" problem for this coming summer?

Are you planning to put the coal range out of commission?

Will you do the family boiling, stewing and frying in a sane and restful manner over a stove that *does not overheat the kitchen?*

You can do all this with the

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

The "New Perfection" is different from all other oil stoves. It has a substantial CABINET TOP like the modern coal range, with a commodious shelf for warming plates and keeping food hot after cooked—also drop shelves on which the coffee pot or teapot may be placed after removing from burner—every convenience, even to bars for holding towels.



Nothing adds more to the pleasure of a summer home than a "New Perfection" Oil Cook-Stove in the kitchen. Made in three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.

The **Rayo Lamp** All that a lamp should be the Rayo is. Well made—ornamental—not easily tipped over—has perfect combustion—greatest volume of light for oil consumed—burns longest with one filling.

If not with your dealer write our nearest agency.

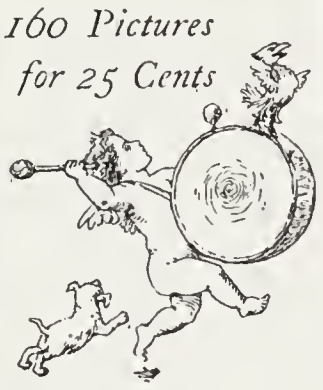
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(Incorporated)

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"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"
Photogravure, 20 by 15 in. $1.00

160 Pictures for 25 Cents



Beautify your home with cheerful things. On receipt of twenty-five cents we will send you our little book of *LIFE'S PRINTS* containing 160 reproductions of these most artistic and pleasure-giving pictures.

With it you will also receive the supplement of 47 additional pictures.

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"Won't be nothin' left o' them things after the fust storm"
Photogravure, 16 by 13½ in. 50 *cents*

Copyright 1907 by Life Pub. Co.



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Hand-colored India Print, 22 by 18 in. $2.00

The prints described, whose prices are given, are *PHOTO-GRAVURES* of the highest possible quality and finish. Neither care nor expense has been spared to attain the very best artistic results.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.
23 West 31st Street
New York

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES

The question of the best type of construction for an automobile is simple enough when you consider it from a thoroughly practical viewpoint.

You want comfort and safety. An automobile constructed so that it rides easily is the best automobile mechanically. Hard riding and discomfort are due to heavy-weight, rigid non-flexible construction, impractical spring suspension, small wheels and small tires—mechanical features directly the opposite of those that make easy riding.

Shock Absorbers and How They Fail

The first thing you do with the average automobile in an effort to secure easy riding is to apply shock absorbers. This is an admission that something is wrong; that the spring suspension is not good—at least you do not like it.

It is claimed for shock absorbers that they take the burden of shocks from the springs. They do. They check the flexibility and add to the stiffness. Road shocks and vibration that should be absorbed and taken up by the springs are transmitted throughout the automobile, straining and jarring it and fatiguing the passengers.

The practical, sensible way is to have a spring suspension that is complete and mechanically correct. If the springs are wrong, attachments are not likely to correct them.

Not Required on the Franklin

Shock absorbers are not required on the Franklin. They are used on automobiles having the hardened steel frame and a half-elliptic or other inadequate form of spring suspension.

The Franklin has 40-inch full-elliptic springs front and back and a laminated wood chassis frame—a construction that absorbs and neutralizes the road shocks. A half-elliptic spring to equal a Franklin spring would have to be seven feet long—an impractical length. Then wood is flexible and absorbs shocks, while a steel frame gives stiffness and hard riding. And a Franklin frame is both lighter and stronger than the steel frame. We will gladly send you a reprint of a technical article on this subject from the Horseless Age.

The Weight Question

The question of the necessary weight of an automobile seems to be a mystery to many people. But it is just a matter of practical mechanical construction—there is really no mystery about it.

Where is the need of excessive weight? An automobile is a road wagon to carry a few hundred pounds of people. Why build it heavy and rigid? The Franklin automobile truck with a guaranteed capacity of two tons has only about the weight of the average five-passenger water-cooled automobile. If your horse-drawn wagon was as heavy and rigid as a truck, you would recognize the absurdity of it at once.

Great weight in an automobile is unnecessary. And it is a burden and expense. Not only does a light-weight automobile stand up better but it rides and controls easier under all conditions.

The Effect of Weight

Shocks result from road inequalities. The heavier the vehicle the heavier the shocks. The shocks produce strains on the whole automobile, especially on the tires. Strains are in exact proportion to the weight. Light weight then, since it reduces the force of shocks, reduces the strains and adds to the life of the vehicle. But more than that—in relieving the force of the shocks from the automobile it also relieves it from the passengers and makes easy riding. A light-weight automobile with proper frame and spring suspension gives the limit of comfort.

Further every 5 per cent increase in weight increases the wear and tear on tires 15 per cent, so that an increase of only one-third adds 100 per cent to the wear on tires.

Riding Qualities not Horse-power Determine Speed

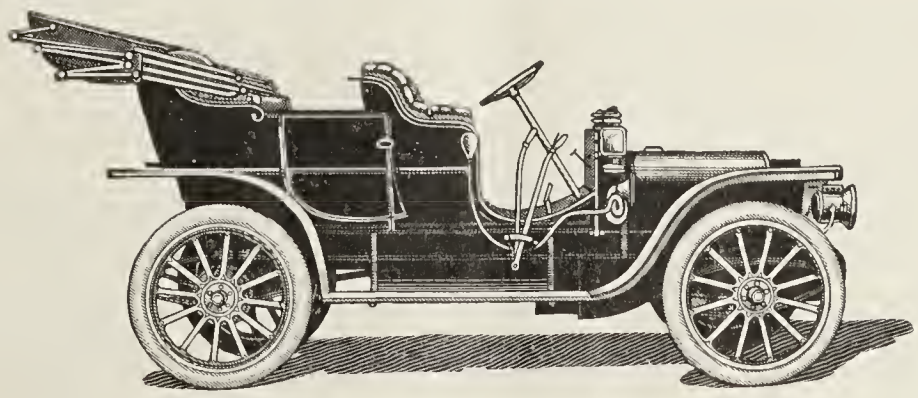
When you want to make time your speed is not determined by the horse-power of your engine but by the way the automobile rides. This explains why it is that Franklin automobiles excel all others on American roads. Your touring-car may have 60 horse-power and its maximum speed may be 70 miles an hour, but you cannot use the power nor make the speed. The strain is too severe, both to the passengers and to the automobile. Your neighbor in his light easy-riding Franklin of less horse-power will make better speed and cover a greater distance and do it with comfort and safety. He goes along smoothly and consistently. He has less weight to handle; the passengers are not fatigued; the automobile is not racked; and he is not worn out with the strain of steering. The lighter an automobile is, especially its engine, the less weight there is on the front wheels, making it steer easily. The Franklin air-cooled engine is light and powerful. The weight of the water and water apparatus, not to mention complication, is dispensed with.

Nothing is so maddening as a fact that comes too late to be of use. Get it beforehand. Ride in a Franklin. Then ride in other automobiles over the same roads at the same speed. You will understand the meaning and value of Franklin light-weight and non-jarring, easy-riding construction.

Model D

Model D is a touring-car you can afford to own and to use every day. It is not a big expensive machine. Its sensible proportions, its ability, its handsome body, large wheels and the ease with which it handles, place it in a class by itself—an ideal touring car, not too large for city and business use, light-weight, refined and easy-riding.

In the five most severe contests in the history of automobiling a 1909 Model D won perfect scores. No other automobile won a perfect score in more than two of these contests. In the Worcester contest nearly all the contestants went through the run without road stops, but Model D was the only one to withstand the examination after the run. All others suffered penalizations due to broken, strained or loosened parts. Having half-elliptic springs and hardened steel chassis frames they suffered from strain and shocks at speed over rough roads. No other automobile has such a record. None except Franklin Model H can equal it on American roads. With its light weight and its efficient engine, Model D is more economical to maintain than many runabouts.



Model D, 2200 pounds, $2800

Model H

The average six-cylinder automobile is ponderous and heavy. The weight is increased out of proportion to the increase in power. The whole advantage of six-cylinder construction is missed. Power gained without increasing weight means increased speed and ability, and that is what you want. The six-cylinder Model H Franklin is the only light-weight large automobile. It is luxurious without the disadvantages of ponderousness and bulk. In it you can tour all day without fatigue. There is a complete absence of jarring and jolting. You feel no vibration. There is none of the burden and none of the anxiety that goes with a heavy automobile. It rides like the finest carriage.

Franklin Model H still holds the San Francisco-New York Record of 15 days and the Chicago-New York Record of 40 hours. The 1909 Model H won a perfect score in the last Glidden Tour, covering over 2000 miles without even pumping the tires. No other six-cylinder automobile has such a record and none is looked upon with such favor by owners.

Have you received our forty-page catalogue de luxe? If not please request it. No book ever treated the whole automobile question in a clearer and fairer manner. It shows why the Franklin, now in its eighth year, is the automobile for those who want the highest standard of comfort and ability. You should also read "What Franklin Owners Say," a most interesting book of facts. Get the facts beforehand.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Where Health Is Concerned
Why Take Any Chances?

The great weight of scientific opinion throughout the world is hostile to the use of all artificial preservatives in food products, as being in themselves harmful and as making possible the employment of unwholesome materials and unsanitary practices.

Benzoate of Soda is a tasteless, odorless product of coal tar, medicinally used for many diseases. It is a drug, not a food.

A few scientists have announced—after brief experimentation upon healthy young men—that a limited quantity of Benzoate of Soda, administered during the experimental period, caused the subjects of the experiment no apparent injury. This but adds one more opinion on this subject.

There is no evidence anywhere that ordinary people, elderly persons, growing children and those who may have even slight impairment of health, may take indefinite quantities of this drug, or that any one may take it for an indefinite period without danger.

No manufacturer who uses good, sound, fresh raw material, maintains sanitary premises and requires neatness in his work-people, needs to use Benzoate of Soda or any other artificial preservative.

Manufacturers using Benzoate of Soda state its presence upon the labels of their products, because the Law compels them to do so—but the statements are always hidden in small type as obscurely placed as possible—a fact which, in itself, is a reflection upon the use of the substance.

The use of any drug with which to embalm the food supply of the country is unnatural, unnecessary and unjustifiable.

Heinz "57 Varieties"—like the products of many other reputable and high class establishments—are prepared without Benzoate of Soda or any other artificial preservative, and may be purchased anywhere with absolute confidence in their purity, goodness and keeping quality.

The public may choose for itself what kind of foods it will eat. If you wish to avoid prepared foods that have been drugged, read all there is printed on every food label.

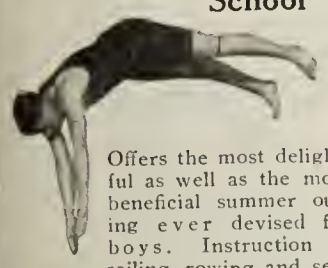
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

MEMBERS OF AMERICAN (MANUFACTURERS) ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF PURITY IN FOOD PRODUCTS

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Offers the most delightful as well as the most beneficial summer outing ever devised for boys. Instruction in sailing, rowing and seamanship is given in U. S. Navy cutters. Lessons in swimming, dancing, and boxing. Tutoring in any study. Beautiful and healthful location. For beautiful, illustrated catalogue address

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University of Wisconsin

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RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

The state mining school, located in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Courses in Mining and Metallurgical Engineering. Expenses low. Twenty-third year opens September 15th, 1909. For catalog address the President.

Wildmere Camp for Boys In the Maine Woods. Tenth Season. Branch Camp in Rocky Mts.

The life a boy loves—mountain climbing, canoeing, motor boating, all outdoor sports. Coaching trips to White Mountains. New buildings. Manual training. Resident physician, physical director, experienced leaders. Booklet.

IRVING F. WOODMAN, Ph. B., 215 West 23d St., New York.

Camp Wachusett Lake Asquam, Holderness, N. H.

Seventh season. Boating, canoeing, fishing, swimming, water and land sports. Instruction by a specialist in Natural History. Tutoring if desired. Highest references. Send for circular to the

Rev. LORIN WEBSTER, L. H. D., Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H.

CAMP WINNISQUAM

Lakeport, N. H. The best place for *your* boy. Fishing, canoeing, swimming, tennis, baseball, golf, horseback riding, etc. Where boys are happy and healthy, free and fearless, safe and shielded. Illustrated booklet.

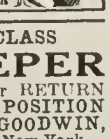
M. H. MOODY, Box 15, Waterbury, Vt.

The Dr. Holbrook School Ossining New York

Preparatory School for Boys. Established 1866. Situated on Briar Cliff, 500 feet above sea level. Satisfactory references as to character are necessary for enrollment. For illustrated catalogue, address The Dr. Holbrook School, Ossining, N. Y.

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Watchmakers and repairers are in big demand in every town and city in the United States. We will teach you this trade in your own home by the DeSelms Chart System. After graduation you will know everything about a watch and how to restore one to perfect running order. Send for our Free Book to-day.



DeSelms Watch School, 16 Perry St., Attica, Indiana



Will make a FIRST-CLASS **BOOK-KEEPER** of you in 6 weeks for $3 or RETURN MONEY. Perhaps can find POSITION for you, too! WRITE. J. H. GOODWIN, Room 671, 1215 Broadway, New York

LIBRARY TRAINING SCHOOL, Carnegie Library of Atlanta

A complete course of technical training for library work. Entrance examination to be held in June. For catalog apply to Julia T. Rankin, Director, Carnegie Library of Atlanta, Ga.

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COLLIER'S *NEXT WEEK*, APRIL 17

Outdoor America

"A Magazine Within a Magazine"

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

¶ This department of Collier's has taken All Outdoors for its province. Next week's "Outdoor America" contains seventeen articles, celebrating the country-life idea. Here you become a part of the movement away from the cities and into the open-air companionships of garden and forest and water life. You are told why it pays to break away from congested city life, and what to do when you once get into the country itself—what sort of house to build, and how much it will cost; what to do with the stable and barn, lawn and garden, chicken and cow. There is much about birds, flowers and the wild things in pasture and woods. The pleasures as well as the duties of life in the open are exploited.

Snapping Big Game in Africa

¶ Our pages next week will contain the article and photographs of Darkest Africa and the Wild Beasts, just received from A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the nature photographer, whom Collier's commissioned to search the jungles and thread the forests ahead of Mr. Roosevelt—to snapshot his trail before he makes it. Remarkable photographs Mr. Dugmore has shipped us from Nairobi, British East Africa. He leads off with a "Rather Small Rhinoceros Charging My Companion." Then he casually snaps a "Passing Herd of Hartbeests." Then there is the picture of the rhinoceros which came so unpleasantly close that he had to be shot while he was being snapped. Dugmore's caravan is shown in many trying and joyous poses, tripping across rivers, dodging trouble, packing food. Again, we have a rhino, hull down on the horizon, with three tick birds on his stalwart back. Gazels keep going by the alert camera. Mt. Kilima-Njaro is photographed with the telephoto at a distance of 80 miles. Antelopes are seen, playful in their hours of ease; and, a little later, zebras, in their striped suits, visiting the Olgerei River bed, where they dig for water. Dugmore's article is headed "Snapping Afriea's Big Game."

¶ As his train puffed along, antelopes ran on the tracks in front of the engine. When they were started afoot, the Dugmore caravan nnmbered twenty-five faithful souls. "A tall giraffe accompanied us for several miles, keeping always well ahead, and occupying every available high place from which he could obtain a good view of us." Wart-hogs and fringe-eared oryxes sported around. To get an exposure on a charging bull rhinoceros required both patience and agility.

"The Woman Who Votes"

¶ Interest in Woman Suffrage has already resulted in four Western States in woman's voting for all officials, even up to the President of the United States. This interest has recently spread rapidly in the Eastern States. Most that is published on the question is strongly on one side or the other. Collier's thought its principal business was not so much to press any opinion of its own as to furnish the facts on which opinions could be based; to give a real, first-hand, unbiased account of how the suffrage works and where it is now being practised. Miss Sarah Comstock, therefore, spent a long time in the suffrage States. Her report is not an argument, but a series of close, personal observations. She takes up the effect on political life, and on family life, as she has seen it in a multitude of instances. She went out with her mind open, but her instincts conservative, and rather inclined against innovation. To what extent her opinions have been affected by her closer study of the subject can be learned from the series of three articles which begins next week with "Campaign Days in Denver."

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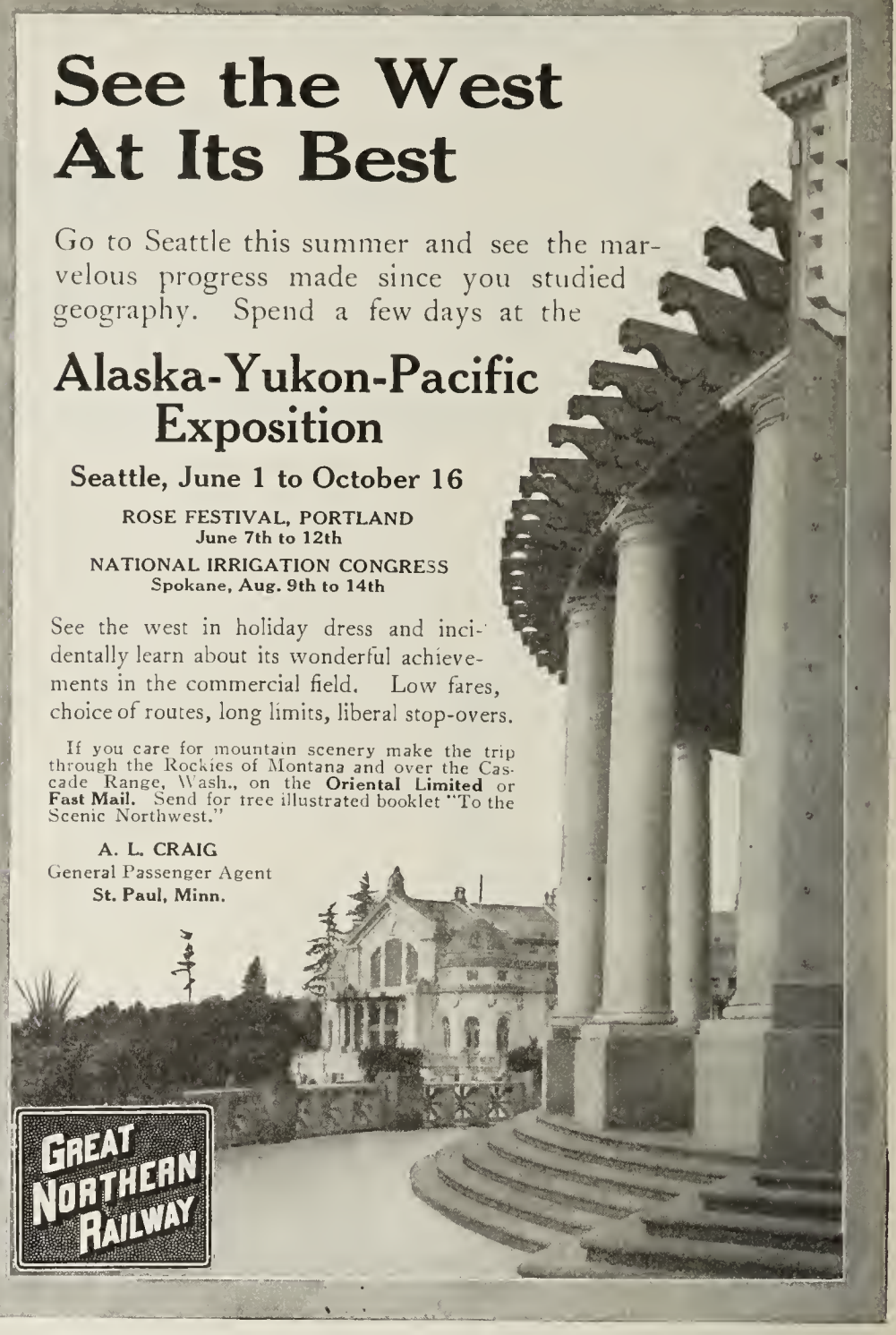
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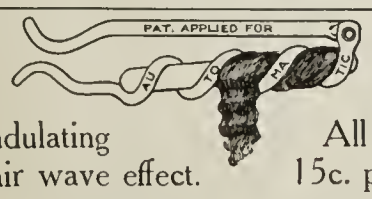
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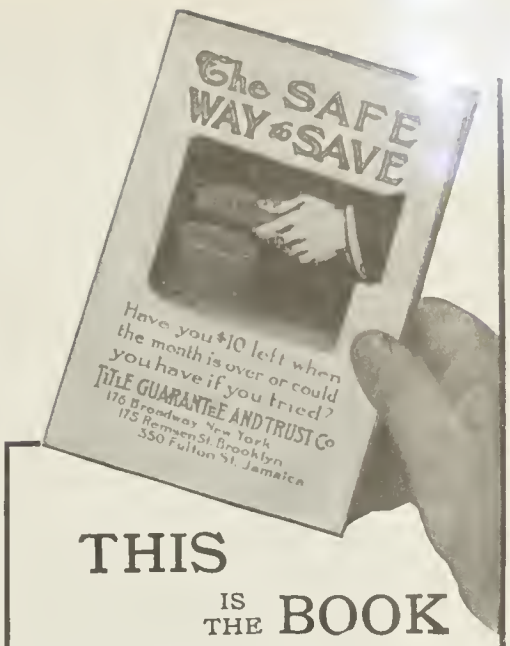
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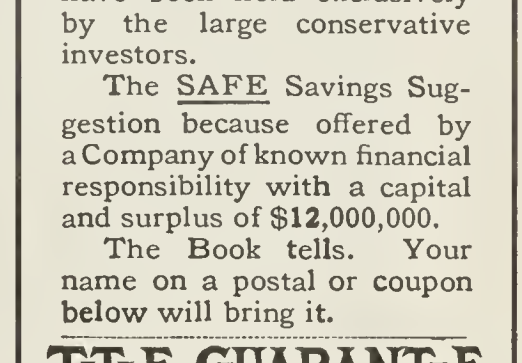
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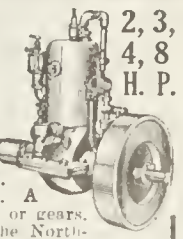
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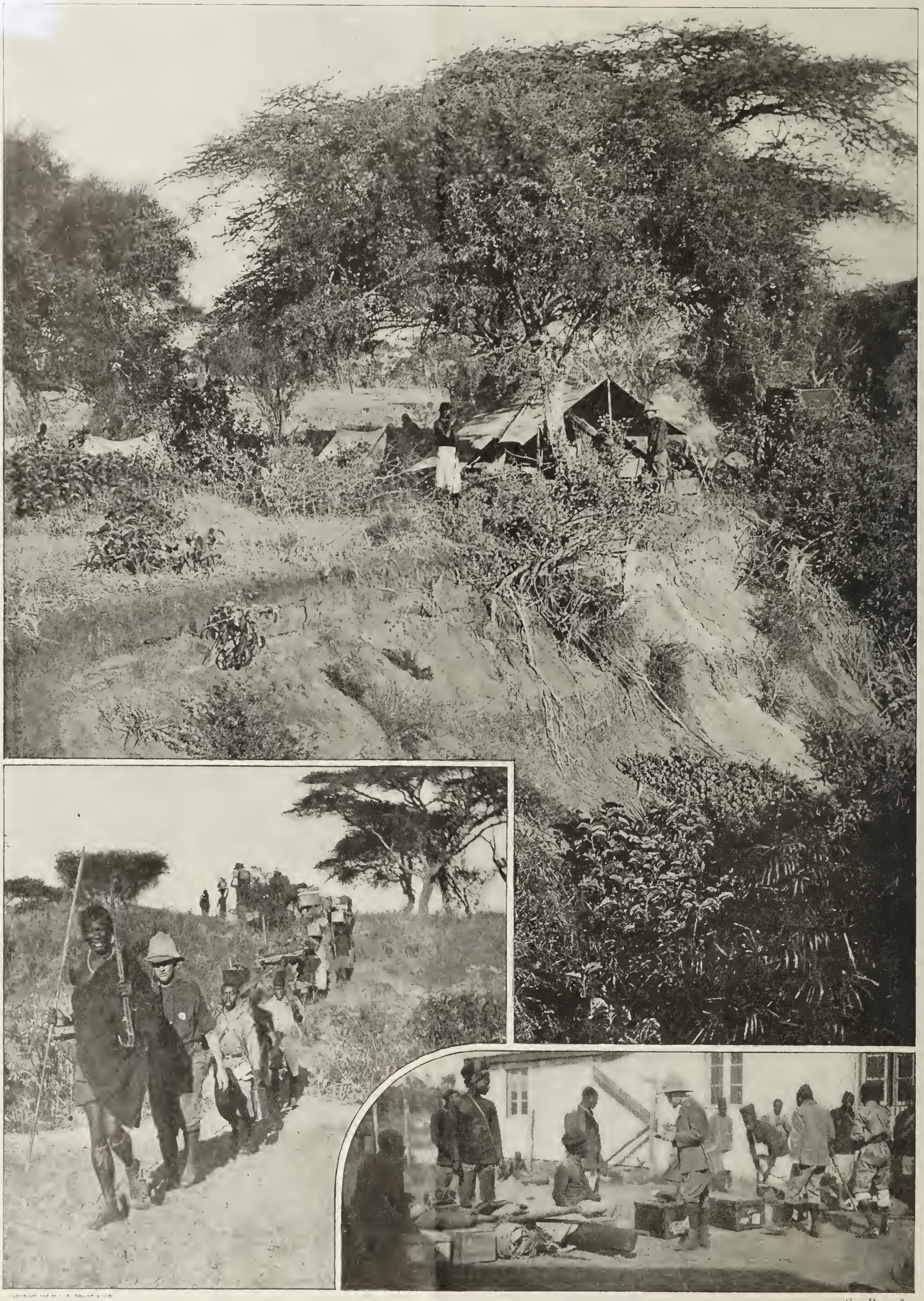
FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

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Camera-Hunting for Africa's Big Game

THREE *views of the caravan led by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the nature photographer who was commissioned by Collier's to photograph Africa's big game in the section soon to be visited by Theodore Roosevelt. The views show the caravan loads being counted out before leaving Nairobi, the caravan of twenty-five men on the march, and the caravan in camp on the banks of the Olgerei River*

Collier's
The National Weekly

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street
New York

April 10, 1909

My Three Stages of Life

By Count Leo Tolstoy

I FEEL very clearly the beginning of a loss of interest not only in my own personality, my joys, and sorrows—all that happily lies far behind me and is long ago buried—but in the welfare of humanity and the happiness of the world.

No longer with my former keenness can I stand forward to defend such things as self-education, temperance, and thrift. I find that I have even become indifferent to human welfare, to the great question, will the Kingdom of Heaven come or not?

Having experienced this change and reflected on its cause, I have come to the following conclusion: Every man lives through three stages of development, and at present I am in the last of these stages.



In the first stage a man lives only for himself, for his passions and impulses; for eating and drinking; for passing the time merrily; for hunting and for female society; for ambition and for vanity. His life is rich and full. So it was with me up to my thirtieth year, until my first gray hair. Other men part with this period of their lives much more rapidly.

When I had traversed this stage, I began to think of the welfare of others, of all men, of all humanity. This stage was marked by energetic work in founding elementary schools, although I should say that the wish to do that showed itself in me earlier. These interests vanished with the first years of my married life, and were reborn with terrible force when I first began to realize the vanity and emptiness of our earthly life. All my religious sentiments became concentrated on the happiness of others and on the accomplishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. This aspiration was as strong as, and filled my life as completely as, my first aspiration to personal happiness.

But now I feel that this last aspiration is, in turn, dead. It has ceased to fill my life, it no longer carries me away; and I have been obliged to pose to myself the question: Was there really anything good in work directed toward helping men in their struggle against drunkenness and against superstition?

I felt that within me was being born yet a new phase of life, a new foundation of life, which must replace all the others, because it contains an aspiration to the happiness of humanity, which, in turn, contains an aspiration to personal happiness. This new foundation is work in the service of God, and the fulfilment of His commandments and His will. This is not the perfecting of one's self. No, it is something else. It is an aspiration to divine purity.

This new foundation of life consists in keeping clean the good entrusted to us by God, in the beginning of a new life, in the aspiration to a better, higher life, and in being ready always for this better life. This aspiration begins to seize me more and more strongly. I feel that it fills me entirely, supplants all other desires, and makes life as rich as it was in the former periods.

It may be that I have not made myself perfectly plain. But I feel it plainly. At the time when I had lost all interest in my personal, individual life, but had not yet acquired a religious interest (an aspiration to the general good of humanity), I was horrified by my position. But I found peace the moment I had found a religious sentiment impelling me to think of the good of humanity. In this thought, at the same time, I found full satisfaction of my desire for personal happiness.

The same thing is going on now, although my former passionate desire to make mankind happier has weakened. I am overcome sometimes by a certain terror as if I stood before an immense abyss.

But the aspiration to, and the preparation for, a new life replace the former conditions which they were born out of; and in them there is happiness both for the individual and for all humanity. Preparing for the new life, I attain at the same time my former aim, the good of humanity, more surely than when this was my only aim. Aspiring to attain God, aspiring to a purity of divine Being in myself and in my new life, I find more assuredly both happiness for humanity and for myself.

And this is entirely without haste and without exhaustion, but with the joyful consciousness of a tranquil conscience.

May God help me!

Editorials

Books

THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD has always been a man to stir and clear the neighboring atmosphere. The United States has focused its ideas of how an American ambassador should consistently be chosen—by considering him. It has been led to remember BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, and to reflect a little upon some recent standards. Also Dr. ELIOT has set us all again at the permanently stimulating device of choosing books. The newspapers revive lasting principles of training every time they raise this question. We too shall be pleased to hear from those of our readers who brim with preference or conviction. Three lists should not be confused, since they may well have but a small amount in common:

1. The Greatest Books.
2. Books most requisite in this day to a liberal education.
3. The writer's individual preference.

One who is ignorant of Greek might perhaps choose FITZGERALD'S "Rubaiyat" before any translation from the Greek, but he would be unwise, therefore, to put OMAR above HOMER. It is easy to conceive a mind to which the parodies of CALVERLEY or the fancies of Carroll should be indispensable, but no sound judgment could name them great, or recommend them before DANTE or GOETHE for expanding power. One of the most troublesome problems in Dr. ELIOT'S building of his five-foot shelf must lie in the space-grabbing proclivities of fiction. How many plays of SHAKESPEARE, how many essays of BACON, EMERSON, or MONTAIGNE, would occupy the space of "Tom Jones" or "War and Peace"; how many poems by HUGO, WORDSWORTH, SCHILLER? Go it, friends. Those problems to which no exact answer can be found often are of highest recompense to the devoted student.

Eloquence

"ROTTEN," declared the Republican leader of the New York Senate. "A ghastly job," said the Republican Speaker of the Assembly. "This proposal," said Boss BARNES, "reminds me of a general who, before going into battle, commanded his forces to be divided into rival camps and batter each other to pieces for a couple of days." BARNES wishes no arguments among his soldiers—the Republican voters. They are to obey. Half the commonwealths in the Union have come to direct primaries, but the bosses hope the noble Empire State may be last to sink. No State which has tried direct nominations has abandoned them, so what hope is there ultimately for New York? It is in his moderation that the viciousness of HUGHES is most apparent. The law which he favors is easy to amend, and it would probably be amended in a few years toward further eliminating the organization. If New York voters liked the sensation of having something to do with party control, they might proceed to take away that element of the proposed Hughes law which, in effect, says: "An organization committee, elected by the whole party, may make nominations, but only if the names proposed seem good to the party members as a whole." This recognition of the party system enraged the bosses even more than did the direct-primary idea in its Western form, which, according to Senator RAINES, is "socialistic, un-American," and a few other horrific things which for the moment have escaped our recollection.

Reflections on a Dinner

LEND YOURSELF to the mood of another, and you come home again refreshed and with new ideas. Fight him as unworthy or sinful or dull, and you have wasted all the time spent in his company. His work may be sound and fine, his heart kindly—but if he is *different*, we are apt to keep our eye on his limitations. The churchman is sure to penetrate to the artist's one weakness and be worried by that. The "first-nighter" marks the rigidity and overearnestness and defective humor of the preacher-type, and ends where he began—in dislike. A distinguished Italian of international fame was "entertained" at dinner the other evening by a party of young Americans. Nearly all the men present were clever performers. There were gathered a millionaire Socialist, a sporting millionaire, a famous humorist, a novelist, an artist in black and white, and a few editors. Of personal charm they had much. The scholar was visibly misplaced in such a gathering, where good fellowship and quick talk were the rule with the majority. His heavy and labored theories, uttered in a high throaty voice, annoyed the diners. To several of them he was an object of mirth, and even of scorn. He was, naturally, disappointed in American conversation, and yet one thing was obvious. The infelicitous scholar was paying the dinner the compliment of taking it seriously and giving the assembled gentlemen his best thoughts. Two sets of values were at odds there at the table, and the possessors of one set refused to see any dignity or worth in the other. Now listen to the other side. The latest Irish celebrant of conversation declares that Americans do not know how to talk, but his reason contradicts the Italian's. They are too afflicted, he says, with moral purpose. They bubble with undigested ideas. Their earnestness clogs the lightsome flow of talk. It becomes a sermon, an essay, an ethical monologue, but never a rapid performance, touching the tops of things, and now and again floating off into blue space. Between these two criticisms the reader may take his choice.

Paderewski

IN THE PERFECTION of his gift he lives in a world remote. In the rest of us the touch is heavy, the product of toil is ragged. He works in ultimate things. Doubtless, in the early days, he must have known the patience and toil of gray, unmelodious hours, the five-finger exercises that labored up and down the stubborn keys. There must have been an eternal beleaguering of the piano. He must have clamored at the unresponsive octaves and the recalcitrant tones. All these forgotten labors are woven into the texture of his cloth of gold. To our duller ears he seems in easy control of the thunders. At the crown and summit of his fame, as the world is listening to his music, he is gentle, reticent, and scornful of ease. There is no arrogance. To his inner sight the heights and depths of his art lie all unconquered. In his mind forever ring choruses that will never emerge on the keyboard. Unseen, far-heard, the music that never was in mortal reach drifts in upon him. Unrendered, it echoes through the heart of the artist, and torments him, waking and dreaming. He is kept humble by profundities which he feels but can never fathom.

Bait for Babies

OUR READERS ARE WARNED that a preposterous fake-reform organization is out gathering in shekels in a foolish appeal to vanity, using as bait a list of well-known names. Indeed, so crude are the devices of "the American Civic Alliance" that one who reads its circulars, and then becomes a member, deserves almost any fate he meets.

"The Alliance aims to be the *most exclusive* civic organization in the country."

Angels in heaven! Let us hope it will soon exclude everybody. This exclusive party is to represent "the *aggregate* intellect and conscience of the entire nation." It uses names without authority and even after express prohibition. It has chosen a title so much like that of the Civic Association that it may gather in a few careless suckers through the similarity. Anybody who sends good money to it is better parted from his wealth.

Peace Insurance

JOHN STUART MILL, in his essay "On Liberty," made the remark that half the errors of mankind were due to their tendency to leave off thinking about accepted theories. To-day, for instance, there is still life in the ancient adage, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*—if you desire peace, prepare for war—regularly quoted by advocates of massive armament, and readily finding public, journalistic, and legislative support the world over. Two colonels of the American army having recently written articles demanding increase of our national forces of "defense" (as though they were not also meant for attack), and having taken the aforesaid time-honored principle as their theme, one should be permitted to ask whether these and foreign military experts have considered what has actually been happening since the close of the Franco-German campaign in 1871, when the nations inaugurated their system of special prevention of war through the general maintenance of large standing armies. During the period in question the following states engaged in warfare once or oftener: Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Chile, China, Colombia, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Guatemala, Italy, Japan, Montenegro, Orange Free State, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Salvador, Servia, Spain, Transvaal, Turkey, United States of America, Venezuela. The climax of this system of special effort to avert war by training a great many people to fight came in 1904. Then Russia, who was theoretically invincible because she had the largest army ever known, whom therefore theoretically every one feared to assail, and whose peace was theoretically hence firmly assured—well, what actually happened to Russia? This paragraph may be taken as an incomplete comment on "An Englishman's Home," which was the first play in history to run in two London theaters simultaneously, and which has now been produced in the land of liberty.

The Retired Farmer's Widow

(Golf Clubs and Country Papers Please Copy)

FARMERS WHO RETIRE and move to town are more reckless in their neglect of fresh air and exercise than city men. City men, with their golf and other forms of outdoor amusement, manage to make their play help their bodies. They are constantly the recipients of free advice. What city man has not been warned of the advantages of cold baths, of suitable clothing, of sleeping with the window open, of temperate eating, and of exercise in the open air? But the poor retired farmer, with a fat bank account and nothing to do, is often a victim of the prosperity which takes him away from his work and places him in a community where he has nothing to do. He sits around the house, plays cards with his cronies, and eats more than he can stand without the physical labor to which he has been accustomed. The general truth of this statement holds in thousands of small towns throughout the great Middle West especially. The "women-folks"—particularly the wives—are not so often victims of the easier life of the town after the rough work of the farm. This is because they usually continue to do their own housework, thus keeping up a wholesome amount of exercise. A Wisconsin farmer, sixty-four years of age, told us the other day how he retired from the farm twenty years ago, and how he came to continue the physical exercise which keeps him in good condition. It was a country editor in Iowa who happened to give him the right advice at the right time. He had just moved into town, and turned the farm over to his son-in-law, when he chanced to visit the editor, who was an old friend. Here is what the editor said to him:

"You are forty-five now, CHARLEY, and you have moved into town to take it easy and have a good time. Well, I'll give you from two to four years to live. I have lived in this one place for thirty-five years, and I have seen a perfect string of prosperous farmers retire, move to town, and then die—quickly. Their average life after they leave off work is about three years. This is not guesswork. It is a calculation I have made from facts which I have collected."

This scared CHARLEY. So he kept at the woodpile and the garden and the pump. It isn't easy to do work you don't have to do, especially in bad weather. After the generalizations already indicated, we called for more specific information about CHARLEY'S own town (a beautiful little place of two thousand population located in the center of a rich farming district in Wisconsin). "All right," he said, "let's have a pencil and a sheet of paper." Then he took the main street of his town, which is inhabited chiefly by well-to-do retired farmers, and began to make a list of the widows. The significance of this enumeration was somewhat startling. There were twenty-seven, or, in other words, over half of the houses on that street were occupied by the widows of retired farmers!

Portrait of a Woman

BEAUTIFULLY SAINTE-BEUVE speaks of a certain woman as wearing a star upon her forehead. Of course, what he means is that above her moral zeal and tact, wit of words, and tenderness of heart, she had the final consecration of genius—that sublimation of personality which catches up all the pedestrian qualities into a white light, and conquers with effortless immediacy. You meet a thousand people (all day and for many days you meet them) in the dreary office appointments, in clubs, on the street, in the haunts of the semi-civilized. Then comes one, shedding soft light, a beautiful stranger in the workaday turbulence, and straightway you forget what manner of men and women were all the rest. Such were the form and address of SHELLEY. Such was the youth of TENNYSON. In that choice company of high intelligences our own JANE ADDAMS moves. She is not as one of us ordinary people, nor yet as one of the average doers of good. They, too, have earnestness. They, too, live close to suffering. They move toward the cure. Long and accurately they write on the ills of our modern life. With her these things exist, but with a difference. She writes hardly a paragraph but is shot through with poetry. She ministers to her generation in daily act and large vision and in the pensive loveliness of her face, the ardent and prevailing spirit surmounting frailty. She is not Methodist or Socialist; no cult owns her; no panacea dominates her. To her the races come for interpretation. She opens her life to the life of the world. The tides of her spirit are one with the hopes and fears of millions. The head is bowed and the eyes downcast because that intense personality has lost itself in the lives of the human family. She has seen the work of her hands surpass her dreams, but she carries behind it all the knowledge of futility. In her weariness and loneliness she works, even as her peers in every land and time.

What Is She Worth?

A TEACHER is writing on the blackboard. As she looks over the panels covered with close script, the thought crosses her mind, what is she hired to do? Several hours had been spent the evening before in planning, arranging, considering, proportioning, and weighing her material—in diagramming, outlining, analyzing. The power to do this did not come without some degree of special training. To produce these figures in visible form on her blackboard is, assuredly, not the end. There remains, first, the work of supervising the copying into the note-books of, perhaps, two hundred pupils. These books must then come under her inspection. To keep the records involves a system of bookkeeping more or less complex. Of the two hundred pupils, one hundred and fifty may be relied upon to be good, average, reasonably earnest students, who perform their tasks without undue urging or compulsion. The remaining fifty may be classified as weaklings, shirks, incompetents, defectives, absentees. A certain amount of energy is expended in seeking these out, tracking them down, bringing them before her tribunal to answer for their faults. Herewith follow hearings, given to listen to excuses and reasons for delinquencies, which must then be duly weighed and considered. She must enter into and administer the offices of the lawyer in weighing this testimony; of the doctor because, frequently, questions of health are involved; and it becomes her province to bring to the notice of proper authorities cases of deafness, eye trouble, catarrhal adenoids, and other ills, possibly misunderstood and neglected, but which incapacitate the pupil for the required work. There enter also the duties of the minister in preaching a higher regard for duty, in developing a finer moral sense, in urging to a more worthy effort these specimens of frail humanity. She feels called upon to exercise the patience of the saint, to pour out the full measure of his faith, his hope, and his charity. Having encountered here "this more or less stubborn spirit of resistance," her next office is to exercise the functions of the judge. She understands that her decision must not vary, in the estimation of a hair, in the nice adjustment between censure and pity; but this decision having been rendered, in justice, tempered with mercy, her office changes to that of executor of her own decree, and she may not rest until she has performed with a sure hand the fulfilment of the law.

Why?

MAN DISCUSSES WOMAN persistently and with a never-ending supply of the interrogation point. Take fashion, for example, which is always brought to the front by this cheerful Easter season. Why do women dress as elaborately as they can? It is not to attract men, for they are more readily charmed by astute simplicity. We yield the floor for an instant to ROBERT BURTON—not for one of his most ferocious allegations about women, but for the following:

"Why do they adorn themselves with so many colours of herbs, fictitious flowers, curious needleworks, quaint devices, sweet-smelling odours, with those inestimable riches of precious stones, pearls, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, etc.? Why do they crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets and tires of several fashions, deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, girdles, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rabatoes, versicoloured ribbands? Why do they make such glorious shews with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, cauls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold, silver, tissue? with colours of heavens, stars, planets? the strength of metals, stones, odours, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, and whatsoever Africa, Asia, America, sea, land, art, and industry of man can afford?"

Nay, BURTON, ask us not. Among all the numerous readers of this didactic sheet, you shall find not one who can inform you. We have many reasons in our head, some favorable to women, some not, but none of these is convincing enough to be worth printing as an answer to old BURTON'S queries.

Easter

THIS IS THE SEASON when all things rise from the dead. It is nature's resurrection. The good green things lift up their heads and salute the world. Every quick and living creature feels beatified by the clear procession of purple-and-golden hours. Tenderly each day fills its blue urn with fire. Silently, but with somewhat of pomp, the immense night leads out her bright squadrons, radiant galaxies, and sidereal fire, swift planets and steady stars, the gently throbbing moon. From winter, which pens us in offices with persons for whom we do or do not greatly care, which binds us to routine, we break forth to open spring days and wide country, to freedom when the heart swells and life seems for a brief season as if it might be lived in the great stride and manner that glorify our dreams. We leap out, trailing clouds of glory as we go. For most of our days we have been living under a cloud. Never ceasing in the deep wells of the subconscious is a sense of insecurity, the dread of a sharp blow or diffused misfortune impending, that rides life like an Old Man of the Sea. How to drown out the sense of pain and sadness that inheres in the days as they pass is, however unconsciously, the attempt of all men. "What shall we do to be saved?" is the age-long cry of the race—saved from ourselves, cramping routine, futility of striving, success that breaks in the fingers—saved from foreknowledge of death. Sweet are even the uses of adversity, if not too prolonged and sharp. Easter, and the like emancipating days, help us to escape from consciousness of failure and peril and sorrow. There are granted us good hours, golden weather in choice havens, before we beat back to open sea again—to the groaning of cordage, smell of bilge-water, and heaving of the weary ship.



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A region of wild natural beauty, out of the reach of tourist-touchers and scenic highbinders

The New Olympic National Park

CONGRESS has set aside the heart of one of the great mountain ranges of the Pacific Northwest for the enjoyment of the people for all time. It is a region of wild natural beauty, out of the reach of tourist-touchers and scenic highbinders. It has just been made a Government reservation, where the stage drivers, the guides, and the innkeepers must live up to Government regulations or get off the reservation.

This new national park comprises the enormous area of 460,000 acres—10,000 good-sized farms. And yet in all of it there is not room for a single homestead that could grow enough grain or even raise enough eggs to supply a small family. It is, almost literally, "a place where the world stands edgewise."

Seattle is unique as being the only city in the country which has a national park within sight of its front yard. In this instance, the Olympic Park is the first thing which practically every resident of Seattle sees when he arises in the morning, when its peaks catch the first light of the sun upon their eastern slopes of snow, and the last thing he sees in the evening when even the snow peaks stand out dark and jagged against the crimson of the sinking sun.

There is a great mass of these peaks, clustered about Mount Olympus—practically in the center of the great park—but all of them are nearly of the same height—from 7,000 to 8,300 feet. It is as though the master mason who built them had laid a rule along the top and his subordinate workmen had done their best to fill in the line to a carefully saw-toothed level.

It has only been within the last twenty years that the Olympics have been explored and mapped, and the necessity for setting the space aside as a reserve for the protection of its undefiled natural beauties and the protection of its game realized. As far as game is concerned, it is one of the earthly paradises. It is estimated that there are at present within the borders of the great park at least five thousand elk, browsing in great herds upon the snow slopes of the mountains. There are about an equal number of deer, and roaming over the peaks are thousands of bears, cougars, wildcats, and other varmints so numerous that the Government officials are already considering a hunting expedition for their extinction.

At the present time, strangely enough, the park contains no mountain goats or sheep, although they do exist in the Cascade Range, only a few miles away. It is planned to import goats into the park and afford them there a refuge from the hunters, who are rapidly killing them off.

The park is readily accessible both from the north and south. On the north, one enters from Port Angeles, a little town on the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, and from the south from Hoods Canal, an arm of Puget Sound, which penetrates the great peninsula in which the park is located. Its ease of access was one of the reasons which led the Government to the step of preserving it from the inroads of the pioneer fortune-hunter and leaving it free for the enjoyment and benefit of all.



This new national park comprises the enormous area of 460,000 acres—10,000 good-sized farms

Easter Eve

By Bliss Carman

IF I should tell you I saw Pan lately down by the shallows of Silvermine,
Blowing an air on his pipe of willow, just as the moon began to shine;
Or say that, coming from town on Wednesday, I met Christ walking in Ponus Street;
You might remark: "Our friend is flighty! Visions, for want of enough red meat!"

THEN let me ask you. Last December, when there was skating on Wampanaw,
Among the weeds and sticks and grasses under the hard black ice I saw
An old mud-turtle poking about, as if he were putting his house to rights,
Stiff with the cold perhaps, yet knowing enough to prepare for the winter nights.

AND here he is on a log this morning, sunning himself as calm as you please.
But I want to know, when the lock of winter was sprung of a sudden, who kept the keys?
Who told old nibbler to go to sleep safe and sound with the lily roots,
And then in the first warm days of April—out to the sun with the greening shoots?

BY night a flock of geese went over, honking north on the trails of air,
The spring express—but who despatched it, equipped with speed and cunning care?
Hark to our bluebird down in the orchard trolling his chant of the happy heart,
As full of light as a theme of Mozart's—but where did he learn that more than art?

WHERE the river winds through grassy meadows, as sure as the south wind brings the rain,
Sounding his reedy note in the alders, the starling comes back to his nest again.
Are these not miracles? Prompt you answer: "Merely the prose of natural fact;
Nothing but instinct plain and patent, born in the creatures, that bids them act."

WELL, I have an instinct as fine and valid, surely, as that of the beasts and birds,
Concerning death and the life immortal, too deep for logic, too vague for words.
No trace of beauty can pass or perish, but other beauty is somewhere born;
No seed of truth or good be planted, but the yield must grow as the growing corn.

THEREFORE this ardent mind and spirit I give to the glowing days of earth,
To be wrought by the Lord of life to something of lasting import and lovely worth.
If the toil I give be without self-seeking, bestowed to the limit of will and power,
To fashion after some form ideal the instant task and the waiting hour,

IT matters not though defeat undo me, though faults betray me and sorrows scar,
Already I share the life eternal with the April buds and the evening star.
Our minister here, entrenched in doctrine, may know no doubt upon Easter Eve.
And when it comes to the crucial question, Doctor, you skeptic, you too believe!

A Moonlight Fable

The Little Man and His Gleaming Suit

By H. G. Wells

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THERE was once a little man whose mother made him a beautiful suit of clothes. It was green and gold and woven so that I can not describe how delicate and fine it was, and there was a tie of orange fluffiness that tied up under his chin. And the buttons in their newness shone like stars. He was proud and pleased by his suit beyond measure, and stood before the long looking-glass when first he put it on, so astonished and delighted with it that he could hardly turn himself away.

He wanted to wear it everywhere and show it to all sorts of people. He thought over all the places he had ever visited and all the scenes he had ever heard described, and tried to imagine what the feel of it would be if he were to go now to those scenes and places wearing his shining suit, and he wanted to go out forthwith into the long grass and the hot sunshine of the meadow wearing it. Just to wear it! But his mother told him, "No." She told him he must take great care of his suit, for never would he have another nearly so fine; he must save it and save it and only wear it on rare and great occasions. It was his wedding suit, she said. And she took his buttons and twisted them up with tissue paper for fear their bright newness should be tarnished, and she tacked little guards over the cuffs and elbows and wherever the suit was most likely to come to harm. He hated and resisted these things, but what could he do? And at last her warnings and persuasions had effect, and he consented to take off his beautiful suit and fold it into its proper creases and put it away. It was almost as though he gave it up again. But he was always thinking of wearing it and of the supreme occasion when some day it might be worn without the guards, without the tissue paper on the buttons, utterly and delightfully, never caring, beautiful beyond measure.

ONE night when he was dreaming of it, after his habit, he dreamed he took the tissue paper from one of the buttons and found its brightness a little faded, and that distressed him mightily in his dream. He polished the poor faded button and polished it, and if anything it grew duller. He woke up and lay awake thinking of the brightness a little dulled and wondering how he would feel if perhaps when the great occasion (whatever it might be) should arrive, one button should chance to be ever so little short of its first glittering freshness, and for days and days that thought remained with him, distressingly. And when next his mother let him wear his suit, he was tempted and nearly gave way to the temptation just to fumble off one little bit of tissue paper and see if indeed the buttons were keeping as bright as ever.

He went trimly along on his way to church full of this wild desire. For you must know his mother did, with repeated and careful warnings, let him wear his suit at times, on Sundays, for example, to and fro from church, when there was no threatening of rain, no dust blowing nor anything to injure it, with its buttons covered and its protections tacked upon it and a sunshade in his hand to shadow it if there seemed too strong a sunlight for its colors. And always, after such occasions, he brushed it over and folded it exquisitely as she had taught him, and put it away again.

NOW all these restrictions his mother set to the wearing of his suit he obeyed, always he obeyed them, until one strange night he woke up and saw the moonlight shining outside his window. It seemed to him the moonlight was not common moonlight, nor the night a common night, and for a while he lay quite drowsily with this odd persuasion in his mind. Thought joined on to thought like things that whisper warmly in the shadows. Then he sat up in his little bed suddenly, very alert, with his heart beating very fast and a quiver in his body from top to toe. He had made up his mind. He knew that now he was going to wear his suit as it should be worn. He had no doubt in the matter. He was afraid, terribly afraid, but glad, glad.

HE GOT out of his bed and stood for a moment by the window looking at the moonshine-flooded garden and trembling at the thing he meant to do. The air was full of a minute clamor of crickets and murmurings, of the infinitesimal shouting of little living things. He went very gently across the creaking boards, for fear that he might wake the sleeping house, to the big dark clothes-press wherein his beautiful suit lay folded, and he took it out garment by garment and softly and very eagerly tore off its tissue-paper covering and its tacked protections, until there it was, perfect and delightful as he had seen it when first his mother had given it to him—a long time it seemed ago. Not a button had tarnished, not a thread had faded on this dear suit of his; he was glad enough for weeping as in a noiseless hurry he put it on. And then back he went, soft and quick, to the window and looked out upon the garden and stood there for a minute, shining in the moonlight, with his buttons twinkling like stars, before he got out on the sill and, making as little of a rustling as he could, clambered down to the garden path below. He stood before his mother's house, and it was white and nearly as plain as by day, with every window-blind but his own shut like an eye that sleeps. The trees cast still shadows like intricate black lace upon the wall.

The garden in the moonlight was very different from the garden by day; moonshine was tangled in the hedges and stretched in phantom cobwebs from spray to spray. Every flower was gleaming white or crimson black, and the air was aquiver with the thridding of small crickets and nightingales singing unseen in the depths of the trees.

There was no darkness in the world, but only warm, mysterious shadows, and all the leaves and spikes were edged and lined with iridescent jewels of dew. The night was warmer than any night had ever been, the heavens by some miracle at once vaster and nearer, and spite of the great ivory-tinted moon that ruled the world, the sky was full of stars.

The little man did not shout nor sing for all his infinite gladness. He stood for a time like one awe-stricken, and then, with a queer small cry and holding out his arms, he ran out as if he would embrace at once the whole warm round immensity of the world. He did not follow the neat set paths that cut the garden squarely, but thrust across the beds and through the wet, tall, scented herbs, through the night stock and the nicotine and the clusters of phantom white mallow flowers and through the thickets of southern-wood and lavender, and knee-deep across a wide space of mignonette. He came to the great hedge and he thrust his way through it, and though the thorns of the brambles seored him deeply and tore threads from his wonderful suit, and though burs and goosegrass and havers caught and clung to him, he did not care. He did not care, for he knew it was all part of the wearing for which he had longed. "I am glad I put on my suit," he said; "I am glad I wore my suit."

BEYOND the hedge he came to the duck-pond, or at least to what was the duck-pond by day. But by night it was a great bowl of silver moonshine all noisy with singing frogs, of wonderful silver moonshine twisted and clotted with strange patternings, and the little man ran down into its waters between the thin black rushes, knee-deep and waist-deep and to his shoulders, smiting the water to black and shining wavelets with either hand, swaying and shivering wavelets, amid which the stars were netted in the tangled reflections of the brooding trees upon the bank. He waded until he swam, and so he crossed the pond and came out upon the other side, trailing, as it seemed to him, not duckweed, but very silver in long, clinging, dripping masses. And up he went through the transfigured tangles of the willow-herb and the uncut seeding grasses of the farther bank. And so he came glad and breathless into the high-road. "I am glad," he said, "beyond measure, that I had clothes that fitted this occasion."

THE highroad ran straight as an arrow flies, straight into the deep blue pit of sky beneath the moon, a white and shining road between the singing nightingales, and along it he went, running now and leaping, and now walking and rejoicing, in the clothes his mother had made for him with tireless, loving hands. The road was deep in dust, but that for him was only soft whiteness, and as he went a great dim moth came fluttering round his wet and shimmering and hastening figure. At first he did not heed the moth, and then he waved his hands at it and made a sort of dance with it as it circled round his head. "Soft moth!" he cried, "dear moth! And wonderful night, wonderful night of the world! Do you think my clothes are beautiful, dear moth? As beautiful as your scales and all this silver vesture of the earth and sky?"

And the moth circled closer and closer until at last its velvet wings just brushed his lips. . . .

And next morning they found him dead with his neck broken in the bottom of the stone pit, with his beautiful clothes a little bloody and foul and stained with the duckweed from the pond. But his face was a face of such happiness that, had you seen it, you would have understood indeed how that he had died happy, never knowing that cool and streaming silver for the duckweed in the pond.



"We'd stop at a flower stand at the corner of Walnut and Third, and I'd get her a bunch of flowers"

The Private Detective

The Romance of the Never-Failing Bouquet

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

Illustrated by George Brehm

"AND that the defendant did unquestionably sound his horn and that he was proceeding with due caution on the right side of the road is unquestionably established by the testimony of these witnesses." Broxton Bryce, pacing back and forth in the law office, delivered the words ponderously to the pretty young stenographer, whose pencil made quick jottings in her note-book. "Wait a minute, Miss Kelly; how many times have I said 'unquestionably'?"

"Five times in the last three sentences," reported the stenographer.

"Funny how positive we get about all these things," Broxton muttered. "Well, never mind now; I'll change that later." He paced in silence while the stenographer's eyes followed him with a certain doleful attentiveness. Suddenly he turned to her. "Look here, Miss Kelly, where are your flowers to-day?"

She looked startled; a flush overspread her face; then she dropped her eyes without making any answer.

"I can't dictate to you unless you have flowers to play with—to take your mind off me when I'm stuck," Broxton continued. "I've felt there was something wrong in this office all day; now I know what the trouble is.—John!" He summoned the office boy and slipped a coin into his hand. "Go down to the flower shop on the corner and get me a dozen pink carnations; bring them to me as quick as you can. After they come, we'll go on with the dictation, Miss Kelly."

With a wistful little smile the young stenographer rose and returned to her desk in the outer room. Broxton seated himself at his own desk, meaning to straighten out his thoughts. But Miss Kelly intruded upon his mind. In the six months that Broxton had been in the office of Starr and Parsons, Miss Kelly had displayed daily a bouquet of some sort; and Broxton's dictation had often been facilitated by her habit of burying her nose in her flowers and seeming perfectly restful and contented while she waited for his words. She had always radiated gaiety and cheerfulness—until this morning, when she had made Broxton aware first of her listless melancholy and next of her lack of floral adornment.

Soon the office boy returned with the carnations, and Broxton called:

"Now, Miss Kelly, I'm ready."

She came to him with a shy, reluctant smile; he put the bouquet into her hand.

"That makes you look more natural," he said. "Now we'll begin. 'That the plaintiff's contention is wholly at variance with the facts—'" Broxton resumed, pacing back and forth. There were frequent interruptions, during which Miss Kelly held the carnations to her nose and sniffed them appreciatively. But her eyes retained their disturbing expression of gloomy attentiveness.

Afterward when she had returned to the outer room and was seated at her typewriter transcribing her notes, Broxton could see her through the open door. And soon, glancing up from his law book, he observed that she was holding her handkerchief to her eyes; although she was turned three-quarters away from him, she was unquestionably—as Broxton would have said—crying.

He watched her with anxiety. It was quite unlike the gay, merry little girl to cry. He felt relieved when she put down her handkerchief and, after passing a tidy little hand over her tidy brown hair, resumed her swift clatter on the keys. But just as Broxton was beginning to think that her troubles could not have been very deep, the clicking of the typewriter ceased; she had reached for her handkerchief again. She did not, as before, indulge in a prolonged swabbing of wet eyes; it was a brisk, irritated dab that she gave them, and might have been accompanied with advice to herself to sit up and be sensible. Then she pounded away once more upon the keys. But twice after that from his ambush of piled-up law books Broxton saw her resort to the handkerchief—as if, do what she would, her eyes would fill with tears. The flowers that he had given her stood forgotten in the glass on her desk; she did not consult them for comfort. Yet Broxton had a dim impression that on every day before this she had paused in her work every few moments to regale herself with a breath of her flowers and to indulge in a smile. Being himself sympathetic by age and experience, he had connected her daily bouquets with romance. But if romance did indeed exist, she had never allowed more than the symbols of it to cross the office threshold with her; Broxton could not remember that he had ever seen Miss Kelly engaged in conversation with any young man.

Her private grief, whatever it was, ceased to bother him when he left the office. He took a train to a station ten miles out of town; a young lady in a broad-brimmed straw hat and a white muslin dress met him and drove him to a large house with terraced lawns and a sunken garden; and on the piazza overlooking the garden Broxton Bryce achieved that evening the happiness which for two years he had been pursuing. Why it should have taken him two years was something which the young woman—the moment after it had happened—confessed herself now unable to understand; and why he should ever have achieved it at all was something which the young man—in the same wonderful moment—confessed himself wholly at a loss to explain. Having thus acknowledged a complete reversal of the positions which each had stubbornly maintained during that long period—but we must not become involved in the trivial intricacies of these young people's minds.

It was nearly midnight when Broxton took the last train to the city. He had resisted the invitation to spend the night; it was imperative that he should interview a witness at seven o'clock the next morning.

At one o'clock, just as it was beginning to rain, Broxton arrived at the door of his temporary home. This was a small apartment house in which he had for the past month been sharing Francis Shreve's apartment. His own house was closed and boarded up, during his family's absence in Europe.

The outer door of the apartment house was locked. Broxton felt in his pocket and found his key not there. He had had them during the day, for he had unlocked the drawer in his desk where he kept certain private papers; he must have left the keys hanging in the drawer. He pressed the bell and waited; he held his finger on it until the finger was numb; but the janitor never came. Evidently the bell was out of order.

The janitor's windows below the street were so protected by iron gratings that Broxton's efforts to pound on them were futile. The rain came down harder. He had less than fifty cents in his pockets; it occurred to him that he might be unsuccessful in negotiating at any hotel for a night's lodging. He thrust his hands into his coat pockets and stood pondering; his right hand closed upon a large key. He drew it out and looked at it; and then at the mirthful thought which it suggested he smiled.

When his family had gone abroad, he had first taken lodgings in a boarding-house not far from Shreve's apartments. He had been there less than two weeks when Shreve had rescued him. By some oversight on the part of the landlady as well as of himself Broxton had escaped without giving up his key to the house, and only a few days before, being pricked by a dilatory conscience, he had removed that key from his key-ring, thinking that when he next passed the house he would stop and return it. Then he had forgotten to carry out that honest purpose. Now he thought: "There's a chance that nobody's occupying my old room. If that's so, they'll think in the morning they've been entertaining ghosts."

So, highly amused at the thought, he turned up his coat collar and ran through the rain two blocks west. He came into a narrow street, dark, quiet, and empty, tiptoed up a flight of steps with an iron railing, and inserted the key in the lock. For a moment he hesi-

tated; there was something burglarious about this entrance which chilled his blithe spirit: then, secure in the reflection that he was doing no wrong, and that the landlady actually owed him two weeks' lodging, he turned the key and entered. The door groaned and rattled when he closed it, and he stood for a moment apprehensive. Then he thought to himself: "How absurd! As if they weren't used to having boarders come in late!" and he proceeded boldly up the stairs.

His room had been up two flights at the back. The door was open—an encouraging circumstance. He entered softly. Through the dark he felt his way to the bed and touched it with a gently inquisitive hand. No one was inhabiting it.

Elated, Broxton fumbled round on the mantelpiece for matches, but finding none proceeded to undress in the dark. He opened the windows and raised the blinds so that the morning light should awaken him at an early hour, and then in his underclothes crawled into bed. In a few moments he was asleep.

It was not the morning light which awakened him. He opened his eyes to blink at the flare of the three naked gas-jets of the chandelier. A young man with a straw hat tilted on the back of his head sat on a trunk smoking a cigar and stared at him in silence.

"Hello," said Broxton from the pillow. "Is this your bed?"

"Be shot if I know," returned the stranger gloomily. "So many things that I thought were mine seem not to be. I've lost my girl and my job to-day; keep the bed."

"Say," said Broxton, putting his feet out on the floor, "I'm sorry. I'll tell you just how it happened." And while he dressed, he explained the circumstances to the somber young man on the trunk.

"That's all right," said the young man. "But what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. You might give me a piece of your floor."

"Sure; I wouldn't turn you out. We can match to see who'll take the bed and who'll take the floor."

"No, we won't. The bed's yours."

"After you, Alphonse. All right. Have a cigar?"

"Yes, thank you."

"My name's Perch," said the host. "What's yours?"

"Bryce," returned Broxton.

They sat quietly smoking. "Sure you don't mind sitting up a little while?" asked Perch.

"I'll sit up as long as any man if I have something to smoke," Broxton answered.

"And drink." Perch produced glasses and a bottle of whisky from a cupboard. "Pour out your drink, and then I'll take it into the bathroom and fill it."

"Full up," said Broxton, and a moment later through the open door he heard Perch letting the water run.

"I've been sitting in a poker game to-night," Perch said when he returned. "Here's looking at you. Seemed as if I ought to hold wonderful cards after what had been dealt me through the day. Say, you never saw anything like it. Along about one o'clock I held four jacks against four kings. That put me out all right. I guess I have about thirty-one cents left in the bank."

Broxton glanced at him, wondering if he was preparing to ask for a loan. He must have betrayed his questioning thought, for instantly Perch said:

"But that doesn't worry me. My credit's good, and I can get a job to-morrow—if I want it. The thing is, do I want it?"

He meditated so gloomily that Broxton was impelled to ask: "Why not?"

"I don't know whether to stay round here any more or not. Maybe I'd better light out for the West or Mexico or the Klondike—I don't much care." He paused, and after a moment he added, as if talking to himself, unconscious of another's presence: "Well, I don't want to stay round where I'll keep running into *her!*"

"Maybe you're quitting too soon. Maybe she doesn't know yet what she does want."

This sympathetic suggestion seemed to win Perch's confidence.

"It's not my fault if she doesn't," he said. "I used to walk downtown with her every morning. We'd stop at a flower stand at the corner of Walnut and Third, and I'd get her a bunch of flowers; the kid that kept the stand always had one ready for us at half-past eight every morning. Well, it went along that way, and I'd keep asking her every few days and at last every few hours if she wouldn't marry me. And every time she'd say no, certainly not, but with a laugh and a look that I thought meant not yet, but soon. That's all a man can tell about a girl's laugh and look." Again he relapsed into moody meditation, and again Broxton prompted him with the suggestion:

"Maybe you're quitting too soon."

"Wait till I tell you. I made up my mind I was giving her too good a time; she'd have to realize this sort of thing couldn't go on. She knew me as well as she'd be likely to short of marrying me. So last night I put it to her straight. I said this was the last call and if it didn't connect I was going out of business for good. She said she was sorry to hear it and she would try to get along. Then I asked her if she felt sure she could never marry me, and she said that perhaps she might if I grew a foot taller and developed a sympathetic voice like the man's in the office where she worked."

"I'd have asked her right off about that man," said Broxton.

"You bet I did. 'He has a voice like Bryan, and a mind like Daniel Webster,' she said. 'When he sits and talks his speeches to me, all about torts and habeas corpus and things like that, how can you expect me to think of a man who writes advertisements for a breakfast food?' 'Well,' I said, 'I should think that would be just the time when you could think of me—when you don't understand a word he's saying.' 'Oh, no,' she answered, 'I get hypnotized by him. I feel I can look up to his intellect. The only man I could ever marry would be one that knows more than I do. And he knows such a lot more than either you or me.' There's where I got mad and made a bad break."

He shook his head dolefully and took a drink. "How was that?" asked Broxton.

"I said: 'That may all be, but you can't marry those that don't ask you.' Then the real trouble began; we handed each other hot ones, for she was mad, and I wasn't going to back down. 'All right,' I said at last. 'Either you've been just amusing yourself at my expense or you haven't, and I'm going to know to-night which it is. Here I've been seeing you day in, day out, giving you flowers every day—look here,' I said, 'haven't you ever had any sentiment at all about those flowers? Has it just been all a grab for personal adornment?' I put it a shade softer than that to her, but that was the idea."

"And what did she say?"

"She said she didn't know what I meant by sentiment, but she had found my flowers useful. I asked her how, and then—oh, gee!" Perch poured himself another drink of whisky and withdrew to fill the tumbler in the bathroom.

"If she found the flowers useful," prompted Broxton, and at once Perch exploded.

"What do you think she had the nerve—! She said that sometimes What's-his-name, the tall high brow in the office that hands her the long talk, gets held up for a word. And then, she says, she remembers my flowers and buries her nose in them, so as not to seem impatient and make him nervous. Yes, she said, my

(*Continued on page 26*)



The Mandan Priest

By Edward W. Thomson

Illustrated by Maynard Dixon

THEY *call me now The* Indian *Priest,*
Their fathers' fathers did not so,
The very Mandan name hath ceased
From speech since fifty years ago.
I am so old my fingers fail
My trembling rosary beads to tell,
Yet all my years do not avail
My Mandan memories to quell.

THE *whole flat world I've seen how changed*
Within my lifetime's hundred years;
O'er plains where herding buffalo ranged
Came strange new grass with white men's steers,
The lowing cattle passed as dreams,
Their pastures reared a farmer race;
Now city windows flash their gleams
Nigh our old Monastery's place.

THE *Prior gives to me no more*
Even a task of inward praise,
The Brethren bear me through our door
To bask me here on summer days;
I am so old I can not kneel,
I can not hear, I can not see,
Often I wonder if I feel
The very sunbeams warming me.

YET *do I watch the Mandan dogs*
And Mandan ponies slain for meat
That year the squaws chewed snakes and frogs
That babes might tug a living teat,
And Mandan braves in daylight dance
Gashed side and arm and painted breast,
Praying The Manitou might trance
No more the buffalo from their quest.

A CIRCLED *plain all horse-high grassed*
Our mounting scouts beheld at dawn,
They found naught else, though far they passed
Apart before the sun was gone;
Each night ride back through starlit lanes
They saw the tepee sparks ascend,
And hoped, and sniffed, and knew their pains
Of famine had not yet an end.

ALONE *within his magic tent*
The new-made Midi wrought the spell
That soothed Life's Master to relent
In years the Old remembered well.
He cried: "The Mission Priests have wreaked
Some curse that balks the Ancient Art!"
"Thou useless Fool," the War-chief shrieked,
And sped the knife-thrust to his heart.

WITH *that "What comes?" my mother screamed.*
How quick the squatted braves arose!
Far in the south the tallest deemed
He saw the up-seared flight of crows;
Above the horse-high grass came slow
The lifted Cross, a tonsured head,
And what the meaning none could know
Until the black-robed rider said:—

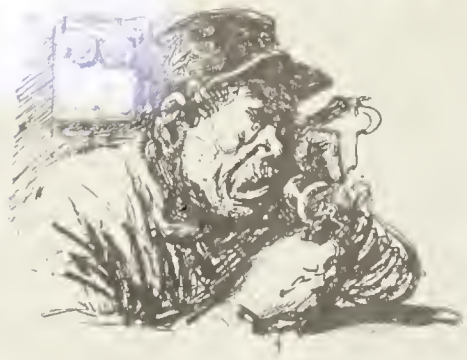
"MANDANS, *I bear our Mission's word—*
Your children, brought to us, shall eat."—
Scarce had the fierce young War-chief heard
Ere fell the Black-robe from his seat;
The Chief held high the reeking knife,
He frowned about the Woman's Ring,
And yet my mother's face took life
Anew in pondering the thing.

SHE *stole at night the dead Priest's scrip,*
His meager wallet's hard-baked food,
His Crucifix, his waist-rope strip
All blackened with his martyr blood;
Through dark, day-hiding, hand in hand,
We traced his trail for ninety mile,
She starved herself that I might stand,
She spoke me comfort all the while:—

SO shalt thou live, my little son,
The white man's magic shalt thou learn,
And when the hungry moons are run
Be sure thy mother will return;
Oh sweet my joy when, come again,
I find thy Mandan heart untamed
As fits a warrior of the plain,
That I, thy mother, be not shamed."

SHE *left me while the black-robed men*
Blest and beseeched her sore to stay,—
No voice hath told my heart since then
How fared my mother's backward way.
Years, years within the Mission School,
By love, by prayer they gained my heart,
It held me to our Order's rule,
From all the Mandan life apart.

FROM *tribe to tribe, through sixty years,*
The Mandan Priest for Christ he wrought,
And many an Indian heart to tears,
And many a soul to God he brought,
Yet do I hear my mother's voice
Soft lingering round her little son,—
And, O dear Lord, dost Thou rejoice
In all my mother's child hath done?



Hats Is Hats

The Calf, the Crate, and the Millinery



By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Boardman Robinson

FOR five minutes the telephone bell had been ringing as hard as it could ring in the office of the Interurban Express Company at Westcote, and every minute Mike Flannery was getting madder. He glared at the telephone, and he was so mad that for two cents he would have taken down the receiver and said something.

"Number 76 don't answer," said the telephone girl sweetly to the party on the other end of the wire. "Shall I ring 'em again?"

Mrs. Madden straightened up and her face hardened. She glared at her telephone.

"You ring until he does answer!" she snapped. "If that man hasn't time to attend to bus—"

When the bell again began its irritating, maddening jingle, Mike Flannery was not in. He was out on the platform welcoming the 4.08 train from the city, and the expressman in the car was dumping packages on to the big truck. He shoved two trunks and a laundry hamper off the car and chucked a coil of lead pipe after them, and handed Mike Flannery carefully a cylindrical pasteboard box with six "Handle With Great Care" labels on it. Then he passed out three crates of lettuce and a bicycle wheel, two automobile tires, and a chair.

"Got a calf here for you, Mike," he said.

Calves may be sent in two ways, and this one had been sent in the uncrated way. It costs more to send a calf uncrated, but some folks are fond of sending them that way. It is less trouble; no bother of making a crate; no worry of getting the calf into the crate. All the shipper has to do is to take the calf to the express office, pay $1.52 charges, take a receipt, and go home. And it is fine for the consignee. No bother peeling the crate off the calf; consignee sits at home; up comes the expressman and hands the end of the rope to the consignee. "Here's yer calf," he says; and all the consignee has to do is to turn the calf loose in the back yard, and there you are! It saves the shipper and the consignee all trouble. The expressman has that.

"Shove th' crate awnto th' truck," said Flannery.

"It ain't crated," said the expressman; "it's loose. Climb in and give a hand to him."

When they put hand to him the calf yelled for mother and braced his feet, and the conductor came to the car door and urged haste. It is a bad job, getting a good-sized calf to step out of a side door on to a truck, and a truck is a bad thing for a calf to stand on, anyway, so when the calf refused to go out of the side door they thought it would be better to lead him out of the back door and down the steps. It was that kind of a car, half smoking-car and half express-car, and so, after the expressman and Flannery and the conductor could not lead the calf down the back steps, the smokers came out of the smoking-car and helped. They led him down by pushing from behind, and he landed on the platform with a sawed-off wail that sounded like "Ma-a-a-wawk!"



It was—it had been—a tall hat, a fashionable hat

And all the time the telephone bell was ringing.

Flannery tied the calf's halter to the rear end of the truck, and went to the front end and took hold of the iron tongue, and pulled. Back of him was the full passenger list of the 4.08, grinning; and ahead of him was the telephone bell, ringing. Was he mad? He was so mad that when he gave the truck a jerk the calf made the trip across the platform into the express office in two leaps! Two leaps, and then stood dazed and astonished. He was so dazed he didn't even know the halter had broken. He just stood there like a silly calf. But Flannery didn't!

Flannery did not even look at the calf. He slammed the way-bills on his desk and made one jump for the telephone. It was then that the calf looked down to see what was the matter with his feet. He was hopped. Through the lid of the cylindrical box that bore the labels, "Handle With Great Care," both fore-feet of the calf had gone.



"Handle With Great Care"

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" called the calf, in its soul-stirring voice.

"Hello!" yelled Flannery into the telephone. "An' phwat th' divil be ye mekkin' sich a— Shure Oi know 'tis Saturday afthernoon, an' did ye call up Mike Flannery fer t' tell him th' day av th' week? 'Is they a package come fer Missus Mary Maria Madden?'" he mimicked angrily. "Well, if ye w'u'd be givin' me a minute t' look t'roo th' way-bills— How th' divil kin Oi look is they a package, ma'm, whin ye kape me here wid me eye fastened awnto th' tellyphone?—Git away from there, ye big beast, ye!"

Mike Flannery slammed the receiver on the hook and made one jump for the calf. He put his shoulder under the chest of the calf and encircled its legs with one arm, and hefted up. With the other hand he pushed the hatbox off the calf's feet. The telephone bell was ringing, but Flannery paid no more attention to it than if it had been a swarm of bees. He was used to telephones, and he had never known one to get down off the wall and bite him. He set his teeth and pushed the twine off the crushed pasteboard box and took off the lid. There were two holes in the lid, where the calf's feet had gone through.

IT WAS a hat. Flannery took it carefully from the box and laid it on the end of the truck, and stood back and looked at it.

"An' to-morry—an' to-morry—" he said with compressed anger—"to-morry do be Sunday! Shut up!" he said to the telephone bell. "An' you shut up, too!" he said to the calf. "An' look at ut! Look at th' hat now, will ye?"

It was—it had been—a tall hat, a fashionable hat, built on the general plan of an inverted coal-hod. It was a pale, molasses-candy yellow, of dreamy soft straw, the plaits of which began at the ground floor and went up and up in graceful spirals until they reached the plateau at the top. Turned upside down it looked like an esoteric waste-paper basket. I have never seen an esoteric waste-paper basket, and neither had Flannery, but neither had he ever seen a hat like this. It was a new hat, and a spring hat, of the season of 1909. For a minute Flannery could not believe it *was* a hat, he had become so used to the low, turtle-shell shape, and then, just as he had decided that it *was* a hat, he realized that it was a hat no longer. A calf has dainty feet, with two toes on each foot, but they are out of place standing on top of a new style three-story-and-basement hat. The hat was badly dished. The bunches of *spirea multiflora* and *astilbe japonica* were jammed into the moire, and telescoped with the yellow haircloth belly-band. There were three punctures and a compound fracture and a whole crowd of contusions in that hat. It looked sick. It was a mighty sick-looking hat. No one ever saw a sicker-looking hat than that one.

Flannery, very soberly, bent over and picked up the box. The hat had been expressed by "Ernestine, Artistic Millinery," but as Flannery read the address of the consignee he straightened up and gazed at the telephone with anger. The consignee was Mrs. Martha Mary Madden. And the telephone bell was still ringing.

"Hello!" he said, when he had taken the receiver down, and his voice was gentle. "Hello! Are you there, Missus—?"

"W'u'd ye mind sayin' th' worrds a bit slower, mum?" said Flannery. "Well, ain't Oi just tellin' ye—? If ye'll but give me wan worrd, mum— Shure Oi know me business! Well, th' same t' ye! Hat! Ain't Oi been tellin' ye fer th' last half-hour thot th' hat has came? *Oi say th' hat has came!* CAME! TH'—HAT—HAS—CAME!"

Flannery slapped up the receiver. He was mad now.

"Phwy don't Oi bring th' hat up?" he snapped. "Will Oi mek haste, fer they may be a few changes in th' trimmin' she'll be wantin' t' mek? They'll be changes, all roight! Mebby th' leddy'll be disappointed whin she gits th' hat!"

He looked at the telephone doubtfully. It was his duty to deliver the hat, and he would deliver the hat, but perhaps it would be well to just mention over the phone that a little accident had happened to the hat. The shock would not be so great to Mrs. Madden. He picked up the telephone directory and turned the pages.

"M," he said, "K, L, M, Ma, Mac, Mad, Madden, John C. Madden, 1—3—5 Westcote."

He put up his hand for the receiver and glanced back at the hat. His hand remained motionless in the air. The hat was gone! The last bit of *astilbe japonica* was just disappearing into the calf's mouth! Flannery let his hand fall.

"Th' rule applyin' t' th' ease," said Flannery slowly to himself; "th' rule thot applies t' th' prisint case—th' rule—" He put up his hand and scratched the red thatch on top of his head. "Now, phwat w'u'd th' rule be, annyway?" he said. "Hats w'u'd be hats, an' calves w'u'd be calves, but whin th' hat is aten by th' calf, is ut a hat *or* a calf? I wonder w'u'd Oi report th' hat in bad condition, or absint entoirely? Oi dunno."

HE TOOK down the book of Rules and Regulations of the Interurban Express Company and turned the pages slowly. It told all about calves, crated or uncrated, and it told all about hats shipped in wood or in pasteboard. It told what to do if a consignee claimed that fruit had spoiled in transit, and if a shipment of cigars arrived with several cigars missing, but it did not tell what to do if a calf ate a spring hat. Books of rules can not tell everything. Probably the man who compiled those rules never even imagined that a consignment of calf would eat a consignment of millinery.

"There be no doubt th' hat is in bad condition," said Flannery, with worried brows. "Ut stands t' reason thot a hat phwat has been aten by a calf sh'u'd be in bad condition, an' th' rules says t' so report whin goods is received in bad condition. But th' other wan—Rule twinty-six—says: 'Whin goods be lost in transit or in th' ixpriss office they shall be so reported by th' agint.' An' t' Flannery ut looks like whin a calf ates a hat th' hat is lost. Shure 'tis lost! But is ut? Some w'u'd say 'twas lost, but Mike Flannery knows moighty well where th' hat is this blissid minute! 'Tis in th' calf. So 'tis not lost."

He sighed. He knew there was trouble ahead for Flannery, whether he reported the hat lost or in bad condition. He turned to his desk.



1 Hat, packed in a calf. Bad condition

"If 'twas th' calf, now, thot was lost," he said complainingly, "'tw'u'd be no great matther, fer nobody seems chrazy over telephonin' fer th' calf, an' Oi w'u'd hev plinty av toime t' supply another wan before 'twas needed fer milkin', if 'tis a cow th' beast is t' grow into. Annyhow, Oi c'u'd pick up a calf thot w'u'd do fer a day or two, until wan thot suited c'u'd be got, but 'tis different wid millinery. To-morry's th' day, an Oi know th' wimmin! They be but wan hat in th' worrld thot will suit aich woman, an' th' hat thot suits Missus Madden is at prisint in th' stomach av th' red an' whoite calf yonder. Calves is nawthin' but live-stock, but hats is hats."

Flannery looked at his way-bills moodily. Probably the company would take the value of the hat out of his wages, if they ever amounted to the value of a new spring hat. "One calf, uncrated, value $18," he read, and then, turning to the next way-bill, he stopped with a gasp. It said: "One hat, boxed, valne $54."

As he stared, the telephone bell began to ring again, and he let it ring.

"Fifty-four dollars!" said Flannery in an awe-struck whisper. "Fifty-four—!"

He looked up at the calf reproachfully.

"Fifty-four dollars! An' aten by a cheap, inixpensive eighteen-dollar calf! Why, ye ain't no more value than th' crate av sich a hat sh'u'd be!"

He stopped short. Now he knew the rule that covered hats eaten by calves. Rule 25 said: "When the agent be in doubt which rate to charge, he shall charge the higher," and when an agent is in doubt what to do about a hat that has been eaten by a calf, what should he do but deliver the higher-priced? Flannery dipped his pen into the purple ink and scrawled across the way-bill pertaining to the calf the one word "Lost." Then he wrote carefully in his receipt-book: "From New York. Consignee, Mrs. M. M. Madden. 1 Hat, packed in a calf. Bad condition."

He stopped a moment to answer the ringing telephone.

"Shure! shure!" he shouted. "Oi'll be there in foive minutes!"

Then he took the halter of the calf in his left hand and tucked his receipt-book under his right arm, and went out.

Four minutes later Mrs. Madden was standing at her front door, her lips set, her eyes blazing, and a threaded needle all ready in her hand. Her eyes were set steadily toward the village, and they did not move to right nor to left. She was waiting for her hat, and she did not look at the man coming up the road with a red and white calf in tether. She did not see him until he turned into the yard, and it was only when he stopped at her feet and held out his receipt book that she looked at him.

"Sign here," said Flannery, pointing to the blank spot.

"What—!" said Mrs. Madden.

"Sign here," repeated Flannery firmly. "Ain't ye th' lady thot's been tellyphonin' all day fer her Aister hat? I brung ut up mesilf," he said soothingly. "'Tis in th' calf here."

"What—!" gasped Mrs. Madden.

"Well, ma'm," said Flannery, "Oi'm not askin' ye t' do nothin' more than Oi'd do mesilf. Th' receipt mentions thot th' hat is in bad condition. Th' receipt mentions thot th' hat is in th' calf. An' Mike Flannery guarantees it is. An' usually, ma'm, whin th' company does repackin' ut makes a charge fer ut, but seein' as it's you, ma'm, we'll say nawthin' about ut."

Satan and the Suffragette

(A Springtime Fantasy)

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by F. T. Richards



I

SAT *a pretty Suffragette*
At her desk of gold.
Though her brow was firmly set,
She was far from old.

II

WHEN *a face like hers you see,*
Beauty makes you glad.
She was writing, "Slaves, be free!"
On a pencil pad.

III

APRIL *weather in the sky*
Made one half regret,
Made one stop and wonder "Why
Should *she suffragette?"*

IV

EVEN she *seemed rather bored*
O'er her sisters' ills—
Strange! her thoughts seemed turning toward
Hems and hats and frills.

V

WHAT *a chance for Satan—my!*
So it fell aright.
Mr. Satan strolling by
Looked and saw her plight.



VI

LIKE *a shadow to her den*
Stole the antique Nick
And upon her moving pen
Laid his finger quick.

VII

ALL *unconscious, still she quilled*
Thoughts on Woman's Vote;
Yet her pulse was strangely thrilled—
This is what she wrote:

VIII

"WOMAN! *will ye wear the yoke?*
(*'Twill be worn this year*
With the bonnet called the 'poke'—
Absolutely dear!)

IX

"LAY *aside your time-worn chains,*
Claim a status new.
(*Lay aside your Empire trains,*
They're old-fashioned, too.)"

X

SATAN *at her elbow then*
Chuckled like the deuce.
Vexed, the Lady dropped her pen,
Sighing: "What's the use!"



XI

SUDDENLY *her study door*
Shook with raps and knocks.
'Twas a Milliner who bore
In her hand a Box.

XII

(FOR *the Millinery class,*
Be it here resolved,
Are with Lucifer, alas!
Very much involved.)

XIII

FROM *the Box in leafage green*
Crushed with roses red
Lay a Hat for which a queen
Might have lost her head.

XIV

LIKE *a bucket overturned*
Heaped with fruits and flowers—
'Twas the Dream for which she'd yearned,
Oh, so many hours!



XV

ON *her curls with preen and pat*
Quick she set her Joy.
("*Now I'm talking through her Hat,*"
Jeered the wise Old Boy.)

XVI

NEXT *with rash and reckless stab*
Hat-pin she thrust through—
"*Bessie, call a taxicab—*
There! I think I'll do."

XVII

SATAN *watched her go, and then*
Raised his eyebrows thin.
"*Lovely Women versus Men?*
Gentlemen, we win!

XVIII

"EVE, *who ate that fruit of mine,*
Made it ever thus.
Woman's right? the right divine
To be frivolous.

XIX

"WHAT'S *her Franchise to her Hat*
When I set the style?
Easter's here—I reckon that
Will keep her for a while."



"Gentlemen, we win!"



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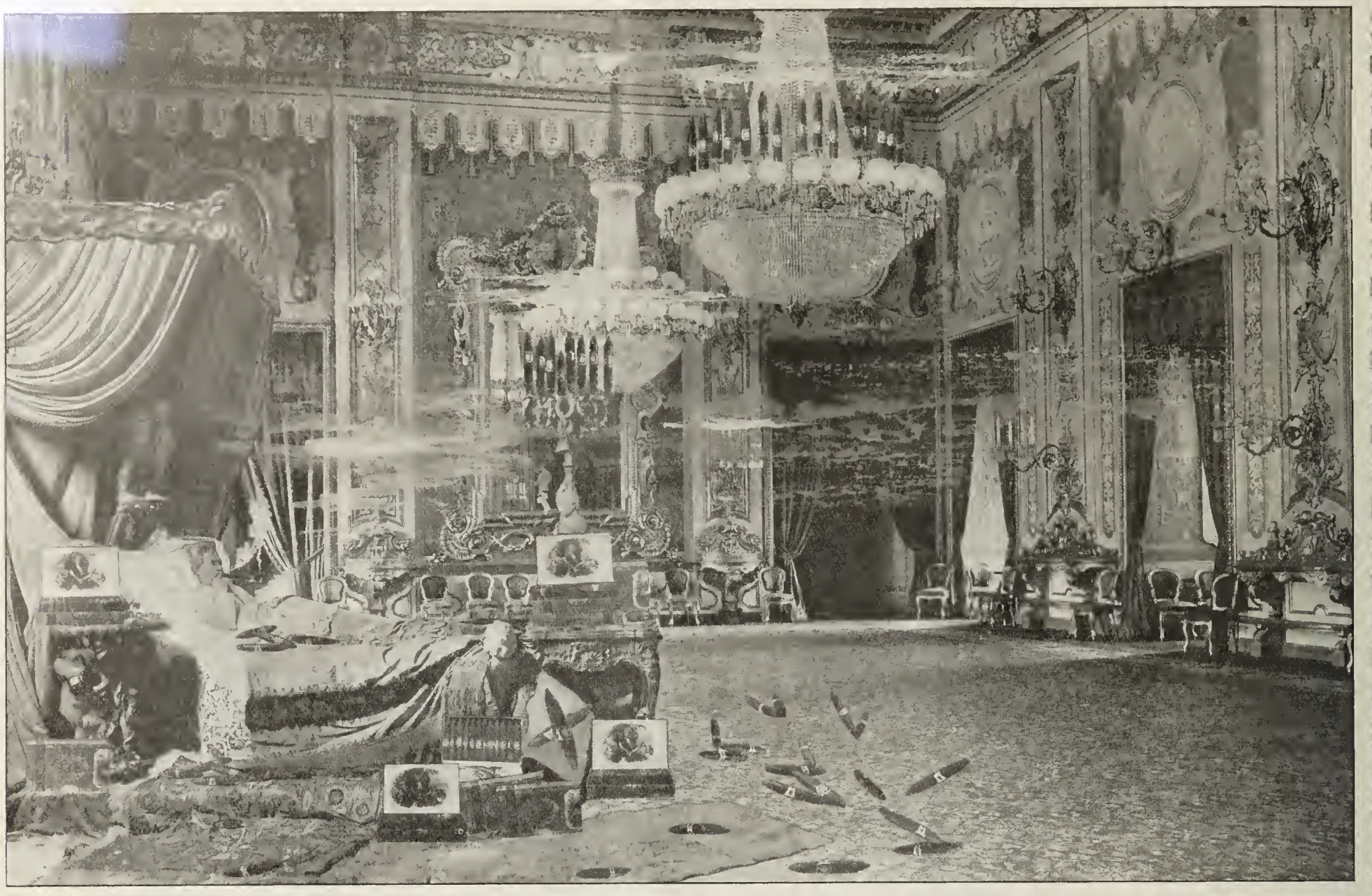
Memories of

Drawn by Cha



Easter Past

ana Gibson



Hon. Mark Twain, age seventy-four, state of health good but not lonesome. He always hated Overexertion, so he took up Literature

Indoor America

"Indoor America" is Published as a Sort of Counter-Irritant to "Outdoor America," and is Intended to be a Friendly Guide to Such Readers as are Annoyed by the "Call of the Wild" and Prefer the "Call of the Tame"

What We Lie For

IN AMERICA during the past few years has arisen a cult of mischievous doctrinaires who have formed a sort of Get-in-the-Breeze Brotherhood and are continually harping on the delights of outdoor life, Marathon races, Aretic expeditions, lion hunts, and like barbarous pastimes. The magazines fairly bristle with their praise of snowballing and wet feet, with the dangerous doctrine that no man can be healthy who stays home and enjoys himself. We know better than this. We happen to come of a race of sturdy New England ancestors who spent the winter with their feet in the oven, thrived on pie and doughnuts, and regarded exercise as Work. They were a simple, pious, disagreeable race. They made no football records; but when the Nation called they took a running jump at Great Britain which may be regarded as the Athletic Event of history.

Inspired by this ancestral example, let us Indoor Americans get together and resist the invasion of the Fresh Air Fiends. We need not "stand" for any principal. We can "lie" for ours, because we are naturally built lazy. Our motto "We'd rather be Inside looking Out than Outside looking In," let us revel in the delights of air-tight apartments, lying abed till noon, forgetting cold baths, neglecting gymnastics, cultivating our minds at the expense of our bodies, and putting the Great Outdoors where it belongs. It will probably remain there without any interference from us.

The trouble with America to-day is this: It is too healthy. Health is a serious menace to our public weal. The following Table of Outdoor Calamities (compiled by the United States Commission of Mournful Statistics) proves with alarming force the damage which the Athletic Mania does annually to this country:

Annual deaths resulting from Outdoor Sports	9,448,208.06
Annual disabilities resulting from ditto	18,612,340.72
Divorces, elopements, quarrels, etc., originating at Summer Resorts	26,800,000.08
Cases of insanity, headache, poverty, irritability, resulting from reading Sporting Pages	48,611,890.00
Total	103,472,438.86

Illustrated with Fakographs

Most statistics are appalling, but *these* are particularly so. Think of it! Out of 86,000,000 inhabitants of the United States there are over 103,000,000 who are either dead, diseased, or unbalanced as a result of overexercise in the outdoor air!

Has not "Indoor America," then, an earnest appeal to every right-minded citizen? It has.

✣ ✣ ✣

Some Honorary Members of the "Independent Order of Indoor Americans"

HON WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. Plays golf when reporters are looking, but this is only a bluff. He thinks the Athletic pose will make him popular with all classes, which is a mistake, because the Working Classes admire, above all other heroes, a man who can afford to rest. But Mr. Taft is, at heart, an enthusiastic Indoor American. If he had his way the Presidential Chair would be a sofa and he would have the members of his Cabinet provided with hammocks. Although Mr. Taft has been Traveling Agent for the Government many years, he has never cared for the outdoor life of any country—except that of China, where the air is not really very fresh.



He plays golf when reporters are looking, but this is only a bluff

HON. MARK TWAIN, age seventy-four, state of health good but not lonesome. Always hated Work, so he took up Literature. He is the Favorite Son of Arcadia. His office is where he hangs his pajamas. To gratify his passion for exercise he has built a beautiful gymnasium in his home, where he hires three strong men to punch the bag for him. He says the surest way to cultivate the funny-bone is to neglect the biceps. He is an expert mental gymnast, but his activity seldom goes any further. He prefers his nightclothes to his evening dress. He wears 'em both white.

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, a patriot whose unprogressive mind and ossified character fit him for the honor of ranking among the greatest Indoor Americans of his age. He has stayed in the house and sat in the same chair in the same Attitude longer than any other living man. He has often been called a "stand-patter." This is erroneous. He is a "sit-patter" of the most stationary type. Indoor Americans point with pride to Brother Cannon. He is locked in and nailed down. Neither Congress nor Public Sentiment can put him out. His favorite sport is whittling his initials on the Speaker's Desk.

✣ ✣ ✣

Special Inducements to Membership

WHY don't you join the Independent Order of Indoor Americans? You can enjoy all its privileges without any expense on your part. If you have a taste for loafing around the house you can do so safely without being called a Mollycoddle. We want barbers, janitors, stenographers, shop-girls, stage-hands, poets, Turkish bath attendants, plumbers, Congressmen—in fact, everybody who is leading an indoor life of unhealthy occupation—to aid us by the force of his or her moral example. Keep away from Nature, avoid Summer Camps, shun the Great Outdoors. To the Indoor American who can write the best essay on "Hot Air and Health" we will give as a prize a beautiful nickel-plated "Little Vesuvius" oil-stove, price $2.86.

How I Climbed Mt. Freezeout

The Blood-Curdling Experience of a Social Climber

By Mrs. Marmaduke Scrambler Van Wax, the Lady Who Did It



The lady who did it

I HAVE often been asked to tell how I, a mere woman, have been so sensationally successful in scaling the mountains, crags, and snow-capped peaks of Society, where others, more muscular than myself and possessed of refinements of mind and heart far superior to my own, have slipped back or never dared to venture. I will answer you in a word. I have the nerve. Anybody can do what I have done, provided he or she have sufficient hardihood to face any number of frosts, setbacks, and severe social tumbles.

The safest rule, in making a lofty scramble, is to set your eye on the highest place and go for it. There is always some one on the top of every mountain who does not want you there. It is always well to carry in your knapsack something to appease these wild mountaineers—a social favor or a check-book will usually do the trick. When appeased and satisfied, these people are often useful to show you easy trails to the heights beyond.

Never take up with a rival Climber. Employ any means to get rid of her—but get rid of her quick. If you can meet her on some lonesome crag it is an easy trick to dump her into some yawning chasm and go on your way. She will, probably, make a yell. But her cries will become fainter and fainter as you mount ever higher. (Please note terrible fall of Mrs. Smith-Jones in my diagram.)

Always look reverently toward the Woman Higher Up. When you reach her level you can settle matters according to circumstances.

Before taking a hard climb I usually provide myself with two or three dozen light, simple climbing costumes. Although some climbers go in for elaborate effects, I myself think it foolish to pay more than $386,000 apiece for climbing outfits, as they have to be discarded after a rough scramble. An effective costume for such exercise is a brocade sheath effect[1] with 500 emerald buttons down the back. Satin shoes with Koh-i-Noor buckles are sensible footwear for climbing. But these shoes should be provided with stout cleats or spikes to prevent slipping.

(Don't forget to provide yourself with a check-book. It will give you a lift when all else fails.)

In climbing Mt. Freezeout the first really difficult barrier I met was Ancestry Bluff. Almost discouraged with repeated efforts to elevate myself here, I was at last able to hook my alpenstock in a few scrub family trees which grew sparsely on the steep side. Pulling myself up gradually by this perilous method, I got a slippery foothold on some loose geneological strata, and so on to the top.

I regret the sad accident to Mrs. Smith-Jones, who tripped on my alpenstock and was utterly crushed in the yawning Chasm of Snubs. I deftly leaped this abyss and landed safely on Mt. In-it. I was hauled up to Prominence Ledge by my husband, who threw me out a rope of pearls.

Many have asked: "Is the Climb worth the sacrifice it entails?" Yes, and again, yes, it is! One can not adequately describe the feeling of giddy elation which comes over one while standing, chill and alone, on a social peak so high, so sterile, as Mt. Freezeout. Below one the lesser summits of Prominence Ledge, Ancestry Bluff, etc., appear dwarfed to the dead common level from which one came so recently. One seems to breathe a finer air into one's lungs. One waves one's alpenstock, one clutches one's diamond tiara and exclaims with the poet: "Excelsior!" For when one climbs is it not one's object to Get There?

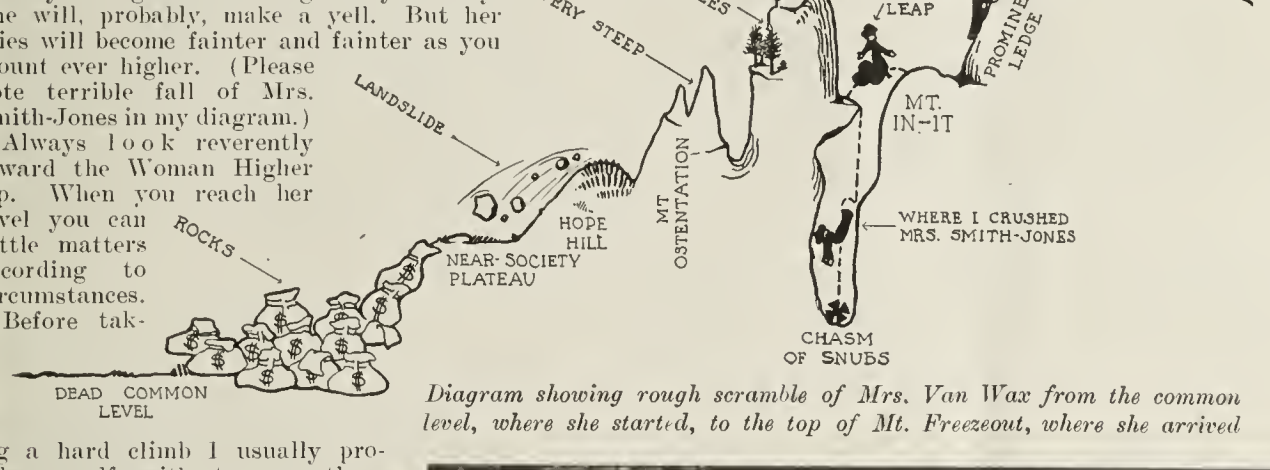


Diagram showing rough scramble of Mrs. Van Wax from the common level, where she started, to the top of Mt. Freezeout, where she arrived

The Biography of a House-Fly

IT WAS nine-thirty of a bright Spring morning when I first met Adolph the House-Fly. I was resting quietly in that most charming region of the Great Indoors—my bed. Somewhat troubled by the disturbing thought that it would soon be noon when I would have to sit up and take my lunch, I yawned slightly—when my reverie was suddenly disturbed by the touch of light footsteps passing along my nose and into the deeper shrubbery of my eyebrows. Here ensued that fluttering, buzzing sound such as a House-Fly always makes when calling for help. Soon there answered a gentler, more subdued buzzing, and Adolph was joined by August, a handsome Fly with 48 brown toes on his right foreleg. By lying quite still and gazing fixedly at my nose, I was able to observe the play of these interesting little animals. August would hide in the shadow of the promontory formed by the meeting of of my nose with my upper lip. Adolph, taking his base on my left ear, would stalk cautiously forth, circulating on my forehead and along the bridge of my nose. At this point Adolph would pounce forth, and August, to escape him, would scamper off and hide in my hair. This game would go on, sometimes, for hours; and I counted the entertainment of my tiny friends among the pleasantest features of my days in bed.

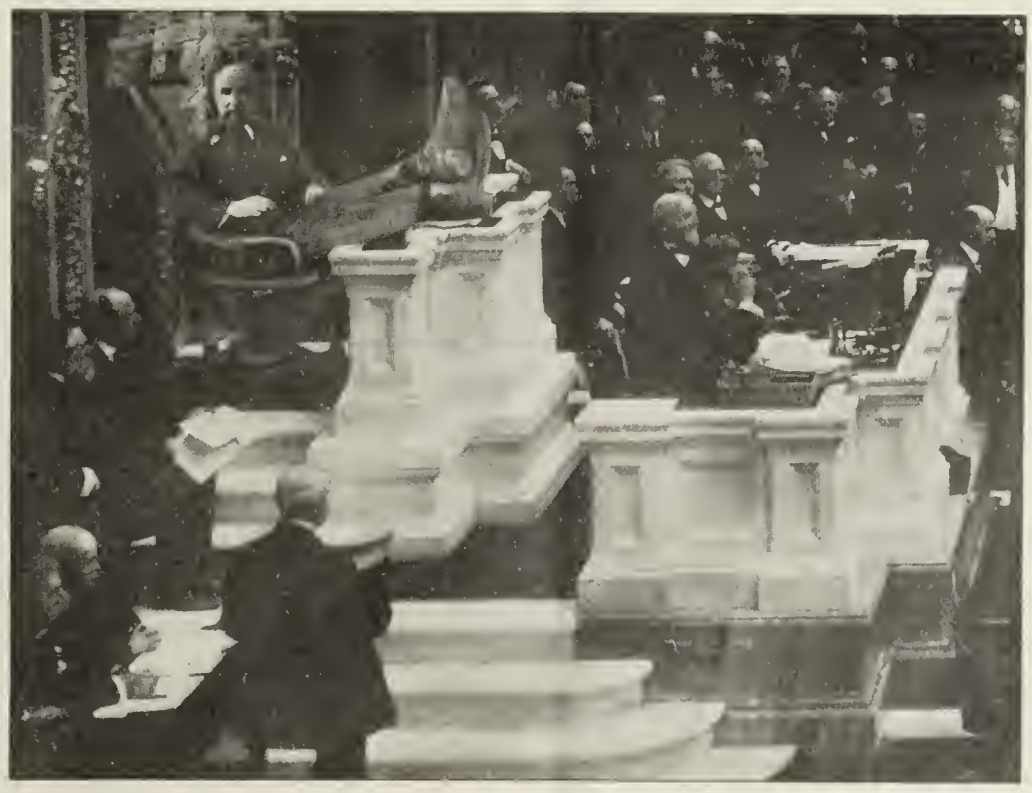
One morning I was awakened very early—about five o'clock it was—by a petulant scratching at the end of my nose. When I looked up I saw Adolph in a state of great agitation, beckoning madly for me to follow him. With loud buzzing and wild flapping of wings, he led me to the dining-room, where I found poor August, stone dead, sticking head down on a strip of flypaper. Close to the body there lay a broom-straw, which Adolph had thrown out into the sirupy pond in a vain effort to save his chum.



He knew no companion but me

After this bereavement, Adolph became a changed and saddened Fly. He knew no companion but me. Day and night he dogged my footsteps. When I sat, he sat. When I slept, he slept. Adolph was very fond of reading the morning newspapers with me, and the act seemed to give him considerable consolation.

At length he went the way of all Flies. After a thorough search I found him pressed between the leaves of the Century Dictionary. Sadly, reverently I closed the volume. Could there be a more fitting tomb for an Indoor American?



He is a "sit-patter" of the most stationary type

A Short Story

ANTONIO PORKO was a young and happy barber who ran a tonsorium in the cellar of the Hotel St. Stifle. His wife, Mandolina, did general manicure work in the same establishment, so she, too, was almost as young and happy as her husband. The mirthfulness of their lives became positively uncanny when Rômeo, their dark-eyed son, was born.

Six years passed, and little Romeo, who had never been out of the subcellar of the Hotel St. Stifle, was very, very happy. For could he not hunt rats in the boiler-room and sleep among the dust and cobwebs behind the steam-pipes? Of course he could! And when these diversions palled, could he not sometimes roll disks of shaving-soap along the tiled floors and carve the furniture with his father's razor? No country boy, bred to a life of child-labor in rural wood-piles, could understand the care-free glamour of little Romeo's electric-lighted days.

Time speeds quickly when you live in a cellar. Little Romeo was now twelve years old and still unventilated. One day a thickly veiled lady from the Fresh Air Charities entered stealthily, bent upon kidnaping Romeo. Mr. Porko was shaving a Socialist at the time, and Mrs. Porko was reading the "Police Gazette"; so the fair intruder came unnoticed. "Child," she whispered softly, "do you love Nature?" "Dunno, I never seen one," answered the dark-eyed boy. The Fresh Air Lady laughed furtively. "Come," she said, and led Romeo to a taxicab, which stole swiftly away in the direction of Meadowville Farms. . . . .

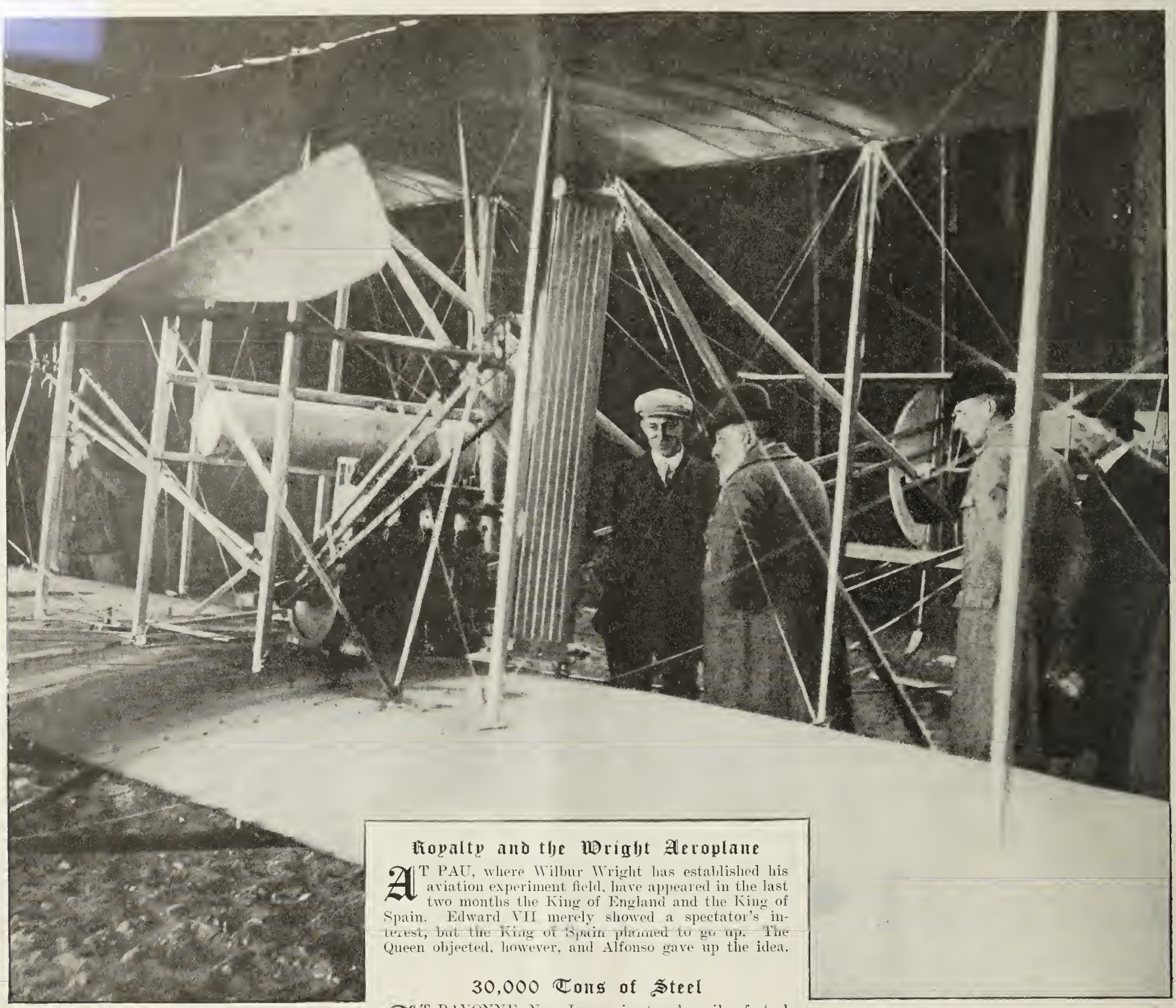
A week passed. If the barber-shop of Antonio Porko ever contained *any* air, it now had an air of gloom. Antonio was weeping in his lather. Mandolina was still reading the "Police Gazette." When suddenly Romeo, his beautiful pasty complexion spoiled by a week's sunburn, entered. "*Figlio mio!*" cried the good barber, excitedly slicing the ear of a fat customer. "Where have you been?" "Father," said the boy, "I can not tell a lie. I have been to an enormous barber-shop without any ceiling or walls. Beautiful wall-paper designs grew around everywhere, and at 7.30 in the afternoon the electric lights went out. They didn't have any nice cooked air there like they have in our home cellar. It seemed kind of raw. There were miles of stuff they called *hay* growing around. It had a sort of perfume, but it didn't smell nearly so nice as hair-oil. Bah! and the food they ate. Large white marbles stolen from hens and milk taken from cows by massaging them." "My boy," said the barber, "do you know what they call that place?" "Yes," said Romeo, "I think it is called the Country, or something like that." "Do you like it?" asked the Father hesitatingly. "I should say not!" responded the manly youth.

Antonio Porko smothered his son to his breast.

"My boy," he sobbed, "you have been strong. You have resisted the Great Temptation. If you had yielded to the Call of the Wild you would now be writing Magazine Articles and could never become a good and useful Barber."

Mandolina Porko covered her face with the "C[illegible]

[1] The Editor is not responsible for technical errors.

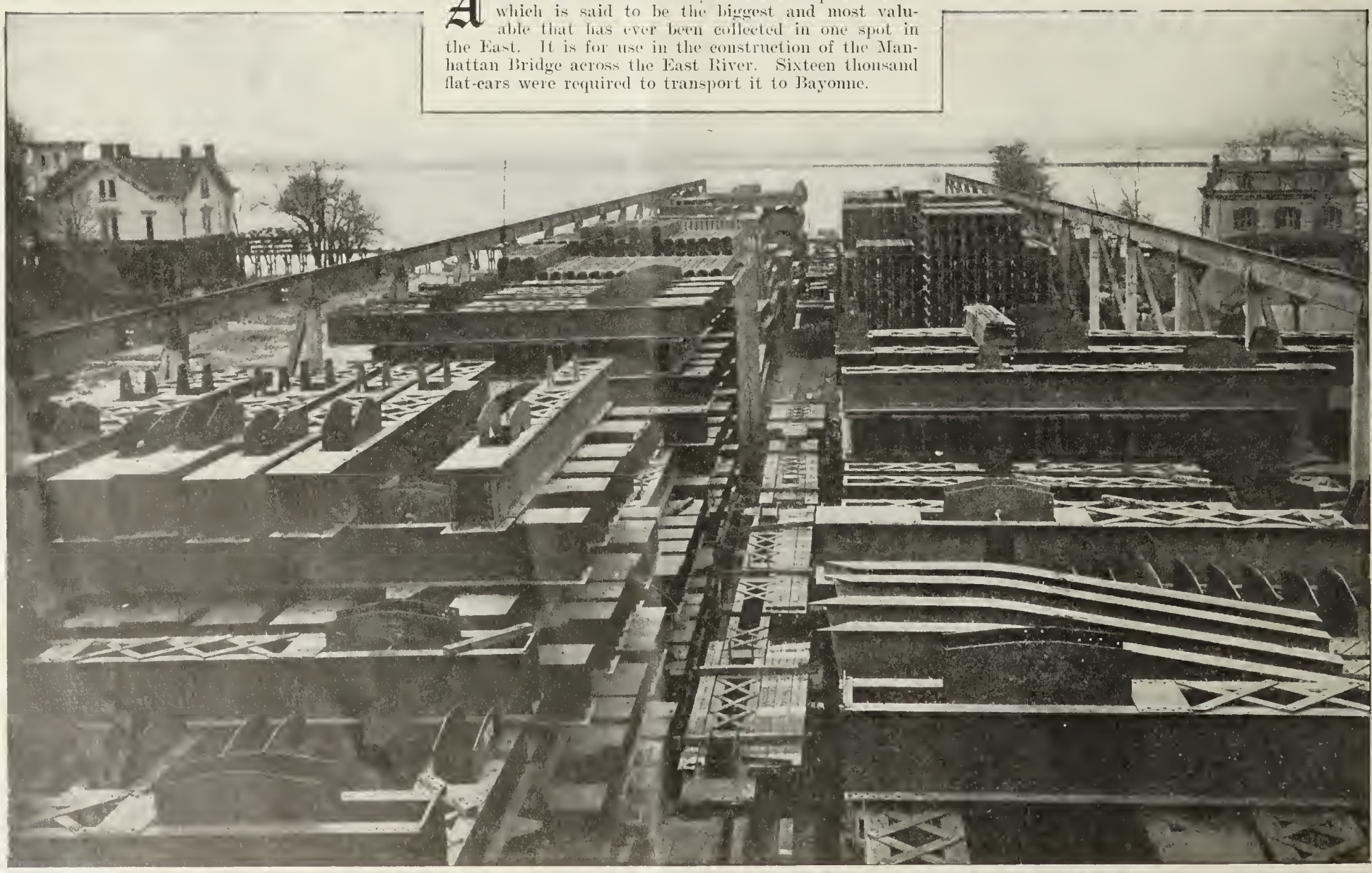


Royalty and the Wright Aeroplane

AT PAU, where Wilbur Wright has established his aviation experiment field, have appeared in the last two months the King of England and the King of Spain. Edward VII merely showed a spectator's interest, but the King of Spain planned to go up. The Queen objected, however, and Alfonso gave up the idea.

30,000 Tons of Steel

AT BAYONNE, New Jersey, is stored a pile of steel which is said to be the biggest and most valuable that has ever been collected in one spot in the East. It is for use in the construction of the Manhattan Bridge across the East River. Sixteen thousand flat-cars were required to transport it to Bayonne.



30,000 tons of steel, worth $2,500,000. This stack of metal is 800 feet long, 35 feet high, and 85 feet wide



"That takes me off!" is his jocular shout. At the next shot he falls. And down goes the second curtain

Soldiers and Suffragettes

A Play About Woman's Suffrage, and One Showing What Might Happen if England Were Invaded To-morrow

By Arthur Ruhl

THE two plays recently brought over from England, "Votes for Women" and "An Englishman's Home," represent a form of political argument not often found on our somewhat detached and frivolous stage. The author of each is, for the moment, a propagandist, more interested, presumably, in his subject than in the general task of writing for the stage, and able to speak on it with authority.

Major Guy du Maurier, the author of the piece which stirred England this winter so mightily, is a major in the Royal Fusiliers. He served with distinction in the South African campaign, and whatever he says about his countrymen's lack of preparedness has the authenticity of a soldier's talk about his own trade.

Miss Elizabeth Robins is a novelist, and she played Ibsen in London when to do so was to be suspected of almost improper intellectual courage. And when she demands the vote, her arguments are those of a representative modern woman, a Jane Addams, for instance, rather than the traditional square-jawed female complacently pictured by the other side.

Her play was scarcely more than a dramatized woman's suffrage speech with a rather perfunctory act attached fore and aft. The scene of this second act was an open-air meeting in Trafalgar Square. A picturesque street crowd, shouting out satirical queries, permitted the speakers to answer most of the stock arguments against giving women the vote. It was a well-arranged scene, carried off with a fine air of conviction and reality by all concerned—certainly one of the most impressive arguments for the cause yet made.

Unfortunately, no law had been passed restricting the audiences entirely to men. Had seeing the play, like getting the vote, been made a matter not of privilege but of justice, ladies enough might have hurled themselves against the box-office of Wallack's or chained themselves to orchestra seats to have permitted these arguments to reach a wider audience. As it was, few showed the slightest interest after the first night, and in spite of the fact that the subject is one of the liveliest of the day, the piece perished at the end of the first week.

Between the point at which a foreign invader would land on our coast and the nearest jumping-off place into the opposite ocean is some three thousand miles. From London in the east to Bristol Channel on the west of England is a trifle over a hundred miles, and from the county of Essex, where a German force would be likely to land, to the farthest point of refuge in the north of Scotland is only about five hundred miles—a mere pleasure stroll for our friend Mr. E. P. Weston. After feeling the creepy spell which Major du Maurier's picture of a German invasion exerts in New York, with the Atlantic Ocean between us and the nearest possible raider, it is not difficult to understand how it turned England upside down.

There had been, in the first place, a postmen's and telegraphers' strike, so that no news had circulated for days. For days, too, the south of England had been enveloped in an impenetrable fog. Stodgy old beef-eating Mr. Brown (of Myrtle Villa, Wickham, Essex, which, as you may recall, faces the North Sea just to the east of London) was indignant at its continuance. "If the Government had taken the matter in hand—that is to say, if—if steps had been taken—I venture to say—" "You mean, governor," grinned that flippant young clerk, Geoffrey Smith, "they'd have raised a wind." Mr. Brown stumped across the room, erumpling his newspaper and grumbling. "You've caught my meaning, I dare say, Geoffrey," he growled, "and expressed it in your own words."

The first act admits us to the bosom of this typical Smith-Jones-Robinson British family. They are in the playroom, in whose delightfully dowdy-respectable appearance the fine hand of our old friend of the Irving Place Theater, Mr. Gustav von Seyffertitz, can evidently be traced. Bulldoggy Mr. Brown is busy with diablo. Syd, the youngest son, in a black-and-red blazer, criticizes his father's "form" and reads from several authorities on the subject. The old gentleman defends his method of holding the left elbow glued to the hip, the right palm grasping the stick midway, etc., etc., even to the length of quoting from a letter in the "Times" on this vital question by an ex-Cabinet Minister. The youth retorts that it's all very well if *that's* what he wants to do, but he'll never get any style. Reggie, with the spectacles, is working over this week's limerick contest; the eldest daughter is knitting; Amy and her near-sighted, lisping friend, Ada, from over the way are enjoying the description of yesterday's football match as read from the sporting page by the slangy Smith.

Young Smith is one of that army—not unknown in this country—who follow the sports which occupy so much of their energies by shouting themselves hoarse at games and reading about them in next morning's papers. When Paul Robinson, one of the local Volunteers, enters in his khaki uniform, it is Smith who leads in ridiculing him. A rotten bad way of spending one's time, this lying down in the mud and shooting at a mark—if he were going to shoot he'd at least shoot at something alive—it would be more sporting. And Ada recalls that her brother shot two gulls last summer and one of them was flying. As for these Johnnies who are gassing about defending the country and all that sort of rot, let 'em tell him what they do in working hours. *He* works hard nine hours a day and *every* day, looking at a blotter or out at a dirty wall covered with advertisements about tours to the land of the midnight sun. When he gets off, he wants to have a bit of fun, and he'll jolly well see that he gets it. That reminds him—how he went out and got good and blind-o last Mafeking day and sung "Rule Britannia" from the edge of the fountain in Trafalgar Square and fell in and kissed the policeman who pulled him out and ran him in. And Amy and Ada giggle admiringly.

Safety of an Englishman's Castle

EVEN Mr. Brown, when appealed to by the young militiaman, suggests there's danger this volunteer business will encourage a spirit of militarism, from which, thank Heaven, England has thus far been free. The talk of invasion is absurd. He has no patience with it—none whatever. The heart of the country is sound, as any invader will find to his cost, and were these foreign scoundrels to land, every loyal Englishman would rush to arms and—and— "How," asks the innocent daughter from her knitting, "how, Papa, *does* one rush to arms?"

And just about this time—after the deftest building-up of domestic atmosphere and—in view of what is to come—almost tragic satire on British complacency—little Syd, looking out the window, wants to know who all those Johnnies are in the garden!

Mr. Brown, furious at this trespassing on the precincts of an Englishman's castle, rushes to the side door. "Hey, there! What do you mean by this impudence! What's that? I can't understand you. Come here—*here*—right in here!" And in marches, at a brisk, businesslike stride, a soldier in service uniform. Mud spattered on his khaki, spurs rattling, a wonderful air of preparedness and efficiency. "Who *are* you?" stammers the volunteer, scrutinizing the uniform so like his own.

There is much violence and excitement later, but I doubt if anything more creepily impressive than the sudden materialization of this sinister figure out of the fog and the first rasp of the German accent as the stranger answers evasively, "How ar-r-re you, comrade!" whips out a note-book, and with the cold assurance of a man who has no time to waste, fires a few staccato questions and scribbles down the answers.

In the next act the playroom has been turned into a military headquarters. Orderlies bustle in and out, saluting and clicking their heels. A field telegrapher is clicking off messages in code. The commanding officer, at a table, studies his map and puffs a cigar, as commanding officers always do in plays. Once, trying to recall the identity of a fellow officer, he runs over his note-book. "Ah, yes," he rumbles casually; "he was a waiter at the Royal Hotel, Brentwood." The flippant Smith, a bit soiled but still incorrigible after a night's detention in the scullery, is brought before him.

"Don't you see," he protests, with wholly unconscious irony, "*I'm* not a soldier! *I* don't want to fight! I'm a *spectator!* I'm only one of the crowd!"

The young man complains against the unwarranted attack. "If our fellows invaded your country they wouldn't go and attack a lot of harmless citizens." The officer smiles a lofty imperial smile.

"In my country," he rumbles, "there *are* no har-r-rmless citizens!"

The Germans retire presently, and the local militia, with rakish turned-up hats, handkerchiefs in their cuffs, come rollicking in. Their business is to make the house a defensive position. Lieutenant Jackson, assigned to the upper story, wants to know how you do that.

"Roll the furniture against the doors, I suppose, and all that sort of thing—what?"

"The aw—aw—the usual thing," sputters his rattled captain. "It's all in the book."

They don't know how to shoot. They have no range-finders, no doctors, no stretchers. One man is wounded by shrapnel and nobody knows what to do with him. Everybody is looking for orders and nobody knows how to give them—nobody except the color-sergeant, a regular attached for the time being to the Territorials, and a doctor who happens in. The girls try to help the wounded man, but the doctor sends even them away. They don't know how to do anything. After the ghastly inefficiency of the amateur soldiers is rubbed in with a satire as amusing as relentless, the real attack on the house begins. The young clerk, thinking only that he may be able to cut the office for a few days, and jubilant that the real show is about to start, hops on a table to get a better view. The first shot breaks the mirror behind him.

"That takes me off!" is his jocular shout. At the next shot he drops to his knees, falls limply off the table, and rolls over, face up, in the glare of the footlights. And down goes the second curtain.

The third act continues with startling realism the attack on the house, ending with the retirement of everybody but Brown himself, who, although he doesn't know how to fire a gun, is determined to stay and prove that his home is his castle. He fumbles with a rifle, which is discharged, and a mirror comes crashing down; but at last, just before the enemy rush in, succeeds in bringing one of them down. He is promptly disarmed and shot. As a civilian he had no right to defend even his own home.

Here the play should end, of course, but, as a concession to traditional prejudice, a rescuing party is permitted to rush in and turn the tables just as the curtain goes down. This fortuitous ending is not as disturbing as might be expected. Major du Maurier satirizes his countrymen with the observant eye of a humorist, then takes his perfectly real family up bodily and plunges them into what, to us at least, must seem an almost visionary invasion. It is as if he said: "Now we will imagine that this stage is a submarine boat. If the Browns are so careless, fancy what would happen if the water came in." We are duly horrified when the water comes in—only we know it isn't really water. And if the Browns hop up from the carpet and declare that they aren't really drowned, only an unusually scrupulous conscience would insist on assuring them that they were.

The acting and the stage management of the piece were of unusual excellence, and the English company added much to its realistic atmosphere. Mr. George M. Graham, as the flippant clerk, had the best part, and in a very neat and facile way he was equal to it. Mr. William Hawtrey, as Mr. Brown, and Miss Nellie Thorne, Miss Nellie Malcolm, Miss Dorothy Fraleigh, and Mr. Edgar Norton, as other members of this amusing family, were all satisfactory. Mr. J. H. Benrimo was an impressive Yoland. And one hopes that after the battle of Myrtle Villa, Mr. Frank Shannon's color-sergeant was mentioned in the despatches and recommended for a D. S. O.

Twenty-three Democrats

An Inquiry into the Motives of Those Who Helped Cannon Out, and a Suggestion as to Their Affiliations

By Mark Sullivan

FROM a resident of Georgia, who calls himself a "Cleveland Democrat," comes a letter which describes a state of strenuous confusion among those with whom he talks politics in the evenings. The point of the letter is in the last sentence:

"Now we have received or read letters, both private and published, from the interested parties on both sides of this matter, and have read considerable in the papers here. Now will COLLIER'S kindly settle for us the moral and political status of the twenty-three Democrats (?)—I use the word provisionally until you confirm it or give us another—who came to the rescue of Joe Cannon and saved him from a thorough licking in the fight on the rules the other day?"

It would be simple to lump the entire twenty-three in one broad malediction of undesirability, as the rest of the Democrats in Congress have done, but that is too inexact to be wholly just. There is no essential turpitude in their act of itself; breaking away from party lines is not necessarily a thing to be condemned—it is often a public virtue. The thing is to be judged by its intended results, and even more by its motive; and in motive these twenty-three differed widely. They have said, in their own behalf, that as Democratic insurgents their status is the same as the Republican insurgents, who have been praised. That point of view involves lack of discrimination. The insurgent Republicans broke away from their party to vote for a progressive measure, at certain cost to themselves of every favor that Cannon has to bestow and under penalty of his resentment; these twenty-three Democrats seceded in order to vote against a progressive measure—and there was no spirit of self-sacrifice in their defection; they steered their course in the direction where profit lies, and some of them have already had their rewards. Consider the twenty-three by groups. Take, first, these four:

Four Democrats in a Class Apart

ROBERT F. BROUSSARD of New Iberia, Representative from the Third District of Louisiana, composed of the parishes of Assumption, Iberia, Lafayette, Lafourche, St. Martin, St. Mary, Terrebonne, and Vermilion.

Albert Estopinal of St. Bernard, Representative from the First District of Louisiana, composed of the parishes of St. Bernard and Plaquemines.

Joseph Francis O'Connell of Boston, Representative from the Tenth District of Massachusetts, composed of the city of Quincy, the town of Milton, and seven wards in the city of Boston.

Daniel J. Riordan of New York City, Representative from the Eighth District of New York, made up of Richmond County and the heart of that section of New York City known as "the Lower East Side."

These four belong in a class apart, wholly distinct from the rest of the twenty-three. These four not only voted with the Republicans for the compromise resolution which finally settled the fight—they voted with the Republicans on every ballot taken throughout the fight. *They voted for the old rules,* and they are the only Democrats who did vote for the old rules. This one vote alone distinguishes them from the other nineteen, and is in itself a livid question mark.

In the Matter of Motives

BROUSSARD and Estopinal presumably will not need to make any excuses to their constituents. They come from the sugar-growing districts of Louisiana. They are interested in maintaining as high a duty as possible on sugar. They may have assumed, and their constituents may support them in that assumption, that they were serving the best interests of their districts by doing what would be most likely to result in favorable consideration for the duty on sugar. Broussard, within forty-eight hours after he cast his vote, was appointed by Speaker Cannon to a place on the Ways and Means Committee, which committee determines, for the House, just what the duty on sugar shall be.

O'Connell of Boston has a contest on his hands. He was elected over his Republican opponent by an apparent majority of four votes. The final judge of the contest will be the House Committee on Elections. That committee will be appointed by Speaker Cannon. It is almost the universal practise among legislative bodies, when contests are as close as this, to seat the contestant who belongs to the majority party—in this case Mr. O'Connell's Republican opponent. A man in Mr. O'Connell's shoes might reason that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose by lending a helping hand to Uncle Joe and the Republican machine in their hour of great need. On the other hand, Mr. O'Connell's motive may be as far from this as the stars. It is for his constituents to find out and judge. They are a pretty intelligent constituency, in South Boston, and strong in their Democracy.

Riordan's case is easily summed up. He represents the Bowery district of New York City, the most vicious, politically, of Tammany's districts, and therefore the most vicious in the United States. He is the particular protégé of Big Tim Sullivan. Riordan would probably take it as reproach if it were said that he ever cast a vote without first seeing advantage in it, of one kind or another. Riordan hasn't been in Congress long enough to make a conspicuous record in Washington, but he was a member of the New York Legislature for a sufficient period to display his stripe. Although he was a member of the Armstrong Investigating Committee and signed its report—a position which made his subsequent action peculiarly shameless—he *voted against the new insurance bills* that grew out of Governor Hughes's famous inquisition. He voted *against the eighty-cent gas bill* in the long fight which New York City has just won against the Consolidated Gas Company. The Citizen's Union, in its formal report, describes him as: "Tammany Senator. Good or bad, as the whip cracks." The whole machinery of the present situation at Washington would be clear if we could know just what, in this instance, preceded the cracking of the whip.

The Six Tammany Democrats

SO MUCH for those four. Consider now another group of six—six Tammany Congressmen. They are the Daniel J. Riordan already mentioned, and, in addition, these:

Michael F. Conroy, Charles Vincent Fornes, Henry M. Goldfogle, Joseph A. Goulden, Francis Burton Harrison. All from New York City.

Here are six Tammany Democrats voting as a unit *with the Republicans.* Here, again, the very fact is in itself a flaming question mark—six Tammany Congressmen breaking away from the Democrats and voting as a unit from motives of conscience and conviction is pretty strong medicine to swallow. Not only does the situation create a strong inference as to their own motive—it is in itself an indictment of the other seventeen Democrats who are so unfortunate as to be found in their company. Unhappily the position of these Tammany Congressmen is such that there is no constituency to cross-examine them. They have but one constituent, and he is Charles F. Murphy, head of Tammany. None of these men need suffer fear or shame of anything except what Murphy disapproves. So far as the fact may have weight in determining motive, the record is that within forty-eight hours after Harrison cast his vote with the Republicans he was presented with the most desirable appointment within Cannon's power—membership on the Ways and Means Committee. The spectacle of Cannon receiving aid from Tammany must be a pleasant source of contemplation to the good old-fashioned Republicans of Danville, Illinois.

The Others

THE others of the twenty-three Democrats had varying motives. Those who are best informed believe that Fitzgerald, although it was he who made the conspiracy possible, and although he accepted a desirable committee appointment from Cannon the next day, had the least sordid motive of the twenty-three. It would be easy to say he comes from Pat McCarren's district, and stop at that; it would be easy also to say he is the best parliamentarian in Congress, and that the resolution he introduced represented his honest conviction as to what the rules ought to be. He is an able man and very useful as a critic of extravagant expenditures.

What Are Their "Business and Political Affiliations"

THE "Outlook" has said: "It would be interesting to take a list of the Democratic Congressmen voting against real reform, and make a little study of their business and political affiliations." Here is the list. Their constituents and the newspapers of their districts are in the best position to examine their "business and political affiliations."

Charles Gordon Edwards of Savannah, James Mathews Griggs of Dawson, Leonidas Felix Livingston of Covington, Gordon Lee of Chickamauga, William Mercellus Howard of Lexington, and William Gordon Brantley of Brunswick, Representatives from the First, Second, Fifth, Seventh, Eighth, and Eleventh Districts of Georgia.

Stephen M. Sparkman of Tampa, Representative from the First District of Florida, composed of the counties of Citrus, De Soto, Hernando, Hillsboro, Lafayette, Lake, Lee, Levy, Manatee, Marion, Monroe, Pasco, Polk, Sumter, and Taylor.

John A. Keliher of Boston and Andrew James Peters of Jamaica Plain, Representatives from the Ninth and Eleventh Districts of Massachusetts, composed of various wards in the city of Boston.

John Austin Moon of Chattanooga, Representative from the Third District of Tennessee, composed of the counties of Bledsoe, Bradley, Franklin, Grundy, Hamilton, James, Marion, McMinn, Meigs, Monroe, Polk, Sequatchie, Van Buren, Warren, and White.

James Thomas McDermott, Representative from the Fourth District of Illinois, composed of the Seventh District in the city of Chicago.

John Joseph Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, Representative from the Seventh District of New York, composed of nine wards of the city of Brooklyn.

George Henry Lindsay of Brooklyn, Representative from the Second District of New York, composed of six wards of the city of Brooklyn.

George A. Bartlett of Tonopah, Representative from Nevada.

As to all the twenty-three, one generalization is safe. However good or bad their motives, no Democrat can forgive them who looks upon his party as a great national organization. They threw away the greatest opportunity for a striking victory that the party has had for sixteen years. For just five minutes the Democratic Party was master of the Lower House of Congress. Then the twenty-three deserted.

Every woman whose home is electric-lighted should own a Hot Point Electric Iron

A BROAD STATEMENT. We purposely make it broad and say that in a house wired for electricity, all the ironing should be done with a Hot Point Iron. If you live in such a house you should read our statement word by word, whether you do your own ironing or pay others for doing it.

No appliance of recent years has advanced household economies so much as the Hot Point Electric Iron.

There is not a single valid objection to its use. It is absolutely safe under all conditions; no risk to either user or property. Economy, convenience and comfort all demand its use.

There are two models of the Hot Point Electric Iron—The Standard Model and the Automatic Model.

Every word in this announcement regarding economy, handiness, efficiency, cleanliness applies equally to both models. They are precisely alike except that the Automatic Hot Point Iron has a device attached which automatically controls the temperature and cuts off the electric current before the iron becomes hot enough to cause a fire risk.

Insurance Companies have objected to Electric Irons because occasionally some one forgets to pull out the plug. This leaves the current on the iron and it gets hotter and hotter and finally is liable to start a fire. This has been true of the Hot Point Iron up to this year. It is true of every other iron on the market today, including our Standard Model.

This means that today with every other Electric Iron, except our Automatic Model, it is necessary for some one to think to disconnect the iron when it is not in service, or it becomes a fire risk.

The Automatic Hot Point Iron wipes out this objection. It is a perfect Electric Iron and the only perfect one. If through carelessness a servant leaves the plug in the iron, the automatic device takes care of that. The plug is automatically thrown out of its receptacle before the danger point is reached.

The automatic control is located on the inside of the iron. So long as the iron is used in the regular way the automatic device is not in evidence. The iron is used just exactly like our Standard Iron.

But, should the bottom of the iron become dangerously hot, the automatic device works instantly. It is positive and certain, and so constructed that it cannot fail to operate.

The additional cost of the Automatic Model is very slight. When you consider that it insures you against any possible fire loss from the iron, it is a mere bagatelle.

However, should you not see the necessity of this fire protection, remember the Standard Hot Point Iron is absolutely the best Electric Iron in America excepting our Automatic Model.



HOW EASY IT IS TO IRON WITH A

Hot Point Electric Iron

And safe—and comfortable—and economical, too

Why you should own a Hot Point ELECTRIC IRON

One Model or the other of the Hot Point Irons should be used exclusively in your home for all your ironing

Because it is economical—

—You use no current until ready to iron. You put the plug into the rear of the iron to form the connection. In three or four minutes you begin to iron. Shortly, when the iron is heated up, you pull out the plug and continue to iron with the stored-up heat. On light work you use the current only about half the time. At the ordinary lighting rate, light ironing costs about three cents per hour; on heavy goods it is about twice as much.

Because it saves time—

—No waiting for the fire or for the iron to heat up. No time lost in changing irons or in running from stove to board. Simply put in the plug and iron continuously with the same iron until you have finished.

Because it is so handy—

—Use it wherever there is a light socket—in bedroom or bathroom or out on the porch. Stand is attached and you simply tip the iron up on to the back end.

Because it is so efficient—

—Because of the hot point you can do better ironing and more ironing than with any other iron, no matter how heated. The point of the Hot Point Iron is always hot, even after coming in contact with the damp, cool goods. This gives you an even temperature over the whole face of the iron and the point is hot enough to iron up into the gathers and tucks.

Because it is clean and cool—

—No heat in the room: Iron all day and the Hot Point Iron will not raise the temperature two degrees. No smoke or soot or dust; nothing to soil the ironing. The Hot Point Iron is fully nickel-plated and will not stick or smirch the goods. The handle is of rubberoid and is shaped to exactly fit the hand. It never gets hot.

Because it is simple and strong—

—Any one can use the Hot Point Iron with absolute safety. It is impossible to receive a shock from it, or to cause damage of any kind. With the Standard Model there is just one thing to remember—pull out the plug when the iron is not in service. With the Automatic Model even this is not necessary.

These irons are fully guaranteed against defects in material or workmanship or electrical trouble of any kind.

All of which summed up means that a Hot Point Electric Iron in your home will save strength—save patience—save backaches and tired feet—it means that the ironing can be done in perfect comfort and that the biggest source of kitchen discomfort has been banished.

HOW TO GET A

Hot Point Electric Iron

Lighting Companies in many cities distribute Hot Point Electric Irons to their customers. Inquire first of your Lighting Company. But do not be satisfied with some other make. There is just one iron that possesses all the advantages we have described in this announcement—just one, and that is the Hot Point Electric Iron. We have taken the trouble to explain why this iron is better and safer and more economical than any other. We want you to profit by it.

If the Lighting Company cannot supply you, the leading Electric Supply Dealer or Hardware House probably can.

Or if you prefer, order direct and we will have the iron delivered prepaid without further trouble on your part.

Now, if the arguments in favor of an Automatic Iron which gives absolute fire protection appeal to you, just remember that there is only one Automatic Electric Iron on the market.

The Automatic Iron is made in 6 lb. size and larger sizes for laundries. The Standard Iron is made in 4 lb., 5 lb., and 6 lb. sizes.

We always recommend the 6 lb. size for domestic use. It is none too heavy and will do all kinds of domestic work.

Every Iron is numbered and a record kept of it at the factory. We guarantee it to the Lighting Company or Dealer and they guarantee it to you. This guarantee covers all forms of electrical trouble.

We will deliver to you, all charges prepaid, anywhere in the United States, a 4, 5, or 6 lb. Standard Iron for $5.00, or a 6 lb. Automatic Iron for $6.00.

HOT POINT ELECTRIC IRONS ARE FULLY ENDORSED BY THE National Board of Fire Underwriters

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE and FACTORY, Ontario, California

EASTERN OFFICE and FACTORY, 63-65 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Lighting Companies and Dealers

We are carrying on an extensive advertising campaign. This is going to create a demand for Hot Point Irons.

We want the Lighting Companies and Dealers to supply this demand.

We are not advertising to build up a mail-order business, but to increase the demand in your locality, to be supplied by you.

We want to be able to turn orders to you. But you must have samples.

Order Your Samples

If you have not already ordered samples of the Hot Point Iron, do so today.

We furnish them at wholesale, subject to 30 days' approval. Give voltage. State probable number of irons you can use and we will quote quantity price.

Hundreds of Dealers and Lighting Companies all over the country are handling Hot Point Electric Irons.

Orderasamplenow.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

Ontario, Calif. **63-65 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.**

GENTLEMEN:—

We have read your advertisement in Collier's Weekly and would like you to send us further particulars about the Hot Point Electric Irons.

Please send us, charges prepaid,

One Standard Hot Point Iron, price $5.00;

One Automatic Hot Point Iron, price $6.00.

(Draw pencil through the one not wanted. Give Voltage.) We enclose check in payment of same.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

Our lights furnished by.....

.....

STERLING TIRES

The trouble with tires is that they are made of rubber and fabric, neither of which is indestructible.

Yet when you sizz around a corner with a 3000 lb. machine going twenty miles an hour, there's a strain on the rear tires that would break a steel cable.

But of course that isn't your business—it's up to the tire builder.

Nevertheless, when a tire goes to pieces it's your bones that are broken, and not the tire maker's.

So it doesn't pay to take chances on tires. It pays you to know how your tires are made, and whether they will stand the strain.

The money cost is plenty anyway—but in building a sturdy tire the cost isn't everything by any means. Anybody can buy good rubber and good fabric.

It's the way the tire is put together that makes it stand up in service.

Nine times in ten when the jack comes out of the tool box and you cuss the tire maker while a new casing goes on—nine times in ten the trouble is due to faulty construction.

Now, we've got a comparatively small mill. We don't want to make all the tires in the world. When we build one hundred "STERLINGS" a day, our shop is full. One hundred a day at an average of $20 each is $2000 a day, or $600,000 a year. That's a nice little business.

Yet it is small enough to allow personal inspection of the work at every stage. When one of our tire makers puts a layer of fabric or rubber on the core, he has to stop till it is inspected—then he puts on another, and that's inspected. In addition, each tire maker gets a weekly premium for a perfect score—meaning "no seconds."

Sterling tires are cured on air-bags, giving internal as well as external pressure, and thoroughly amalgamating the different fabric plies and layers of rubber. That's why Sterling treads and carcasses don't separate—they stay put.

Some of this can't mean much to you, but if you could see Sterling Tires in the making, you would understand just why they give the best service.

Our factory is practically right in New York—only nine miles over in Jersey, and we are building tires for New Yorkers. It's a hard trade to supply—hard to satisfy, because the proportion of heavy cars is large, and they are driven with less care than elsewhere. That tests the tires.

If you are near enough, come to the factory and we'll show you just how we do our work. Otherwise let us tell you how and where to get one STERLING TIRE. Put it on one wheel and see it outwear the other three.

Sterling Blue Tubes

Our tubes are blue and in making them blue we make them better than any other tube. There may be other tires nearly as good as ours, but the Blue Tube is absolutely unequalled. If you will tell us what tires and tubes you use and where you buy them we will tell you how you can get one Blue Tube without cost to you.

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO.
RUTHERFORD, N. J.

New York Branch
1691 Broadway, corner 53d St.

STERLING BLUE TUBES

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Private Detective

(Continued from page 15)

flowers were useful in helping him to think, and so, of course, for that reason she was always glad to have them, and she had some sentiment about them then! —Oh, gee!" He swallowed another drink.

Broxton sat impassive in spite of a curious sense of unreality. "Look here," he said. "Tell me. Is she worth your feeling so about her? What does she look like, anyhow?"

"Worth my feeling—! I wish you could see her once! She's only about so high—her eyes are about on a level with my shoulder. She wears a big hat with two red feathers stuck across the front, kind of on the bias; it's such a big hat that when we walk together I can't get a look at her face at all until she turns it and looks up at me, and then—say, I want to get right in under the hat, too."

"Pretty, is she? Blonde or brunette?"

"Brunette. Pretty? Well, what would you think!" Perch gave Broxton a reproachful glance. "I tell you whenever she looks at me I want to get right in under the hat. I did it twice, too," he added reminiscently. "Walking one Sunday in the country. I thought maybe she was just pretending that she minded it that time."

He sighed in disillusionment.

Broxton was not listening very attentively. The identity of the young woman had been made sufficiently clear by the detail of the two feathers, and the thought that even in the most remote way he had interfered with Mr. Perch's happiness was so amazing that it excluded all other emotions.

"Oh, she was just playing the coquette," he said at last.

"She'd been doing that enough," responded Perch gloomily. "I let her know that if she really cared at all, now was the time to be serious. When she just handed me the worst jolly yet, that was enough; I have some pride."

"Too much, if that made you quit."

"I gave her one more chance." Perch drained his glass. "We always used to meet at the corner of Third and Walnut at half-past eight in the morning in front of the flower stand, and then after I'd got the flowers we would walk down Walnut together. I left her last night; I said good-by to her for good. She let me go. But I thought that maybe overnight she'd have thought better of it. So I got to the corner of Third and Walnut at twenty minutes past eight this morning; the kid with the flowers asked me what I'd have, and I said I didn't know as I'd have any to-day—didn't know as she'd be along. Then I told him he might have a bunch of pinks ready in case she did come. Pretty soon he said: 'There she comes,' and got busy with the pinks. I just kept my back turned to Third Street and went on reading the 'Herald.' 'Say,' says the kid all of a sudden, 'she's going on down Third! She saw you, too.' 'Yes, that's all right,' I said. 'I'm going to meet her somewhere else. Give me the pinks.' So I walked down Walnut a block or two and chucked them in the gutter."

"Well," said Broxton. "What did you want? Did you think she would run after you?"

"She needn't have thought I'd run after her," returned Perch belligerently.

"That's what you should have done."

"And been given the laugh! No, sir. I went down to the office—did I tell you I was the advertising man for the Little Brighteyes Breakfast Food? I invented the ad: 'Willie, you must not come to breakfast in your pajamas'—you know the answer?"

"'Mama, I can not wait to dress for Little Brighteyes'?"

"Correct. That ad and the picture made thousands of dollars for the breakfast food this last year," continued Perch warmly. "I originated all their ads. I was offered chances at other things with twice the money. But I stuck to Little Brighteyes. I was interested in building up the business; I felt I was doing a good work. 'A good healthful food for the millions and for the millionaires.' You know the ad. It was all right till about a month ago when Whitfield went out and Bannock came in as manager. I knew I'd have a row with Bannock some day—the lobster! Naturally I had a grouch when I got into the office this morning; Bannock sailed in first thing and gave me some what-the-hell talk about an ad. I come from Missouri myself. I resigned on the spot so that he couldn't fire me, and then I unloosed on him all those words that a man in love ought to forget." A smile at the agreeable recollection passed over Perch's somber face.

The first Derby made in America was a C&K



BY every test which may be applied, the Easter hat should be a Knapp-Felt. The variety of smart shapes in which Knapp-Felt hats are made affords an opportunity for the exercise of individual taste in the selection, thus insuring a properly becoming style; the superb quality is an enduring delight to the eye and touch, as well as a constant satisfaction to those for whom the best is none too good; the steadfast Cronap dye is deep, rich and permanent; and the noticeable elegance of style is a strong bid for the appreciation of discriminating men.

In every one of the thirty-seven processes through which a Knapp-Felt hat passes it receives the individual attention of a well-paid, contented workman who measures up to the C&K standard.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere. Derbies and Soft Hats.

Your newspaper probably has the advertisement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
842 Broadway, New York

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

R&W Cheerful Clothes



At the Club

Theatre, semi and formal occasions, smart dressers wear White and Fancy Vests made by Rosenwald & Weil of Chicago. The originality of "R&W" styles and fabrics, precise fitting and general "tone" is due to a creative and practical organization. The only Vest known by name.

$2.00 to $10.00

Sold by your leading local dealer.

If you will write us we will send you our "Text Book of Dress for Men."

Rosenwald & Weil

Makers *Chicago*

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

The New Perfection in Polish

An entirely new and original preparation.

Easily and quickly applied—you can shine your own shoes in a minute.

AT ALL DEALERS **10 cents**

Apply as directed on box

The F. F DALLEY CO. Ltd.

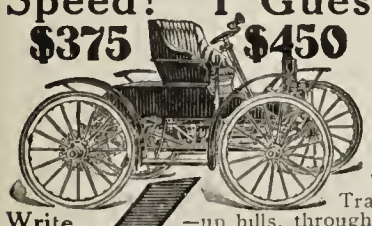
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$375 $450 —And economy, too, in the

Black MOTOR RUNABOUT



Travels **any** road —up hills, through mud, 2 to 25 miles per hour. 30 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Engine 14-h-p., 2 cylinders, air-cooled. Chain drive gear—Double brake. No tire troubles. Safe, reliable, handsome. Also Top Motor Buggies and Surreys. Write for free book No. A66.

Write Today

BLACK MFG. CO., 124 E. Ohio St., Chicago

"So now you haven't a job, even if you could get married," observed Broxton disapprovingly.

"A man who's an artist in his line needn't stay out of a job long," replied Perch. "The Gunnison people had been after me for a year to handle their advertising for them. I'm to give 'em an answer to-morrow."

"So it's just a question whether you do that or go to the Klondike or Mexico or the devil generally?"

"That's it."

"Queer how many men go to the devil because of some woman," observed Broxton platitudinously. "In my business I'm always finding that out."

"What's your business?"

"I'm a private detective."

"No! The deuce you say!" exclaimed Perch with admiring interest, and Broxton, nodding gravely, tried not to appear too important or too proud.

"Look here," he said. "I'd like to do something for you in this case. You tell me the young lady's name and the office where she works, and I'll guarantee to find out for you everything about that fellow that's got her hypnotized; I'll let you know what sort of attentions he's paying her."

Perch hesitated, looking at the floor.

"No," he said at last. "Much obliged. But I don't like the idea of spying on them. It's her business, anyway. No, I guess I won't tell you her name; I—it wouldn't be treating her right. I care too much about her to do a thing like that; yes, darn it all," he added mournfully, "I do."

"All right. I was just thinking—" Broxton left the sentence unfinished.

There was a pause.

"A private detective's life must be mighty interesting," suggested Perch.

"Oh, it's about like anything else," said Broxton. He yawned. "How about bed for you? I guess what you need is to sleep on your troubles."

"I guess I've kept you up listening to them," replied Perch. He took the blanket off his bed, and, with a sofa-cushion and an overcoat, made up a bed on the floor. Broxton, unlacing his boots, watched him, and divined his hospitable purpose. And suddenly, when Perch had turned away, Broxton cast himself just as he was on the improvised couch, drew the overcoat over him, put his head on the sofa-cushion, and closed his eyes.

"Good night," he said.

Perch expressed himself in a manner appropriate to his Missouri origin. But as his guest did not open his eyes, he made no further protest; in a few moments he turned out the lights, and soon after that they both were asleep.

At six o'clock Broxton awoke; his host was still sleeping. Broxton dressed quietly—an easy task, as he had so little dressing to do. He wrote a note:

"DEAR MR. PERCH—I did not like to wake you, and I have to leave early; in my profession we have to be silent and mysterious. Thank you for your kind hospitality, and believe me

"Your friend,

"THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE."

Broxton laid the note on the table where it would be sure to catch Perch's eye, and then went softly down the stairs and out of the house.

Three hours later Broxton entered his office. After interviewing the witness, he had gone home, taken a bath, put on clean clothes; and now he felt disposed to set right what was wrong in the world.

Passing through the outer room, he glanced at Miss Kelly. She was bent over a letter-file, and he could not see her face. He did see that there were no flowers on her desk and that above her head, on a peg, hung a hat with two slanting red feathers.

After he had opened his letters he called: "Miss Kelly!"

She appeared with her note-book and seated herself beside his desk; on her face was the listless expression which had disturbed him the day before.

"I'll give you those notes that I got from Williamson," he said, and he began dictating: "'Williamson is prepared to swear that at the time of the accident—'" He broke off suddenly. "Miss Kelly, what's the matter? No flowers again to-day!"

She looked up with a startled appeal in her eyes. But he continued:

"I wonder if you don't need a vacation?"

"Why?" she asked. "Don't—don't I do my work all right?"

He shook his head. "How can you do it all right without flowers? You need to go into the country and pick bunches and bunches—if your garden at home has given out."

She looked at him perplexed, uneasy. "I don't know just what you mean."

"I don't believe you feel very well. I

THE "STETSON" MODEL



THE STETSON SHOE

This is beyond question the most popular all-round shoe in the country.

It is because it fits perfectly so many different feet that it is so well liked. It has enough style to suit the average man.

It has every Stetson advantage—this means that it is carefully made by skilled labor, of the very best material that can be bought.

Before buying shoes again, let the shoe man who shows the *Red Diamond* sign, put a pair of "Stetson" models on your feet. $5 to $9 the pair.



Write for this book, "The Right to Know," and learn to *judge* a shoe when you are buying a shoe.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.

So. Weymouth Mass.

Dept. E

New York Shop
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If You're An Extremist—

By which we mean if you are *young*—if the blood still runs red and warm in your veins—if you still delight in a horse that needs holding straps—if you want to be in the thick of it every minute—in baseball, tennis, on the running track or the gridiron, instead of on the benches.

—Then Kaufman Campus Togs will suit your fancy to a "T."

—They're designed and built especially for *Young Men*. They wouldn't suit your father or elders—but they'll suit you.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs

are stylish—eminently so. But "Extreme" Style—advance style—the style of 1910. All the little "fads and foibles" that you can secure in lots of garments *next year* you'll find NOW in these masterpieces of the tailoring art.

Step into the store of a Kaufman dealer and try on a suit of Campus Togs. Note the "tone," the indescribable "air"—see how your good points are deftly brought out and enhanced—how those slight imperfections of form which we all possess are subtly concealed.

And then remember this:

—That every iota of the style, distinctiveness and elegance which you observe as you view yourself in the clothier's glass is there to stay.

It is rendered fixed and permanent by the Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which is exclusively our own, and which no other manufacturer can use. All the shrink tendency is taken out of the cloth before the goods are even touched with the shears. Which means that Campus Togs will not shrink, get out of shape, wrinkle, pucker, bag nor draw up.

And because our "Pre-Shrinking" Process renders style and fit permanent, we are able to Guarantee Satisfaction or Money Back on Campus Togs or any other garment bearing the Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Label—something no other manufacturer cares to do.

Your home dealer has our authority to make this guarantee to you. Ask him about it.

Your dealer will gladly show you the Campus Togs or other Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments, in any of the popular fabrics for Spring and Summer, at $12 to $30.

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Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago



Will you accept $5.00 a day for your services?

Whatever your present employment may be—whether you are a man or a woman—this offer is open to you.

You can establish yourself in a **pleasant, profitable,** and **permanent** business that will pay you more than **$5.00 a day** at the start—and will pay you as **much more** as you care to make.

You can learn this business in **less than a week**—and make **good money** while you are learning it. You will have practically no competition.

You Take no Risk Whatever

You will invest no money in this business until you are **absolutely sure** you can earn the money at it. You therefore **run no risk** of losing money. You are **paid well** for **all** you do.

You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner. It sucks up **dirt** and dust from floors, carpets, rugs, furniture, walls, woodwork, etc., and takes **all** the dirt and dust **out of the house**—quickly, easily, economically.

It makes housecleaning the work of **hours** instead of the work of **days**—and it does the work **ten times as thoroughly** as any other method.

How the Business Increases

Every housewife who has a rug, a room or a house cleaned by this process, is so **thoroughly satisfied** that she tells her friends about it.

You get **their** orders. They tell **their** friends—and you get **more orders.**

You get the work month after month, season after season, year after year. The more **customers** you get—the more **they** get for **you.**

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaners

embody **every principle** and **every improvement** known in the vacuum cleaner business—and combine all these advantages in a **portable machine,** weighing about 50 pounds, that can be easily carried from room to room, or house to house.

You can take one of these machines into a residence and remove **every particle** of dust and dirt, from **every room,** without taking up carpets or rugs—without removing furniture—without taking down curtains or portieres—and do it in **one-tenth time** it could be done otherwise.

What This Invention Means

Before the invention of the Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner, this work could only be done with a big, cumbersome, costly wagon apparatus—yet these wagon outfits earned for their owners **immense profits.**

The Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner does the same work that the big wagon outfits do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and much less to operate. It will therefore pay you far **larger profits.**

My Pay From Profit Plan

I want one good, earnest, honest, active man or woman in **every** city or town—**no matter how small**—where residences are **lighted by electricity,** to engage in the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner business, on the "Pay from Profit Plan."

I will **establish** you in business—**show** you how it is done—**enable** you to make good money while you are learning it—and assure you an income of at least **$5.00 a day.**

Or, should you want a Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner for use in your **own home,** I will prove its **value, its economy,** and its **necessity** to you—and give you an opportunity to use it, **at my expense.**

Let me Prove These Truths

I do not ask you to invest one dollar. All I ask is that you fill out the coupon below, and let me prove to you the truth of every statement here made.

This offer is made to you—**now**—**today.** It is your great opportunity to start in a **new business**—in a **coming business**—in a **profitable business**—in a business of **your own,** that will grow bigger each year. Fill out and mail the coupon **right now.**

J. W. Duntley, President
Duntley Mfg. Co., 303 Dearborn St., Chicago

.....Fill out and mail this coupon today.....

J. W Duntley, Pres., 303 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dear Sir—Tell me how I can earn $5.00 or more a day with a Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner, on your "Pay from Profit Plan." C. W

Name .....

Street and No. .....

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Will you engage in business yourself? .....

... are you inte... for use in your home? .....

...ENTION THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

noticed it yesterday. You looked out of sorts—as if you'd just lost your best friend."

Then, under his keen gaze, her eyes faltered, swam with tears, and dropped, and the crimson rushed to her face.

"I—I—you know, that *was* it," she confessed. She drew out her handkerchief and touched it to her eyes. "But I'll get over it; I'm not going to think about it any more, Mr. Bryce; truly, I'm not; and I'm not sick or anything. I can do my work, I can."

"But why should you get over it? Why don't you make it up with your friend, if you've quarreled with her?" Broxton's solemn face gave no intimation of the mirth which he was controlling as he threw out that suggestion. "Probably she's feeling just as bad about it as you."

"I hope"—Miss Kelly bit her lip for a moment and then ejaculated desperately—"oh, I hope she is!"

"Aren't you the unchristian person! Now, Miss Kelly, look here; I'll be your counsel in this matter. I feel able to advise you just from what I see. Here you've had a quarrel with your best friend, and both of you are quite broken up about it—you feel sure she's broken up about it, don't you?"

Miss Kelly, her lips pressed tight together, nodded.

"And it's upset you so that if you don't mend the situation you'll have a nervous breakdown, and have to take a vacation for months."

"Oh, no, I won't!" she cried with sudden spirit. "I won't think of hi—her; I won't think of her, I—"

"But why shouldn't you?" asked Broxton soothingly. "Isn't it foolish, obstinate pride to refuse to make up a quarrel with your best friend when you miss her so much and when you know, as I am sure you do, that you've been to blame as much as she?"

"I'll never admit it," declared Miss Kelly with spirit. "Never, never. If—if she wanted to come back—then it might be different. But I can't go after her; I won't. I—I'd rather suffer."

"But if she's as proud as you are—"

"She has no business to be," snapped Miss Kelly.

"But aren't you ever willing to take the first step, even though you may think the other person was in the wrong? Of course I could understand your holding back if the other person was a man, but—"

"Mr. Bryce!" she cried imploringly. "I know you want to help me, but please don't talk about it any more! I can't do anything about it, and I feel as if I just couldn't bear to think of it—and I do want to work, so as to keep my mind from thinking of it—and—" Her voice choked and her eyes filled again; she impatiently brushed away the tears. "I'd like to show you how well I can take dictation," she said, with an entreating, sad little smile.

"All right," said Broxton cheerfully. "I guess it's no use ever for a man to try to act as peacemaker between women. Now we're off: 'Williamson is prepared to swear that at the time of the accident he was driving his express wagon—'"

Miss Kelly bent her head and began scribbling earnestly in her note-book.

Later in the morning, when he was alone in his room, Broxton wrote the following note:

"DEAR MR. PERCH—The brunette girl who wears the big hat with two red feathers and who has a face that makes you want to get in under the hat is Miss Anna Kelly. She is a stenographer in the law office of Starr & Parsons, and she is crying her heart out for you. Go to her as soon as you can.

"Your friend,
"THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE."

He addressed the note to Mr. Perch's lodgings, and posted it at noon.

He came back after luncheon to find Miss Kelly sitting idle at her desk, gazing out of the window with a dreary face. He glanced at her when she looked round. She blushed and at once began to play industriously on the keys of her instrument.

Broxton closed his desk early that afternoon; as he was putting on his hat he heard the telephone bell ring in the outer office. Thinking that the call might be for him, he lingered while Miss Kelly answered it.

"Yes," she said, and then Broxton saw her face undergo a sudden change, a sudden transfiguration of joy, and he heard her say with a little gasp of laughter: "This evening? Yes, I will." At once, as unobtrusively as possible, Broxton departed.

The next morning when he entered the office Miss Kelly was there, arranging a bunch of roses in a tall tumbler on the top of her desk. She looked at Broxton with a radiant, shyly embarrassed smile,



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Like the American woman, "ONYX" HOSIERY stands on a pedestal all by itself—THAT IS WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS. What every woman DOES NOT KNOW is of the improvements in "ONYX" Hosiery for 1909.

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Our new ***"DUB-L TOP."*** *Our new* ***"WYDE TOP"*** *Our new* ***"DOUBLEX"***

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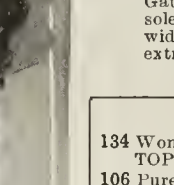
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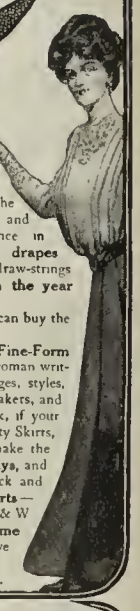
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Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. — **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting. — **Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"** — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days,** and **if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts** — If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you — **same guarantee** — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

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WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the **Fine-Form Maternity Skirt** is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.



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Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not.

Send for Catalog No. 176 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others

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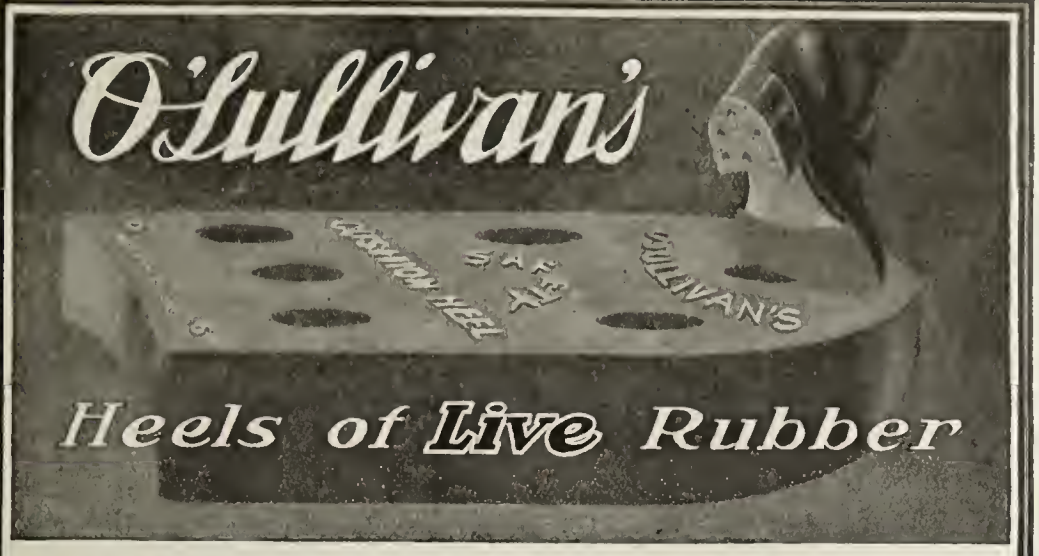
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"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

O'Sullivan's



Heels of Live Rubber

Listen! Have your feet lost their spring? Do you sit down where you used to stand? Do you ride where you used to walk? Are you disinclined to walk? Do you wear the soles of your shoes on the inside? Look to your shoes; look to the heels of your shoes particularly. These symptoms and many others arise from improper attitudes in walking, bringing disproportionate weight on the inner or weaker side of the feet.

The Great Reason. See to your shoes; see to the heels of your shoes; see that the heels are low and long enough to receive a perpendicular line passing down through the center of the ankle on the inside of your foot; see that your boots are fitted with heels of Live Rubber for just one reason, though there are many others which physicians, nurses, teachers, housekeepers, and in fact all sensible people, will offer; and the great reason why you should wear Heels of Live Rubber is that they encourage walking, which is universally conceded to be the simplest and best exercise, and enable you to walk more briskly and farther with the same effort. They do more than that; they help you to walk normally and gracefully.

If all people wore Heels of Live Rubber and had them put on by shoemakers who understood their work, they would be wearing heels one inch high and long enough to receive that portion of the weight which ought to be supported by the breast of the heel and to relieve the strain upon the instep arch.

Resiliency. The resiliency of the Live Rubber Heel induces you to walk normally; that is, to carry your feet parallel in walking. Leather heels are inclined to make you toe out; that is abnormal, ungainly, and tiresome, and results in the afflictions for which instep supports are worn on the inside of the shoes.

Ball of Foot. Provided Heels of Live Rubber encourage walking, and induce normal attitudes in walking, then it follows that they cause you to use the ball of your foot as the fulcrum, and the muscles of your leg to lift your body in walking.

Substitution. If Heels of Live Rubber are helpful along these lines, isn't 50c. a low price for them? Isn't it almost a shame to substitute ash-barrel rubber stuffed with rags when *Live Rubber* is the only article that will fill the mission of the rubber heel? But that is the situation; if you want *Live Rubber* you must demand O'Sullivan's. The few cents more profit that the substitute leaves the dealer explains why he makes his little speech as to why they are "just as good."

Diagram. When you encounter such a condition send diagram of your boot heel and 35c. to Lowell and get your Live Rubber Heels direct from the makers.

Free Booklet. A free booklet on the proper walk and proper walking shoes, written by Humphrey O'Sullivan, expert foot fitter, for the asking.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

DEEP BREATHING
IS
Nature's Substitute for Bodily Exercise
NULIFE



"Does not Bind Under the Arms or Press the Abdomen"



"Gives the Perfect Form Demanded by Health and Fashion"

Compels Deep Breathing
—Prof. Charles Munter

The lungs are the storage rooms of energy for the body, and deep breathing is the method required to keep them constantly charged. Every motion of the body uses up energy, and continued deep breathing rebuilds healthier tissues as fast as the old ones are consumed.

The larger the lungs, the greater the vitality of the body. Nulife expands the lungs to their fullest capacity and holds them open to receive all the air that continued deep breathing draws into them. The lungs regulate the health of the body—deep breathing regulates the strength of the lungs.



Back View, Showing How Nulife Straightens Round Shoulders

Prof. Charles Munter's

Nulife

Trade **PATENTED** Mark

For Man, Woman and Child

Nulife expands the chest 2 to 6 in., straightens round shoulders instantly, holds the spine erect, fills out the hollows of the neck, reduces the abdomen, and resists all downward pressure on the body, preventing congestion on the heart, lungs, stomach and other internal organs.

Nulife insures perfect circulation throughout the body, keeping it at an even temperature and in perfect health. Nulife gives to Man a commanding, military figure, and to Woman the graceful, curved lines of beauty, with or without a corset. Nulife makes children stand, sit and grow erect, healthy and strong. Nulife is entirely new in its principles and construction.

Nulife is designed on absolutely correct bodily lines, being the result of years of study by Prof. Chas. Munter, who is an authority on human anatomy. Nulife is recommended and worn by eminent physicians, physical and vocal instructors, military authorities, and other professional people. Its wearers number over a million men, women and children. Nulife is a thin, washable garment, light as a feather and strong as steel. There is no metal to rust or rubber to decay. Nulife positively does not irritate under the arms nor press against the abdomen. Nulife requires no lacing and is so simple any child can put it on without assistance. **Every wearer of Nulife is a living testimonial of health.**

Order a Nulife Now and Begin to Enjoy It at Once

I guarantee that Nulife will straighten round shoulders, expand your chest two to six inches, increase your height and compel free, regular deep breathing as Nature wants you to do. The price of Nulife is now **$3.00**, for which it will be sent prepaid to your address, and I know you will be well pleased and recommend Nulife to your friends after you receive and wear it. To order correctly give Chest Measure (close up under arms), Height, Age, Weight, Sex and Occupation.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR MY **ILLUSTRATED BOOK** **FREE TO YOU**

Sign and mail this coupon to me and I will send you free the Nulife booklet which tells you all about Nulife, what it has done for others and will do for you. This booklet is filled with illustrations and reading matter that clearly describe the efficiency and benefits of this wonderful garment. You ought to know these facts whether you ever expect to purchase Nulife or not. Send your name and address, plainly written, to

PROF. CHARLES MUNTER, Dept. 64, No. 13-15 W. 34th St., New York

Cut out along dotted line, fill in and mail to-day

Prof. Chas. Munter
Dept. 64
No. 13-15 W. 34th St., New York

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of charge your illustrated Nulife booklet.

Name.....

Town.....

State.....

A GARDEN OF ROSES



In order to introduce The Housewife, the best of women's magazines, into new homes we will send it on trial all the rest of this year for 35 cents, together with Six Guaranteed Ever-Blooming Roses, all fine, strong plants, sure to bloom and give satisfaction. They are as follows:

The Bride. *An Ivory-White Rose.* This is undoubtedly the finest white Rose ever offered to the public. None of them compare with the Bride in the size and shape of buds and half expanded flowers.

Star of Lyon. *A Profusely Blooming Rose.* This magnificent Tea Rose is a rich golden yellow; a strong, healthy and vigorous grower, immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The flowers are very deep, rich and full, excellent substance, very sweet.

Clothilde Soupert. *A Hardy Ever-Blooming Rose.* In a single season small plants will grow fifteen to twenty-five feet, producing cluster after cluster of finest formed flowers. They are large, round and durable, and deliciously sweet. The color effect is magnificent ivory-white.

Maman Cochet. *A Delightfully Fragrant Rose.* The growth is vigorous, with rich, healthy foliage. The extra large flowers are produced on long stems, are very double, and the buds and half expanded flowers are simply exquisite in their graceful form, delicate color and rich fragrance. The color is deep rose pink, the inner side of the petals silvery gray.

The Bridesmaid. *An Incomparable Rose.* The most popular pink Tea Rose. Thousands of this variety are grown every year for cut flowers, and it is also very desirable for Summer bedding. It is a delightful shade of bright pink, very fine flowering and easily grown.

Scarlet Bedder. *A Splendid Hardy Rose.* It can be planted anywhere, being entirely hardy. Flowers are large size fiery scarlet, a color rarely seen in Roses. Planted everywhere on account of its color and freedom of bloom. The size of the flowers and the brilliant coloring are marvelous and it blooms all through the season in profusion.

☞These Six Handsome, Hardy, Well-Rooted Plants are grown especially for us and are carefully packed and sent postpaid, by mail, direct from the greenhouses in Ohio. They are not common plants, but are guaranteed true to name and color and to be satisfactory or money refunded.

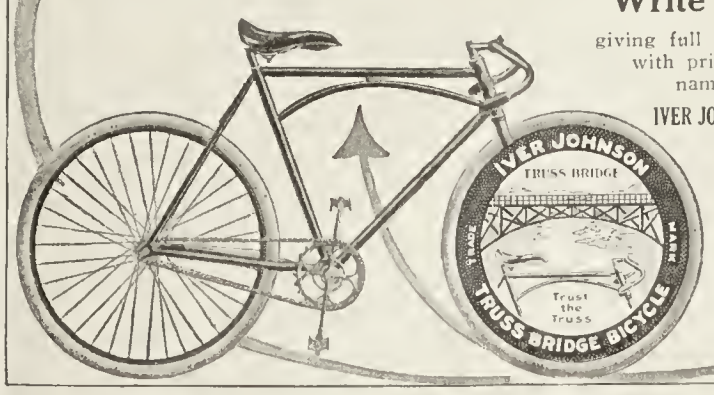
THE HOUSEWIFE HAS NO PEER AS A FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME, and numbers among its contributors many of the foremost writers of the day. It is Bright, Cheerful, Original, Practical and Timely. The **stories** are clever and pleasing; the **fashions** simple and sensible; the Mother's Hour, helpful; the Kitchen Page, a delight; while other departments, Fancy Work, Social Circle, The Garden, and others are among the best. The Housewife's Editorial Page is alone worth ten times the cost of a subscription. *You will be delighted with it!*

We will send The Housewife all the rest of this year with the above described Collection of Six Roses for only 35 cents. Address **THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 Duane Street, NEW YORK.**

IVER JOHNSON
TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLE

TRUST THE TRUSS

The Iver Johnson is proof against the strain of racing or coasting or the jars of rough roads, because of the Truss Bridge which holds the frame absolutely rigid, preventing sagging and spreading, "give" and "play." Thus the Iver Johnson is wonderfully easy running and far stronger and longer-lived than other bicycles.

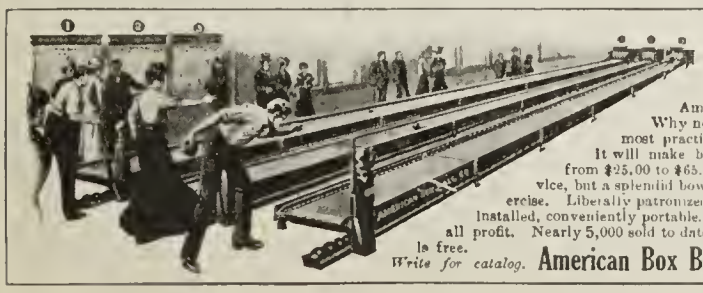


Write for Catalogue

giving full description of all models with prices and options; also the name of your dealer.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
146 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

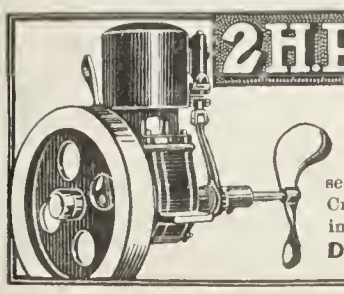
Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ("Hammer the Hammer") and Single Barrel Shotguns.



$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $150

Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from $25.00 to $65.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device, but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed, conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 5,000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog. **American Box Ball Co.,** PATENTEES, 300 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.



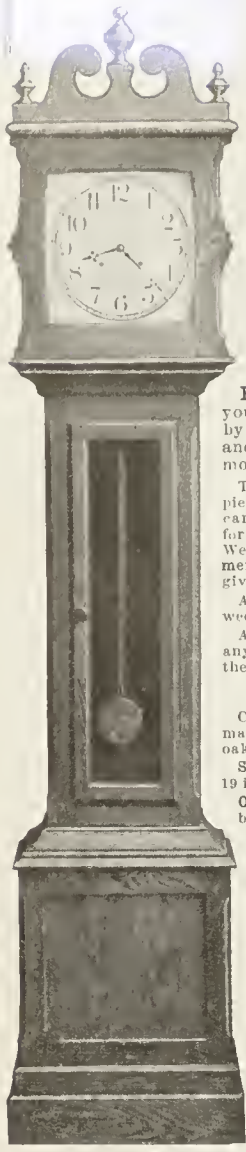
2 H.P. Detroit Engine $29.50

3-5-7-10-12-14 and 40 H. P. at proportionate prices.

Starts without cranking; no cams, valves, springs or sprockets. Only three moving parts. Uses alcohol, gasoline, naphtha, distillate, kerosene, coal oil, etc. All bearings babbitted. Cylinders and pistons ground. Crank shaft forged steel. For your Row Boat, Sail Boat, Launch 10, 40 in use. All sizes ready to ship. Send for testimonials and free catalog.

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS, 1298 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

SHIPPED YOU *For Inspection* **FREE**



The Ithaca Hall Clock

All Charges Prepaid

We ship this clock direct from our factory to you upon receipt of your request. We prepay charges. If it is not what you expected or as represented, ship it to us, charges collect. Use it ten days and if satisfactory, remit us its price $29.50.

Partial Payment Plan. If you prefer to pay for this clock by installments, remit us $8, and $3 per month for eight months.

This beautiful Colonial timepiece, exactly like photograph, cannot be duplicated elsewhere for several times the price we ask. We eliminate the profits of **salesmen, jobbers and retailers,** and give you the benefit of this saving.

An appropriate birthday or wedding gift.

A hall clock is a treasure for any home. It lends a dignity to the home.

DESCRIPTION

Constructed of polished cherry, mahoganized or polished selected oak.

Size—Height 7½ feet. Width 19 inches. Depth 11 inches.

Ornaments—Top ornaments, brass, polished and lacquered.

Doors—French crystal.

Dial—12½ in. square, black Arabic figures.

Movement—Our standard heavy brass 8 day movement. Polished brass visible pendulum. Strikes hours and half hours, on soft-toned gong.

Each clock is guaranteed for 10 years. State if oak or mahoganized cherry is wanted.

If you would consider the purchase of this clock, write immediately, requesting us to forward it to you **free of all charges, for inspection,** according to above terms.

The Ithaca Calendar Clock Company
15 Adams Street ITHACA, N. Y.
Established 1865
Makers of the world-renowned Ithaca Calendar Clocks
If interested in calendar clocks, send for catalogue.



Try It On

STEAKS

Epicures declare a steak is not complete without

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.



Imitations of Lea & Perrins Sauce have met with no success. The original Worcestershire fills every requirement.

Unequaled as a Digestive.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., New York.

and she came to him quickly, and said: "I must tell you right off, Mr. Bryce. I shan't need any vacation, for I'm going to—to leave the office for good pretty soon. I'm going to be married."

"Are you!" exclaimed Broxton. He put out his hand. "Well! How sudden you are! I never suspected! Who's the lucky man?"

"A Mr. Perch—Peter Perch. He's an advertising man—he writes advertisements, I mean."

"Really!" said Broxton. "I think I must resort to advertising if it produces such results. What papers did he use?"

Miss Kelly blushed and laughed. "Oh, I didn't mean that. Oh, now you're laughing because you got a rise out of me! Well—!"

"I hope I'm to have an opportunity of meeting Mr. Perch some time?"

"Oh, in about ten minutes. He walked downtown with me: he's making a change in his business, and he's coming round here right away to let me know if it's all right. I'd like awfully to have you meet him."

"I shall be delighted." Broxton turned to enter his room, then stopped. "Oh, Miss Kelly! Now surely you'll make it up with that friend of yours who's feeling so unhappy?"

She laughed. "Oh, I'm not going to bother about that any more."

Broxton shook his head. "Dear me, but you're the unchristian person."

He wondered whether Perch would betray himself at the meeting: he opened and read his letters, feeling a pleasurable undercurrent of excitement. He was writing at his desk when he heard a buoyant voice outside—"It's all right, Annie"—and looked up to see Perch standing just beyond his door.

Again he bent over his desk; he was much absorbed in his work when Miss Kelly entered. "Mr. Bryce," she said timidly, "this is Mr. Perch."

"Oh," cried Broxton, springing up quite suddenly. He looked at Perch and smiled, and put out his hand. Perch seemed not to see the outstretched hand; his frightened eyes were fixed on Broxton's face with an expression of incredulity; a flush mounted to his cheeks and forehead. Broxton took his hand masterfully and continued: "So glad to meet you and offer you my congratulations; Miss Kelly has just told me."

"Yes." Perch laughed nervously. "Thank you very much." And then, without any warning, he burst into a shout of laughter, in which Broxton instantly joined him; and so, shouting, they wrung each other's hands. Miss Kelly stood petrified.

"Where's the joke?" she demanded with asperity. "Are you crazy, Peter Perch? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm a little hysterical, I guess, because I'm so happy," Perch ventured apologetically, with a depreeating glance at Broxton.

She looked at him with scorn. "I don't like it. You seem to know each other; you have some secret. You're laughing at me." She was growing more excited, more suspicious every moment; her blue eyes, which at first had been snapping, were now misting over with a hint of tears. "I—there's something you're keeping from me, Peter." Her lips quivered, her eyes were reproachful; she turned away.

"Miss Kelly!" cried Broxton, and she paused and looked at him irresolutely; there was a pleasant twinkle in his eyes. "Mr. Perch and I happened to be thrown together once; we were able to help each other. I suppose Mr. Perch will tell you some time how it was. But if he doesn't choose to, you must trust him, and you must trust me. There was nothing discreditable to either of us. We weren't laughing at you, Miss Kelly. But we oughtn't to have laughed, for it must have seemed rude. Only, you see, it was such a surprise to Mr. Perch—our meeting. Isn't that all true, Mr. Perch?"

"Every word," said Perch fervently.

Miss Kelly looked at them both doubtfully for a moment. Then her eyes cleared and shone; she stepped up to Perch and slipped her hand into his.

"Of course I do trust you, Peter," she said. "And I shan't ever ask what it was that was so funny. But," she added, "I do hope that some time you'll want to tell."

"Some time I will," Perch promised. "But not right now. Good by, Mr. Bryce." He gave Broxton a grateful glance.

"Good by." As they were going out, Broxton called: "Oh, there's one thing, Mr. Perch; do all you can to reconcile Miss Kelly to that friend of hers that she's quarreled with."

"What's that?" asked Perch.

But Miss Kelly, with a merry laugh, took a firmer grip upon his hand and drew him away.



Home-made Gas-Light From Crushed Stone



TWENTY years ago the oil lamp had already been driven out of the city into the country home where gas could not follow—so we thought.

In those days we would have laughed at the idea of a country home lighted with gaslight.

But like the telephone and free mail delivery gaslight has finally left the city to become a common rural convenience.

In the year 1909, the up-to-date villager or farmer not only lives in a gas lighted house, same as his city cousin, but when he drives home on a cold, wet night he actually lights up his barn, his barnyard or porches on his house with this gas-light by simply turning an "ignition" button on a post or wall.

***

And this change seems quite like magic when you consider that this rural gaslight is home-made—made by the family itself right on the premises.

Take fifteen minutes once a month to make all that can be used in a large house.

The magic is all in the strangely, weird, manufactured stone known commercially as "Union Carbide."

This wonderful gas producing substance, "Union Carbide," looks and feels just like crushed granite. For country home use it is packed and shipped from warehouses located all over the United States in sheet steel cans containing 100 pounds.

Union Carbide won't burn, can't explode, and will keep in the original package for years in any climate. For this reason it is safer to handle and store about the premises than coal.

***

All that is necessary to make "Union Carbide" give up its gas is to mix it with plain water—the gas, which is then instantly generated, is genuine Acetylene.

When piped to handsome brass chandeliers and fixtures Acetylene burns with an intensely brilliant, stiff flame, that the wind can't affect.

This flame makes light so white in color that it is commonly called "Artificial Sunlight."

Experiments conducted by Cornell University have proven that it will grow plants the same as sunlight itself.

Physicians recommend Acetylene as a germicide and a remedy for eyestrain, and it is used as an illuminant in fifty-four hospitals in New York City alone.

Then too, Acetylene is so pure that you might blow out the light and sleep all night in a room with the burner open without any injurious effects whatever.

On account of its being burned in permanent brass fixtures attached to walls and ceilings, Acetylene is much safer than smoky, smelly oil lamps which can easily be tipped over.

For this reason the Engineers of the National Board of Insurance Underwriters called Acetylene safer than any illuminant it commonly displaces.

In addition to all these advantages, Acetylene light is inexpensive.

An Acetylene light of 24-candle power costs only about 3¾ cents for ten hours' lighting, while for the same number of hours regular oil lamps of equal volume cost about 6 cents in kerosene, chimneys and wicks on the average.

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Consider this carefully and you will hardly wonder at the fact that there are today no less than 176,000 town and country homes lighted with home-made Acetylene, made from "Union Carbide."

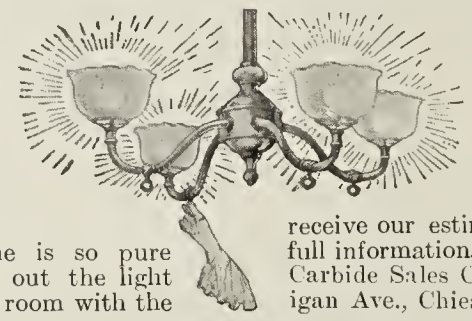
Once a month some member of the family must dump a few pounds of Union Carbide in a small tank-like machine which usually sets in one corner of the basement.

This little tank-like machine is automatic—it does all the work—it makes no gas until the burners are lighted and stops making gas when the burners are shut off.

The lights located in every room in your house, on your porches, in your horse and cow barns, or barnyards and chicken yards if you like, will all be ready to turn on with a twist of the wrist or a touch of the button at any time of the day or night.

No city home can be as brilliantly or as beautifully illuminated as any one of these 176,000 homes now using Acetylene.

Won't you let us tell you how little it will cost to make this time-saving, money-saving, beautifying light at your own home?



Write us today how large your house and how many rooms you have, and receive our estimate and books giving full information. Just address Union Carbide Sales Co., Dept. A, 158 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

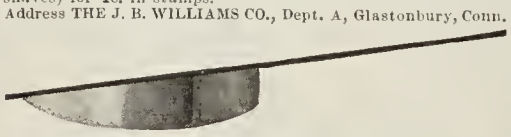
Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickeled Box—Hinged Top



Can you afford for the few cents you may save, to run the risk of some of the inferior shaving soaps that claim to be "Just as good as Williams'?" Ask your face this question.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.
Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.





As strong as a solid wheel
No solid wheel is speedier

In the "Sintz" Reversing Propeller are combined perfect control over both speed and direction; adjustable pitch, elimination of grease, dirt, wasted space and power. We are dead certain that the "Sintz" is king of all reversing devices—that it will satisfy you.

We'll back up that statement by refunding purchase price on any "Sintz" Wheel that does not satisfy, paying freight both ways. We want you to have our catalog. It contains the whole proposition in a concise form. Send today.

WILMARTH & MORMON CO., 612 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.



WELL-FINISHED FLOORS

give an air of elegance and refinement to a home. It is an easy matter to have nice floors if you use Patton's Sole-Proof Floor Coatings. They withstand wear to a remarkable degree, and they may be used with equally satisfactory results on all sorts of interior woodwork and furniture.

The Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even in inexperienced hands, makes possible the most charming natural wood effects on furniture, floors, linoleum, oilcloth, etc.

Sole-Proof Floor Coatings are sold in ten colors by reputable retailers whose business existence depends upon the quality of their wares.

Free Sample—Write for beautiful color card and booklet and if you enclose 10c in stamps to cover packing and postage, we will send free sample can—enough to finish a chair.

PATTON PAINT CO.
216 Lake Street Milwaukee, Wis.

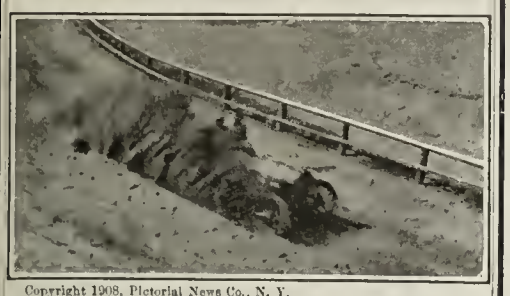
PATTON'S SOLE-PROOF FLOOR COATINGS

MICHELIN TIRES

HISTORICAL

The Paris Bordeaux speed and endurance contest of 1895 was not only the first important automobile event ever held in the world, but it possesses additional historic interest because on that day pneumatic automobile tires were first used. They were Michelin Tires of course.

Michelin was the pioneer then and is the leader now. Dating from that first appearance in 1895 Michelin Tires have carried to victory the winner of practically every speed and endurance contest in the world.



Copyright 1908, Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

Michelins Winning the Briarcliff

A striking illustration of what Michelin Tires withstand successfully.

MORE HISTORY

1908 Michelin Victories—"As Usual"

INTERNATIONAL GRAND PRIZE CUP, Savannah.
VANDERBILT CUP, Long Island.
BRIARCLIFF, New York.
SAVANNAH STOCK CAR, Georgia.
GRAND PRIX de A. C. F., France.
BRIGHTON BEACH 24 HOUR CONTEST.
All Records 1 to 24 Hours.
ORMOND BEACH, 100 Mile World's Record.
JAMAICA BAY, Long Island.
World's Record 1 and 2 Kilometers and 1 Mile.
DENVER STOCK CAR CONTEST, Colorado.
LOWELL STOCK CAR CONTEST, Massachusetts.
TARGA FLORIO CUP, Sicily.
ST. PETERSBURG-MOSCOW CONTEST, Russia.
FIAT-NAPIER MATCH, Brooklands, England.
Speed 120 Miles per Hour.
MOTOR PARKWAY SWEEPSTAKES.
MEADOWBROOK SWEEPSTAKES.
GARDEN CITY SWEEPSTAKES.
NASSAU SWEEPSTAKES, Long Island.
MORRIS PARK, N. Y., Two 24 Hour Contests.
And others too numerous to mention.

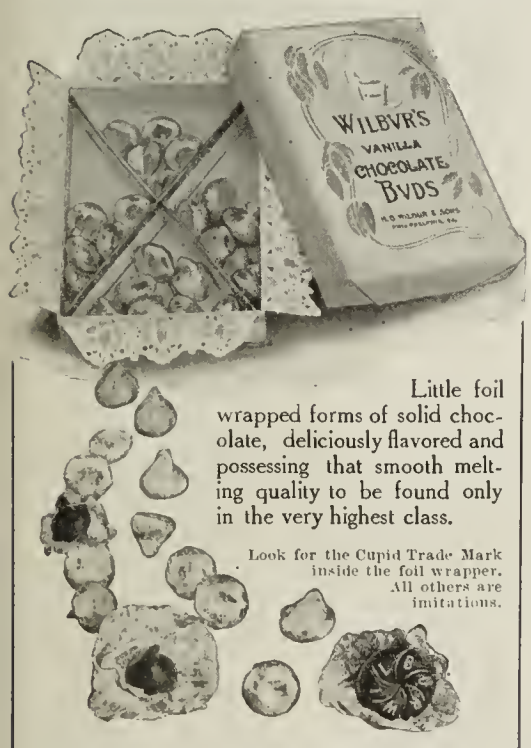
1909 Michelin Victories—"As Usual"

NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS.
100 mile and 10 Mile World's Track Records; Two 50 Mile, Two 5 Mile, and Two 1 Mile victories and other events.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
MILLTOWN NEW JERSEY

BRANCHES

BOSTON, 901 Boylston St. — DETROIT, 247 Jefferson Ave.
BUFFALO, 908 Main St. — NEW YORK, 1763 Broadway.
CHICAGO, 1344 Michigan Ave. — PHILADELPHIA, 320 N. Broad St.
CLEVELAND, 2001 Euclid Ave. — SAN FRANCISCO, 308 Van Ness Ave.
DENVER, 15 East Colfax Ave. — SEATTLE, 1503 Broadway.



Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, deliciously flavored and possessing that smooth melting quality to be found only in the very highest class.

Look for the Cupid Trade Mark inside the foil wrapper. All others are imitations.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us **one dollar** for a pound box prepaid.

Or a sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC.
Cocoa Manufacturers
235 North Third St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Going to Build?

Neponset Waterproof and Air Tight Building Paper on walls beneath clapboards or shingles means a yearly saving of one-third in heating cost. It makes rooms comfortable and healthy, and free from draughts and dampness.

Neponset Black Waterproof Building Paper

See that it is used on your house. Write for booklet, **"Comfortable Homes,"** it tells the story you ought to know.

A bungalow, garage, barn, or any kind of a building, from a poultry house to a factory, needs a good roofing—one easy to apply, that will prove durable and attractive—will not leak. No trouble to those who use **Paroid Roofing.** It is absolutely unaffected by any climatic extremes.

Paroid Roofing

has stood the test of time. Our booklet, **"Paroid Proofs,"** will tell you why it is the best. Write for it and free sample.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 243 Mill Street, E. Walpole, Mass.

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By Waldo P. Warren

A New Trade Press

A NEW concept of the proper function of the trade press is making itself felt. It is not especially new to some of the best of trade publications, but it is very new to others.

The new order of trade paper does its duty by the reader whether the advertiser likes it or not. If the advertiser tries to exert his moral influence by canceling his advertisement, the publication has an opportunity to win the advertiser's respect by refusing his terms, and if the advertisement does not come back of its own accord later on, it affords an opportunity to consider whether it is really desired.

If it should ever come to be generally suspicioned that a trade paper framed its editorial policy to please its advertisers at its readers' expense, the prosperity of that paper would tend to wane. A publication that is not what it purports to be, purports to be what it is not. Reading matter that purports to be written to enlighten the reader, and yet withholds known information that would be of use to him, or colors information that is given, because such methods suit the purpose of some advertiser, is just the kind of reading matter that the reader stands least in need of.

The new trade press will disseminate trade information without fear or favor, and other things will adjust themselves accordingly. It will take courage to conduct such papers, but the fact that it has been found possible in some cases should encourage the faint-hearted. It may be true that it is not generally possible in all cases at present, because of the handicap of long existing conditions and attitudes. The overzealous reformer sometimes forfeits his ability to accomplish anything by offering inadequate resistance to the opposition.

One fact, however, remains. The right basis of a trade paper is to serve the reader with reliable information and incidentally to sell advertising space. The trade press must eventually gravitate toward that basis. Happy the man who moves with the current, when the current is running in the right direction.

Economies

ALMOST every advance in business development involves the discovery of new economies. New machinery usually has one unanswerable point in its favor in that it effects economies before unthought of. A new idea of business procedure usually means a greater revenue or a greater saving. In any event it is the making use of opportunities hitherto unappreciated.

Attention is turning, and will doubtless continue more and more to turn, to the great possible economies in developing the productivity of employees. The increase of ability, in response to instruction and encouragement, is very great. The value of an employee increases more rapidly than the need of increasing his salary, even if adequate encouragement be given him for his improvement.

Many an employer is paying $100 for service that another employer gets done for $50. This is not because the first employer pays better wages than the other, for often he not only does not do that, but he keeps his employees in a rut where, after ten years, they are worth scarcely more to him or another. The second employer gets the work done for $50 because he took an employee who, for lack of training, was unable to command a higher wage, and by a systematic effort to bring out the best there was in him, soon had a more efficient employee for his business than the other man who paid enough to command the services of an employee who had been trained elsewhere, or, as is more often the case, who paid for two or three untrained employees to accomplish the work of one trained employee.

When the possibilities for economy in training employees becomes more generally recognized, we may look for radical changes in the present methods of many

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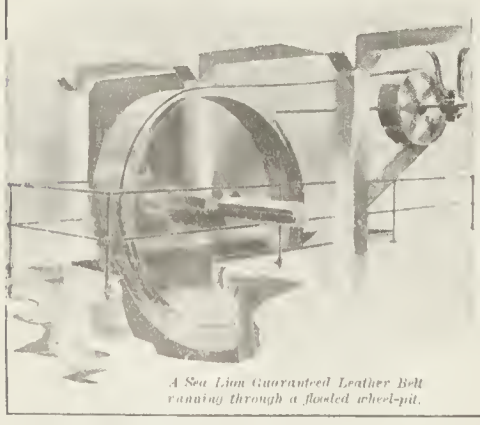
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institutions, where business system is composed largely of rules as to what employees are not permitted to do, and involves very little that is calculated to inspire them to develop greater and greater ability in their work.

Success will attend such efforts for development in the proportion that employers, and especially their lieutenants, learn the economic difference between driving employees by constant fear of censure and leading them by awakening the potent influences of their better nature.

The man whose faith in human nature is so blunted that he can not see the possibilities for individual development, and who defends coercive measures as the only fruitful ones, is least of all capable of being an economical manager. He may for a time deceive himself and his employers, and continue to kill the goose of spontaneity that lays the golden eggs of results, but as surely as the world is growing more enlightened, the time approaches when such managers and such methods will be seen to be the most wasteful extravagances in business, which progress and the economic law will inevitably eliminate.

Unsafe Conclusions

THE living root of most of the errors that infest the business world—whether those errors concern the administrative policy of a railroad president or the way the office-boy puts the stamps on the envelopes—will be found in a certain inherent trait of the human mind. It is the habitual tendency of every human being to reduce his observations to dogmatic conclusions, and to begin subsequent thought from that point. A composite of the dogmatic spirit is the policy which says: "I always handle that sort of thing in this way." Examine a cross-section of the average mentality and you will find it filled with little conclusions. Trace many of those conclusions back to their beginnings and you will find that they have been reached by one or two feeble observations, hastily interpreted, and a large measure of unfounded guesswork. The key is turned on that point, and that conclusion, no matter how inadequate, becomes a factor in all subsequent thinking. Any new thought that disagrees with that conclusion is regarded with suspicion if not with contempt. Possession of a dogmatic conclusion is nine points of the law of loose thinking. The lazy mind delights in a short cut, and the more it gets used to these short cuts the more lazy it becomes. When the mind gets clogged up, and thoughts do not flow freely, it is almost a certainty that one of these little conclusions forms the obstruction. The mind that is ever seeking to know is alive. The one that is satisfied that it knows, and condemns every conflicting opinion, and will listen to no more evidence, has ceased growing. Fear of new evidence is a self-conviction of insecurity and an unwillingness to be found out. A fixed conclusion, based on meager and untypical observation, and that misinterpreted, is the most dangerous instrument ever devised by man. Progress is largely a matter of breaking up such conclusions.

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EMPLOYERS who may prefer to have their organization done in the popular dull finish, and avoid the vulgar shiny effect that is occasioned by life and enthusiasm and interest in the work, can bring about the change with little difficulty. The work is so simple that no experience is required. Any short-sighted employer can do it with ease. Some have found it effective to fill the upper vacancies with outsiders. This does not disturb the long experienced workers who have grown used to their tasks and would not thrive on a change. The outsiders can quickly learn from these workers enough to enable them to fill the place. The effect is quick and permanent. The shiny appearance gives way to the dull finish with the first few rubs, and soon tones down to a darker shade. The same effect may be secured by ill temper and red tape, but there are always some spots in the organization which continue to shine, even if feebly, in spite of these measures, whereas the other method removes all these shiny spots and distributes the dull finish quite evenly, and prevents it from wearing off. Samples of this sort of work may be seen in a great many places. A little experimenting will convince any one that the method is worthy of the attention of any employer who desires to produce this effect.

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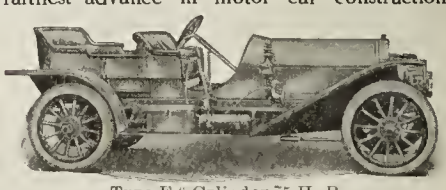
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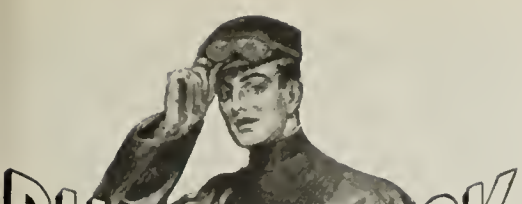
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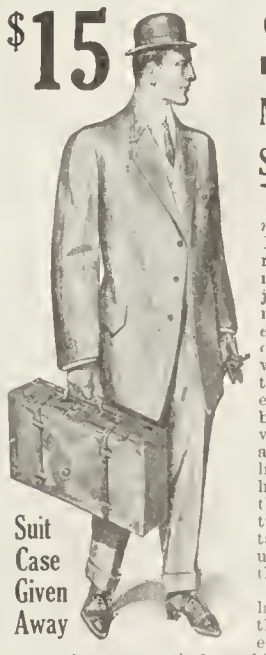
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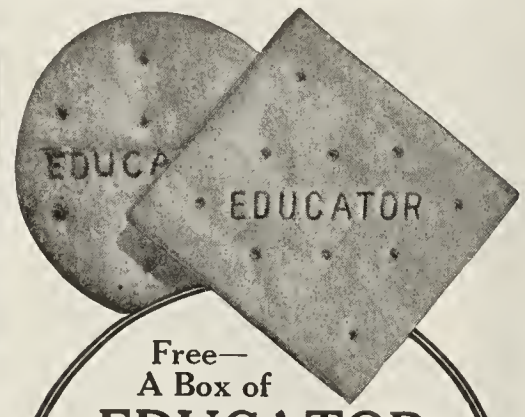
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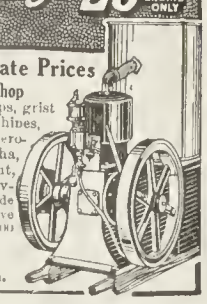
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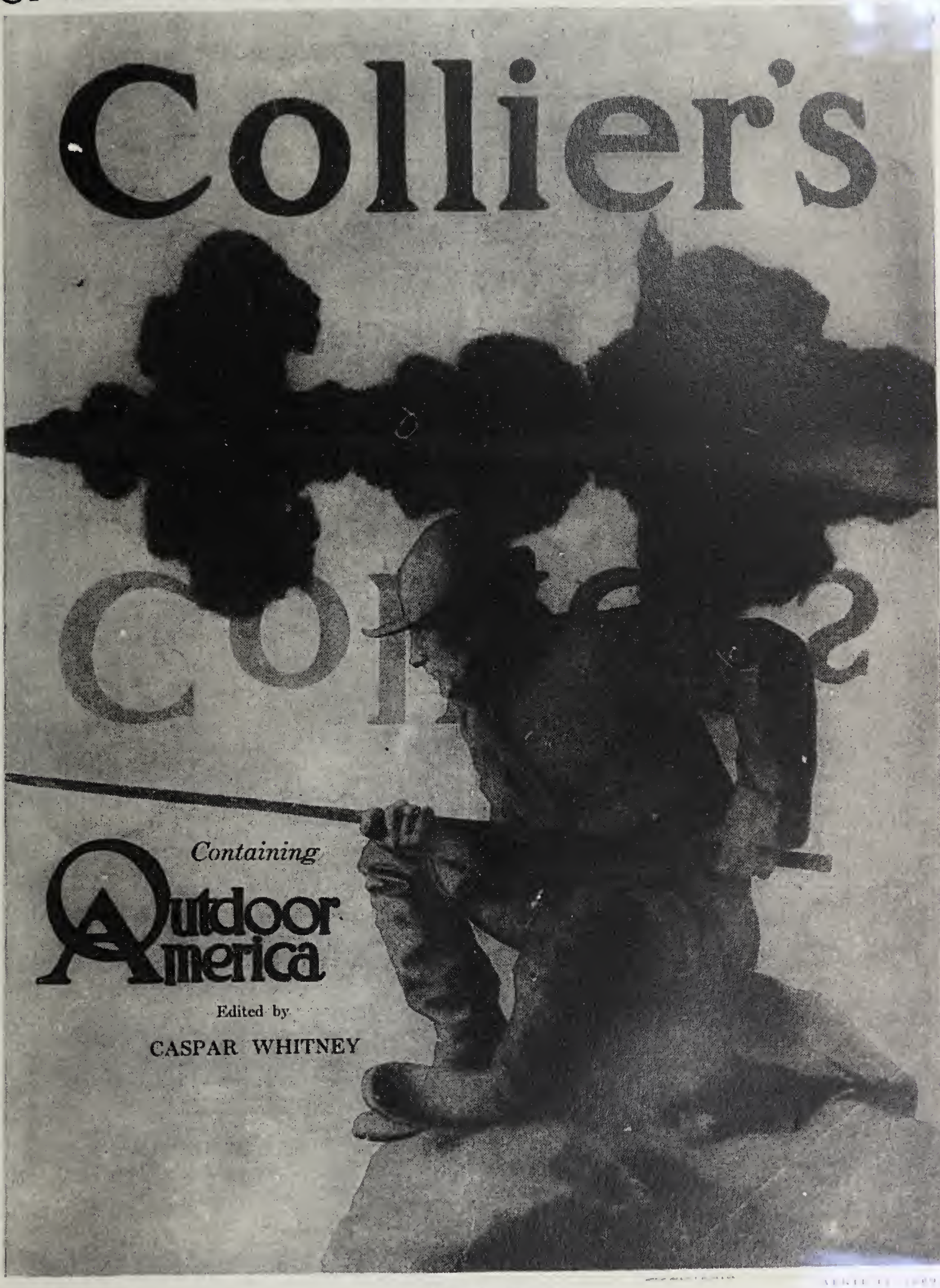
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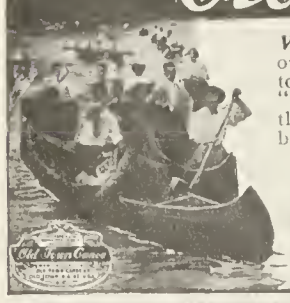
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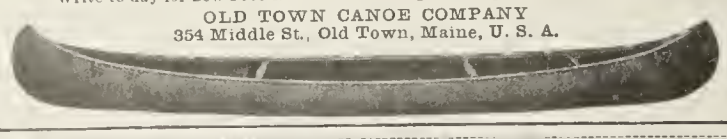


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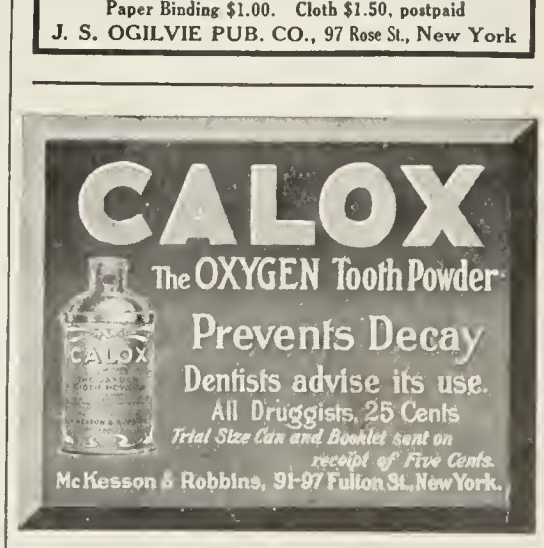
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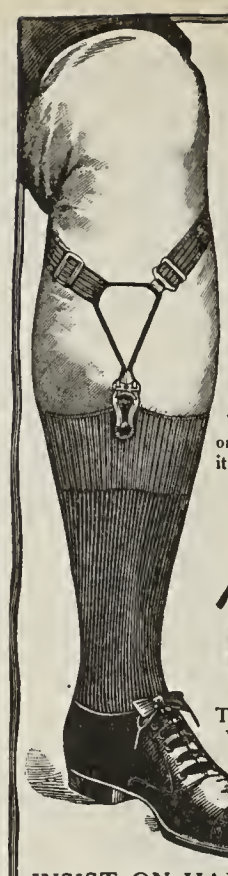
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, April 17, 1909

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Containing:

BUCKO

By

PERCEVAL GIBBON

¶ *A story of the sea that gives you some of the shivers experienced by the crew of a South Sea sailing vessel in rough weather and under the domination of a second mate whose usual form of discipline was breaking skulls and other ungentlemanly deeds. When the tables turned the sea itself took him in hand and meted out to him its revenge for his demeanor to her hard-working sailors. What the sailors didn't do for him when he was helpless showed the depth of their aversion better than any active form of revenge might have done.*

THE TROUBLE HUNTER

By

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

¶ *When a man is looking for trouble he usually finds it, and one would naturally think that the owner of a circus would be able to satisfy his cravings in that direction without effort or delay. But Old Bill Simms, after an uneventful forty years of managing a one-elephant circus, was still sighing for some excitement to break the monotony of his humdrum life. That it never rains but it pours was proved by his experiences on board the "Daisy D.," en route for Australia. When they struck the voleanic zone, and the Fiji sailors assumed that the end of the world had come and turned the menagerie loose, Old Bill got trouble enough to satisfy his longing, and stock up his story-telling reservoir for many years to come. Mr. Adams happened to be an eye-witness to the affair, much to the reader's delight.*

FILIBERTO

By

SARAH COMSTOCK

¶ *It seldom falls to the lot of any man to live part of a love story, get friendly with an author who is on a vacation, and then afterward read not only his past but also the future. Filiberto, an early settler in the California redwood district, had such an experience. Being simple-minded and not used to the ways of literary men, he mistook the latter part of the story for predestined fate, and set about to fulfil it. The first part of it fulfilled so well, he gained a boldness he could not have otherwise acquired, but the author's gift of propheey failed him, and Filiberto received an awakening that after all was more human.*



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Zebras in the Sandy Bed of the Olgerei River

Photograph by A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

(See page 12)

Collier's

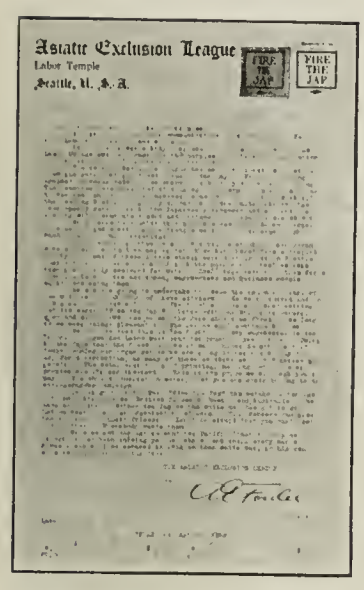
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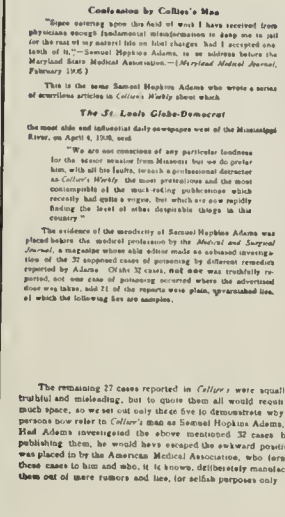
April 17, 1909



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Confessions by Collier's Man

"Space sobering upon this field of work I have received from physicians enough fundamental misinformation to keep me in jail for the rest of my natural life on libel charges had I accepted one tenth of it."—Samuel Hopkins Adams, in an address before the Maryland State Medical Association.—(*Maryland Medical Journal*, February 1906.)

This is the same Samuel Hopkins Adams who wrote a series of scurrilous articles in *Collier's Weekly* about which

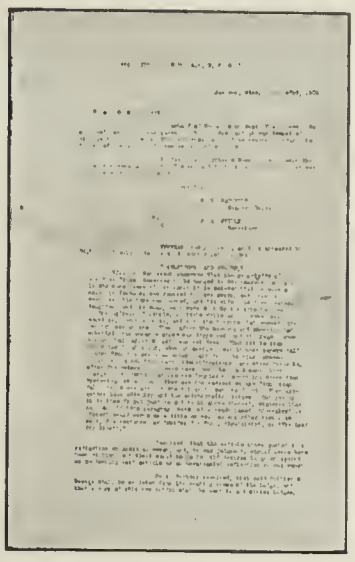
The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

the most able and influential daily newspaper west of the Mississippi River, on April 4, 1908, said:

"We are not conscious of any particular fondness for the senior senator from Missouri but we do prefer him, with all his faults, to such a professional character as *Collier's Weekly*, the most prestigious and the most contemptible of the muck-raking publications which recently had quite a vogue, but which are now rapidly finding the level of other despicable things in this country."

The evidence of the mendacity of Samuel Hopkins Adams was placed before the medical profession by the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, a magazine whose able editor made an unbiased investigation of the 37 supposed cases of poisoning by different remedies reported by Adams. Of the 37 cases, **not one** was truthfully reported, not one case of poisoning occurred where the advertised dose was taken, and 21 of the reports were plain, unvarnished lies, of which the following five are samples.

The remaining 27 cases reported in *Collier's* were equally untruthful and misleading, but to quote them all would require too much space, so we set out only these five to demonstrate why many persons now refer to *Collier's* man as Samuel Hopkins Adams. Had Adams investigated the above mentioned 37 cases before publishing them, he would have escaped the awkward position in which he was placed in by the American Medical Association, who furnished these cases to him and who, it is known, deliberately manufactured them out of mere rumors and lies, for selfish purposes only.



SEEN BY COLLIER'S MAN

DOPE

LOOK, READER, at the circulars reproduced above. Literally millions of them are being sent about the country. Who is furnishing the money for this enterprise? What are the motives back of the huge expense? Singly such plots would scarcely be worth our answer. Taken together, they bring to light methods worthy of attention.

First, look at the patent-medicine pamphlet, with its caption, "Collier's Man Confesses." What does Mr. ADAMS "confess?" He "confesses" that he does not believe without investigation what physicians tell him. The trick is simple. Print some statements from a patent-medicine organ and make the headline tell the careless reader that this foolish and dishonest screed is the "confession" of Mr. ADAMS. A stupid device, you say? Fifteen persons out of twenty fall easy victims to such tricks. For the majority, headlines make the news. You thought, dear reader, the patent-medicine vender had gone to the hereafter? You imagined that our little exposures could end his tribe? Vain confidence! Flattering mistake! No evil is so quickly ended. The vender lost a pint of blood, and limped off with an injured thigh, but he is busy once again.

Another set of enemies are the saloons. They campaign shrewdly; their last move is shrewd indeed. They can not go through the South, saying, "COLLIER'S is hurting our business in this region, so please be cross with it. It is pointing out that most crime, especially negro violence, has its start in some saloon. This injures us, and we invoke the law of MOSES." Such a speech would be too frank. The saloon men take another line, intricate, and not too easy for the unsophisticated to unravel. In the first place they dominate, wherever they are able, that well-known society called the Elks. In many towns the Elks are led by the best and most influential citizens, and such first-class lodges blush over the domination of saloon men in other places. In our office are numerous letters from the better class of Elks, protesting against the tricks played in the name of that society by saloon men wherever they control. Here is their scheme. They take an editorial of ours in which we give reasons why prompt court trials are more efficacious than the judgment of a mob. Among other things we had occasion to mention a certain class of women, happily far smaller than the corresponding class of men, and certainly as a class deserving more of sympathy than scorn—victims of man, demoralized by his passions and contemned by him for a demoralization of which he is the cause. This admission of ours that fallen women do exist upon this earth gave the saloon men one opening. They needed another. We had been discussing a riot in a Northern State. They merely transferred it to the South. Then they added a blaze of rhetoric, which they deemed suited to the population. Stripped of fierce verbiage, their propositions are:

COLLIER'S is attacking womanhood.
Especially womanhood in the South.
We, the saloon men, are spending the money of the Elks in an unselfish, chivalrous effort to protect the women of the South.

The saloon men should have added items thus:

"Not only does COLLIER'S wish women to be degraded; it wishes all small babies to be tortured, and old men, wherever possible, to be thrown away to starve.

"The only refuge from COLLIER'S assaults on womanhood, babyhood, and manhood is the saloon."

You, O philosopher, think all this absurd? Alas, you know not the credulity of the human soul, dwell it west or east, or south or north. One more of these conspiracies and we have done. Our views about the Japanese are clear. We support the exclusion act and believe it is enforced. Merely, however, because we credit the Japanese with powers and merits, some dishonest fire-eaters see a chance to raise money for themselves and work injury to us by distributing circulars:

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the leading scab-glorifying publication of the United States, has been openly subsidized by the Japanese Government, and all articles dealing with Japan are edited and revised by a Japanese subeditor."

Observe the paucity of invention. Just as the saloon men in the South drag in a race question, trusting that excitement will blind the South to the hand of the saloon beneath, so this agitator (raising money to be sent to him!) with similar purpose and with equal trust in human gullibility, plays the union label in spite of the fact that we happen to be a union shop.

Do not imagine, reader dear, that our heart is wrung. Skilful plots against us will continue as long as COLLIER'S retains its present character. This weekly is not exclusively an article of commerce. It is not manufactured by men whose sole endeavor is to make it sell. Other things also we endeavor to accomplish, and when change is sought, and contended for, enemies must abound. It is human, if the mirror shows a streak of dirt upon one's countenance, to smash the mirror. This little sermon has run its course. We have pointed out a slight fraction of the organized agencies laboring against us. Each year will have its crop. We roar gently in reply. Whatever happens in these little skirmishes, the truth to a certain extent is mighty, and to a certain extent undoubtedly it will prevail.

And now, even as these words are flowing from our reflective pen, along comes the news that CHARLES L. BARTLETT has gone to his eternal rest. He was a true believer in his Orangeine, and it probably hastened by many years the end of his career. Rest his soul; and rest the souls also of those others, less honest than poor BARTLETT, whose plots and counterplots are unfolded on this page.

In Kentucky

RACE-HORSES, whisky, mountain feuds, and night-riders have appeared out of fair proportion in Kentucky news. A crime committed there receives much wider advertising than a similar performance in Pennsylvania or New York. Take Lexington as an example. No town has suffered more from undesired fame than she. Let us hasten, therefore, to note that manual training, for boy and girl, white and black, is being furnished by this city, and is intended ultimately to extend from kindergarten to high school graduation. Also Lexington can boast a juvenile court, compulsory school attendance laws, public playgrounds, vacation school, and the Civic League is pushing forward. Lexington is on the firing line.

Welcome

TO OUR NEIGHBOR, the "Metropolitan Magazine," all prosperity under its new management. The more vigorous those periodicals which establish standards of public service, the better for the United States. The "Metropolitan" is presenting serially what is known about consumption so graphically that all may understand. The following words are from Mr. TAFT in his letter of acceptance:

"I have long been of opinion that the various agencies of the national Government established for the preservation of the national health, scattered through several departments, should be rendered more efficient by uniting them in a bureau of the Government under a competent head, and that I understand to be, in effect, the recommendation of both parties."

Some day the Government will do much more in preservation of national health. Meantime, while we wait for the national department to be formed, education by newspapers, periodicals, societies, and State and city officers is increasing. In India the length of life is less than half what it has become in Europe. In Europe it has doubled in three hundred and fifty years. Prussia, home of preventive medicine, holds the place of honor in the lead. America, in spite of quacks, is contesting fairly in the march ahead.

So It Is

THE TORCH OF TRUTH sometimes drops a cinder or lets fall a splash of coal-oil. In one of our editorials in the issue of February 20 we said that in the Ruef case the public would be alert to see whether the upper court decided upon the merits or whether all points would be violently strained to reach a verdict satisfactory to Mr. HERRIN, general counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. This brought a rather sharp rejoinder from Mr. T. T. WILLIAMS, whose letter was dated New York. We were informed in language somewhat glowing that our characterization of the Supreme Court of California was all wrong; that there "was not a man on the Supreme bench of California against whom distrust or suspicion had ever been directed." Mr. WILLIAMS defended Judge W. H. BEATTY, the chief justice, and Judge FRANK ANGELOTTE by name. We were asked pointedly to retract, else our "boast of justice and truth-seeking" were "empty braggadocio and nothing more." Mr. WILLIAMS, it happens, is the business manager of the New York "Evening Journal," and for years has been Mr. HEARST'S newspaper manager. Mr. HEARST recently established close relations with Mr. HARRIMAN'S purse. Mr. WILLIAMS himself is the close and intimate friend of W. H. HERRIN. When FRANCIS J. HENEY was shot down in the San Francisco court-room, Mr. HEARST'S San Francisco "Examiner" office had to have police protection. The "Examiner's" circulation fell off so enormously that Mr. WILLIAMS and a New York staff were rushed to San Francisco to attempt a rehabilitation. There is no judge on the Supreme bench of California who may defy the Southern Pacific political machine and hold the same office a second time. COLLIER'S does not retract any of the language of its editorial of February 20. Instead, we repeat the belief that if CALHOUN is convicted the Supreme Court of California will go any length to upset the conviction, and that for RUEF, whom it holds less dear, it will go far, although not quite so far as for CALHOUN.

Law

DOES IT SOUND SENSATIONAL to declare that American law, to a very large extent, makes for injustice? The facts are as sensational as the sound. The American Bar Association has admitted it; leading judges have admitted it; and President TAFT once framed a pointed amendment that no judgment, civil or criminal, should be set aside unless it appeared affirmatively that the error of the complaint had resulted in miscarriage of justice. Americans often mourn about lynch law. Not always do they take into account the part played by the law's delay in encouraging rough attempts at justice. In England procedure is swift, and punishment follows with certainty. For seventy-five years, in England, Ireland, Scotland, and the British Colonies all over the world, there has not been one case of lynching. We have recently pointed out that the lawyers succeeded in beating simplification in Montana. In an admirable article in the "Kansas City Bar Monthly" for March, Professor JOHN D. LAWSON, of the University of Missouri, recalls the fact that when the Missouri Legislature passed a law simplifying procedure the Supreme Court of that State upset it. Judge LAWSON believes that our civil procedure is immeasurably behind the age, and that in criminal procedure we have not advanced a step since the days of Queen ELIZABETH. Judge AMIDON, of the Federal bench, has stated that if a man has the means to keep up the fight he can, in a *majority of cases*, escape punishment for crime. As our rules are now, the main concern is not a search for truth. Lawyers struggle to get errors into the record, witnesses are bullied, and judges are afraid. Those complicated technicalities, which the English judges invented long ago to protect the individual from cruelty and oppression, have been retained and exaggerated by us. The English threw them away when the days of cruelty and oppression were at an end. An indictment in England now states, in perhaps forty words of utmost simplicity, that a certain crime was committed by a certain person. We fill pages of foolscap with most ridiculous language, and then upset convictions if some one of the unnecessary words can be strained into a failure to observe some minor rule. The conviction of a man for murder is upset because the foreman of the jury spelled first "fust." Another conviction for murder is upset because the indictment charged that the victim died instantly, instead of then and there; another, because breast was spelled without the "a"; another, because the record failed to state the fact that the prisoner was present at his own trial, although the Court could readily have determined that he was. These things truly sound incredible. We need a Jeremy Bentham to goad us into making legal justice a reality. We need a novelist to do what DICKENS did in "Bleak House," or what GOLDSMITH did in "A Citizen of the World." We need a John Wesley to point out that our attempts at justice would have brought discredit on any court of centuries ago in Greece or Rome.

Sense

MONTANA has by legislative enactment cast off the party control of the judiciary. Readers of current literature may perhaps remember the titanic struggle between F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE and the Amalgamated Copper Company for the control of judges in Montana. The local judges had the power of passing over to one or the other litigant the ownership and control of properties worth millions. A judge would decide one week, and change his opinion the next, giving out from the bench that he had misunderstood the import of the decision which he had signed only a few days before. It was never seriously disputed in Montana that these conflicting decisions were purchased by both sides. The decisions were supposed to be based upon the testimony of partizan mining experts, which testimony was also openly bought, and paid for according to the reputation of the expert. The cases were all decided by the judge under the law without a jury, and these lawsuits were thus decided and won in advance by the corporation which could control the party nomination of the candidates. Other litigants were compelled to await the final issue of the struggle, which lasted years. Outside of the districts where this corporate war had its center and influence the Montana judiciary was composed of clean and patriotic men. The new Montana law provides that candidates for the bench shall be nominated by the filing of a certificate of nomination, to be signed by not less than five per cent of the electors. This will give men of principle and integrity, who under the old system were discredited, an opportunity to serve the State. It will put a premium upon honesty and ability. It will give the public some influence in selecting the men who shall decide disputed questions in their daily life.

Tortuousness

WILL THE MARK of a conscience ever appear again under the troubled brow of our much-abused captains of industry? Judge PARDEE enjoined the Florida Railroad Commission and all of the State officials from instituting suit in the Supreme Court of the State to compel the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company to reduce its passenger fare from four cents to three cents per mile in Florida. This injunction was granted upon the affidavit of the vice-president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to the effect that the property of the road in Florida was worth at least $5,200,000. The high valuation was essential to his case. The State officials then produced an affidavit, made by the same man one month and twenty-eight days prior to the date of his first-mentioned affidavit, in which affidavit he had sworn that the identical property was not worth to exceed $1,700,000. And yet the prophet wondered at the way of a serpent on a rock, the way of an eagle in the air, and the way of a ship in the sea.

Easy to Answer

GOOD COUNSEL needs to be repeated. Among many similar letters that have come to us lately is one from a young woman in Boston:

> "I am writing to you to ask your help in finding out something definite concerning this [a certain fake mining] company. My mother, who is dependent upon me, together with an invalid sister, has resolved to put what few hundreds she has into this company. She will not listen to me, because I can not prove that the company is a fake concern. . . .
>
> "Perhaps if mother could see a letter from you telling us the true state of this concern she might repent. Personally, I don't believe in stocks. What I want mother to do is to put her money in a savings bank, so that, if anything should happen to either of us, my sister would be, in some measure, protected. Mother has promised to wait until I get a reply from you."

We shall advise mother to be guided by her daughter. Another letter from Pennsylvania asks us to pass on the stock of a magazine. In its prospectus the claim is made that the common stock offered as a bonus to purchasers of preferred stock should shortly pay dividends of one hundred per cent or more a year. "Are their claims within reason?" we are asked. No, brother, they are not. Much money is seeking investment in enterprises that seem fairly certain of returning five and six per cent. Extravagant promises are the staple bait for "suckers."

The Finest Ear of Corn in the Country

THROUGH THE SCHOOLS of a number of Western corn-growing States boys and girls are stimulated by prizes to plant little patches of corn. Out of each community, where an exhibit is held, ten prize-winning ears are sent to the county exhibit. The best ten there are entered in a State show, and then the States compete. The final winners are sifted to the best one ear in the whole United States. Scientific interest in agriculture is growing. It is one finger-post on the road from the city to the farm.

A Woman Indian Agent

IN CHARGE OF MISSION RESERVATIONS, CLARA TRUE has fought and downed a big, hard-hitting whisky ring that for years made huge illegal profits out of its traffic with the Indians. She has been mixed up in gun-fights. Her pillow was riddled with buckshot one night when, by chance, she was away from her house. She has been opposed by public officials, compromised, threatened, and harried. Added to the trouble with the wine, beer, and whisky gang has been her contest with land thieves and cattlemen who, before she came, used Indian land as if it were their own. As a teacher, in North Dakota and New Mexico, she made a splendid record. She is a small, high-strung, but perfectly balanced, woman; she has met the needs, not only of the Indian children, but of their mothers. The men she has encouraged to build better houses, and she has pushed their just claims with vigor. When Commissioner LEUPP (himself the one "live-wire" head of the Indian Bureau we've had in the last dozen years) looked round for "the best man in the service" to send to California he picked Miss TRUE.

Comment About Congress

The Eight Senators Who Will Make Over the Payne Bill—How the Tariff on Zinc Was Determined—Two Weak Brothers Smoked Out

By MARK SULLIVAN

ON THE eighth working day of the present session, Congressman Young of New York introduced House Bill No. 5461, which means an average of about 900 bills per day. They range in importance from No. 5357, "granting an increase of pension to Gustave Freudenthal," all the way up the line to No. 1438, which is "to provide revenue, equalize duties, and encourage the industries of the United States"—this being the Payne tariff bill. In the Sixtieth Congress, which closed last 4th of March, over 28,000 bills were introduced. In such a mass of the irrelevant and unimportant, the bills in private interest and the foolish ones introduced "by request," it is easy to lose sight of what is important.

Only Three Things This Session

BUT in spite of the quantity of bills introduced, the present special session, when it ends in June or thereabouts, will have attended to and will have undertaken three and only three important matters—the census bill, the Payne tariff bill, and the adoption of the rules. The rules fight began at 1 o'clock the first day of the session and was officially concluded at exactly 21 minutes past 5 the same day. (Unofficially, it is still the liveliest thing in Congress; it will be in virile existence for at least eighteen months, when the members of the present Congress are up for reelection.) The census bill was passed in the last Congress, but Roosevelt vetoed it because it provided for the appointment of the 3,400 extra clerks on the old spoils system. There was some sullen talk then of passing the bill over Roosevelt's veto; later on there was a suggestion of putting it up to Taft in the original form, but it was concluded that his views and his determination would coincide with Roosevelt's. So the former census bill was redrawn in a form satisfactory to the friends of the civil-service system, and was passed by the House and sent to the Senate during the first ten days of the session, so now the way is clear and will be kept clear for the tariff bill.

These Eight Men

IN THE Senate it is the Finance Committee which has charge of the tariff bill. Nominally, this committee has thirteen members—eight Republicans and five Democrats. Actually, the five Democrats are rigidly excluded from participation in the committee's deliberations. It was so also in the Ways and Means Committee of the House. So long as that committee was holding public hearings, the Democratic members were permitted to attend—as the rest of the public was. And the Democratic members rendered good service at that time, for both Bourke Cockran and Champ Clark were adroit and successful cross-examiners of the manufacturers who came before the committee to tell why they must have a high tariff. But the very day the public hearings ceased, the day—it was December 24—when the committee actually began to make the schedules, the Democrats were excluded; and they never again were permitted to meet with the rest of the committee, nor did they have any knowledge of what the bill would be until it was publicly introduced in the House on March 17. The same exclusion will be practised by the Republican majority of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and the Payne bill, as transformed by that committee, will be the work of these men:

Nelson W. Aldrich, *Chairman, Rhode Island*
Julius C. Burrows, *Michigan*
Boies Penrose, *Pennsylvania*
Eugene Hale, *Maine*
Henry Cabot Lodge, *Massachusetts*
Frank P. Flint, *California*
Reed Smoot, *Utah*
Shelby M. Cullom, *Illinois*

It is fair to the Republicans to say that fifteen years ago, when the Democrats were in the majority and were making a tariff bill of their own, they practised this same exclusion against the minority party members. Mr. Aldrich, the present chairman of the Committee on Finance, in defending the position of the Republican members the other day, said, concerning the time when a Democratic majority of the Finance Committee, under Voorhees of Indiana as chairman, was making a Democratic tariff bill, and Aldrich was a minority member:

"I will confess that for myself I should have as soon thought of going to Mr. Voorhees and insisting that I should be invited to his house to dinner as that I should have insisted that I had a right to go before the members of the committee and hear the statements of the men whom I knew were there every day."

However custom may justify the practise, it deprives the public of the wholesome benefit of opposition within the committee and hostile cross-examination of the favored manufacturers whom the Republican members invite to confer with them.

The People Pay the Bill

CHAMP CLARK of Missouri, in his speech on the tariff, accused Speaker Cannon of having gone into Missouri during the campaign last fall and promised the people of the zinc-producing region that if they would retire their Democratic Congressman and elect his Republican opponent, Cannon would see that their zinc was taken care of in the tariff. The Speaker apparently did not like Clark's version of the episode. He left his chair, interrupted Clark, and told the tale in his own words:

"We had great audiences on that two-day trip across the State and back. . . I told them [the people of the zinc district] that action was louder than words: that, they being experts on zinc, I being a member of Congress, their action would control my vote; that if they sent the message by the Republican candidate, Representative Morgan (and I laid my hand on his shoulder), that they, being experts, believed that zinc ore ought to go upon the protected list, I would take their action and vote accordingly; and if they sent the Democratic candidate, Mr. Hackney, I would take their action and vote accordingly, and that it was up to them."

This is the Speaker's own version, told with as much euphemism, presumably, as recollection would permit. Did the Speaker mean the people of Joplin to understand that he was merely promising his individual vote as one member of Congress, or that he was promising the influence of his position as Speaker, with power to appoint the Ways and Means Committee which puts or does not put zinc upon the protected list? In any event, the people of the zinc district took Cannon at his word, retired their Democratic Congressman, and elected a Republican one. Maybe there should be a tariff on zinc; perhaps not. In any event it ought to depend on some economic investigation other than such a bargain and promise as Uncle Joe describes.

Smoked Out

ON THURSDAY, October 22, 1908, about six months ago, the Hon. Henry W. Palmer of Wilkesbarre was a candidate for Congress in the Eleventh District of Pennsylvania, composed of the county of Luzerne. The election was eleven days off, and the district was close (the sitting member was a Democrat). In this situation the Wilkesbarre "Times-Leader," a virile Luzerne newspaper, published this paragraph:

"The 'Times-Leader' is not against you, Mr. Palmer, but it is with the people and against Cannon. Come, state your position."

Two days later, Saturday, October 24, Mr. Palmer wrote and published broadcast the following letter:

"THE 'TIMES-LEADER':

"*I shall vote against Mr. Cannon for Speaker*, or against any other man who obstructs the Roosevelt policies, as announciated by William Howard Taft. This letter is to answer the question you asked in your issue of Thursday afternoon, and also to congratulate the 'Times-Leader' on its advocacy of the policies of President Roosevelt. Yours truly, HENRY W. PALMER."

Palmer was elected by a plurality of 993 in a total vote of 40,057 (Taft carried the same district by a majority of 7,000). On March 15 came the fight on the Speakership and on the rules. *The Hon. Henry W. Palmer voted for Cannon; he also voted for the old rules on every one of the several ballots which constituted that fight.*

Another

THE Eighth Congressional District of Minnesota is composed of the counties of Aitkin, Anoka, Carlton, Cook, Isanti, Itasca, Kanabec, Koochichang, Lake, Millelacs, Pine, and St. Louis. It includes the city of Duluth. For six years these counties were represented in Congress by J. Adam Bede, a very popular and well-known Republican. Bede was a lieutenant of Cannon and proud of the fact. Last fall, when Cannonism became an issue throughout the country, Clarence B. Miller of Duluth had a vision of Opportunity. He opened a fight on Bede, and made Cannonism the issue. Because of Bede's prominence, the fight became the focus of almost national attention. "Cannon" and "Cannonism" were harped on every stump in twelve counties. From the Duluth "Evening Herald" of Tuesday, September 15 last, we quote this account of one of Miller's meetings:

"Before one of the largest audiences that ever attended a political gathering in this city, Clarence B. Miller last night, at the armory, outlined his convictions regarding the duty of a Congressman to the people, and took the opportunity to denounce Cannonism and the methods that have resulted in the obstruction of popular measures in the House of Congress. The speaker declared that he is in opposition to a condition whereby one man—a great white Czar—and perhaps a clique of six members of Congress, could abrogate to themselves the power of the entire House, could usurp the rights of the people, and declared that it was his desire to do all in his power to change such a condition of affairs that had led him into the contest.

"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"'If you elect me to Congress,' said the speaker, 'you will have at least one voice that is raised against a condition of affairs where the voice of the people is unheeded, where their rights are abused, where the rights guaranteed them by constitutional government are usurped by a clique of a few members of Congress.

"'There has gradually been growing up a condition that bodes ill for the American people. A few members of long service, with the aid of certain rules, act as the rulers of the American people. Measures demanded by the people are held up and defeated. This condition of affairs has brought me into the campaign. It is to protest against such a condition that I have entered the contest.'"

Mr. Miller was elected. On the 15th of March he took his seat. On the same day he voted for Cannon for Speaker. On the same day he deserted the thirty-one insurgent Republicans whose conferences and councils he had previously shared, and voted *for the old rules and with Cannon on every one of the ballots in the rules fight.* What the people of his district now think of Congressman Miller is fairly obvious. What would most interest us just now would be the views and reflections of Bede, ex-M.C.; and after that a confidential statement as to what Cannon and his regulars, in their heart of hearts, really think of the new Congressman from Duluth. However glaring the things that make him the enemy of the people, Cannon was never lacking in courage, nor in standing by such convictions as happened to be his.







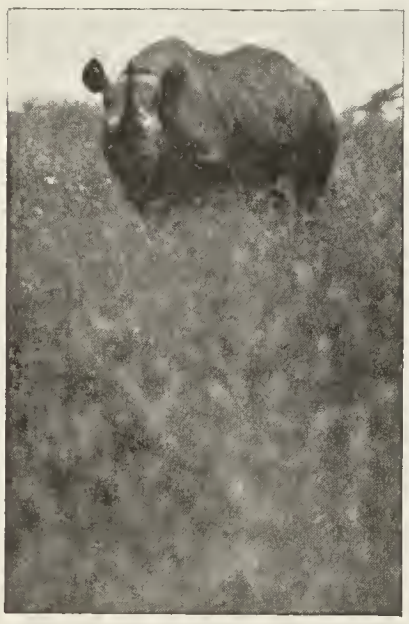
"He stood near a bush with the tick-birds sitting on his back"

"We found a pair of rhinoceroses asleep under a bush. The tick-birds gave warning of our approach, and immediately the two animals got up and faced us"



The Masai with his bent spear

Pointing out the line of march—the picturesque Masai guide, "very tall and slight, dressed only in a loose cloth hung from one shoulder, his hair done up in minute braids and covered with red earth and grease"



The charge of an angry bull rhino

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1909 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

Snapping Africa's Big Game

The Camera that Beat Roosevelt to the Jungle and the Long Trail —The Irritable Bull Rhinoceros that Charged the Photographer, and got Snapped, Shot, and Speared—Crowded Hours with Zebra, Antelope, Hartbeest, Giraffe, Cackling Tick-birds, Wart-hogs, and the Fringe-eared Oryx

¶ *This article and these photographs are the first instalment received from A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the nature photographer commissioned by Collier's to hunt with his camera in the section of Africa which Theodore Roosevelt is about to visit. Mr. Dugmore's photographs will be published from week to week as they reach us*

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

Photographs by the Author

AFTER spending time and money in assembling an outfit for photographing wild animals, I finally found myself at Mombasa, the old Arab-Portuguese-British seaport town, starting-point of the so-called Uganda Railroad—the road which was to bring me into the greatest of all game countries.

There were the usual horrors of landing, the aggravations of custom duties, and other seemingly needless and apparently endless delays which beset the new arrival. That's all a part of the price one pays for travel. At last all things were ready, and on January 30 my companion and I found ourselves with two traveling companions in a comfortable compartment on the train. We were armed with blankets, overcoats, and cold drinks. The drinks were welcome during the first few hours of the journey, for the coastal region is certainly hot.

We passed through country clothed in the richest of vegetation, thoroughly tropical in its lusciousness, where cocoanut palms swung their long leaves to the breezes and offered but little shade to the things below. Gradually we left the more cultivated region and passed through drier country, thickly wooded with the ubiquitous thorn tree and strange-shaped cactus; creepers of many kinds covered every available support, while brightly colored birds and still more brilliant flowers gleamed in the blinding sunshine. Everywhere it was hilly, and our course was snakelike as we gradually climbed higher and higher. By seven o'clock in the evening we reached Voi, where a good dinner was served at the station rest-house. The change in the temperature as night came on was most welcome, and blankets were needed. Before morning it became very chilly, and overcoats were used to supplement the blankets.

With the first gleam of dawn we were peering out of the windows in search of game. We could see animals moving about in the dim light; what they were we could not see, but we were delighted to know that wild animals could really be seen from the train windows exactly as we had been told. Daylight came with the rapidity usual in equatorial regions; and, as the country lighted up, we could scarcely believe that the sights before our eyes were real.

On every side game abounded: Hartbeests, Thomson's and Grant's gazels, zebras, gnus, duikers, and ostriches were there in herds. Some scampered away as the train went by; others stopped and gazed in an interested sort of way. Presently there was a cry of "giraffe," and instantly we all rushed to the side of the train. There, not 120 yards away, stood a huge bull giraffe, not a mangy-looking specimen such as one might see in a zoo or circus, but a dark, richly colored animal, the picture of grace, its head overtopping the trees as it watched the passing train. We were still within sight when it turned and ambled away in its peculiarly characteristic gait. Writers have described the giraffe's action as grotesque, or ugly. Grotesque it might possibly be called, but certainly not ugly or even ungraceful; rather might it be said to be of a strange grace thoroughly suited to the remarkable build of the animal.

Fresh herds of animals appeared unusually near the train. Several times antelopes would actually run along the tracks directly in front of the engine and then bound off to one side, scampering to the nearest hill, to survey the strange puffing creature that had presumed to race with them.

It was all too wonderful to be real. It was really like going through an ideal zoologieal park, hundreds of miles long, where animals could roam free of the restraint of fences. Even when we stopped at the tidy railway stations, where strangely bedecked Masai, armed with long spears and scanty clothing, stood alongside of hardy English flowers, such as geraniums and roses, we had but to raise our eyes to the surrounding country to see herds of antelopes and zebras grazing on the sun-dried grass.

All the way to Nairobi this abundance of animals continued. The town is encircled by a double line of barbed-wire fences hung with wind-blown rags, to keep the wild animals of the plains from entering the town. Such a precaution really seems absurd when one considers that Nairobi is a fair-sized modern town, which, though but about ten years old, boasts of fine stone buildings, water-works, electric light, and an excellent hotel and stores, where all manner of things may be purchased (and at only slightly more than home prices). Here, in the heart of what but so few years ago was termed "Darkest Africa," thoroughly modern steam-rollers were working on well-made roads, on which marched the almost naked people of the neighboring country. Probably no town in the world has a more delightful climate than Nairobi; even though it is situated within a few miles of the equator, the days are not unpleasantly hot and the nights are invariably cool, owing to the altitude of about 6,000 feet. It is within sight of both the great snow-clad mountains, Kenia, over 17,000 feet, and Kilima-Njaro, which is over 19.000. As we entered the station, about the busiest I have ever seen, the troops (King's East African) were entraining for the Somaliland expedition against the Mad Mullah (so called). The native soldiers, as fine-looking, soldierly men as one would wish to see, seemed pleased with the idea of the expedition, while the British officers were fairly beaming with delight at the immediate prospect of active service.

Our sajari[1] outfitters met us at the train, and soon had our belongings off to their stores, while we went in a riekshaw to the hotel. It was Sunday, so nothing could be done toward getting ready for a trip. We decided to take advantage of the Governor's permission to work on the big game reserve, where *no* shooting is allowed. This district covers about 10,000 square miles and includes the country from one mile north of the railway, southward to the German boundary, and from Tsavo about to Nairobi. I was anxious to try my photographic outfit thoroughly before undertaking a long expedition, and to learn something of the way of camping in East Africa. Therefore this trip suited my purpose exactly. Two days later our caravan, consisting of eighteen porters, head man, cook, guide, gun-bearer, camera-bearer, and our two "boys," marched to the railway station, and, after chattering as much as a tree full of monkeys, they were finally packed aboard, each man sticking closely to his red blanket, water bottle, and three days' rations. At noon we left Nairobi and went southward to Kiu, arriving about 4:30. There we camped near the station, enjoying our first night under canvas in equatorial Africa. How different it was from what one might have expected! The wonderful clearness of the nearby full moon alone was in keeping with our ideas of what a tropical night should be. The insects that should have been there to torment us, the suffocating heat which should have made us dread the very idea of bed, where were they? Certainly not here! Of insects there were none save an occasional moth, which fluttered against the lamp; and, instead of heat, the keen and clear air actually waxed us to our beds, where three warm blankets kept us comfortable and happy as we passed into the land of dreams.

By four o'clock next morning we were up and making ready for an early start, as we wanted to do most of the march of sixteen miles before the sun became too hot; but it was nearly six before we actually started, owing to the incompetence of the head man, who had no idea of handling the men. Three sheep, which were to be used for food during our trip, seriously objected to leaving their native place, and it required the united efforts of the cook (for whom they had an instinctive dislike) and our two boys to persuade those sheep to keep anywhere near the caravan.

My companion, C——, and I walked ahead, with the Masai guide leading; a more picturesque figure could scarcely be imagined—very tall and slight, dressed only in a loose cloth hung from one shoulder, his hair done up in minute braids and covered with red earth and grease. He was armed with a long spear and a very long knife. As we watched him in admiration, we little thought that the spear, which seemed more for ornament than use, might soon save the life of at least one of us.

The country through which we passed was rolling land, covered with rather short grass and scattered low-growing thorn trees, many of which were in bloom, and the air was filled with the delicious perfume. It was like an immense abandoned apple orchard in New England. The effect of the long dry season did not seem so very noticeable, and yet between Kiu and the Olgerei River, sixteen miles away, there is no water except during the brief rainy seasons.

Game we saw on all sides, but did not wish to delay the caravan by doing any photographing, so we pushed forward at a good pace, stopping now and then to enjoy the delightfully cool shade of a tree. We saw our first rhinoceros on a nearby hill, and it gave us a strange sensation to see the huge beast, more like a relic of bygone days than an animal living in the twentieth century, walking along in an unconcerned way. A tall giraffe accompanied us for several miles, keeping always well ahead and occupying every available high place, from which he could obtain a good view of us. Farther on we saw wart-hogs and fringe-eared oryxes for the first time.

Digging for a Drink

BY NOON we reached our camping-ground on the Olgerei River: river in name only, for we found it nothing but a dry sand bed, except for a small water hole containing a dark-colored fluid unfit for drinking, owing to the contamination of the cattle, immense herds of which were watered there by the Masai. By digging a hole in the sand we were able to procure comparatively clear water of disgusting flavor. As there were no signs of any animals that we particularly wanted, we moved camp early the following morning, going southward across country until we struck the dry river bed about nine miles below; there we found a large water hole which was also used by cattle. However, we finally found very fair water by digging a hole a couple of feet deep in the sand. This hole we protected by a thorn hedge to keep away any animals. That night we heard our first lion, and a strangely weird sound it was, but not quite as blood-curdling as I had expected it to be. Our camp was, of course, well protected by a thorn fence, so that we had nothing to fear.

Early next morning we started in search of game; scarcely had we gone a mile from camp when we saw three rhinoceroses about a quarter of a mile away. One of these big animals is really quite enough to begin with in a photographic way, but three can be called a crowd, especially when those three have already got our wind. However, we tackled them, making a big circuit so as to get down wind. As we approached we were somewhat disconcerted by their extreme restlessness. They knew by our scent that we were somewhere in their neighborhood, and it worried them; backward and forward they ran, trying in vain to place us. As we were not more than eighty yards away, and there were no available trees, we felt very queer sensations creeping up and down our spines. I tried an exposure as they passed us about sixty yards away, but in my excitement I failed to notice an intervening bush [illegible] completely spoiled the picture. The noise of the [illegible] ter startled the snorting trio, and they drew t[illegible] in a most alarming way. Of course, we fully expected they would charge us, as they certainly had our wind. I didn't feel justified in making another exposure, though I did change the plate and focus carefully on them. But the sound of the shutter would undoubtedly have precipitated a charge, so I forbore regretfully enough, as it was a splendid opportunity for a picture.

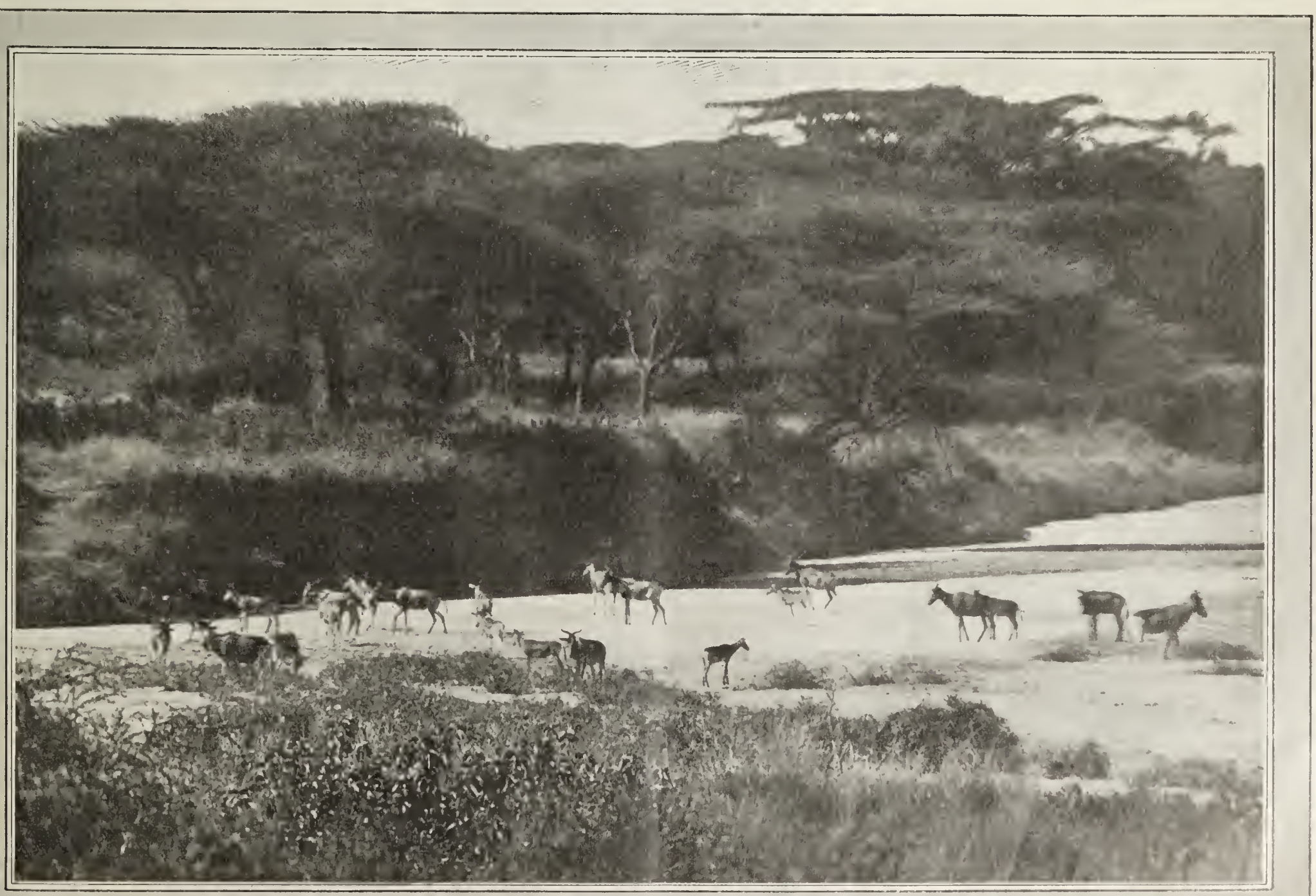
I had promised that there should be no shooting unless in actual self-defense, and it would have been most unpleasant to shoot at least two rhinoceroses on the first day, so it was with a feeling of intense relief that we saw the excited creatures turn and bolt. After going some distance they separated, the big bull going by himself. We followed him for several miles, and finally got within about one hundred yards, when I made several telephoto exposures before he ran off. Unfortunately the grass was very deep, so that I was unable to get satisfactory pictures. It had been a time of great excitement for us, and we were glad to have come out of it with no mishap. We had had enough for one day, and so returned to camp and a good lunch.

The next day we found a pair of rhinoceroses asleep under a bush—an old cow and a nearly full-grown calf. The chance for a good photograph seemed decidedly favorable, so we walked cautiously up wind toward them. Not knowing much about rhinoceroses, I scarcely expected to be able to get nearer than about eighty yards. At that distance the regular lens would not be of much use, so I fitted the telephoto to the camera. The tick-birds, which live on nearly all rhinoceroses, gave warning of our approach by loud cackling, and immediately the two animals got up and faced us. I made an exposure, and before I could change the plate they headed directly for us. My companion waited till the last moment, in the hope that I would be ready for another picture, but it was useless. Those animals came too quickly, and at fifteen yards we fired a shot from the 450 cordite, striking the old cow in the shoulder. Fortunately, the bullet made her change her mind about us, and she swung round and made off as fast as she could with her calf close behind her. So ended our second experience with rhinoceros. We had really been charged. Holding a large camera steady and then trying to focus it correctly is not quite as easy as it sounds. The rest of the day was spent in trying to get near to several rhinoceroses, but without any success. Only long-distance shots were possible, and they were not worth wasting plates on.

We watched one big bull that came across our trail about seven hundred yards behind us. The moment he struck it he charged violently to where he thought we might be. Finding nothing, he turned and charged back again, and so he continued for some minutes, looking all the time for some object upon which to vent his indignation. At last he got tired of it and walked off in a very uneasy frame of mind. We kept a pretty sharp lookout on our back trail, to see that he did not follow us.

(*Continued on page 30*)

[1] Sajari means an expedition.



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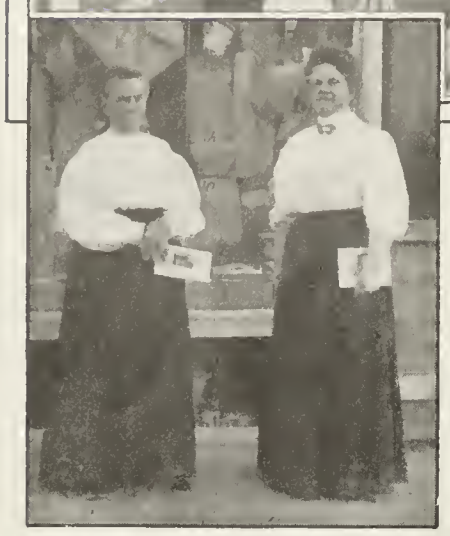
A herd of hartbeests near a water hole of the Olgerei River



The Woman's Republican Headquarters of Denver



Mrs. Van Ness of Denver, who spoke throughout the campaign for the Republican Party



Two of the political workers of Denver. Mrs. Toppin, a home-maker, and Madame Butler, a dressmaker

The Woman Who Votes

Campaign Days in Denver.- The First of Three Papers Showing the Western Woman Voter's Equal Interest in Jelly-making and Politics

By SARAH COMSTOCK



Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty, a Denver candidate for the Legislature

IN THOSE October days when Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan were contending for the same residence, it looked to my inexperienced eyes as if there were something doing among womankind in Denver, although Mrs. Toppin informed me that "it was nothin'."

"'Tain't like the old days," she said with a mournful headshake for the flown past. "Them was days. 'Twas when McKinley was runnin' in '96 that I got my hat smashed for defendin' a feller that was holdin' the flag, an' one o' the candidates give me a new hat. He says: 'Mrs. Toppin, here's the price of a new hat. Take it an' buy you one. You lost yours in a good cause.' An' I bought me a grand hat. Oh, them was times! It's dull campaigns nowadays."

Mrs. Toppin is one of the "workers" or "precinct women" of North Denver; she has canvassed many a campaign through and she ought to know. But when I found the Woman's Republican County Committee occupying two adjacent store buildings on Glenarm Street, the Woman's Democratic County Committee holding a suite on California Street, and the Woman's State Democratic Committee ensconced in the Albany Hotel, it looked as if the women were busy in a mild fashion at any rate, even though the bright days of hat-smashing had passed away forever.

When I inquired for those women whose names have long been connected with the suffrage movement in Colorado, I learned that the most of them were making headquarters at one or another of these committee-rooms. Here I found them, here I came to know some of them, here I heard them discuss current issues from the tariff to Wallachian embroidery. And here, as the October days led up to November, I watched the tension grow and grow and culminate in those two enormous rallies, the like of which no other State in the Union knows—when women speakers address the great Auditorium full of women voters, knowing that their power of swaying that audience will tell in the issue. To one from an Eastern State it appears most curious that what a public hall full of women thinks about politics should be of the slightest moment to city and county and State candidates, to say nothing of those who are racing toward the White House.

". . . I was so busy then that I used to make my jelly at night, and leave it to drip during the day while I went to work."

"Don't you always leave it to drip, anyway?"

"It's better than squeezing it, of course."

"Dear me, the year I was in the Legislature I was glad I'd put up plenty of fruit the summer before. The three meals went on just the same, Legislature or no Legislature."

This was my initiation into womanly politics. The two of them were in the State headquarters' rooms at the Albany; they were officers, and they awaited the hour when this take-it-easy little capital of the Rockies should arouse to the day's labors. It was something of a shock. I had come to beard the suffragette in her lair, to meet the down-with-the-tyrant-man type. But where I had expected to hear chat of revisions, reenactments, and representation, of primaries, precincts, and platforms, the conversation was hinging on the dripping *versus* the squeezing of jelly.

"Don't you women politicians talk politics?" I inquired.

"Yes," somebody responded. "We do. But the jelly has to be made all the same."

Even then a truth dawned upon me: that herein lay a radical difference between the two sexes in political life. Nobody ever heard of a masculine politician who knew anything but politics during campaign days; but



Mrs. Anna M. Scott, President of the Woman's Republican Club of Colorado

in the feminine mind there is a little corner reserved for the jelly. How this fact may affect national issues is for greater minds than mine to investigate.

There were some rocking-chairs being rocked violently when I dropped in at the County Headquarters and I heard low and earnest talk. . . . "If he was a simon-pure, dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, he wouldn't . . ."

The headquarters was in the Easterman Hotel because it chanced to be next door to the Men's Democratic Club.

"We like to be near, so that our chairmen can communicate," an officer told me. Whereupon a thick-set, businesslike Democrat from the other building appeared to bear out the statement. An officer renounced her rocking-chair and went off to the inner office to confer with him. I heard continuous talk in a masculine growl: "There's too much catering. . . . We won't stand for it."

A boy entered with a load of campaign portraits and of post-cards which bore some sort of a joke anent a full dinner-pail with the bottom falling out. Officers put these away for distribution later on, and again there was low and earnest discussion. Somebody reported a ruse of the opposing party.

"That's a mean trick," said somebody else.

Then there was a putting together of heads and the talk appeared profound until a brisk little woman bustled in with a good morning all round.

"It's Mrs. Lafferty, our candidate for the Legislature," everybody told me, and I gathered with the rest of them around the chair where she sat enthroned.

"I know I'm late—I had a fitting at the milliner's and I thought I'd never get through. But I'm ready for business now. Isn't it hard to get a becoming hat? I always get so discouraged trying them on."

"Then the bonnet as well as the jelly must enter in where woman takes up politics," I said.

"Everything that concerns a woman must enter in," responded Mrs. Lafferty. "I keep house just like other women." She did not add, but I observed, that she also liked pretty clothes. "I love to do housework. Here's my folder." And with marvelous agility she leaped from housework to the State, and handed me a printed slip wherein she pledged her support of "the bill for a Forestry Law, a State Home for Feeble-Minded, and other bills equally important."

At the Republican headquarters there were looped and draped flags in the windows and portly portraits, and on the steps a buzz of busy women who came and went. Within, at a manly desk, I found the president. She presides over the Woman's Republican Club of Colorado, and her name is Mrs. Anna M. Scott.

When I entered she was engaged in absorbing conversation with a man who stood at her desk. He departed, and she gave me a chair beside her.

"That was my candidate for the Legislature," she said. "I'm going to send him there, too." She gazed with serene firmness through her green-dotted veil.

"You see, I run my own ward," she went on with pride. "The fourteenth. And I'm the only woman that does run a ward. Oh, you've got to understand these things, but some women never do. For one thing, you can't make 'em see that it's all in the primaries. I've been in it a long time. I've lived twenty-eight years in Colorado, and I've been in politics fifteen years—that's ever since we had suffrage."

Running the Machine

SHE leaned back comfortably with that air of easy possession of the desk and its corner which rarely comes to woman, who is more likely to sit forward with an air of obedient attention, as if the desk were master. Noting her manly attitude, it occurred to me to ask whether she kept house.

"Of course I do. We're all good housekeepers," she replied, her green-dotted glance covering all the busy, stirring women who filled the room. "We none of us have children, though. The housewife who has children has no business in politics, any more than the average man has. Let her stay at home and look after her kitchen and her nursery, just as the average business man attends to his desk or his counter. When election day comes he can go to the polls and so can she—that's all she has to do. Let her take care of her home; we'll run the machine."

Mrs. Scott's eyes, above her executive nose, narrowed to an expression of excessive wisdom. The door of a rear room opened and a lady emerged, accompanied by the cheering fragrance of a fricassee.

"Scotty!" called the lady. "What time can we have lunch?"

"They'll all be here by one o'clock," responded the president, who apparently answered to "Scotty." She explained to me. "You see, we officers have lunch in the kitchen here every day during campaign so's to save the time it takes to go home. We haven't got any time to spare nowadays."

The fricassee fragrance vanished behind the closing door. Mrs. Scott resumed political topics.

"You see, it's like this: the men are selfish, but we can't get along without 'em. They're all right—yes, they're all right. But we've got our interests to look out for. Suppose a woman's left a widow—she goes to a lawyer. I'd rather be held up with a gun—it's more gentlemanly. The lawyer's protected by his profession and the highwayman isn't. Oh, it's time the rest of you States had suffrage."

"Suffrage is one thing and politics is another. How do you get time to do anything besides run the machine?"

"I don't know how, but I do it. Just let me tell you what I've done since last spring. I got my Denver house all renovated, then I went out to my ranch, three hundred and fifty miles from here. I took charge myself, did the cooking, fed eight or ten people, hired a man and superintended his hay-cutting, rode to town, twenty-two miles, cross-saddle, every few days, ran back to Denver

just long enough to attend the primaries, back to the ranch, in again for the State convention, back, and now I'm in for the campaign. Scott ran out to the ranch once; that was all I saw of him till the State convention. My train was late and I had to go straight to the Auditorium instead of going home. About eleven o'clock Scott came in and he said: 'Why, howdydo?' and I said: 'Why, howdydo?'"

As one o'clock drew near, the officers began to gather, and suddenly in their midst appeared a lone man. "That's Scott now," the president remarked. "Want to have lunch with us to-day?" she asked him. "We let a man in now and then," she explained to me.

So the lone man was given a place at the table in that atmosphere charged with platforms and policies and the frieasee fragrance. "I knew that old hen—raised her myself," said the president, by way of salutation to the departed, and I left them as they all fell to.

When next I saw the headquarters it was nine on a night, and there were lights and an orchestra and aigrets and dress suits and ices and five hundred carnations and an equal number of Taft buttons. The committee was giving a reception for the candidates.

Automobiles sneezed outside and street urchins peered in and men and women struggled to make their way through the crowd in the rooms. Candidates dashed up to the door, shook hands rapidly with the guests, then dashed away on their mad speech-making career. One little gentleman who wanted to be an alderman or something of the kind clasped my hand with fervor, apparently under the impression that I was a voter. So much was I a stranger in a strange land, so cordial was the handclasp, that I deeply regretted for the nonce that a week or two's residence did not give me the privilege of dropping my gratitude into the ballot-box.

The "parlor meetings" are one of the most important features of the women's campaign in Denver. They are neighborhood affairs, held all over the city for many days before election. I picked out the address of one at random and set off for the Sixth Ward in North Denver, where little brick cottages abound and where people run out bareheaded to buy a spool of thread in the shop around the corner. No doubt there was an imposing residence concealed somewhere, a residence befitting a patriotic gathering, I thought; but when I had tracked down the number I found that it applied to one of the many little brick cottages.

It was early, and the hostess was alone and making ready. The portières were drawn back, throwing the little parlor and the little dining-room together, and she was putting chairs around in rows. The house shone in readiness for the event: its Brussels carpet was speckless, its base-burner stove glittered in nickel regalia, its flower-pot had taken on a tissue-paper cloak which was drawn up in a ruffle. There was the same expectant, tense hush that other houses of the kind wear when the Ladies' Aid Society is to meet over the thimbles for an afternoon. After all, women must gather, whether it be to make house-gowns for Alaskan natives or to discuss the city water question.

It lacked some time yet of the hour set for the meeting, when the neighbors began to arrive. They came with hats and without, in ones and twos and threes. One brought a husband and one brought a Fluffy Ruffles in a white bearskin coat who hadn't wanted to be left at home and was as good as if she were in church. A young lady stirred about the piano with an air of much preparation, twisting the piano stool up and down and up again, sorting over the music. The numbers increased so rapidly that all the rocking-chairs and parlor chairs and dining-room chairs in the two rooms were not enough, and the door into the adjoining bedroom was thrown open to receive the overflow. The hostess moved about among her guests, and everybody talked all at once until a sudden hush fell, for the speakers had arrived.

Personalities Versus Issues

THERE were two of them—Mrs. Eleanor Van Ness, who, I was told, was making speeches at a rate worthy of him whom she was endeavoring to thwart, and Judge Hudson. The latter is the fortunate possessor of a profile, and he has the touch of gray put on at just the effective point where some of our matinée idols are wont to apply it, and I fell to wondering whether there is method in the choosing of candidates who shall address parlor meetings.

He began at once, and he whizzed through the personality of every candidate on his ticket. Party issues and platforms he barely grazed; but this man Denver had known since he was in knickerbockers at the high school—that man was the sort of father that every home needs. "Ladies, please don't leave your party," he implored. And then he plunged into the juvenile-court matter, and there was a flood of oratory. "You mothers—our daughters—human wolves stalk the street." The wolves were creating such an emotional tension that it was a relief to have an intermission while one young lady played and another young lady sang about Baby Bunting and the Rocking-horse Brigade.

The family dog, shut in the kitchen, had been squeaking and sobbing to be admitted to hear Judge Hudson's speech, and his lamentations increased while Mrs. Van Ness addressed the meeting. She avoided the personal appeal and drove straight to the city water question, evidently judging that issues as well as personalities are concerns of her sex. After this "The Old Church Choir" was sung and the political meeting broke into a social one, Fluffy Ruffles being allowed to stir, the unhappy dog being admitted, and everybody talking at once again.

I cornered Judge Hudson for a minute.

"Evidently," I said, "you believe that women vote according to a man's private life."

"Certainly they do," he responded. "It's a good thing, too. It's the women, not the men, voters that look us up."

When Mr. Bryan was to address the city wherein he had been nominated, the street outside the Auditorium was crowded by five-thirty, and a large part of the crowd consisted of women. The rope was up, protecting the sidewalk; out in the street they crowded and waited. By six o'clock it was raining [illegible] departed.

"Gee, I'm glad it's rainin', the women'll go [illegible]" an urchin who had tried in vain to wedge his [illegible] the curb. But he was mistaken. There were few [illegible] brellas; plain hats and dress hats, veils and plumes [illegible] tulle were exposed to the elements, and their wearers never budged. Perhaps women would have done the same anywhere; but I thought I detected a different, a more purposeful, air about these feminine citizens who were privileged to vote for the Peerless One, to hear whom they stood half an hour in a pouring rain. Some arrived with the men pertaining to them, others came in sober, determined little groups. Some marched over many wet blocks to accompany Mr. Bryan to the scene of action.

And there—it was somehow different, in a subtle way, from what it is at political meetings in non-suffrage States. Here we are merely interested in a detached way, there the personal equation enters in. I saw women leaning forward to grasp the bank question more firmly; they wore the same expression that is worn during "The Ring" by those who take their Wagner painfully, conscientiously, as a part of their education rather than as one of the many blessings in a blessed world. A tiny woman in the crowded gallery tearfully begged her neighbor in front for room to get one glimpse of that fringed baldness which was cordially bobbing above an armload of American Beauty roses. "Well, if I can't see him, I can vote for him anyway," she consoled herself.

The week before election I returned to Denver after snatching a glimpse of the campaign in other States; and now I found matters at the boiling-point. Parlor meetings were engrossing the afternoons, public-hall meetings the evenings, men and women speakers whirled in automobiles from house to house and hall to hall all over the city. They were rapidly shuffled. Over at Goss Hall one evening I heard Mrs. Grenfell in a brown tailored effect tell an audience of men, women, and children the story of the little girl who got-a-quarter-out-of-the collection-plate-what-did-you-get-mama; heard Mrs. Lafferty, in a black dressy effect, tell them that "in the East they seem to think we go to saloons because we vote"—then I saw an automobile pick them both up and whizz them off to another public hall while another machine honked up with a man speaker, and a band bridged the brief gap.

And at the end of the week came the two great rallies of, by, and for the women voters. I was able to attend but one; there I found the Auditorium filled to overflowing, men mere islands here and there in the sea of women. Pretty girls ushered. Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker presided with an agreeable jokelet at each introduction, and, besides the male quartet, but one or two mere men were permitted utterance. Women addressed women, women listened to women, women cheered women. But as we all crowded out I heard my neighbor say:

"It takes those big potatoes so long to bake through. They ought to have been in twenty minutes ago."



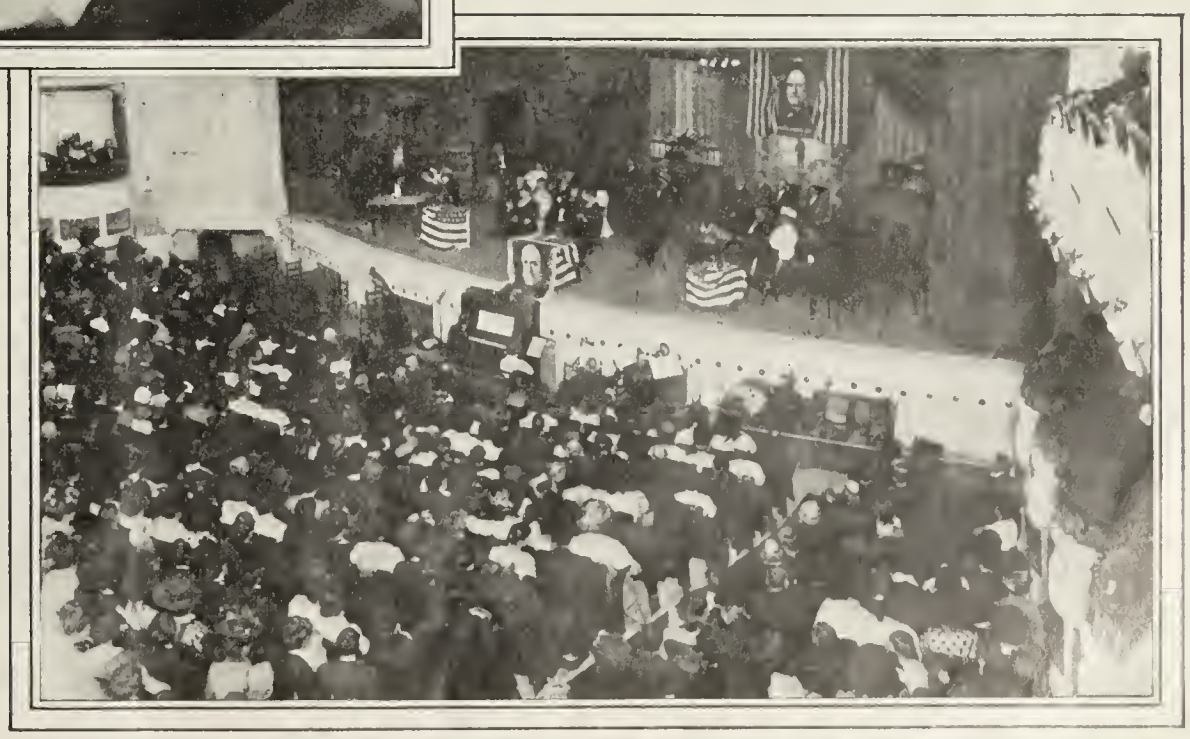
Luncheon in the kitchen of the Woman's Republican Headquarters of Denver. To save time the women politicians lunched here regularly



The Woman's Democratic Headquarters of Denver, adjoining the Men's Democratic Club building



Mrs. Helen Grenfell of Denver addressing a political meeting



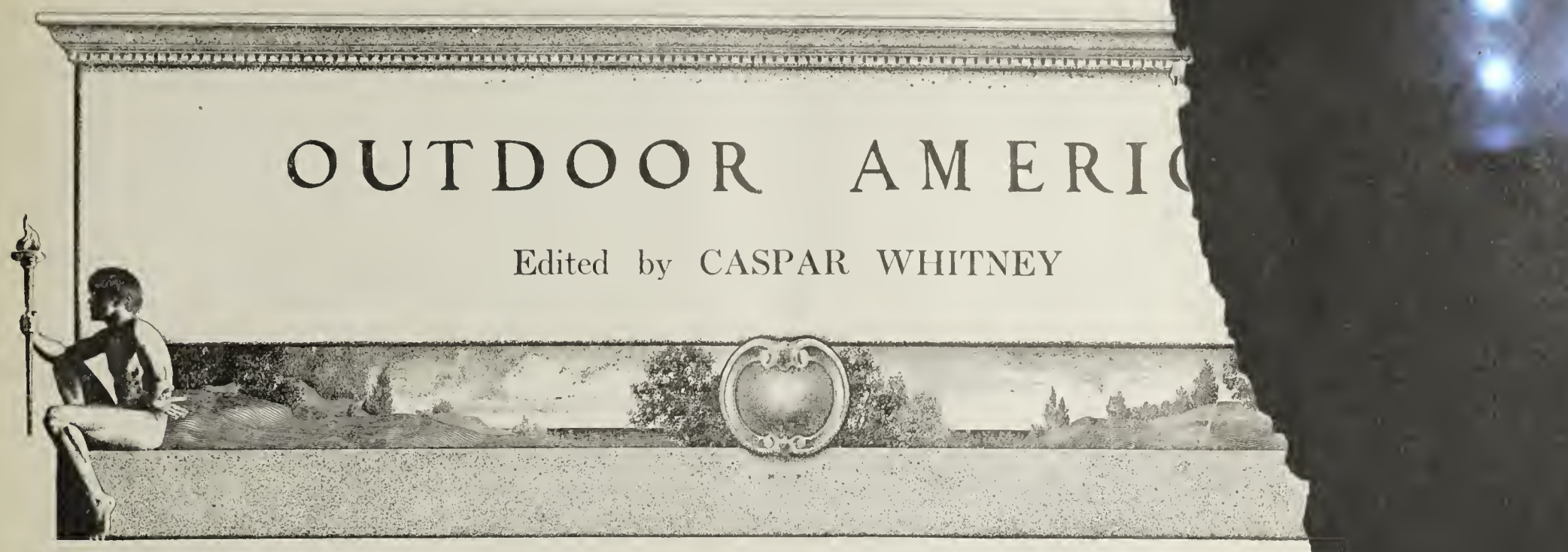
The Woman's Democratic Matinée which crowded the Denver Auditorium



"Be It Ever So Humble"

Photograph by RUDOLF EICKEMEYER

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Take Off Your Coat

AMONG the final acts of the last Congress was the killing of the Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserve bill. So again the effort to conserve the great watersheds of the Appalachian and White Mountain sections has failed; betrayed this time by the Senate. Strangely enough, bitterest opposition came from the Rocky Mountain contingent, where (if anywhere) one would expect intelligent appreciation of the necessity for preserving the forests. Or, is it a matter of sectional prejudice? And thus the fight must be made over again during this present session of Congress. Meanwhile, the wood-butchers diligently pursue their devastating way.

The only way to save these important watersheds is to take off your coat, you intelligent citizens, and fight for them. Much worthy endeavor has been expended spreading high-minded resolutions on record, and in sending forth into the country lengthy appeals for support. That is well enough as supplemental effort, but this now is a case that needs something more convincing than rhetoric, something more persuasive than resolutions; it needs direct appeals, personal activity. Let us not waste time talking about the need of preserving forests—we know all about that; every schoolboy knows it—but let us take off our coats and *get busy*. And this means you, Mr. City Man, as well as the small town and country man.

In the White Mountains the fine growth on the steepest slopes has been spared by the lumbermen. This is because it is the hardest to get at, and therefore the most expensive to handle; and also because the lumbermen are leaving considerable hard-to-get-at timber areas as bases of settlement at exaggerated values of damage when the Government comes on the field to buy. If Congress goes on mumble-the-pegging, the rise in value of spruce will make even those growths on the slopes profitable for the lumberman to handle. Just now, however, lumbermen are turning their attention in the White Mountains to paper (pulp) because, as one of them recently said to Mr. Ernest Russell, whose special investigation will appear in the May OUTDOOR AMERICA, "there's more money in pulp."

Do you realize for one minute the enormous destruction of timber that is making? You have seen innumerable statistics, of course, and, no doubt, they have had as little effect upon you as statistics usually do; but give the following statement an instant's thought: The International Paper Company operates twenty-six mills in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York, with a twenty-four-hour capacity of 3,472,000 feet.

Just think that over.

Never think of this question of forestry preservation as one of sentiment. It's cold, hard economics, and it affects every man doing business in this country. It isn't that lumber should not be cut. Of course it must be cut. It is that it shall be cut with intelligent regard for the future supply. It isn't that forest lands shall not be rented. It is that they shall be so lumbered, and the trees so safeguarded, that the land be not denuded, and on that account lose its water-storage capacity. And it is as a reservoir of water that the forestry movement makes its widest appeal.

Let 'Em Breed

WITH native Yankee shrewdness, the Maine legislators put protective laws on their books against destruction of their deer. And they have the good sense to insist these laws be enforced. Not that they are moved by lofty sentiment; it is a matter of business, but it results in the competent protection of the State's deer and moose. A few years ago the Maine voters discovered that a live deer is worth to the average citizen in hard cash several times as much as a dead one. They learned that it is the live deer which attracts sportsmen and campers by the thousands every season and puts gold into the purse of the shopkeepers, the railroads, the hotels, and gives employment to a great many men as guides and wilderness assistants. Here is a concrete illustration of the practical value from the business point of view of the adequate protection of game.

Some good people think the effort to stop the shooting of ducks in the spring-time is based on purely emotional reasons; or, if not that, is an effort of sportsmen to protect the birds in the spring so they may have the more to shoot in the autumn. But the movement to abandon spring shooting is for neither one nor the other of these reasons. It does happen that sportsmen are the most active in seeking such legislation, because it happens also that sportsmen, as a rule, are not only more intelligent than the average, but have a little more of the milk of human kindness flowing in their veins. Protection of wild fowl in the spring offers equally inviting business reasons as does the protection of deer in Maine to the citizens of that State. If you wish a practical illustration of the business folly of merciless duck slaughter, you may find it on Long Island at the present day in great numbers of unoccupied baymen, who formerly made steady money by caring for and by boating and housing the sportsmen that have now abandoned once good duck-shooting grounds.

Shooting ducks in the spring is objected to because that is the time when the ducks are mating; in this particular month of writing is the time when the female is full of eggs. The average wild duck will raise, ordinarily, during the season, from eight to sixteen; therefore, every female killed in the spring-time means not only the loss of that one duck, but of the brood.

Isn't this simply and convincingly put? Surely it does not take a superior quality of intelligence to understand that slaughter of this kind leads to extinction! It is strictly up to the people in the different sections where wild fowl more or less abound. It is up, not to their decent instincts, but to their own selfish interest, to see that the ducks are properly protected. Many of the States have made protective spring laws, and in every locality where the fowl are thus safeguarded the increase of birds is noticeable and authentic. Wild fowl touch a great many localities in this big country, and wherever found are a marketable article, giving occupation and profit to many, as well in the marketing as in the business of furnishing means of transportation, lodging, guides, etc., to visiting sportsmen.

Back up the Law

IT IS hard to understand a humane and intelligent person would deliberately kill birds during the period which nature has allotted for the propagation of their species. But if my entreaty to refrain from killing God's creatures during their natural breeding season does not reach your heart, I beg you to consider the economic argument of a live duck being worth more than a dead one to any given community. It is well enough to talk law, but law is of no avail unless it is backed by the sentiment of the people; and that is why it behooves you and me and all of us who, for one reason or another, have a little keener appreciation of this situation, to do some missionary work: and by missionary work I don't mean the mere endorsement of this sentiment, but I mean active, energetic work. The inactive good man is not of much service to his community.

Men give as an excuse for spring shooting several different reasons: some shoot at this time because others do, so they say, and, therefore, why deny themselves? Others fall back on the selfish reason that if the birds are allowed to pass north unharassed in the spring, it means only a greater number for the South to slaughter next winter—that South, so unmindful of its feathered heritage.

Of course there is no argument to meet such sordid sentiment. Reminds me of the reply a man made me last month in Washington, when I was endeavoring to secure his influence in the support of certain forestry measures: "What's the use of worrying about such things?" says he. "The forest will last as long as you or me." And so I find men who say with regard to birds: "There will be enough birds to shoot as long as we are on earth." Plenty of men of this character, of course—and, strangely enough, quite a lot of them are out of jail.

There is another subject which should have the attention of anglers generally, and particularly of the Southern California Rod and Reel Club, as well as the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs—and that is the unholy slaughter of big game fish, like the tuna, the yellowtail, etc., off the coast of southern California. No tourist seems to consider his visit to God's country—which is another name for California—complete unless he has chased up a tuna off Santa Catalina Island, and, with his victim, had his photograph duly taken and published. May I not suggest to the Tuna Club that it s
property fish for the use of it
papier-mâché will look equally
graph—and what a saving of

Vegetation Spell

THE spring season opens wit
invitingly, encouragingly
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gentlemen is that of the
vacation on the Schuylk
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it's a beginning which

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with Michigan athletic
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the university at large.
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athletic activity on the campus.

For Michigan, hope abounds
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and direct more attention to the
chasing forever to the East.

Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and Ann
have better crews than last year, an
racing. And racing during their
season is one great need in the deve
crews. It has been a tradition am
colleges that a crew must not be c
one race a season. Happily that t
to have been laid on the shelf. I
to acquire wisdom in this respect
rience, and Yale is following her

Why Not Drink

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have known the joy of w
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and therefore mayn't I urge y
fishermen are making to keep t
dust and other polluting subs
of stream pollution does not o
fish, but also clean, healthful w
what to germs, and hence s
water longer than the fish, bu
later; sometimes sooner than t

In almost every community i
ing a stream there are a few
almost overwhelming odds to

You, my friends, may have
sportsman's business, and that'
your mistake. It is quite as m
to the sportsman's, so get out a
and help to clean out that brook.

The angling associations all ov
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over the heads of the offenders,
result. Many State angling org
they will get together for a nat
be something doing of practical



Where twenty-five families live in one house

eping up the Physical Standard

Congested City Life Has Decayed English Manhood—a Tragic Object-Lesson for America

By RALPH D. PAINE

f the British Empire is rot-
ording to the confessions of its
nen, who see in the physical de-
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a graver menace to the life
n than any war could offer.
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of her history. The
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y to official indifference, vie-
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classes from which the bulk of
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althy race would be produced and
o fill the ranks of the army would
ined."

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The yardstick and tape-measure
an all the reports dealing with the
that had ever been printed. In
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vilized foe, the minimum standard
ntry was five feet six inches, and
troops of the line were country-
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the height, and before the end
were mustered in if they stood
. More than half the men of
w the standard required of the
a century before.

ar shrinkage of girth of chest.
s for the Boer War 511 meas-
inches around the chest, which
girth as late as 1883. In the
rd of the whole number of en-
ar fell short of the standard of
six pounds, which had been re-
eneration. In 1900 the average
of nineteen years was two inches
nd the chest, and fifteen pounds
Anglo-Saxon youth of the same

the standard of height was re-
e inches, but the army made no
its average physique. As recently
eight of the British infantryman
d one-half inches, but his girth of
y-three inches, and his weight one
-three pounds, showing that he had
ven no fair chance to grow. Eng-
weedy, flabby striplings with the
l army of the Crimea and found

the contrast portentous and disheartening. Never before had the blighting effects of the modern congestion of population and unwholesome living conditions been exhibited in such concrete and spectacular form. Within the memory of living men the bulk of the English race had dwindled and become feeble and worthless, and there were the figures to prove it beyond all optimistic argument.

There were worse revelations than these. Small men may be sturdy men, as in the case of the Japanese, but these millions of city-bred Britons were rotten to the core. Fifty per cent of the London youths who offered themselves as recruits were rejected as unfit, even after the physical standards had been lowered. Of eleven thousand young men examined in Manchester eight thousand were rejected for want of stamina or because of physical defects. Throughout the United Kingdom from forty to sixty per cent of those wishing to enlist were found to be unfit for the service, and so desperate was the need of "food for powder" that the class of men thus rejected was as worthless as it is possible to imagine. Of the men actually in the ranks, three out of five were incapable of enduring the hardships of active service and broke down in two years or less time. During the year of 1903 no fewer than 81,723 British soldiers of less than two years' service were discharged as invalids.

Almost fifty per cent of the recruits in the Boer War were between eighteen and nineteen years old, many of them under eighteen, and in Manchester lads were enlisted who appeared to be no more than fifteen and sixteen. At one time England was maintaining in the field thirty thousand immature lads, thirty battalions, an army corps, who would not have been accepted for service in France or Germany, on account of their youth. It was a British critic, Lord Denman, who said of this enfeebled military strength:

"Excepting a few picked corps, the regular army consisted of derelicts and weeds, and even of these a diminishing number."

England Saved by Her Colonies

FOR the first time during her valiant centuries of warfare, England could not stand alone. The Colonies helped to save her in South Africa by sending men of the stamp and breed which the mother country had been wont to rear for herself in days gone by. Her statesmen were compelled to question the use of a strong army and navy if there was heart disease at the center of the empire, and to ask each other:

"Is it true that the whole laboring people of the land are at present living under conditions which make it impossible that they should rear the next generation to be sufficiently virile to supply more than two out of five men for the purposes of either war or peace?"

The appalling condition of the army, an army until then believed to be worthy of its glorious traditions, awakened England like a sleeper who had been given no warning of incredibly shocking tidings. The universal wrath, humiliation, and alarm were as if the slums of London and Liverpool and Manchester had been created overnight, as if their baleful existence had been just discovered. Yet for generations they had been permitted to spread and fester, to breed their new race of physical and mental degenerates, until of the thirty-three millions of souls in Great Britain, twenty-five million were crowded within urban boundaries. The cities have crowded these millions upon a total area of five million acres, while thirty million acres of good land have been almost deserted by the people that belong on them.

The England of the future, even more desperately congested and concentrated than now, will be packed tightly in such gigantic aggregations of population as the world has never known, and the working classes will become more enfeebled, unfit, and unmanly. For several generations the process of deterioration was largely concealed by the continual inflow of emigrants from the rural districts, who leavened London with healthy, energetic men and women reared in pure air and a wholesome environment. But the children of these able-bodied folk become the London riffraff, the average men of the coming century, hopeless denizens of a city "which is the visible type of a universe hastening confusedly to unknown ends and careless of individual pain."

Three hundred thousand Londoners live in one-room tenements with three or more occupants. The death-rate of the London districts in which a million people are housed not so well as horses is four times higher than normal. But London is not the only plague spot of England. In seven other cities the number of preventable and unnecessary deaths reaches a yearly total of twenty thousand, a black list of those slain by vile living conditions and overcrowding that equals the losses of the British in South Africa from wounds and disease. In London alone twenty thousand more perish annually from the same causes, which makes a total of forty thousand deaths each year, in eight cities of Great Britain, from lack of healthful homes. In Scotland twenty-three per cent of the families live in one room, and in Glasgow one-third of the population of families have no more than one room to huddle in.

Conditions are no better in the smaller cities of Scotland. Kilmarnock has only 28,000 population, yet thirty-five per cent of its families dwell in single-room tenements. One-eighth of the total population of Scotland do not know the decency of a two-room home. Eight million people of the United Kingdom have an average family income of no more than five dollars a week, and in the cities they must pay at least a fourth of this for rent of the pigsties miscalled tenements.

From such homes as these was largely recruited the army that set all England by the ears. And the plans proposed to check the sorrowful decadence of the masses are singularly inadequate, based as they are upon the efforts of individuals and private organizations to lure the city dweller back to the land where he belongs. Prevention was not thought of in time, and the nation is floundering about to find belated remedies. Manufacturers are beginning to move their plants into the country in order to give their working people good air and decent homes.

While these and many other remedial measures are getting under way in England, the machinery of prevention is successfully operating in Germany, where the Government believes it to be the business of the state to conserve the race as its most valuable national asset. In order to provide vigorous recruits for her army, to produce an efficient working class, and to strengthen the foundations of empire, Germany prevents the spread of crowded slum districts in her cities by a system of wise, far-sighted legislation. In Berlin, for example, the municipality closely watches the housing accommodations of the poor, and whenever overcrowding occurs, it finds a new outlet for population and sends the surplus thither. The city selects suitable areas for new settlement, constructs the streets and sewers, and obtains the practical cooperation of builders by telling them that the land will be sold or leased on easy terms. Thus encouraged and directed, the builders proceed to erect small houses and airy tenements, and the city itself has decided where and how the living districts of the working classes shall next develop.

Common Sense in Germany

THE Prussian Ministry instructs the municipal councils of all cities that they are under moral obligation to provide all persons in their employment with cheap and healthful dwellings, and that they are to promote schemes to extend the same benefits to the poorer classes in general. For this purpose the council has authority either to create building companies and support them by subscribing for shares, by floating loans at a low rate of interest, or by assuming part of the cost of streets, sewers, and development in general. It is also ordered that the municipalities shall help to create adequate and cheap means of transportation for working people and school-children, and they have the power to tax vacant land in and around cities for the purpose of encouraging building.

Healthy manufacturing villages are common in Germany. Industries are wisely scattered, so that a village will live by means of a single wage-earning plant as the center of its activity. The great Krupp firm at Essen has built cottages and flats for thirty thousand of its work-people.

No German town is without a generous area of open space close to its population, and, in fact, as soon as the

original nucleus of the town has reached a certain density of population a broad zone is drawn around it and further crowding is pushed back beyond this belt and its avenues. In these and other ways the strength of the race is so safeguarded that the average recruit of the German army is much taller, stronger, and heavier than the British soldier, spends less time in hospital, and has a lower death-rate. During the seven years previous to 1901 the German army returns showed that the percentage of acceptable recruits had fallen off only one per cent, in spite of the very rigid standards of examination. In other words, the modern tendency toward congestion in cities and the increase of unhealthful living conditions have been so ably combated in Germany that no real impairment of her manhood can be detected. Nor does Germany find it necessary to ask the pathetic question credited to an English statesman:

"If these men are unfit for military service, what are they good for?"

There are lessons for the United States to learn both from Great Britain's plight and from the wisdom of the Continental nations in grappling with this problem in time to avert calamity. The drift of population toward the cities in America has been rapid. A century ago only four per cent of the American people were town dwellers. In 1900 more than thirty per cent were classed as urban population. This percentage has doubled since the Civil War, which was fought by country-bred men for the most part, since only sixteen per cent of the population was then urban. The virility of the nation is bulwarked by the fact that almost one-half of the ninety millions of people are still living on farms or are interested in pursuits that keep them close to the soil and in the invigorating out-of-doors.

Unless the movement cityward is checked, however, the present century will see this country massed and crowded in city streets to the extent of Great Britain's population at present. The slums of New York and Chicago have not yet enfeebled the average American stock, recruited and replenished as it is by the great tide of immigration from the vigorous, country-bred peasantry of Europe. But New York takes little better care of her swarming million than does hapless London. In America's greatest and richest city a million people live in unsanitary tenements without sufficient light or air, places unfit for human habitation. In block after block of the East Side one thousand persons are living on each acre, in the most densely populated area in the world.

What such conditions will some day mean to national welfare is written big and bold in England's confession that her manhood has decayed and that her race is degenerate. Conservation of the forests and the rivers and the mines, splendid undertakings as they are, must be held secondary to the conservation of American manhood if the foundations of the nation are to be secure and strong. England has furnished a tragic object-lesson for the rest of the world to take to heart, and the doctrine of "back to the land" has become more than a theory. It is the only salvation for the United States if her people are to build for the future of their country.



PHOTOGRAPH BY P. H. BAHR

Skimmer defending its nest

The Individuality of Animals

Birds More Generally Courageous Than Beasts

By J. ALDEN LORING

A Naturalist on the Roosevelt African Expedition

KEEPERS in zoological parks and menageries learn to know their animals quite as well by personal character and individual temperament as they do by color or physical appearance. The bears, for instance, are jolly and good-natured as a family, and the wolves also are inclined that way, but one who has an opportunity to study a number of individuals of a given species discovers certain sullen and morose animals that are entirely different from the rest. Then there are others that are ever on the watch for their keeper and always meet him at the door in anticipation of a friendly bout; and the one with the greedy temperament who "hogs" as much food as he can cram into his mouth and with his paws scrapes the rest together into a corner, stands guard over it, mumbling and grumbling to himself, and when another bear comes near charges him, snorting and striking out with his paws. His opposite is the bear that passively submits to almost any indignity rather than have a fight.

Rarely are bears born ill-tempered. They may show some resentment at the time of their capture when but two months old, but this feeling soon disappears, leaving a jolly rogue ever willing to box and wrestle.

I once knew a cub that was a regular terror, however, and he never reformed. He would attack anything regardless of its size or strength. At the age of three months he would charge at me, snorting, sniffling, and striking with his tiny paws, and when I did not protect myself he seized my trousers' leg between his teeth and shook it violently.

At first I thought that he had been abused by his former owner and that by kind treatment he would soon outgrow his temper, but no, he just had it in him and he became more and more dangerous as time sped by.

Finally he grew large enough to be put in with the mature bears without danger of his squeezing between the bars and escaping, and to the surprise of every one he immediately took charge of the den. Old bears twenty times his size, possibly from some sense of honor, if animals have honor, submitted to cuffs and slaps in the face, and actually allowed him to snatch food from their mouths without resenting the insult.

Studying the personality of mammals in captivity is quite different from studying them in their wild state. The few wild mammals that become tame enough to be watched at close range seldom live long enough for us to discover much concerning their character.

While I was watching at an Alaskan salmon stream, where bears came to catch fish, two medium-sized brown bears finally made their appearance some two hundred yards away. One was lighter colored than its mate, and I soon discovered that, so far as self-preservation was concerned, they were as different from each other as difference could make them.

One was always on the alert. He would come to the edge of the timber fifty yards from the stream, stand upright upon his hind feet and survey the flat before him. Then, dropping down on all fours, he would disappear and, circling about again, strike the opening farther up and cautiously look about. Sometimes he ventured out of the timber, but he always exhibited the same vigilance. For fully an hour he worked in and out of the timber, while his companion, oblivious of all danger, sauntered about in the woods and in the tall grass, digging into stumps, rolling logs over, and turning the bodies of decaying fish for the insects and bugs that might be beneath them. He was impatient and always in the lead, as though anxious to get to the stream and begin fishing, but whenever his companion turned back into the timber he took the hint and followed, although not more than half a dozen times did he rise to look for danger.

Compared with mammals, parental love is stronger in birds. In protecting their nests and young, birds often show courage and strategy, more or less of which is doubtless inherited. Even the so-called dangerous mammals, the bears, mountain lions, wildcats, and other mammals that are best able to protect themselves, seldom make a stand against domestic intrusion. Rarely do they attempt to entice an enemy from their home by strategic means, but at the first warning of danger they either hide or watch the intruder from a safe distance.

This, in a way, might be considered one form of protection, for outcries or suspicious actions at such a time would at once betray the young. But there are very few species of birds that do not attempt to defend their homes in some way, and even the most timid evince more courage and more intelligence than most mammals.

Those birds of prey that are wild and difficult to approach under ordinary circumstances are usually fearless when their nests are in danger. Flying back and forth over the intruder's head, they dart at him, snapping their bills and screaming with rage. When within two or three feet of his head, their courage deserts them and they turn abruptly in the air and mount for another charge. Cases are on record, however, where exception-

the Market Nearer

Is Doing Good Work for the Farmer

HUGH S. FULLERTON

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the children advantages," have purchased automobiles and moved back to their farms. "Country homes" have sprung up for miles around almost every town, and the landowner oversees the work with better results.

The automobile is being used more generally through Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and the Southwest than in older farming districts. The need is greater, the farms are larger, neighborhoods more widely scattered, and in those districts the automobile is fomenting a social revolution. What even one automobile in such a district will do in bringing the people together is remarkable. In Illinois, above Clinton, there is a farmer who owns a big touring car. He is religious, and bought the car so that he could run all over the neighborhood Sunday morning and bring the children to Sunday-school. He can transport twenty at a time, and he has the most popular Sunday-school in Illinois. Now the church itself has decided to buy another automobile.

I was driving along the "hard road" between Dixon and Ottawa, Illinois, when the whir of an automobile sounded from behind a red barn on the hill above the road, where a whiskered, prosperous-looking farmer was shredding corn. The rear wheels of his automobile were jacked up and it was furnishing the power. He was M. J. Durfee, and he consented to talk automobile, shut off the power, and climbed into the tonneau.

"Ted—that's my boy," he said, "bought this contraption in Chicago second-hand for $625, learned to run it in two days and rode home in it. I thought it was a fool trick. He said he could make it pay and save railroad fare to college and back. I wouldn't trade that machine now for the best plow team in La Salle County. Ted drove over to the university in it this fall, and I wrote if he didn't send it back I'd have to buy another. This summer the whole family used it going into town, visiting and pleasuring. I hitched it to the hayfork and put the hay in the mow twice as fast as the horses could do it. We made trips when it was too hot to drive the horses. I built an elevated bin at the top of the barn and lifted the wheat with it, ran the cream separator, chopped feed, and churned, made it do the washing for the girls, and besides, Ted marketed eggs, chickens, butter and butter fats in it, and made the trip in a quarter the time it used to take."



"Far from the dull impertinence of the skyscraper"

"Hasn't it any drawbacks?"

"Yes," laughed Durfee; "the durn thing won't breed." Then seriously: "If a fellow has a knack with machinery—and every farmer has—it isn't any trouble, and it makes a handy little power machine for the farm. But that isn't why I'm for it. The fact is that machine is the best thing for farm folks ever built. My girls went to school in town, made nice friends, and when they came back the farm was lonesome. Betty swowed she'd never marry a farmer—now she says she won't marry one unless he owns an automobile."

I looked at Betty and predicted a boom in automobiles.

"The farm *is* lonesome for girls," said Mr. Durfee. "But since Ted bought the machine we go to town twice as often with the loss of half the time. The girls can bring out their friends, and the young people in town and around here who own autos have plenty of company. I haven't heard any more kicks on living in the country. We go into Ottawa to theater, church, and visit all around. This machine has made neighbors out of friends we used to see about twice a year, and I'd pay the price twice for the good it has done my wife."

Almost everywhere the report was the same. In Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, I found seven automobiles in one little farm community. The owners all said the same thing—that the machines had destroyed their desire to move to town; they can go there quickly enough and often enough and prefer the farm—and they have improved the roads for miles around.

Real-estate dealers in a dozen large towns assure me that the use of the automobile has extended truck-farming areas widely in all directions, because small produce can be marketed quickly. Through the Central West and West the automobile has caused a new movement, a country-house movement. In scores of cities which I visited or from which I received reports many business and professional men are building country homes on their farms and living there.

Saving Money

MANY use them only in summer, others all the year, preferring the farm if they can get to business in time. Around Fort Wayne, Connorsville, Indianapolis, and Lafayette, Indiana; Dayton and Springfield, Ohio; Bloomington, Paris, Champaign, and Rockford, Illinois; Ottumwa, Waterloo, and Des Moines, Iowa; Lincoln, Nebraska; Madison, Wisconsin; Battle Creek, Lansing, and Detroit, Michigan, this movement is noticeable. At Fort Wayne one man recalled eleven cases, and all the country places except two were built after the owner purchased an automobile.

In the South the movement is oddly different, but the machine has partly solved a big agricultural problem. In many quarters of the old South the white population is congregated in cities, the blacks tilling the soil. At Selma, Alabama; Montgomery, Meridian, Vicksburg, and Rome this condition exists. The whites fear to live on the plantations, especially in the "Black Belt" around Salem, and in the Yazoo Delta above Vicksburg. In these places the plantation owner is using the automobile that he may live in town and visit his lands each day and supervise plantation work, instead of living in the country and running into town as the Northerner is doing.

Among the thousand or more farmers and farm authorities interviewed, not over ten objected to the automobile on grounds of cost of maintenance or repairs or difficulty in handling. Even those who regarded it as a toy ignored the city man's chief complaint. Owners said that any farm boy used to handling farm machinery could repair ordinary breaks or defects and get twice as much out of an auto as a city man. Convincing evidence of this was found in a visit to a public garage in Chicago. Twenty-eight chauffeurs were on duty, and eleven of them were farmers' boys making big wages running cars in the winter. Most of them will return to the farm. The proprietor said the farm boys made the most reliable drivers and knew more about practical mechanics than any others.

As a power engine the farmer has created a new field for the auto. The good farmer does not believe in idleness, even in machinery, and he has adopted the automobile engine as a power generator. The uses to which the farmer puts an automobile, besides riding in it, would astonish its inventor. Here are some of them: shredding corn, shredding hay, chopping feed, pumping water, flushing dairy barn, driving circular saw, lifting hay into mow and wheat into elevator, shelling corn, separating cream, churning, washing, and running fan. One inventive Missourian has made a rotary post-hole digger to run by auto, and a Wisconsin dairyman hitches his to a fire pump to protect his house and property.

At several agricultural colleges instructors asked classes of farmers to write short essays on the use of automobiles in their districts. Also I secured the written views of over one hundred farmers and authorities on farming. Here are a few, chosen at random:

Los Angeles County, California—Widely used by big ranchers overseeing labor and to haul citrous fruits to packing-houses.

Jackson County, Oregon—Number doubled in one year. Used marketing fruits and hauling gold.

Macomb County, Michigan—Enable country merchants to avoid carrying big stocks. Better market for farm produce. Increase church attendance. Benefit socially.

Dewitt County, Illinois—One hundred and fifty autos, half owned by farmers or retired farmers living in town. Stimulated demand for better roads, also roused opposition, some claiming autos destroy macadam.

Allen County, Indiana—Many used. Caused movement to country homes. Used by several to oversee tenants on widely separated farms.

OUTDOOR AMERICA

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

Take Off Your Coat

AMONG the final acts of the last Congress was the killing of the Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserve bill. So again the effort to conserve the great watersheds of the Appalachian and White Mountain sections has failed; betrayed this time by the Senate. Strangely enough, bitterest opposition came from the Rocky Mountain contingent, where (if anywhere) one would expect intelligent appreciation of the necessity for preserving the forests. Or, is it a matter of sectional prejudice? And thus the fight must be made over again during this present session of Congress. Meanwhile, the woodchoppers diligently pursue their devastating way.

The only way to save these important watersheds is to take off your coat, you intelligent citizens, and fight for them. Much worthy endeavor has been expended spreading high-minded resolutions on record, and in sending forth into the country lengthy appeals for support. That is well enough as supplemental effort, but this now is a case that needs something more convincing than rhetoric, something more persuasive than resolutions; it needs direct appeals, personal activity. Let us not waste time talking about the need of preserving forests—we know all about that; every schoolboy knows it—but let us take off our coats and *do* it now. And this means you, Mr. City Man, as well as the small town and country man.

In the White Mountains the fine growth on the steepest slopes has been spared by the lumbermen. This is because it is the hardest to get at, and therefore the most expensive to handle; and also because the lumbermen are having considerable hard to get at timber areas as losses of settlement at exaggerated values of damage when the Government comes on the field to buy. If Congress goes on mumbling the pegging, the rise in value of spruce will make even those growths on the slopes profitable for the lumberman to handle. Just now, however, lumbermen are turning their attention in the White Mountains to paper (pulp) because, as one of them recently said to Mr. Ernest Bicknell, whose special investigation will appear in the May OUTDOOR AMERICA, "there's more money in pulp."

Do you realize for one minute the enormous destruction of timber that is making? You have seen innumerable statistics, of course, and, no doubt, they have had as little effect upon you as statistics usually do, but give the following statement an instant's thought: The International Paper Company operates twenty-six mills in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York, with a twenty four hour capacity of 3,472,000 feet.

Just think that over.

Never think of this question of forestry preservation as one of sentiment. It's cold, hard economics, and it affects every man doing business in this country. It isn't that lumber should not be cut. Of course it must be cut. It is that it shall be cut with intelligent regard for the future supply. It isn't that forest lands shall not be rented. It is that they shall be so lumbered, and the trees so safeguarded, that the land be not denuded, and on that account lose its water-storage capacity. And it is as a reservoir of water that the forestry movement makes its widest appeal.

Let 'Em Breed

WITH native Yankee shrewdness, the Maine legislature put protective laws on their books against destruction of their deer. And they have the good sense to insist these laws be enforced. Not that they are moved by lofty sentiment; it is a matter of business, but it results in the competent protection of the State's deer and moose. A few years ago the Maine voters discovered that a live deer is worth to the average citizen in hard cash several times as much as a dead one. They learned that it is the live deer which attracts sportsmen and campers by the thousands every season and puts gold into the purse of the shopkeepers, the railroads, the hotels, and gives employment to a great many men as guides and wilderness assistants. Here is a concrete illustration of the practical value from the business point of view of the adequate protection of game.

Some good people think the effort to stop the shooting of ducks in the spring time is based on purely emotional reasons; or, if not that, is an effort of sportsmen to protect the birds in the spring so they may have the more to shoot in the autumn. But the movement to abandon spring shooting is for neither one nor the other of these reasons. It does happen that sportsmen are the most active in seeking such legislation, because it happens also that sportsmen, as a rule, are not only more intelligent than the average, but have a little more of the milk of human kindness flowing in their veins. Protection of wild fowl in the spring offers equally interesting business reasons as does the protection of deer in Maine to the citizens of that State. If you wish a practical illustration of the business folly of needless duck slaughter, you may find it on Long Island at the present day in great numbers of unoccupied laymen, who formerly made steady money by caring for and by leading and luring the sportsmen that have now abandoned once good duck-shooting grounds.

Shooting ducks in the spring is objected to because that is the time when the ducks are mating; in this particular month of writing is the time when the female is full of eggs. The average wild duck will raise, ordinarily, during the season, from eight to sixteen; therefore, every female killed in the spring-time means not only the loss of that one duck, but of the brood.

Isn't this simply and convincingly put? Surely it does not take a superior quality of intelligence to understand that slaughter of this kind leads to extinction! It is strictly up to the people in the different sections where wild fowl more or less abound. It is up, not to their decent instincts, but to their own selfish interest, to see that the ducks are properly protected. Many of the States have made protective spring laws, and in every locality where the fowl are thus safeguarded the increase of birds is noticeable and authentic. Wild fowl touch a great many localities in this big country, and wherever found are a marketable article, giving occupation and profit to many, as well in the marketing as in the business of furnishing means of transportation, lodging, guides, etc., to visiting sportsmen.

Back up the Law

IT IS hard to understand a humane and intelligent person would deliberately kill birds during the period which nature has allotted for the propagation of their species. But if my entreaty to refrain from killing God's creatures during their natural breeding season does not reach your heart, I beg you to consider the economic argument of a live duck being worth more than a dead one to any given community. It is well enough to talk law, but law is of no avail unless it is backed by the sentiment of the people; and that is why it behooves you and me and all of us who, for one reason or another, have a little keener appreciation of this situation, to do some missionary work; and by missionary work I don't mean the mere endorsement of this sentiment, but I mean active, energetic work. The inactive good man is not of much service to his community.

Men give as an excuse for spring shooting several different reasons; some shoot at this time because others do so, they say, and, therefore, why deny themselves? Others fall back on the selfish reason that if the birds are allowed to pass north unmolested in the spring, it means only a greater number for the South to slaughter next winter—that South, so unmindful of its feathered heritage.

Of course there is no argument to meet such sordid sentiment. Reminds me of the reply a man made me last month in Washington, when I was endeavoring to secure his influence in the support of certain forestry measures: "What's the use of worrying about such things?" says he. "The forest will last as long as you or me." And so I find men who say with regard to birds: "There will be enough birds to shoot as long as we are on earth." Plenty of men of this character, of course—and, strangely enough, quite a lot of them are out of jail.

There is another subject which should have the attention of anglers generally, and particularly of the Southern California Rod and Reel Club as well as the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs—and that is the unholy slaughter of big game fish, like the tuna, the yellowtail, etc., off the coast of southern California. No tourist seems to consider his visit to God's country—which is another name for California—complete unless he has chased up a tuna off Santa Catalina Island and with his victim had his photograph duly taken and published. May I not suggest to the Tuna Club that it secure an extension pointed properly fish for the use of its publicity seeking guests; papier mâché will look equally formidable in the photograph—and what a saving of the tuna!

Vegetation Spells Degeneration

THE spring season opens with the olive branch waving invitingly, encouragingly, from the college campus, and we seem entering on an era approaching a little nearer to the ideal of amateur sport. Perhaps the most pleasing exhibition of the spirit which should obtain among gentlemen is that of the Yale crew, spending its Easter vacation on the Schuylkill River in open practise for the race at the end of the week with Pennsylvania. I hope it's a beginning which will have no ending.

It's a cheering season of peace, this new spring of 1909, in addition to Yale and Pennsylvania's innovation, Princeton and Harvard have come together for a Freshman foot ball game; Pennsylvania and Columbia have resumed track relations, and there is talk of Michigan returning to the Western Conference Colleges, where she belongs. The fetish of putting out winners has played the mischief with Michigan athletics. It is suffering at the present moment from that unwise (athletic and baneful (athletic) policy. Michigan needs to learn that not one or two seasons' mad pursuit of stars and pennants will bring substantial success to a university. The foundation must be well laid, and the foundation of college sport rests on building up home material and developing a sporting spirit among the candidates and the university at large. Columbia suffers similarly, but from a different cause, for Columbia seems to me to be approaching athletic degeneracy because of its city environment and the illiberal attitude of its faculty toward sport. Degeneration comes to the city man who clings to the city, and a college located in town is more in need of vigorous general play than one situated in the country. If the present policy is persisted in at Columbia, I look for a very material lowering in the physical standards of its undergraduates. There isn't much hope for Columbia until her undergraduates become more young men of the open, or are encouraged to greater athletic activity on the campus.

For Michigan, hope alumnus. She need only turn her thought to building up a healthful athletic spirit and direct more attention to the home circle, instead of chasing forever to the East.

Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and Annapolis all promise to have better crews than last year, and are doing more rowing. And racing during their so-called preparatory season is one great need in the development of American crews. It has been a tradition among American rowing colleges that a crew must not be called on for more than one race a season. Happily that tradition appears now to have been laid on the shelf. Harvard was the first to acquire wisdom in this respect from her English experience, and Yale is following her example.

Why Not Drink Clean Water?

IT MAY be that you are so unfortunate as never to have known the joy of whipping a stream for the gamy speckled trout—but at least you are an eater of fish, and therefore mayn't I urge you to help the effort that fishermen are making to keep the streams free from sawdust and other polluting substances? And this subject of stream pollution does not only concern the life of the fish, but also clean, healthful water. Man is inured somewhat to germs, and hence seems to survive polluted water longer than the fish, but it gets him sooner or later; sometimes sooner than the fish.

In almost every community in this great country having a stream there are a few anglers, striving against almost overwhelming odds to cleanse the local waters.

You, my friends, may have looked upon this as a sportsman's business, and that's where you have made your mistake. It is quite as much to your interest as to the sportsman's, so get out and join hands with him and help to clean out that break.

The angling associations all over the country seem to me to be strangely scattering their ammunition. If they would organize against stream pollution and make a united effort instead of each firing at random, usually over the heads of the offenders, there would be more result. Many State angling organizations exist and if they will get together for a national movement there is something doing of practical value.



Where twenty-five families live in one house

Keeping up the Physical Standard

How Congested City Life Has Decayed English Manhood—a Tragic Object-Lesson for America

By RALPH D. PAINE

THE heart of the British Empire is rotten, according to the confessions of its wisest men, who see in the physical deterioration of the millions crowded in city slums a graver menace to the life of the nation than any war could offer. Within the last century rural England has been almost depopulated, until four-fifths of its people are huddled and herded in cities and towns. Well-nigh extinct is the race of robust, stolid, and courageous men dispersed in villages and country homes who were Britain's stanchest bulwark through the dominant centuries of her history. The Englishman of to-day, the man of the street, of the rank and file, is street-bred, stunted, narrow-chested, without stamina, lacking moral and mental ballast. England is ashamed of him, afraid of him, but she has been forced to recognize him as her most insistent and vital problem.

The Boer War flung this national issue into the foreground. The recruiting sergeants compelled the patriotic Briton, blindly proud of and confident in his army, to face the ugly truth that instead of the "thin red line of heroes," such as had fought at Inkerman and Sebastopol, the ranks must be filled with sorry specimens of refuse humanity who would have been instantly rejected for military service in Germany, France, or America. One generation after another had been pouring out of the green fields into the cities and left to breed and multiply and stifle and starve, a prey to official indifference, victims of greedy landlords, creating slums for lack of room to live with any regard for health and decency, a vast, seething, submerged world beneath the notice of upper-class England. The yeoman had been transformed into the hooligan. In 1902 the Inspector-General for Recruiting was forced to make this ominous admission:

"The one subject which causes anxiety in the future as regards recruiting is the gradual deterioration of physique of the working classes from which the bulk of recruits must always be drawn. Were all classes of the community able to provide their offspring with ample food and air space, a healthy race would be produced and the proper material to fill the ranks of the army would probably soon be obtained."

Statistics are not the liveliest reading in the world, but for once they shocked the phlegmatic, complacent nation as if every figure were a live wire. They could not be pooh-poohed. The yardstick and tape-measure were more eloquent than all the reports dealing with the condition of the poor that had ever been printed. In the Crimean War, when England had last put an army in the field to fight a civilized foe, the minimum standard of height for her infantry was five feet six inches, and most of these stalwart troops of the line were country-bred. Thirty years later, in 1883, the standard had been lowered to five feet three inches. In 1900, when the transports were filled with drafts for South Africa, another inch was gaged off the height, and before the end of the campaign recruits were mustered in if they stood five feet in their stockings. More than half the men of the British army were below the standard required of the troops in the Crimea half a century before.

There had been a similar shrinkage of girth of chest. Of every thousand recruits for the Boer War 511 measured less than thirty-four inches around the chest, which had been the minimum girth as late as 1883. In the matter of weight one-third of the whole number of enlisted men in the Boer War fell short of the standard of one hundred and thirty-six pounds, which had been required of the preceding generation. In 1900 the average British recruit at the age of nineteen years was two inches shorter, an inch less around the chest, and fifteen pounds lighter than the normal Anglo-Saxon youth of the same age ought to be.

After the Boer War the standard of height was restored to five feet three inches, but the army made no great improvement in its average physique. As recently as 1906 the average height of the British infantryman was five feet four and one-half inches, but his girth of chest was only thirty-three inches, and his weight one hundred and twenty-three pounds, showing that he had been underfed and given no fair chance to grow. England compared these weedy, flabby striplings with the rank and file of her old army of the Crimea and found the contrast portentous and disheartening. Never before had the blighting effects of the modern congestion of population and unwholesome living conditions been exhibited in such concrete and spectacular form. Within the memory of living men the bulk of the English race had dwindled and become feeble and worthless, and there were the figures to prove it beyond all optimistic argument.

There were worse revelations than these. Small men may be sturdy men, as in the case of the Japanese, but these millions of city-bred Britons were rotten to the core. Fifty per cent of the London youths who offered themselves as recruits were rejected as unfit, even after the physical standards had been lowered. Of eleven thousand young men examined in Manchester eight thousand were rejected for want of stamina or because of physical defects. Throughout the United Kingdom from forty to sixty per cent of those wishing to enlist were found to be unfit for the service, and so desperate was the need of "food for powder" that the class of men thus rejected was as worthless as it is possible to imagine. Of the men actually in the ranks, three out of five were incapable of enduring the hardships of active service and broke down in two years or less time. During the year of 1903 no fewer than 81,723 British soldiers of less than two years' service were discharged as invalids.

Almost fifty per cent of the recruits in the Boer War were between eighteen and nineteen years old, many of them under eighteen, and in Manchester lads were enlisted who appeared to be no more than fifteen and sixteen. At one time England was maintaining in the field thirty thousand immature lads, thirty battalions, an army corps, who would not have been accepted for service in France or Germany, on account of their youth. It was a British critic, Lord Denman, who said of this enfeebled military strength:

"Excepting a few picked corps, the regular army consisted of derelicts and wrecks, and even of these a diminishing number."

England Saved by Her Colonies

FOR the first time during her valiant centuries of warfare, England could not stand alone. The Colonies helped to save her in South Africa by sending men of the stamp and breed which the mother country had been wont to rear for herself in days gone by. Her statesmen were compelled to question the use of a strong army and navy if there was heart disease at the center of the empire, and to ask each other:

"Is it true that the whole laboring people of the land are at present living under conditions which make it impossible that they should rear the next generation to be sufficiently virile to supply more than two out of five men for the purposes of either war or peace?"

The appalling condition of the army, an army until then believed to be worthy of its glorious traditions, awakened England like a sleeper who had been given no warning of unrelishly shocking tidings. The universal wrath, humiliation, and alarm were as if the slums of London and Liverpool and Manchester had been created overnight, as if their baleful existence had been just discovered. Yet for generations they had been permitted to spread and fester, to breed their new race of physical and mental degenerates, until of the thirty-three millions of souls in Great Britain, twenty-five million were crowded within urban boundaries. The cities have crowded these millions upon a total area of five million acres, while thirty million acres of good land have been almost deserted by the people that belong on them.

The England of the future, even more desperately congested and concentrated than now, will be packed tightly in such gigantic aggregations of population as the world has never known, and the working classes will become more enfeebled, unfit, and unmanly. For several generations the process of deterioration was largely concealed by the continual inflow of emigrants from the rural districts who traversed London with healthy, energetic men and women reared in pure air and a wholesome environment. But the children of these add leaflet folk become the London riffraff, the average men of the coming century, hopeless denizens of a city "which is the visible type of a universe hastening confusedly to an unknown end and careless of individual pain."

Three hundred thousand Londoners live in one-room tenements with three or more occupants. The death rate of the London districts in which a million people are housed not so well as horses is four times higher than normal. But London is not the only plague spot of England. In seven other cities the number of preventable and unnecessary deaths reaches a yearly total of twenty thousand, a black list of those slain by vile living conditions and overcrowding that equals the losses of the British in South Africa from wounds and disease. In London alone twenty thousand more perish annually from the same causes, which makes a total of forty thousand deaths each year, in eight cities of Great Britain, from lack of healthful homes. In Scotland twenty-three per cent of the families live in one room, and in Glasgow one-third of the population of families have no more than one room to huddle in.

Conditions are no better in the smaller cities of Scotland. Kilmarnock has only 28,000 population, yet thirty-five per cent of its families dwell in single-room tenements. One-eighth of the total population of Scotland do not know the decency of a two-room home. Eight million people of the United Kingdom have an average family income of no more than five dollars a week, and in the cities they must pay at least a fourth of this for rent of the gigantic unlovelied tenements.

From such homes as these was largely recruited the army that set all England by the ears. And the plans proposed to check the sorrowful decadence of the masses are singularly inadequate, based as they are upon the efforts of individuals and private organizations to lure the city dweller back to the land where he belongs. Prevention was not thought of in time, and the nation is floundering about to find belated remedies. Manufactures are beginning to move their plants into the country in order to give their working people good air and decent homes.

While these and many other remedial measures are getting under way in England, the machinery of prevention is successfully operating in Germany, where the Government believes it to be the business of the state to conserve the race as its most valuable national asset. In order to provide vigorous recruits for her army, to produce an efficient working class, and to strengthen the foundations of empire, Germany prevents the spread of crowded slum districts in her cities by a system of wise, far-sighted legislation. In Berlin, for example, the municipality closely watches the housing accommodations of the poor, and whenever overcrowding occurs, it finds a new outlet for population and sends the surplus thither. The city selects suitable areas for new settlement, constructs the streets and sewers, and obtains the practical cooperation of builders by telling them that the land will be sold or leased on easy terms. Thus encouraged and directed, the builders proceed to erect small houses and airy tenements, and the city itself has decided where and how the living districts of the working classes shall next develop.

Common Sense in Germany

THE Prussian Ministry instructs the municipal councils of all cities that they are under moral obligation to provide all persons in their employment with cheap and healthful dwellings, and that they are to promote schemes to extend the same benefits to the poorer classes in general. For this purpose the council has authority either to create building companies and support them by subscribing for shares, by floating loans at a low rate of interest, or by assuming part of the cost of streets, sewers, and development in general. It is also ordered that the municipalities shall help to create adequate and cheap means of transportation for working people and school children, and they have the power to tax vacant land in and around cities for the purpose of encouraging building.

Healthy manufacturing villages are common in Germany. Industries are wisely scattered, so that a village will live by means of a single wage-earning plant as the center of its activity. The great Krupp firm at Essen has built cottages and flats for thirty thousand of its work people.

No German town is without a generous [illegible] space close to its population, and, in fact, [illegible]

original nucleus of the town has resisted a certain density of population a broad zone is drawn around it and further crowding is pushed back beyond this belt and its avenues. In these and other ways the strength of the race is so safeguarded that the average recruit of the German army is much taller, stronger, and heavier than the British soldier, spends less time in hospital, and has a lower death-rate. During the seven years previous to 1907 the German army returns showed that the percentage of acceptable recruits had fallen off only one per cent, in spite of the very rigid standards of examination. In other words, the modern tendency toward congestion in cities and the increase of unhealthful living conditions have been so ably combated in Germany that no real impairment of her manhood can be detected. Nor does Germany find it necessary to ask the pathetic question credited to an English statesman:

"If these men are unfit for military service, what are they good for?"

There are lessons for the United States to learn both from Great Britain's plight and from the wisdom of the Continental nations in grappling with this problem in time to avert calamity. The drift of population toward the cities in America has been rapid. A century ago only four per cent of the American people were town dwellers. In 1880 more than thirty per cent were classed as urban population. This percentage has doubled since the Civil War, which was fought by country-bred men for the most part, since only sixteen per cent of the population was then urban. The virility of the nation is bulwarked by the fact that almost one-half of the ninety millions of people are still living on farms or are interested in pursuits that keep them close to the soil and to the invigorating out-of-doors.

Unless the movement city-ward is checked, however, the present century will see this country massed and crowded in city streets to the extent of Great Britain's population at present. The slums of New York and Chicago have not yet enfeebled the average American stock, recruited and replenished as it is by the great tide of immigration from the vigorous, country-bred peasantry of Europe. But New York takes little better care of her swarming million than does hapless London. In America's greatest and richest city a million people live in unsanitary tenements without sufficient light or air, places unfit for human habitation. In block after block of the East Side one thousand persons are living on each acre, in the most densely populated area in the world.

What such conditions will some day mean to national welfare is written big and bold in England's confession that her manhood has decayed and that her race is degenerate. Conservation of the forests and the rivers and the mines, splendid undertakings as they are, must be held secondary to the conservation of American manhood if the foundations of the nation are to be secure and strong. England has furnished a tragic object-lesson for the rest of the world to take to heart, and the doctrine of "back to the land" has become more than a theory. It is the only salvation for the United States if her people are to build for the future of their country.



Skimmer defending its nest

The Individuality of Animals

Birds More Generally Courageous Than Beasts

By J. ALDEN LORING

A Naturalist on the Roosevelt African Expedition

KEEPERS in zoological parks and menageries learn to know their animals quite as well by personal character and individual temperament as they do by color or physical appearance. The bears, for instance, are jolly and good-natured as a family, and the wolves also are inclined that way, but one who has an opportunity to study a number of individuals of a given species discovers certain sullen and morose animals that are entirely different from the rest. Then there are others that are ever on the watch for their keeper and always meet him at the door in anticipation of a friendly bout; and the one with the greedy temperament who "hogs" as much food as he can cram into his mouth and with his paws scrapes the rest together into a corner, stands guard over it, mumbling and grumbling to himself, and when another bear comes near charges him, snorting and striking out with his paws. His opposite is the bear that passively submits to almost any indignity rather than have a fight.

Rarely are bears born ill-tempered. They may show some resentment at the time of their capture when but two months old, but this feeling soon disappears, leaving a jolly rogue ever willing to love and wrestle.

I once knew a cub that was a regular terror, however, and he never reformed. He would attack anything regardless of its size or strength. At the age of three months he would charge at me, snorting, smiting, and striking with his tiny paws, and when I did not protect myself he seized my trousers' leg between his teeth and shook it violently.

At first I thought that he had been abused by his former owner and that by kind treatment he would soon outgrow his temper, but no, he just had it in him and became more and more dangerous as time sped by.

Finally he grew large enough to be put in with the mature bears without danger of his squeezing between the bars and escaping, and to the surprise of every one he immediately took charge of the den. Old bears twenty times his size, possibly from some sense of honor, it and seals have honor, submitted to cuffs and slaps in the face, and actually allowed him to snatch food from their mouths without resenting the insult.

Studying the personality of mammals in captivity is quite different from studying them in their wild state. The few wild mammals that become tame enough to be watched at close range seldom live long enough for us to discover much concerning their character.

While I was watching at an Alaskan salmon stream, where bears came to catch fish, two medium-sized brown bears finally made their appearance some two hundred yards away. One was lighter colored than its mate, and I soon discovered that, so far as self-preservation was concerned, they were as different from each other as difference could make them.

One was always on the alert. He would come to the edge of the timber fifty yards from the stream, stand upright upon his hind feet and survey the flat before him. Then, dropping down on all fours, he would disappear and, circling about again, strike the opening farther up and cautiously look about. Sometimes he ventured out of the timber, but he always exhibited the same vigilance. For fully an hour he worked in and out of the timber, while his companion, oblivious of all danger, sauntered about in the weeds and in the tall grass, digging into stumps, rolling logs over, and turning the bodies of decaying fish for the insects and bugs that might be beneath them. He was impatient and always in the lead as though anxious to get to the stream and begin fishing, but whenever his companion turned back into the timber he took the hint and followed, although not more than half a dozen times did he rise to look for danger.

Compared with mammals, parental love is stronger in birds. In protecting their nests and young, birds often show courage and strategy, more or less of which is doubtless inherited. Even the so-called dangerous mammals, the bears, mountain lions, wildcats, and other mammals that are best able to protect themselves, seldom make a stand against domestic intrusion. Rarely do they attempt to entice an enemy from their home by strategic means, but at the first warning of danger they either hide or watch the intruder from a safe distance.

This, in a way, might be considered one form of protection, for outcries or suspicious actions at such a time would at once betray the young. But there are very few species of birds that do not attempt to defend their homes in some way, and even the most timid evince more courage and more intelligence than most mammals.

Those birds of prey that are wild and difficult to approach under ordinary circumstances are usually fearless when their nests are in danger. Flying back and forth over the intruder's head, they dart at him, snapping their bills and screaming with rage. When within two or three feet of his head, their courage deserts them and they turn abruptly in the air and mount for another charge. Cases are on record, however, where exceptionally courageous birds have actually struck [illegible] scrotum, face and scalp wounds.

Almost without exception the ground-nesting birds, whether or not they be of the species [illegible] plover, or deer families, will try first to draw [illegible] from a nest by appealing and fluttering to [illegible] themselves over the ground as though injured. [illegible] efforts failing, they are apt to submit and assume a more aggressive attitude. I was once examining a cock bird's nest when the female flew at me. In [illegible] of the nest, and pecked my hand several times as I touched the young ones. Gallinules, though normally shy and demure, are aggressive when angered.

For five successive years a pair of house-wrens occupied a bird-house in our back grounds and brought forth two broods of young each season. The male bird became so tame that he would take spiders, flies, and mealworms from my fingers. He would never, however, perch upon my hand but as soon as he could reach the food he took it and flew away to eat it at his leisure. The same methods as those used in taming the male were adopted in trying to tame his mate, but her confidence was never won.

While the shyest "camp robber" is tame in comparison with most birds, you soon discover that certain ones have a personality by which they can easily be recognized.

Hunting Lost Explorers

Digging Cities Out of Sahara

By CYRUS C. ADAMS

THE fortunes of eight men who are about to sail from Denmark for the coast of Northeast Greenland will be followed with much interest because their mission is almost unique. They are going to search for the records of lost explorers. In 1907 Mylius-Erichsen and two comrades from his large party completed the mapping of the coasts of Greenland. The great achievement cost their lives, for they perished of hunger and cold while groping their way southward toward their ship in the growing darkness. Only the body of Brontlund, the native Greenlander, was found last spring; and in a bottle, swung around his neck, were the priceless survey sheets. Those crumpled pages filled the gap remaining on our maps, and now we know the whole outline of the largest island in the world and can make a map picture of its actual shape. The two largest facts revealed are that Northwest Greenland is penetrated by mountain-walled fiords from forty to eighty miles deep, and that a great peninsula extends so far east that the end of it, Northeast Foreland, is only about 280 miles from Spitzbergen.

If we were to visit the largest unknown area of the world, outside the polar regions, we should go to inner Arabia, where two or three expeditions will try, this year, to throw new light upon its vast, dark spaces. But if we should go to the part of the world where pioneer exploration is to-day most active, we would join the French in the Sahara Desert, where a network of routes is being traced in all directions through that wide area of desolation. Something may soon be told in this column of the forgotten settlements and cities that explorers are beginning to dig out of the Arabian sands; but attention is first due to a phase or two of the wonderful work in the Sahara from which so many new facts are coming that it is hard to keep the maps abreast of them.

The latest "Bulletin" of the Paris Geographical Society contains twenty pictures and plans of monuments, walls, inscriptions, potteries, implements and other objects that have just been discovered in the Sahara, with a map showing their distribution in the heart of the desert, halfway between Algeria and the Sudan. These are vestiges of an old civilization that once thrived in the mid-Sahara; and all that the Touaregs and other nomads can say about them is that their fathers told them a race of giants had built towns so long ago that the earliest traditions reported them models as ruin heaps. Very likely the scholars who are now to study the inscriptions may throw light upon their origin.

Dr. M. A. Stein has just returned from another two years of exploration in central Asia with fifty camel-loads of ancient manuscripts and other antiques and many new geographical facts. He made the curious discovery that the Great Wall of China is much longer than it was supposed to be. It had been traced for a thousand miles from the eastern edge of China to the Nan-shan Mountains in Kansu; but Stein has found it stretching farther west where it was evidently built to protect the oases along the Nan-shan against Mongol incursions. Greatly to his surprise, he found a second wall extending southward at right angles to the first, and built only half as many centuries ago. The later wall was erected to close the great trade routes toward central Asia when China resumed her attitude of seclusion from which she is now emerging.

It turns out that the great mountain range in Tibet which Sven Hedin calls the Trans-Himalaya is not exactly a new discovery. Several explorers have crossed it, but Hedin's merit is that he has crossed it ten times and traced its great length.

Bringing the Market Nearer

The Automobile Is Doing Good Work for the Farmer

By HUGH S. FULLERTON

THIS article is written by one who does not know a carburetor from a clutch and who took his first extended automobile ride while investigating for OUTDOOR AMERICA the question of the worth of the automobile to farmers and in farming. The facts and figures contained are furnished by farmers and agricultural experts, not by automobile makers or salesmen. The writer visited six of the agricultural colleges of the Central West, secured the opinions of twelve hundred farmers, their boys and girls, and made an extensive trip to see how the farmers use the automobiles. Besides, he secured reports from State officials, heads of farmers', dairymens', and similar organizations, and from heads of practically every agricultural college in the United States.

There are two hundred and seventy-three thousand automobiles in use in the United States, of which number seventy-six thousand are used by farmers. Approximately one and a half per cent of the farm owners also own automobiles. One person in every one hundred and ninety in New York owns an automobile, one farmer in every thirty-four in Iowa owns one, and a larger percentage of the Pan Handle of Texas farmers than of residents on Michigan Avenue in Chicago possess automobiles.

Do these facts, which are not press agents' figures, mean anything? If they do not, here are some more figures: Approximately two-sevenths of the automobiles manufactured in the United States in 1907 went to farmers. Of the seventy two thousand made to sell in 1908 twenty-seven thousand were designed especially for farm use. Second-hand dealers in Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City, supplying America's garden, the Mississippi Valley, say that nearly seventy per cent of second-hand automobiles are sold for agricultural use. One Iowa City man last summer sold two hundred and forty second-hand machines to farmers, and one Minneapolis dealer sold four hundred farm-type autos to farmers in three months.

The figures mean that the automobile is becoming the farmer's implement as well as the millionaire's toy. The farmer is not infected with any speed mania or desire for display of wealth; he simply thinks he has found a good thing. The automobile has come to him as a triple benefit: first, socially; second, as a speedy means of reaching and keeping in touch with the market; third, as a handy power machine. To the community at large the auto-farmer has become an active good-roads advocate.

The extent to which the farmers are adopting the automobile is shown by these figures: Twenty-one wagon and carriage factories in Indiana and Illinois and five in Iowa (perhaps I overlooked some) are turning their shafts into steering wheels and manufacturing high-wheel, stump-straddling automobiles.

There are districts, many of them, where prejudice against the automobile remains strong, but the prejudice rapidly is disappearing. Through the great agricultural district of the Central West, the Dakotas, Montana, the Coast, and the new America of the irrigated Southwest, the automobile is becoming the farmers' vehicle.

Good Roads Necessary

IF THE roads of the United States were such that automobiles could be used the year round, farmers would within a short time regard the automobile as too important a necessity to be without. The bad roads and first cost are in most cases the only objections to the machines. Two-thirds of the farmers interviewed said: "I'd buy one in a minute, but it's no good on our roads." They will not invest in something they can use only half the time, in some sections two months in twelve.

Regardless of the utilitarian value, the automobile today is socially (and interestingly so) a greater force in farm life than university extension, rural delivery, telephones, or trolley lines. To-day farmers owning automobiles and living within a ten-mile radius of any town of size consider themselves as living in town. Among them it has brought contentment with farm life that has displaced, or is displacing, the discontent, especially among the girls and boys. Farmers testify it is the best cure for "city-itis," a disease that threatened to devastate agricultural districts. Hundreds of "retired" farmers who tenanted their farms and moved into towns "to give the children advantages," have purchased automobiles and moved back to their farms. "Country homes" have sprung up for miles around almost every town, and the landowner oversees the work with better results.

The automobile is being used more generally through Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and the Southwest than in older farming districts. The need is greater, the farms are larger, neighborhoods more widely scattered, and in those districts the automobile is fomenting a social revolution. What even one automobile in such a district will do in bringing the people together is remarkable. In Illinois, above Clinton, there is a farmer who owns a big touring car. He is religious, and bought the car so that he could run all over the neighborhood Sunday morning and bring the children to Sunday-school. He can transport twenty at a time, and he has the most popular Sunday-school in Illinois. Now the church itself has decided to buy another automobile.

I was driving along the "hard road" between Dixon and Ottawa, Illinois, when the whir of an automobile sounded from behind a red barn on the hill above the road, where a whiskered, prosperous-looking farmer was shredding corn. The rear wheels of his automobile were jacked up and it was furnishing the power. He was M. J. Durfee, and he consented to talk automobile, shut off the power, and climbed into the tonneau.

"Ted—that's my boy," he said. "Bought this contraption in Chicago second-hand for $625, learned to run it in two days and rode home in it. I thought it was a fool trick. He said he could make it pay and save railroad fare to college and back. I wouldn't trade that machine now for the best plow team in La Salle County. Ted drove over to the university in it this fall, and I wrote if he didn't send it back I'd have to buy another. This summer the whole family used it going into town, visiting and pleasuring. I hitched it to the hayfork, and put the hay in the mow twice as fast as the horses could do it. We made trips when it was too hot to drive the horses. I built an elevator bin at the top of the barn and lifted the wheat with it, run the cream separator, chopped feed, and churned, made it do the washing for the girls, and besides, Ted marketed eggs, chickens, butter and butter fats in it, and made the trip in a quarter the time it used to take."

"Hasn't it any drawbacks?"

"Yes," laughed Durfee. "The darn thing won't breed." Then seriously: "If a fellow has a knack with machinery—and every farmer has—it isn't any trouble, and it makes a handy little power machine for the farm. But that isn't why I'm for it. The fact is that machine is the best thing for farm folks ever built. My girls went to school in town, made nice friends, and when they came back the farm was lonesome. Betty swore she'd never marry a farmer; now she says she won't marry one unless he runs an automobile."

I looked at Betty and predicted a boom in automobiles.

"The farm is lonesome for girls," said Mr. Durfee. "But since Ted bought the machine we go to town twice as often with the loss of half the time. The girls bring out their friends, and the young people in town and around here who own autos have plenty of company. I haven't heard any more kicks on living in the country. We go into Ottawa to theater, church, and visit all around. This machine has made neighbors out of friends we used to see about twice a year, and I'd pay the price twice for the good it has done my wife."

Almost everywhere the report was the same. In Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, I found seven automobiles in one little farm community. The owners all said the same thing—that the machines had destroyed their desire to move to town; they can go there quickly enough and often enough and prefer the farm—and they have improved the roads for miles around.

Real-estate dealers in a dozen large towns assure me that the use of the automobile has extended truck farming areas widely in all directions, because small produce can be marketed quickly. Through the Central West and West the automobile has caused a new movement, a country-house movement. In scores of cities which I visited or from which I received reports many business and professional men are building country homes on their farms and living there.

Saving Money

MANY use them only in summer, others all the year, preferring the farm if they can get to business in time. Around Fort Wayne, Connersville, Indianapolis, and Lafayette, Indiana; Dayton and Springfield, Ohio; Bloomington, Paris, Champaign, and Rockford, Illinois; Ottumwa, Waterloo, and Des Moines, Iowa; Lincoln, Nebraska; Madison, Wisconsin; Battle Creek, Lansing, and Detroit, Michigan, this movement is noticeable. At Fort Wayne one man recalled eleven cases, and all the country places except two were built after the owner purchased an automobile.

In the South the movement is oddly different, but the machine has partly solved a big agricultural problem. In many quarters of the old South the white population is congregated in cities, the blacks tilling the soil. At Selma, Alabama; Montgomery, Meridian, Vicksburg, and Boone this condition exists. The whites fear to live on the plantations, especially in the "Black Belt" around Salem, and in the Yazoo Delta above Vicksburg. In these places the plantation owner is using the automobile that he may live in town and visit his lands each day and supervise plantation work, instead of living in the country and running into town as the Northerner is doing.

Among the thousand or more farmers and farm authorities interviewed, not over ten objected to the automobile on grounds of cost of maintenance or repairs or difficulty in handling. Even those who regarded it as a toy ignored the city man's chief complaint. Owners said that any farm boy used to handling farm machinery could repair ordinary breaks or defects and get twice as much out of an auto as a city man. Convincing evidence of this was found in a visit to a public garage in Chicago. Twenty-eight chauffeurs were on duty, and eleven of them were farmers' boys making big wages running cars in the winter. Most of them will return to the farm. The proprietor said the farm boys made the most reliable drivers and knew more about practical mechanics than any others.

As a power engine the farmer has created a new field for the auto. The good farmer does not believe in idleness, even in machinery, and he has adopted the automobile engine as a power generator. The uses to which the farmer puts an automobile, besides riding in it, would astonish its inventor. Here are some of them: shredding corn, shredding hay, chopping feed, pumping water, flushing dairy barn, driving circular saw, lifting hay into mow and wheat into elevator, shelling corn, separating cream, churning, washing, and running fan. One inventive Missourian has made a rotary post-hole digger to run by auto, and a Wisconsin dairyman hitches his to a fire pump to protect his house and property.

At several agricultural colleges instructors asked classes of farmers to write short essays on the use of automobiles in their districts. Also I secured the written views of over one hundred farmers and authorities on farming. Here are a few, chosen at random:

Los Angeles County, California—Widely used by big ranchers overcoming labor used to haul citrus fruits to packing-houses.

Jackson County, Oregon—Number doubled in one year. Used marketing fruits and hauling coal.

Macomb County, Michigan—Enable country merchants to avoid carrying big stocks. Better market for farm produce, increase church attendance. Benefit socially.

Lenawee County, Illinois—One hundred and fifty autos, half owned by farmers or retired farmers living in town. Unanimous demand for better roads, also general opposition to some claiming autos destroy horses.

Allen County, Indiana—Many used. General movement to country homes. Used by several to convey them to widely separated farms.



"Far from the dull impertinence of the skyscraper"

Ames College—Lectures delivered on subject. Use of auto urged upon farmers.

Kansas State Agricultural College—The use of the auto in this State is removing the desire of the farmer to move into town. With the auto the farmer within fifteen miles has all the advantages and benefits of city life, and can enjoy country life. Some autos in Kansas are used as power in plowing.

Montana—The auto is being used extensively by ranchers.

E. Q. Cordner, Expert for Farm Implement Works—In the corn, dairy, and cattle belt it is being used extensively in quick marketing of heretofore waste by-products. The farmer uses it as a light express car as well as a power engine, and is forcing makers to change their types.

Iowa State Fair Association—The State fair last fall revealed the extent of the use of the auto by Iowa farmers. In one day over four hundred automobiles were parked in the grounds, mostly owned by farmers. Not fewer than twenty-five auto parties of from three to twelve machines toured to the fair from different parts of the State.

L. W. Chase, Department of Farm Mechanics, University of Nebraska—About five-tenths of one per cent of the farmers of Nebraska are using automobiles. They have nothing but praise for them. I am doing all in my power to urge them to avail themselves of the use of the machines. Socially, the automobile is a boon to the farmer.

There was a dairyman's convention recently that brought to Chicago milk producers from the five States immediately tributary to the great Elgin and Wisconsin creamery districts. Of those attending one hundred and twelve were asked as to the use and value of the automobile to them. Thirty-eight of them own automobiles and use them constantly in business. Eleven own more than one. They are used in marketing butter fats mainly, but several utilized the power to operate separators, one to flush his dairy barn, another to operate his bottle-washer.

The roads in the creamery district are better than the average country roads, and the automobile most used is a late type, with a tonneau that can be removed, leaving a flat platform for freight. But that is not all. Lastly, yet perhaps as important as anything, is the effect already felt, and increasing constantly, of the influence of the farmers who own automobiles upon the character of the roads. Reports from nineteen agricultural schools, covering practically the entire country, prove the interest of farmers in good roads is increased and increasing greatly because of the automobile. Iowa and Illinois, the "corn belt," where roads are impassable in winter, report active agitation in favor of good roads among the farmers, and state that owners of automobiles are leaders in the movement. In many districts there also is active objection, farmers saying they will not have their taxes raised to benefit autos, and others claiming automobiles destroy macadam roads. One of the strongest good-roads advocates I found was leader of the opposition until he bought an automobile.

The office of the Road Commissioner of Kansas says: "The good-roads movement in Kansas is widespread, and we attribute much of recent agitation and *results* to automobile owners." J. M. Parkins, president of an Iowa farmers' club, writes: "All farmers want good roads. They don't like to pay for them. What is needed to get good roads is organization and a leader, and out here the automobile owners furnish both." Pete Estey, one of the Glidden tour "scouts," who has helped lay out the routes for these tours, says: "I can tell by the road whether or not the farmer whose place we are passing owns a machine. If he does his road is improved or being improved. The betterment of the roads through the agricultural districts in the last two years has been wonderful."

Late last fall I was driving over the mountains from Hendersonville to Asheville, North Carolina. The road was dirt and bad. Near Skyland I overtook a mountaineer trudging at the side of a rude, home-made sled drawn by an ox. On the sled was a twenty-five-pound sack of corn meal, nothing else. "Pretty hard sledding," I greeted.

"Beats totin'," he replied.

An hour later I crested the hill above Biltmore and looked across Vanderbilt's estate with its hundred miles of perfect roads, over which his foremen were flying in automobiles. The contrast seemed an object-lesson in farming. Shiftless or scientific, which?



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Riding off

The Economical Cottage

What You Can Do With $2,500

By JOY WHEELER DOW

THE simple life is a relative term. It depends. To sacrifice the offices of a valet or lady's maid would signify the simple life to some people. But most of us do not look upon the details of one's toilet, the brushing of one's clothes, etc., as either very laborious or demeaning duties. The simple life, then, to the majority of people, must entail some more substantial sacrifice. The butler and chambermaids might have to go, which is to say that we are willing to care for our bedrooms and wait upon ourselves at table without complaint. But be very careful what further simplification you advocate, or shortly you may become unpopular.

Elizabeth to her German garden fled from the conventionalities of an opulent state, but did not forget to take with her several faithful retainers who did the work. You sadly decimate the ranks of those who profess to believe in simple life if you interpret it to mean cooking one's own meals and washing the dishes. To prepare and take your bath, then scrub out a five-foot porcelain tub, wash the soap-dishes, and wipe up the bathroom floor, is a much more arduous task than it is to prepare your luncheon, wash and dry your single cover. Only, Mrs. Grundy says that the bath is *noblesse oblige* for everybody, while she has placed an ineffaceable stigma upon kitchen work. And yet a constantly increasing number of otherwise estimable Americans have known no life exempt from it, expect no other, and to whom a life with kitchen work in it appeals as entirely endurable and even happy, provided the environment is only gracious and uplifting as it ministers unto the inner man and there is income enough, without nervous prostration and heart failure, to buy the wholesome articles to be cooked, pretty china to be washed, dainty window curtains to be laundered, an Eli Terry clock for the kitchen shelf, and a kitchen library, to be made up, let us say, of Fannie Farmer, Jeannette Hill, "Catering for Two," "Left-overs Made Palatable," etc., etc., with ways and means still to equip the kitchen with up-to-date culinary apparatus and utensils.

To this great middle class of sober and industrious Americans, often self-educated and self-refined, is this article addressed—this class of American citizenship to which crime and scandal rarely attaches, and which honors our nation by its cleanliness and strength.

And a very discerning class has the middle class of Americans, in recent years, developed into. Its home architecture means to it more than does his château to the millionaire. And it demands as subtle architectural skill in the design of a twenty-five-hundred dollar cottage as we imagine was designedly prearranged in the romantic glimpse we obtain of some quaint English village with its great minster silhouetted against the sunset.

Good lines, be they vertical or horizontal, refinement of architectural detail and proportion are, in themselves, not enough. The ideal English village has something else—another attribute. Can you tell me what it is? Why, personality. There must be the personal element for comradeship—the historical sequence of our antecedents architecturally expressed, or the design of our cottage fails.

With one's surroundings and sensibilities in accord, workaday life wears a very attractive mask. Even the kitchen of an ideal cottage is delightful in contemplation, and quite as much fun to arrange and equip as the drawing-room of a palace.

A kitchen, a living-room, an entry, four bedrooms, bath, and attic, of what earthly use is more accommodation for simple living? Our grandmothers used always to let down the leaves of the fascinating gate-leg table when dinner was over, place it against the wainscot of the room, and lo, we were in the parlor again!

Here is economy of space, of money, of time, and steps. Why not return to this simplicity and save on the original investment interest on money, taxes, insurance, fuel, every way, and—be happy?

The exigencies of good-planning have placed the bathroom directly over the kitchen, the kitchen over the laundry trays, which set upon a wooden platform, eight feet square, in the basement, an arrangement which simplifies the plumbing greatly. A place for the [illegible] ator is provided close to the rear entry, and [illegible] the rear entry itself, well—it is Plantagenet [illegible] to beat the stage. Through its deal boards (with all due respect to a familiar episode in "Pickwick Papers" to the contrary) the imaginative mind descries a vista of entrancing personal reminiscence, fetching up with King Richard III upon the eve of Bosworth Field. Yes, royalty may have passed through this very doorway. The charm of it operates for us, at any rate.

The ceilings are low, the cunningly grouped, seemingly tiny windows are, in reality, very broad and sunny windows. They have leaded casements opening outward. The one generous fireplace will burn up as much wood as one can well pay for; but even while we fancy we see bank-notes ascending our chimney with the smoke, we never contemplated their flight with greater equanimity.

Especially is this true at supper-time upon an autumn evening. The struggle for existence is over for the day. Deep shadows are closing in. We light the silver candelabra, and set out the silver tea service that has, likely, taken months of rigid self-denial to acquire. The tea-kettle on the cook-stove is singing a refrain much more agreeable than anything we ever heard in grand opera with which society bores itself every winter. And then the delight of preparing a dish of Finnan haddie à la Newburg when one is hungry! Only, don't buy your Finnan haddie or salt codfish in New York City. Send to Gloucester or to Portland direct. It is not the same thing.

Cheaper at Home

TO KEEP warm in winter, a very small heating plant will do the trick in such a tiny affair as this house, and still leave enough to settle with the plumber and painter—indeed, everybody except the architect and the electrician. The latter, however, is not entirely necessary to one's comfort while we may fit duplex burners to pottery of our own selection and burn oil, which is so much cheaper than electricity and so much better for eyesight upon the point of giving out.

But it is the springtime which opens to us a vista of unalloyed happiness in the new cottage, when the perennial and flowering shrubs are to be selected and placed about it, when the kitchen garden is to be planted and the fruit trees and berry bushes set out. At last we are to live near nature, "far from the dull impertinence of the *skyscraper*."

It is economical, too, living in the country, if you know how; and, contrary to all that you hear about the economy of European life to the disadvantage of our own country, let me say, by recent comparisons, it is cheaper and much more comfortable living in America for your money. I do not except Florence, Italy, where rents and commodities are now a little on the rise.

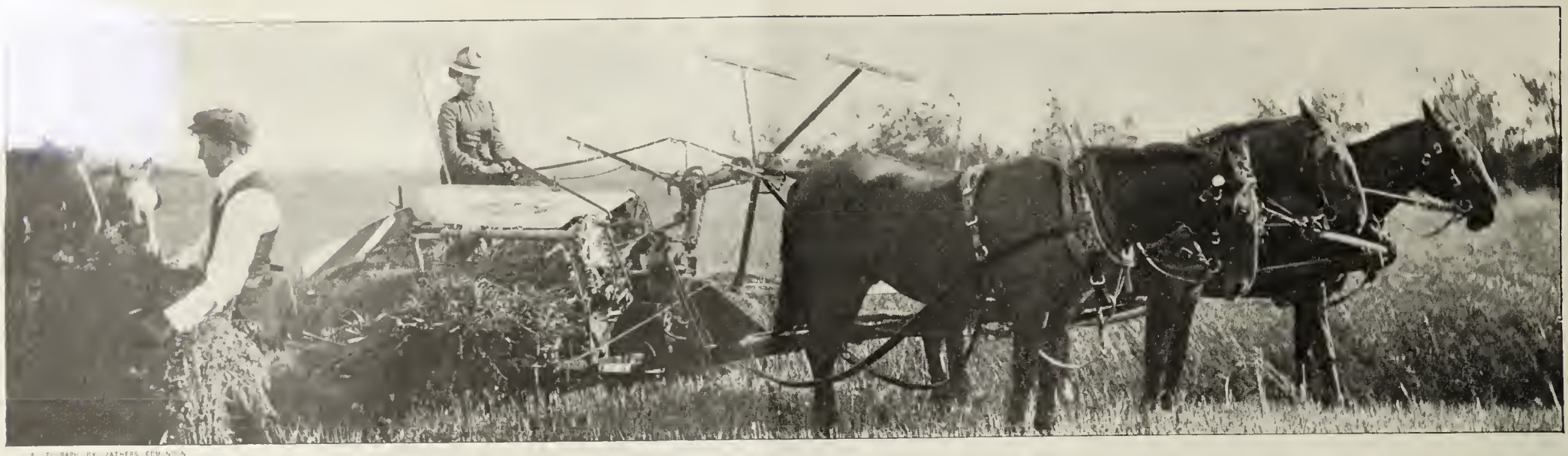
Of course, if you buy porterhouse steaks, and waste the unbroilable end, if you buy cream at eighty cents per quart, and insist upon certain green vegetables, as asparagus, which never retails for less than twenty-five cents per bunch, even in season, you are not studying economy, to say the least. For the idea is to make fifty cents' worth of beef for braizing, for example, with vegetables costing ten cents more, serve two people with four dinners—people for whom a single egg costing two and one-half cents, in winter (if you know where to buy) answers to make two different puddings upon two consecutive days. The idea is to discover ways and means of living well at a minimum cost, and that is the true economy, "not," as somebody has said, very truly, "to cut off your feet when you need shoes."

Then, everybody needs fresh air, and plenty of it. This costs you nothing in the country. We need gracious environment, and that also costs nothing in the country. With a little forethought and selection, it costs no more to look down an enchanting country lane from the breakfast table than it does to reflect upon a frightful chasm of rear walls and fire-escapes. The rent of a flat in Harlem, in a dreary and interminable row, might come at a little less than the interest would be upon such an investment in country real estate—as the Bishop house—but not less than the twenty-five-hundred-dollar cottage proposition.

A new and grateful possibility begins to dawn upon us. May we not be able to earn our living in the country after a little further evolution of existing conditions? This is the only permanent solution there can be to the perplexing problem of increasing population, and the sooner our economists "get on the job" the better it will be for everybody.

There are people, it is true, who, while they have their health, do not want a home in the country, in the city or, indeed, anywhere. There are people who just love to "bat about," who can live in a tent, if they can arrange for their meals to be prepared, and sent in from somebody's kitchen, and who can laugh if rats and other outdoor vagabonds pay them nocturnal visits. There are people who crave pure excitement as much as an inebriate craves alcohol; and the oftener the scene of their lives changes from place to place, the better they like it. Hotels, pensions, lodgings, tents, steamships fast or slow, railways de luxe or third class—even traveling upon foot when funds are low—are all in the program of their mode of life. There is but one proviso. There shall be no domestic responsibility—no domestic duties. If children come to them, the children must be gipsies like themselves, and the dearest charm to the heart of the normal temperament is no charm at all.

But these amusing exceptions to the rule of the love of home supply the needed ethical background.



The Borderland Woman

A Suffragette Who Acts Without a Vote

By AGNES C. LAUT

OUTDOOR America has evolved very nearly a new type of woman; or, rather, the old type has met the challenge of new conditions half-way in a fashion that has evolved a new type. She is not the new woman; for she does not talk about rights. She is too busy doing them. All about the Upper Missouri last year, all the way canoeing down the Saskatchewan this year, I met such types, types that would stand aghast at being different from the ordinary woman on the daily round. There was the army officer's daughter turned missionary's wife—Mrs. Riggs—at Oahe Reserve out from Pierre, for thirty years keeping an oasis of decency in a wilderness of savagery before she could see improvement in the lives of her wards. Fifty miles in another direction on the Missouri were girl wage-earners turned homesteaders ten miles from neighbors, not lured by desire to escape domestic duties or false sense of independence, but pushed out by the hand of necessity to make provision for parents. "I don't quite approve of this homesteading by girls, which is becoming so frequent," said the missionary's wife to me, as I spent a night in the beautiful little Swiss chalet which she had designed, parts of which she and her husband had built with their own hands. "I don't believe in any woman undergoing all the hardships Mrs. Missionary has in this country," said a girl homesteader one night I had driven out to sample the 8 x 10 match-box shack. Behind my mask I smiled, for they were both types of the very same thing—courage meeting the challenge half-way. They are not sorry for themselves, these borderland women; they are buoyant with the burden, and that way grow the wings of strength and slants the light across the trail.

Quick Wit Saves Fort

"WE THOUGHT no more of hitching up our raft, pitching our tent on it for day and night, and drifting down the Saskatchewan for Red River, than you think of boarding a street-car in New York," said Mrs. Hardisty of the old days in Edmonton, when the late Senator was chief trader of the north. "Drifting down the Saskatchewan," I may explain, was a slight diversion, lasting a month and covering from 1,000 to 1,500 miles, according to the channel followed, big trees lashed to each side, keeping the craft in midcurrent, a couple of Indian pilots with long poles on guard at the countless rapids. Then, between Edmonton and Fort Pitt, you are on the very stamping-ground where the first white woman who came to the north, Marie Gaboury, followed her hunter husband through buffalo stampedes and Blackfeet raids. Down on the site of Fort Pitt you are on ground where the wife of Archdeacon McKay perpetrated a pretty bit of heroism when she was a girl. The men had been called from the fort.

It was a blistering, hot day. Some one suggested that a pail weighted with stones and dropped to the bottom of the river would bring up a fresher drink than the tepid water inside the walls; but who was to go to the river? The narrow trail down to the cutway in the high bank was lined on both sides by brushwood; and plundering Indians were always on the ramp round Fort Pitt. Shouldering a light rifle, the future wife of the archdeacon marched out from the fort gates to the river. Behind the wicket watched the children of the chief factor. They saw their aunt disappear down the cutway. Then she came up the trail with the pail of water in one hand, the rifle in the other. Suddenly she paused and set down the pail. Between her and the fort gate had emerged from the brushwood two naked warriors painted and plainly on mischief bent. What was to be done? There was not a white man nearer than two hundred miles, and the women inside the fort were afraid to open the gates lest other warriors were concealed in the woods. On the tip of a nearby tree perched a whisky jay. The children saw their aunt coolly level the rifle. Snap, and a piff of smoke! The whisky jay tumbled headless from the branches. The white girl had picked up the pail and was walking deliberately to the gate. As for the savages, they did not wait.

Heroism of the Present

ALL borderland heroism does not, however, belong to the past. We were having supper off pemican—"pemmy," the youngsters call it—at the Onion Lake Indian school, under charge of the Rev. Jack Matheson, a famous frontiersman, when the mistress of the house incidentally referred to having driven ninety miles that week to set the broken leg of a new settler.

"Where did you take training as nurse?" I asked.

"I didn't take any training as nurse. I took a full course in medicine and surgery. You see when we came here, seventeen years ago, the nearest medical aid was three hundred miles away, and there was terrible suffering from lack of a doctor. Something had to be done. Mr. Matheson couldn't leave; so I took the full four-year course, and came home here each summer. You have no idea what a help that was."



Helping Father

Doing, Not Talking

ONE day we went to call at a cottage in Prince Albert, where lived a little lady of the old school—the kind done up in ceru lace and black silk—who had come out in tented wagon to the West in the seventies to inaugurate some sort of academy for the frontier. Clergymen came out at the same time on the same errand; but they did not stay. The post was perilous and lonely, six weeks from the nearest town by fastest travel; and one after another—there was a twenty-year procession of them—the white-shirted gentlemen chucked their commission (got "a call" elsewhere) and withdrew; but Miss Baker, with blue blood in her veins and high living behind, stayed on. Then, when settlement came, the academy gave place to modern institutions; and the little lady seemed stranded high and dry, like other good things of the old school left behind by the tide of progress; but wait a bit. The borderland woman doesn't strand easily.

Across the river from the new town was a band of "outcast dogs," outlaw Sioux driven from the United States after the massacres with prices of $1,000 reward on their heads and girdles round their waists made of scalp locks from the murdered down in Minnesota. Canadian tribes would have nothing to do with the outlaws. They were a hunted, hounded, haunted band, living no one knew how, keeping to themselves, suspicious of all comers.

The Canadian Government would, of course, do nothing for these American Indians; but to the little Christian lady of the old school this didn't seem a very Christian-like policy; and without any prospect of the salary which came from the church afterward, she told Commander Perry of the Mounted Police that if he would put up a tent for her over on the Sioux camping ground she would see what could be done for the outcasts. But the river was very wide here. Who was to take her back and forth?

The Sioux resented any white coming among them. They thought she might be a spy after that $1,000 reward; and they would not answer when she accosted them for passage across the river. Watching her chance, she followed a young hunter, who had been selling his game in the town, down to his dugout on the river, and when he jumped in to push himself off she jumped in after him; that was the way she got her first passage across. Later an old dugout was procured, and in this she punted herself back and forth, through all kinds of weather and ice-runs. Then a friendly young hunter came to her with word that the Sioux were threatening some night when she was delayed to waylay her on the bush trail and drown her.

"Nonsense, François," laughed Miss Paker. "That would do no good. My body would come up. Then you would all be punished. You have been driven out of the States. What would you do if you were driven out of Canada?"

François scratches his tousled head. He can not understand the dauntless spirit of the little lady with the soft voice and snapping black eyes; but he begins to respect her. All the same, it is a mile from the river back through the bush to the Sioux camp; and any night she is delayed till dark the young Indian rowdies have a way of lounging on that trail, and there are nameless insults hurled at the little black figure hurrying past; so François joins her very often on that trail.

"Poor, good François," laughs Miss Paker with twinkling, kind eyes, "what are you doing out so late from the camp, François?"

"Jes' happen to be goin' dis way for short—y-a-s, sure." But he sees her safe to the boat all the same.

How the little lady won the arab outcast youngsters to school, mastered the Sioux tongue, poring over the Riggs Missouri Dictionary till four in the morning, forgetting to eat; how she and Miss Cameron, a kindred spirit who had joined her, with their own hands taught the outlaws to make doors and windows and sashes for the houses, are all stories in themselves. Once on an errand of mercy, Miss Paker was benighted and lost herself. Wrapping her coat round her, she ensconced herself under a bush and slept dreamlessly for the night. I tried to get her to tell me that story; but she said: "It was nothing." In fact, I would like some of those borderland women to tell me what they really do *consider as considerable of something;* for, you remember, it was also nothing to have driven ninety miles to set a broken leg a few days before a baby was born.

To-day Miss Baker is worshiped by those Indians, who would have murdered her, and by their children's children. When a salary at last came from the church and a reserve was finally granted the outcasts by the Government, the old chief came to her. "Miss Baker," he said with puzzled look, drawing a circle on the ground with his cane, "if we build on the new reserve here," pointing

to the rim of the circle, "will you build here in the center? Will you stay in the center if we go into houses?"

Happy and Busy

ALL the way down the Saskatchewan we saw them, these borderland women—wives of new settlers, far from neighbor as sail at sea; daughters of fur traders, thoughtless of the leagueless trail as city women are of squares—canoe in summer, dog train in winter; Indian agents' wives, living pretty much as birds live, on the wing in the wilds; soft-voiced nuns with beads in one hand and courage unto death in the other; hunters' daughters paddling about in the raw-red, birch-bark canoes, making the muskrat marshes ring with laughter. And they were not sorry for themselves, these borderland women. They would not be able to understand the lugubrious yarns in Eastern print about the hardships of woman's life on the frontier. Much less would they understand the social unrest of the pampered town woman with her energies dammed in on herself, wretched from idleness and sheer lack of the wild joy of living.

Improve Your Fruit

The Magic Wand of Grafting

By JULIAN BURROUGHS

EXCEPT for cherries April is the month to graft fruit trees, apples, plums, and pears especially. When the buds begin to swell and the cold gray of winter gives way to a reddish hue in the woods on the hills it is time to think of placing the grafts. Almost every country place, even the smallest, has some trees the fruit of which is not wholly satisfactory and which their owner would like to see turned, by waving a magic wand, as it were, to some kind he has read of in the nursery catalogue or has eaten as a boy back on the farm. The magic wand in this case the owner can learn to wave so as in two or three years to produce the kind of fruit he may most want, which otherwise, by the long process of growing the actual trees, would take ten or fifteen years.

Briefly stated, grafting fruit trees simply consists of placing a twig or "scion" from one tree into a split or "cleft" of another. If this is properly done the twig will grow and in a comparatively short time bear its own kind of fruit—that is, the fruit like that of the tree from which the scion was cut and not that of the tree on which it is growing. By this process wild fruit trees, seedlings, or worthless or undesirable kinds are made to bear choice varieties. In fact, often wild trees are grown in order to have their virile, quick-growing bodies on which to graft the delicate, slow-growing, high-bred varieties. The great advantage of grafting for the man with a small place is that he can both have exactly the kind of fruit he wants, often cutting his scions from a limb whose fruit he has tasted, and that a large, well-fed tree will bear, when grafted, a variety or succession of fruit. One big apple tree, for instance, if well cared for and properly grafted, would keep a small family in apples almost the year around.

First, the twigs or scions. Care must be used to get only fine, thrifty twigs from the ends of actual fruit-bearing branches. Never, in any case, use those nice-looking shoots or "suckers" that often grow on the main trunk of trees in such a convenient place and profusion. About twelve years ago some professional grafters once used some of these shoots or suckers, and though the grafts have grown as large as was the original plum trees, they have never borne a single plum. And they never will. The scions should be from two to five inches long and have three buds. The big or lower end cut to a neat wedge, cutting back from an inch to two inches, leaving one of the buds on the side of this wedged part, the other two above it. When possible the scions should be cut and used at once. When this is not possible or when they are sent a distance they must be wrapped or packed in damp moss in order to keep them from drying out.

The limb to be grafted must be a sound, thrifty one in a fruit-bearing part of the tree and about the size of a shovel handle. Because large limbs are so difficult to graft, owing, no doubt, to the fact that they pinch the scion so hard, the beginner should not attempt a limb larger than a man's wrist. Some grafters slip a thin pine wedge into the cleft of large limbs, thus preventing its pinching unduly hard. If possible it is better to take a branch that has a side shoot a few inches down from or nearer the tree trunk than the place where the grafts are to be set. This seems to draw the sap up to the scions, and in case they should not live will either take the place of the limb removed or can be grafted in turn.

Since all the tools necessary for grafting are found about any home no description of them is necessary—a saw and pocket-knife are the only indispensable ones and the ones for which something else can not be substituted. The saw is best if it has a narrow blade with coarse, well-set teeth. If the knife is a very heavy one it can be used for splitting or making the cleft as well as cutting the scions, otherwise a chisel, hatchet, or ax will be necessary.

With the saw cut off the limb that has been chosen for grafting, split it open enough to admit the scions and place them in the cleft thus made. Care must be used in placing the scions, the principle of which is to have the "sap" or white outer ring of the wood of the scion against that of the limb that is grafted. It is through this sap that the real sap flows and it is here that the union must take place. Though authorities differ in regard to methods of placing the scions, the easiest and surest way is to place the scion in the cleft on a slight slant so that its sap crosses that of the limb. If the inner sap of the scion at the top of the wedge part



"Seen many fishing seasons and hope to see many more"

crosses the sap of the limb at the top of the cleft the slant that has been given the scion will cause the outer sap of the scion to cross the sap of the limb at the bottom of the wedge. Always, of course, place two scions, one in each end of the cleft. Now withdraw the wooden wedge, chisel, or whatever has been used to hold the cleft open while placing the scions and wax thoroughly all exposed parts of both limb and scions.

Grafting-wax can be had at most drug or seed stores, being rather expensive and generally poor in quality. It can be made at home with little trouble or expense and of best quality.

Of the many recipes this is the best: by weight four parts resin, one part beeswax, one part hard tallow; melt and pour into a vessel of cold water. With the hands, after thoroughly greasing them, work the mass until it grows light in color and hard in substance. In using melt and apply with a small paddle or flat stick.

Try Apples First

APPLES, pears, and plums are easiest to graft. Cherries must be done very early in spring while the frost is still in the ground. Because Japanese plums and peaches are so short-lived and begin to bear at such an early age no attempt is ever made to graft them. Before the graft could amount to much the tree would have passed its prime. Even experts have trouble in grafting grapes. In grafting them cut off the vine below the surface of the ground; either place the grape scions as you would apple, or else take a long grape scion of four buds, cut one side of it to a wedge midway of its length and slip this edged part into the cleft, thus letting one end of the scion with two buds stick down into the earth and the other with the remaining two buds up across the stump and out of the ground, which must be thrown back over the stump again. Do not wax. Though pears can be grafted on thorn trees, and even apple, it is best for the beginner, unless he likes experimenting, to stick to the regular method, which is, of course, grafting apples on apples, cherries on cherries, etc. Stone fruits will not live on seed fruits and *vice versa*.

Grafted trees will need some pruning—not too much in one year, a little each year. This helps to check out the water sprouts or suckers that heavy grafting causes and throws the strength of the tree more and more into the grafts.

Do Your Own Cutting

SCIONS can be had of most nurserymen or orchardists. When possible it is best to cut them yourself from a neighbor's tree. The list of varieties of apples, pears, plums, cherries, etc., is long. If you cut the scions yourself you know what you are getting; if you order get them of a reliable person and tell him what you want, whether sweet or sour, eating or cooking, summer, fall, or winter sorts.

Early Flowers

Without Hothouse Expense

THOUGH the snows still linger till April in most of our Northern States and hardly a glimpse of spring buds is to be had, one may, by a little forethought, have green leaves and blossoms for the mantel and window without the care of potted plants or the expense of a conservatory. The bare twigs of the wood and garden are loaded with wax-coated buds that stand securely buttressed against frost and storm, yet almost bursting to be coaxed out by the fondling sun and the steady embrace of warm weather. The leaves are all there, hidden, crumpled, and tiny, but perfect. Where blossoms form the core of terminal buds, as in the lilac, these, too, are waiting, each tiny stamen and pistil in place, petal and sepal perfect in miniature, models of the riotous, perfumed life that will burst into being when May has really taken the well-loved earth to her heart. It is easy, too, to anticipate May. If you will cut handfuls of terminal lilac sprays from an old-fashioned garden and place them in clear water in a warm room the buds will respond to warmth there as readily as if they remained on the parent stem and Memorial Day were right at hand.

Beating the Florist

THUS treated, within a few weeks purple or white lilacs will bloom for you, while the tender green of unfolding leaves will enhance the charm of the bouquet. Peach and apple blossom-bearing twigs will give similar results. To be sure, some of the robust exuberance of the outdoor plant will be lacking. Probably it misses the homely vigor of the earth pulsing up through the sap ducts, but in its place will be a spiritual fragility, a slenderer growth, and more transparent coloring that will make the blossoms a bit unreal: dainty spirits of flowers that have a peculiar charm. Many a wild shrub will respond freely to the same treatment. The great velvety tips of the staghorn sumac will put forth delicate, green, pinnate leaves that are like fern fronds. Birches will grow tiny leaves as brilliant as if cut from chrysoprase by the jeweler's art, while shad-bush and elder, sweet fern and azalia, may be coaxed to add their beauty and fragrance to the bouquet. Thus potent is the vitality stored up within the wood itself.

The Violet's Way

"Such a starved bank of moss,
On that May morn;
Blue ran the flash across,
Violets were born."

THE Martian astronomers, if they have an eye for color, must gaze with delight at the northern half of our hemisphere these April days as the soft springtime colors flush ever northward into the cold whiteness of the boreal snows. As our ice-cap recedes its thin southern edge is everywhere tinted with the pale pink of wood anemones, while soon following them over hill and valley, plain and meadow, the surgent violets flash the world with blue. Surely the Martians and everybody else should see these blossoms, for they are for show. Their honey is for the bee and their faint perfume and lovely color for whoever will eatch them in passing, but few of these beautiful spring flowers of the violet produce seed. Cattle crop them from the pastures, living daintily on violets and dew, and the scythe of early summer adds them to the hay crop for the delectation of other cattle, while even those that survive ripen but few seeds. If the plants depended on these blooms for reproduction they would in a short time become extinct. But My Lady Violet, though she flames forth thus beautiful for the eyes of an admiring world, has domestic yearnings hidden deep within her shy heart, dreams of flowers far different from these which she flaunts thus boldly. After the season of scent and beauty is over, she produces these others, sheltered, hidden almost in the brown earth, and so utterly insignificant in appearance that few lovers of woodland things know them. These bear seeds in profusion, and in late autumn, overswollen perhaps with pride in the consciousness of their true worth, burst and scatter them far, sometimes a dozen feet. It is to these unseen, home-loving blossoms that we owe the world-wide flash of blue that flies ever northward in spring and which the Martians, if they can see it, may well admire.

Collier's *Outdoor America*

Seasonable and Helpful Reminders

Stable and Barn

HORSES.—Standing on dry stable floors all winter, it is more than likely the forefeet of many need attention. They may have become dry and hardened to the extent of contraction, or inability to properly expand, which amounts to the same thing. A special oil dressing is good and, as a preventive, should be in every stable cupboard. When the trouble exists, a flaxseed poultice, large enough to more thau cover the hoof, may be spread on a cloth, the foot set down on the poultice, and the edges of the sack tied about the pasterns. Standing the horses iu wet clay during the day is also good. This complaint, so commonly met with at this time of the year, is not always due entirely to dry floors, dry bedding, etc. The trouble probably began with the blacksmith, who, as a rule, cuts away all that loose, scaly substance found about the frog aud sole of the hoof. This practise, so general among blacksmiths, is entirely wrong. To cut it away makes a cleaner-looking job, but destroys the natural conditions that surround the bottom of the hoof, which acts as a sponge and supplies the growing hoof with the necessary amount of moisture.

The first essential, therefore, in the protection of your horse's feet is to insist that the bottom of the hoof is not pared away, however rough and lrregular it may appear. Another source of trouble with horses is the shape and condition of their teeth. Every horse should have its teeth examined at least twice a year. They often wear down unevenly, causing sharp projecting points that irritate the mouth, in which case they do not properly masticate their food, and indigestion, poor condition, gas, and offensive excrements are the results. There is no better investment than a float or file for the purpose. The veterinary had better be consulted in the first instance, and after that the owner, if he wishes, can do his own horse dentistry. Probably a large proportion of the disorders above mentioned are owing to bad teeth.

Horses should be watered before they receive their grain. Timothy hay for work-horses is better than clover. The best method of feeding grain to horses is to run some hay through a cutting-box, dampen it, and to this add a ground-grain ration thoroughly mixed with the wet chopped or cut hay.

For brood mares not working, mixed hay (clover and timothy) or clear clover, oats or wheat straw chaff, is better than timothy, and should be used as a chopped feed and fed as above. This, together with a piuch of salt and a bit of molasses, as advised in the March number, makes the hest possible ration.

Cows.—The usual time for their coming flush in milk is at hand. Heifers with their first calves should have a very liberal feeding; even if they have been taking on flesh somewhat during the winter, the fleshy appearance, which is not consistent in a cow after her first calf, is excusable in a heifer, aud usually disappears in a few months after the birth of her calf. The young mother needs this extra store of food in her system to meet the increased demand; besides, she is still growing and can not reach maturity properly unless she is somewhat overfed. She must be growing her unborn calf as well as herself, and she should continue growing for another year, even while giving a large quantity of milk.

There is no danger of milk fever with heifers, so that high feeding after they become in calf may be safely indulged in, especially if the grain ration is mostly wheat or buckwheat bran or middlings or chopped clover hay, as recommended for brood mares.

Preparation or plans should now be made for growing certain soiling crops on which to feed the cows and the brood mares during summer mouths.

The methods of feediug soiling crops are best presented in Peer's "Book on Soiling." A full-grown cow requires from one-half to three-quarters of a square rod of rye, oats, and peas, or clover hay per day. When the amount of land required has been decided upon, it should he heavily manured and plowed and sowu every week from the time spring sowing begins. First, barley and peas, then oats and peas, followed by several sowings of Stolwell's evergreen sweet corn, millet, and, lastly, winter rye, to follow on land devoted to first-soiling crop as soon as fed off. This will give a succession of green forage for the season, and the autumn sowing of winter rye will be provided for the first feeding the following spring.

Sheep.—It is time the wool was trimmed from about the ewes' udder, so the lamb will experience no difficulty in locating the maternal fount. The most forward ewes should be separated from the flock and great care taken not to drive them through uarrow doors or between sheep-racks where they are likely to wedge. Doors to lambing sheds should be very wide or so narrow that only one ewe can pass at a time.

Many premature births, many unnatural conditions and positions of lambs at birth, come from crowding the ewes in driving them through doors with sharp corners. They should, therefore, have water at hand, and all feed-racks and doors so arranged as to avoid all this wedging, and their hay and grain should be iu easy reach, to prevent straining to get it. Should a ewe have difficulty iu delivering her lamb, do not be in too great haste to relieve her, which is invariably the case with amateur breeders. As a rule, leave nature alone. If, however, no progress is being gained for half an hour, and the proper presentation is being uade—*i. e.*, the two fore feet and nose—the attendant may take hold of first one foot, then the other, and bring them well forward. This straightens the elbow joints and reduces the size of the lamb considerably.

Should any other presentation be made, the amateur breeder should send for a veterinary. Ewes after lambing should have au increased grain ration, and continue for a week or so after they go to the pasture, for there is little nutrition in the first grass, and the lambs would probably suffer a check in growth. They had better be turned out daytimes and taken in at nights for a week or so more, and given a grain ration.

There should be in the lambing shed a pen or enclosure with a "lamb creep" (a hole large enough to let the lamb through, but small enough to exclude her mother). In this enclosure there should be a trough always filled with grain, where the lambs can help themselves. If they begiu with such extra feed, they will uever eat more than is good for them. When they finally go to pasture, where the same conditions should exist, a few portable fence .panels in a field with a "lamb creep" is all that will be necessary to continue the indoor grain-feediug system. Later in the season soiling crops growing iu the adjacent fields, and fed over the fence into portahle racks, should be provided.

The grain ratiou for such lambs should be wheat, bran or middlings, *nutted* oilcake and crushed oats to begin with; later cracked corn might he added to advantage. About equal parts by weight. Some trouble may be experienced in making young ewes own their lambs, but if they have been well fed aud come to their milk properly, there is usually little trouble; but sometimes, from excessive labor-pains or from the fact that they have not properly come to their milk, they take no iuterest in their first lambs.

In case the mother dies, the lamb may be chauged to a fresh mother that has lost her lamb. Bringing lambs up on a bottle is the last resort and usually costs many times what the lamb is worth, but in case there is no other alternative, the lamb should be put on another ewe or different ewes for its main supply and gradually changed on to cow milk reduced by half with warm water, and fed through a rubber nursing nipple.



The Wise Farmer Knows His Hen

THE first question I asked myself when I began with eight hens was: How cau I quickly tell the good from the poor layers? On the correct auswer to this depends all success with poultry. It is the keystone of profits. I was far too busy to attend to trap-nests; besides, the cost of trap-nests will eat up profits. So I begau to watch the hens, each one laying in a separate spot enabled me to tell the good layers from the poor. Then I studied the physical characteristics of each in order to apply anything I might learn later when the flock was larger aud the weeding-out process began. Two things struck my uotice: first, the good layers had hright eyes, a pert and more intelligent expression; second, the two bones each side of the vent were wide apart in the good hens, close together in the poor. I have followed this up for years, always killing the dull, sluggish-acting hens that have these two bones close together. So far the results have confirmed this theory; the post-mortem examination when dressiug the hen proved that I killed the right one, and, further, I now have a flock of thirty-six pullets averaging over a dozen eggs a day in December and January. My birds are "all-purpose" fowls. These two bones are slightly forward of and each side of the vent, easily felt just under the skin. Some hens, good layers, have room between these two bones for all four of a man's fingers, others only one. Three is a good average. Whether this is a safe guide for pullets that have never laid or for hens during the moult I am not sure. It is all right at other times, that I am certain.

The next thing of importance is a green bone mill. It is astonishing what a lot of excellent egg-producing food one of these little six-dollar mills will provide. Soup bones, bony scraps from the table, heads of chickens and ducks, cats, dogs, horses, crows, "fishy" wild ducks, "deacon" calves, rats, etc., can all he made into a bony, meaty meal that not only makes the hens lay eggs, but cuts the bills for corn and wheat in half. It is fine exercise turniug it, too; a few minutes invigorating work producing five or six quarts of this feed.

Thirdly, the best way to save the iuvaluable hen manure is by mixing it with kainite. The kaiuite itself costs but ten or twelve dollars a ton, has about twelve per cent of potash, and is, therefore, an excellent fertilizer. It goes iuto a chemical union with the ammonia of the manure, preventing its "heating" even when stored green and damp, making an ideal fertilizer for gardens, hotbeds, etc. This method is not only superior to the dryiug, grinding process of curing hen manure, but it costs neither time nor labor. My opinion, or rather experience, is that kainite must not he put where chickens or ducks can eat it. It will kill them. Further, kainite must be stored in a dry place; it can be used to freeze ice-cream also.

Fourthly, the best green food for hens in winter is the common chick-week that grows of itself in vineyards, on truck lands, etc., late in the fall. It is the best because it costs nothing, is quickly gathered with an iron rake and wheelbarrow, and stored in barrels, etc., where it will freeze and *stay frozen;* it will keep green and bright all winter long. In fact, I have kept it until spring and fed it to the chicks in the hrooder. It must he stored outdoors, on the north side of a building. If it ouce thoroughly thaws it will heat. I do not suppose it is as good as alfalfa or clover or cabbage, but these cost money. Let me add that the only way to make money on a farm is to devise ways of getting along without spending auy. As soou as you begin to spend money, you are lost—the interest on the capital eats up all the profits.

The best and easiest obtained scratching material is leaves. Bag them up dry in November, and every few days dump a fresh bagful in the hen-house.

Lastly, don't throw away the feet, neck, wing tips, gizzards, etc., of the chickens you eat. Cut the toes off the feet, then dip them in boiling water and remove the skin. This material can then be used to make soup or broth.

Further, always separate the cockerels from the pullets. The cockerels will not only do better, hut the pullets won't lay until separated.

Lawn and Garden

AS TO THE LAWN.—Turf is mainly made or marred in April and October. Grass that has wintered well needs little more in April than stimulation and slight repair. A light top-dressing with a good commercial fertilizer, one fairly rich in ammonia and phosphates, sets the green blades to springing magically. Along with it there may well be a dusting of lawu-grass seed, to thicken and strengthen the turf; grass roots are wise euough always to know where there is room for one more. Small plots and borders, where rolling is impossible, ueed to be beateu down with a flat-headed mallet, or a square of heavy board nailed fast to a stake, as soon as frost is out of the ground. In the beating over, stick a peg by every dandeliou clump or root of pereuuial weed, so they may be cut out. Cutting out is better than pulling. Keep a piece of sod handy and cram a fragment of it into holes left by the knife. Pull up seedling weeds before they reach finger-height. Burn, bury, or compost all manuer of weeds. They are so vital if merely thrown away; they arc likely to root themselves and grow somewhere, producing a further plague of seed.

Washing spring rains are apt to rag and tatter the turf upon sharp slopes, as the faces of terraces, roadside scarps, or the ramps of made earth buttressing a wall. One of the best helps to it in such situations is moneywort, whose creeping stems lie flat on the earth, and whose netted roots go far and bind fast. The stems also hind, as they root along their whole length. The round green leaves are fresh as grass itself, and the thready yellow blossoms not the least bit garish. Well-established moneywort stays for years and years, defying equally storms and storm water. It grows quickly and easily—given half a chance, it will in three months make a mat of green. But with a new bank or terrace sodded, it is well to help it a little, particularly if the bank earth is cold and clayey. Scoop holes in the bank-face, fill them with very rich earth, then plant the moneywort, and pack the sod neatly over it. On a five-foot rise plant two rows of roots, one along the top, the other zigzag a foot below. Moneywort droops so much it will soon reach the bottom.

April, when huds are breaking, is the time to judge understandingly the needs of lawn shrubs. Few of them can be left to grow of themselves. Look at them as part of the picture—if they are too tall, shorten aspiring stalks; if there are stubby, clubby masses that mar the geueral outline, cut them away. Take special note of new shoots and piuch off those coming out in wrong directions, no matter how promising. Likewise coax and encourage weak ones needed to fill in gaps. Boundary shrubberies need to he always taller than the others, not only so as to show what they are, hut to serve as frame for the picture. Every lawn ought to make a picture—haphazard planting too often makes it lnstead a blurred maze. Said Heine: "Womau, woman, much must be forgiven thee! Thou has loved much—and many." The saying applies forcibly to half the folk who plant things—they love much, and so many they seldom get the good of anything.

As to the Garden.—Here one may wisely try for "much and many," since gardening quickly teaches that much and many spell good tilth and good ground. A single square rod well fertilized and well tended will give more and better vegetables than five times its breadth of poor earth ill-tilled. Unless your garden is very rich, fertilize everything in the row or the hill. Mix the fertilizer, whatever its sort, well with the soil in the row-bottom, then sow the seed, cover aud press the earth firmly down. A good way is to walk aloug the sown length, letting the toe of onc foot barely miss the heel of the other, and steppiug on the seed.

Sow secd for successiou ten days apart—a shorter interval will fetch them too near together. String beaus in particular, with growing weather, have an unholy knack of overtakiug their little elders. Green peas have so long a season through early aud late sorts they almost take care of themselves. But with the extra-early buuch peas—Tom Thumbs in catalogue phrase—repeated sowings are hest, as they are bred to mature all at once. Plant sweet corn in succession from the time the ground mellows to the middle or the end of June, depending on the date of frost. Sow lettuce three times between mid-April and mid-May in the open ground to supplement the supply from cold frames. If there is a damp, rich spot available, sow it thickly with cress-seed and cut the tender young plants for salad when they are three inches high.

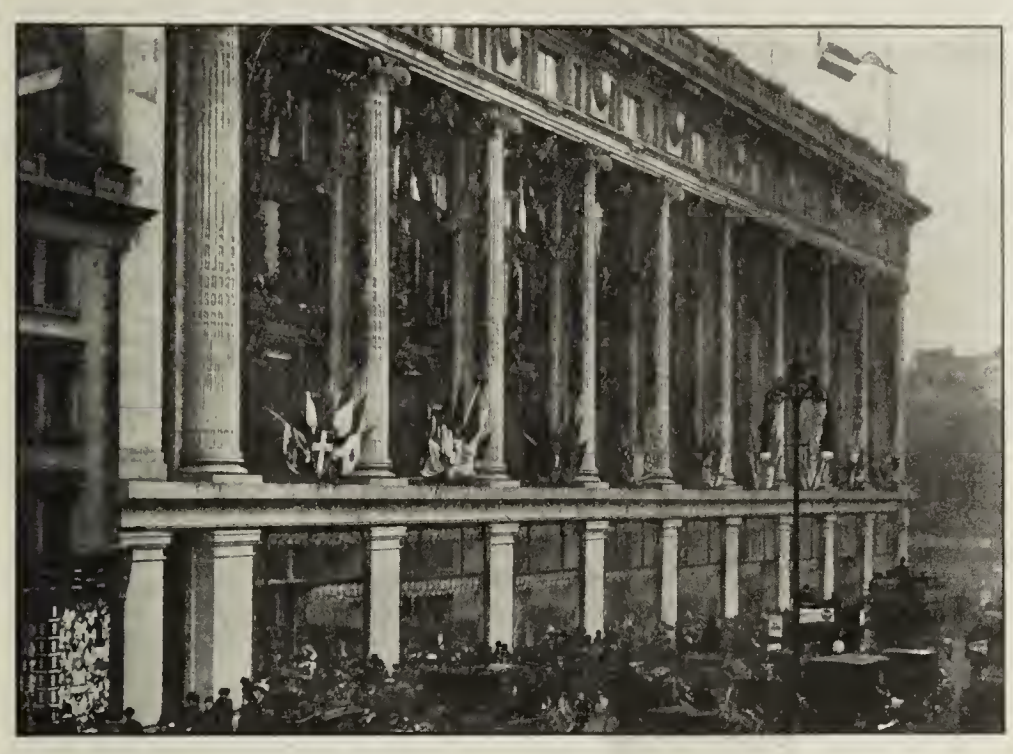
Set out half a dozen pot-grown tomato plants in deep rich hills, and pinch them hack vigorously after they bloom the third time. Keep them pinched—thus their fruit will be extra fine and extra early. Plants for summer use should he set the first week in May, those for the canning supply and green pickles the first two weeks in Juue. Something, of course, depends on the latitude.

Strawberries plauted from April forward to June and well tilled come to bearing the next season. Pot-grown plants are hest—they grow more certainly; besides, in using them, one seldom overplants. Sandy loam well fertilized is their delight, hut they thrive in any earth that is rich enough and kept clean and light. Set them in very low ridges, two feet apart in the row; keep all runners clipped until well past midsummer. Beds in bearing give much more fruit if they are well watered two or three times a week, especially if the weather is hot and dry. A single good soaking just as the fruit is setting often does wonders. If very early berries are wanted, set planks on edge ahout a corner of the bed in March, and cover the enclosed space with a sheet of cheesecloth stretched taut. It will quicken growth and ripening, but the berries will not be so firm nor so flavorous as those grown in the open.



Alfred Shrubb Dorando Pietri Henri St. Yves Tom Longboat John Hayes Matt. Maloney

Start of the $10,000 Marathon race at the Polo Grounds, New York, April 3, won by Henri St. Yves, in the presence of about 30,000 spectators, in 2 hours 40 min. 50 2-5 s c.



The Selfridge Stores, London, on the opening day,—an occasion which created a great stir in the retail dry-goods trade of England, this being the first American concern to introduce modern American department-store methods



The crowd walking across the Queensboro Bridge, between New York City and Long Island, on the opening day, March 30. The bridge is 8,600 feet long, with three spans, of 1,182 feet, 680 feet, and 984 feet, and contains over 105 million pounds of steel



The funeral procession of Joseph Petrosino, the murdered American detective, passing through the principal street of Palermo, Sicily





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The Gyroscope—an apparatus that has already proved successful in diminishing the roll of vessels at sea. The larger photograph shows the location and relative size of the gyroscope in such a vessel as the "Louisiana." The Navy Department is experimenting with the apparatus

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

England on Edge

GERMANY continues to preserve a masterly reticence on the *Dreadnought* scare, while England is undergoing the most acute case of nerves since the Boer War. Old-age pensions, unemployment, and suffragettes alike have been temporarily forgotten in the demand for additional *Dreadnoughts*, immediately to be laid down, in order to meet the rapidly increasing navy of Germany. Men of such diverse mind as A. J. Balfour, Frederic Harrison, and Mr. Asquith unite in urging the immediate construction of the greater navy. The appeal is based on the danger of an invasion of the island unless "our preparations for naval defense are absolutely and beyond suspicion superior to Germany's." Crowded meetings, breathing militant patriotism, are being held in many parts of England; and party lines have been for the moment wiped out in Parliament and throughout the country. The people are enthusiastically declaring themselves ready to meet the severe additional taxation that will be rendered necessary. It is expected that the Irish Party, or the Redmond branch of it at least, will fight the proposed and now imminent change of policy. The official speeches are carefully guarded in stating that the increase of *Dreadnoughts* will make for international peace, but the tone of the people at large is that of almost jubilant excitement.

Eliminating Diphtheria Rash

RECENTLY an unannounced discovery has been made by Dr. Banzhaf of the Laboratory of the Department of Health in New York City that will result in an alteration in diphtheria treatment. The discovery is a notable gain in the elimination of the non-antitoxic substances in diphtheria antitoxic solution. Rashes have been apt to break out on the skin of the diphtheria patient after the antitoxic treatment. This unsightly and painful after-effect has tended to make the treatment unpopular with the ignorant. Dr. Banzhaf heats the diphtheria serum for eighteen hours at a temperature of 57°. As the result, twenty per cent more of the insoluble substances, leading to the patient's breaking out, are eliminated. By a fortunate chance experiment in another direction, Dr. Banzhaf happened on the discovery. He tested it on guinea-pigs, and found that a serious retardation in diphtheria treatment had disappeared. Quietly, by letter and conversation, the news has spread, and the method being adopted in various cities.

Abolishing Seasickness

IS THE roll of the ages about to be abolished? An adaptation of the gyroscope has been made that promises to put a stop to the side-to-side motion of vessels at sea. If perfected it will do away with seasickness and the shipping of heavy seas, and will enable gunners to shoot accurately. Billiard-balls and the noon meal in the salon will behave as on land. The deck will resemble a Middle Western prairie, while waves are foaming impotently over the erect and steady side. Storms will become legendary, and special prayer for those that go down to the sea in ships will be obsolete.

Some of that will be a long time coming. But some of it has already come. The gyroscope is an apparatus which heretofore by means of a mighty flywheel sucks up and fights the motion from side to side of the body to which it is attached. Already, R.M.S. *Lochiel*, plying from Bunessan to Tiree, on the Scotch coast, has diminished her roll from eighteen degrees to about six degrees. She is a vessel of 443 tons displacement, and her gyroscope weighs seven tons. She is close to being stable, even in a severe storm; and in certain ports, riding at anchor, she is used as a dock to which the little lighters, dancing on the waves, tie up, and from which live stock may be safely landed.

Such a gyroscope as successfully operates on the *Lochiel* is being installed on a Hamburg-American coastwise liner at a cost of about $37,500.

A distant relative of Admiral Sperry's, an electrical experimenter of high professional standing, Elmer A. Sperry, has turned from the European "passive" gyroscope and theorized along new lines. His invention is being installed on a model of one of the new battleships. The Navy Department is cooperating with him in his experiments. His is the "active" gyroscope, and therein differs from all former adaptations of the flywheel and rotary idea. His instrument is able to impart control impulses in any given direction in rapid succession. The swing of the European gyroscope is that obtained from the comparatively small angle of motion of the ship itself. The Sperry gyroscope gains a full angle swing, as it functions independently of the motion of the ship. More simply stated, the ship must rock to make the European gyroscope operate. In the Sperry gyroscope, external power for developing control is largely derived from the oscillating parts of the machine itself. It develops more powerful impulses with which to fight the rolling ship, and it is far lighter in weight than the European model. It makes up in activity what is lost in weight.

If this instrument shall indeed hold a vessel on a steady keel, ocean travel will lose many of its insecurities.

Mr. Bryce at the Golden Gate

JAMES BRYCE, Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, has been gladdening California with a friendly visit of sightseeing and university lectures. With a wisdom too tardily learned in a lusty and hospitable democracy, the "Argonaut" pleaded that he should not be overwhelmed in a genial hurricane of banquets and receptions. How well the point is taken will be appreciated by those who remember the wan and weary Prince Henry of Germany when he emerged from his tour of peace and good-will through our borders. And more recently, grateful and fatigued the Italian historian, Ferrero, mourned that he could not come to us in disguise instead of being a public character on tap for all associations and committees to drain of epigrammatic impressions. Mr. Bryce's thought, like that of Mr. Harriman, is busying itself with good government. To the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, Mr. Bryce said:

"There are three principles which in all efforts at reform should be borne in mind. First, politics is an experimental science. Let us approach it with scientific methods, and make it as exact as we can. Second, patience. How many experiments are there not made in the physical sciences in order to establish some great scientific truth. There must be equally great patience in political science. Third, we have got to combine two things in our progress toward civic reform, viz., a rigorous punishment of wrong-doers and an infinite charity toward those who merely differ with us in opinion. The reformer ought to be charitable and a profound student of human character. He must have zeal for the good of the city, irrespective of political party."

Coto and the Missionary

HERE is a little unpublished episode which the Pure Food and Drug crusade has unearthed. It deals with the drug Coto. Coto is efficacious in the treatment of dysentery; and has been of proved success in the last stages of the disease. Its leaf and fruit are of the European laurel family. For three years stuff labeled Coto has poured into this country, and sick men have fed themselves on it, but without working a cure. Four kinds of innocuous but unavailing substitutes have been doing duty where once the genuine bark did its work. There may be plenty of Coto where the true stuff first came from. But there is no one now to marshal the savages and send them out to gather it, and then to ship it to northern markets.

For several years after this century began a Roman Catholic Spanish missionary labored with the natives in a village of Bolivia seven hundred miles east from the coast-line, on the other side of the Andes. He taught them, showed them how to work and dress and till the soil, and in particular how to gather and market the bark of the tree that cured them when they fell ill with the disease which ravages tropical countries with the fury of typhoid in the temperate zones. But savages are whimsical, and in their lighter vein are apt to eliminate their benefactors. One day, growing tired of the higher life, they murdered the missionary. That is what has happened to the shipment of Coto. The supply waits for the missionary or trader who will reestablish the lines of communication.

In the Air

IT COSTS money to fly. The wife of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has spent thirty thousand dollars in his Aerial Experiment Association during the last eighteen months. At Hammondsport, New York, and at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, Dr. Bell and his colleagues have experimented with tetrahedral kites and aeroplanes, achieving a recent flight of twenty miles with their "Silver Dart." Dr. Bell will continue his experimentation. Some of his associates plan to make a business of flying.

Count Zeppelin added to his already rich stock of perilous experiences by an attempted trip on April 1 from Friedrichshafen to Munich and return in his dirigible balloon. He was eleven hours in the air, and during the last four hours he drifted at the will of a high wind. The airship, drifting to leeward, was followed on the earth beneath by soldiers in motor-cars and squadrons of cavalry to give first aid if needed. The Count outdistanced them, though at one point in his adventure he dropped a note of thanks to the commander of the cavalry. He finally grounded in a thirty-five-mile-an-hour wind on a marshy tract forty-eight miles northeast of Munich. The experience tended to prove that the dirigible balloon responds to a certain amount of control even in a gale.

At the very time when the Hammondsport experimenters were winding up their accounts, and Count Zeppelin was plowing through a snowstorm in the upper regions, an Archbishop of Paris was pronouncing a solemn benediction on the aerodrome and the Voisin aeroplanes at Juvisy, France.

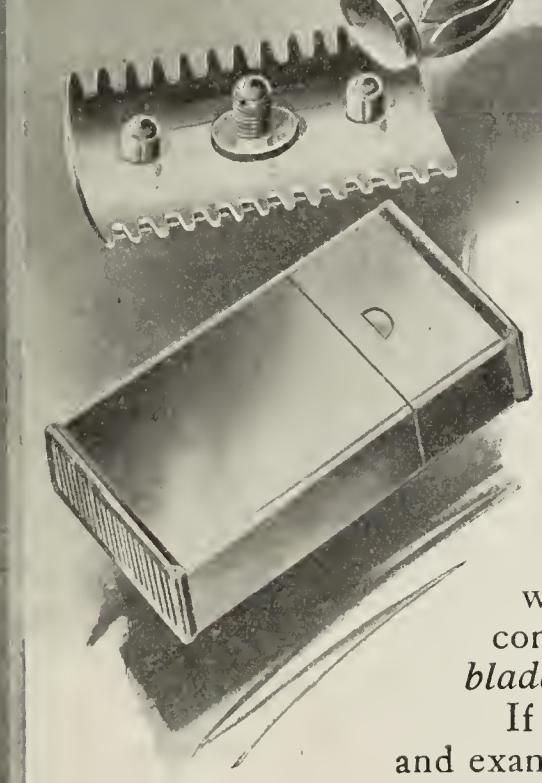
The Vanishing Saloon

"RUM" is still on the run. Whatever novelty of appeal the anti-saloon crusade may have lost, the map of the United States continues to change from wet to dry in expanding areas, much as the map of Africa in our boyhood changed color under the exploring feet of Stanley. Three counties of Indiana voted dry in the election of March 30, thereby abolishing seventy-three saloons. The election was dramatically conducted in Vermilion County, where there was a large foreign vote of mine-workers. Twenty-five automobiles from Terre Haute invaded the county in the service of the liquor interests. Opposed to this display were sunrise prayer-meetings and free hot luncheons. The "drys" won by 332 votes. One day later, Henry County went "dry" by 2,816 votes.

Death to the Plant Louse

A SPRAY has been discovered that will surely kill that innumerable and ubiquitous pest of Aphids (Plant Lice). George E. Tallmadge, a scientist out in Madison, New Jersey, compounded the discovery, which is named "Aphine." Tallmadge used to be an orchid collector in South America, and he has always interested himself in the problems and tragedies of plant life. His spray looks like hard cider, and he runs it through a still all night. It costs $1.50 a gallon, and is mixed one gallon to forty gallons of water. Essential oils are used in its make-up, and these are imported and therefore expensive. Tallmadge has nearly fallen into the hands of the Philistines in several episodes. A shyster lawyer, who saw the death-dealing possibilities of "Aphine," seized fourteen barrels of it and tried to force various park departments to take it at a price of $300 a barrel of fifty gallons. Now six dollars a gallon is too costly for any public utility, however deadly. This same lawyer wanted to flood the market with the stuff and guarantee its killing anything up to undesirable cats. But Tallmadge finally shook loose from the crook, and in a very humble way has been distilling and selling the poison





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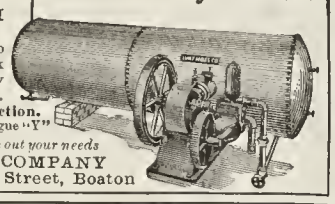
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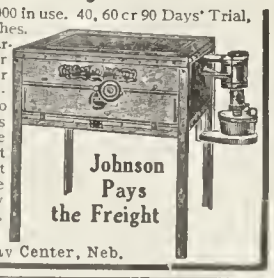
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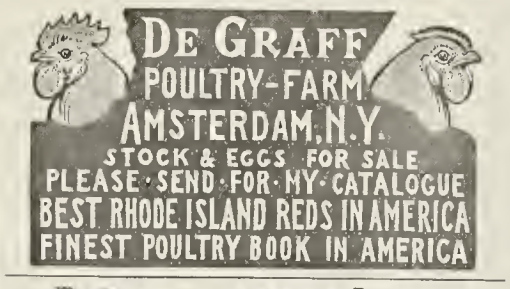
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Admiral Cervera

ELEVEN years after the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago de Cuba, Rear-Admiral Cervera died at Puerto Real, Spain, on April 3. Scarcely any other single influence did so much to soften the acerbities of the Spanish-American War as his winning personality, brave under absurd odds, and courteous to his captors, who had wrecked his fleet and career. He was seventy years old when he died.

From earliest youth he had been well known to his countrymen, being the son of a wealthy wine merchant. He saw naval service in Morocco, Cochin-China, and the Philippines, was naval attaché to the Spanish Legation at Washington, and served actively against Chile and Peru. He was steadily promoted with the years, and at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War was put in command of four armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers, and ordered to Cuba. He entered the harbor of Santiago. Admiral Schley and Admiral Sampson blockaded his fleet, and Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson sunk the *Merrimac* in the unsuccessful attempt to seal the harbor. Admiral Cervera relieved the anxiety of the entire nation by sending swift word of the safety of Lieutenant Hobson and his men. A little later, the Spanish fleet attempted to sally out and dodge past the American battleships. The Spanish fleet was destroyed, and Admiral Cervera made prisoner. He was court-martialed, but the publication of his correspondence with the Spanish Government showed that he had foreseen every item of the disaster and had warned his superiors against making the campaign which his loyalty and gallantry afterward drove him to carry through with as much dash and success as his vastly inferior armament permitted.

A Spanish Conquest of America

WITH the popularity of a comic opera, the two Spanish exhibitions of paintings by Sorolla and Zuloaga won New York, and will achieve a like success in the other cities of their sojourn. Also, they revealed that New York has a little gem of a building in the Museum of the Hispanic Society of America, tucked away in the extreme northwest corner of Manhattan Island. The Zuloaga exhibition was held from March 21 to April 11, and showed forty-two canvases of dwarfs, dancers, bull-fighters, sorcerers, smiling girls, boulevardiers—the "knowing" types of a vivacious, nervous external world. With a keen instinct for contrast, the museum trustees thus set off in high relief the blither paintings of Sorolla which had preceded the Zuloaga exhibition. The two exhibitions have shown how responsive is a great American city to an enlightened method of spending leisure time on a Sunday. There were crowds of spectators on all the Saturdays and Sundays of both exhibitions. The Sorolla paintings were seen by 150,000 persons, of every nationality and social grade. And the spectacle of a crowd, even in its dimensions a mob, of human beings on culture bent was prophetic of what the American community may become. Perhaps we shall be nearer than we dream to solving the Sunday saloon troubles of our larger cities when, like Mr. Archer Huntington and his colleagues, we provide democratic means of entertainment that are innocent and appealing.

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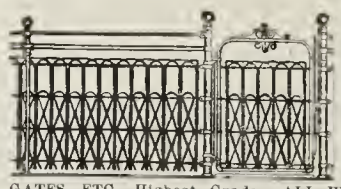
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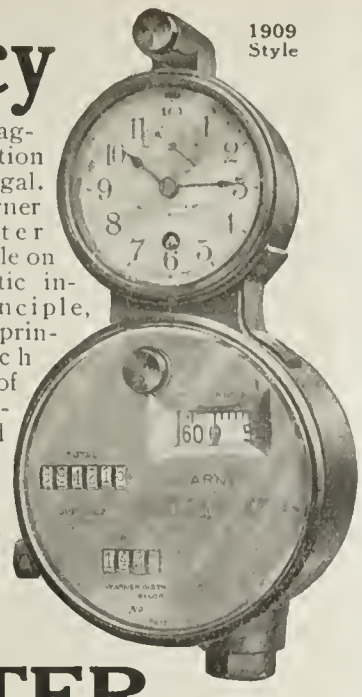
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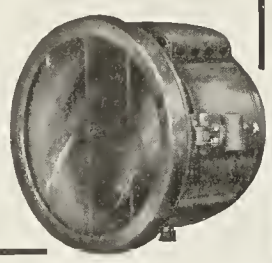
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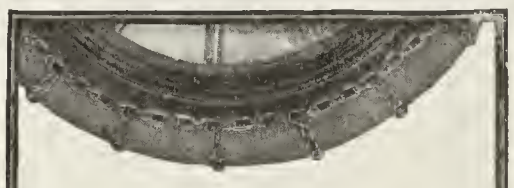
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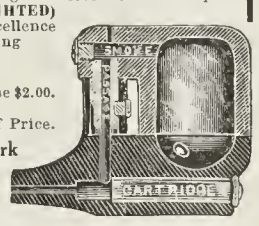
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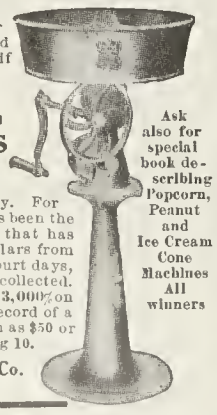
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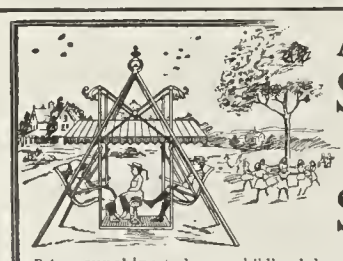
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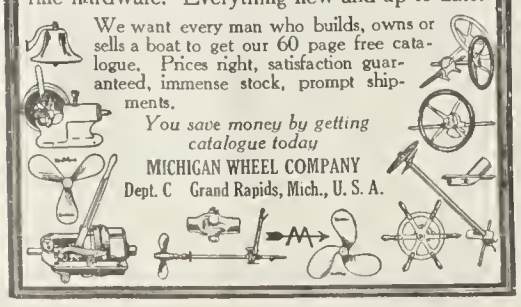
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Snapping Africa's Big Game

(*Continued from page 13*)

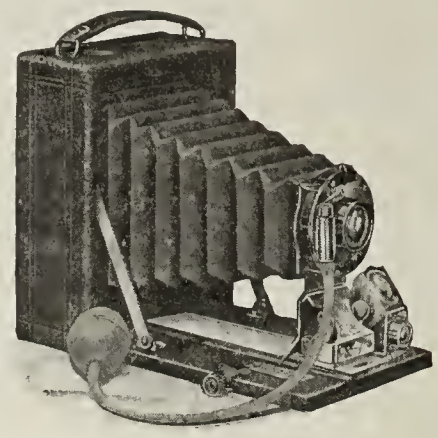
The picture of that big beast is one that I shall never forget; not alone on account of the animal himself, but of the whole setting, for the valley below was literally covered with game. At one time we could see, besides droves of the commoner antelope, oryxes, elands, zebras, ostriches, and the giraffe; and surmounting the whole scene was the beautiful snow-capped mountain Kilima-Njaro, eighty miles away, its summit dazzlingly white in the clear upper air, while its base was completely lost in the haze of distance. Unfortunately, in hot countries one can not photograph objects over two or three hundred yards away, except under unusual conditions, owing to the shimmering of the heated atmosphere near the earth. It was too bad to miss such a wonderful picture.

A couple of days later, while we were on the lookout for game to photograph, we saw, about a third of a mile ahead of us, a pair of rhinoceroses, one a bull with a pretty good horn. The wind was favorable, so we started for them. We hadn't gone very far when my camera-bearer called out: "Kifaro, Kifaro!" and, to our surprise, we saw another rhinoceros nearly down-wind of us and not two hundred yards away. It was certainly fortunate that we had seen him, for had we gone but a very little farther he would undoubtedly have had our wind, and would probably have come for us. In this case we would have been in a nice predicament, with rhinoceroses on both sides of us. It might have been rather too exciting. We carefully stalked the newly-found one, and at about one hundred yards I made a couple of telephoto exposures as he stood near a bush with the tick-birds sitting on his back. Before we had proceeded more than a few steps we were much surprised to see him settle down for a nap.

Here, then, was a most excellent chance for some close work, so with the utmost caution C—— and I crept ahead, until we were within thirty yards of the sleeping animal. I focused the camera carefully and C—— held his 450 ready, and then we wondered what would happen next. To say that my heart was beating violently scarcely expresses it, but I held on to the camera and wished devoutly that our friend would bestir himself. Suddenly it seemed to dawn on him that something was wrong, and as I watched through the focusing hood of the camera I heard a loud snort and saw him rise with wonderful speed, and then, without hesitating a second, down he came on us. Yes, I pressed the button, but that is all I can remember doing before, with a loud report, the rifle spoke and the rhinoceros turned and made off. We measured the distance to where the shot had been fired and found it was exactly fifteen yards, and it must be allowed that fifteen yards is pretty close range. We rested up a short while, and then, as the other rhinoceroses were working away from us, we hurried after them. I was anxious to get a photograph of them against the skyline as they reached the hill-top, and so kept within comfortable distance for telephoto work, about one hundred and twenty yards. Suddenly, without any warning, they turned round and faced us, the big bull looking very fine, with his big horn showing clearly against the sky. From his manner we judged that trouble in rhinoceros form was coming our way, and it came, surely enough. The two big creatures thundered down the hillside, with tails erect and heads well lowered. C—— fired at the cow, which was clear of any intervening brush, while I tried to make some photographs. I did not like the looks of things when that cow continued in our direction after receiving the shot, and I was sorely tempted to abandon the camera and reach for a more useful weapon of defense. But a picture was what I wanted, and so I changed plates as quickly as possible, and without entirely realizing that the telephoto was in the camera (and it's very difficult to focus such a lens quickly) I pressed the button just before C—— fired the left barrel at the big bull. Fortunately, the shot was well placed, directly in the center of the forehead, and the huge beast dropped stone dead, exactly eleven yards away from where we stood. The cow had turned in the mean time, so no more shooting was necessary.

All the excitement of other hunts seemed as nothing to what we had just gone through. We were literally shaking from the strain, and as we gazed at the dead monster before us we could not but wish that the fatal bullet had not been neces-

A New Camera For 3¼ x 5½ Pictures



Pocket Premo C

As light and compact as an exclusively film camera; yet taking films or plates with equal facility—combining ground glass focusing with every film convenience—and furnished at the modest price of fifteen dollars.

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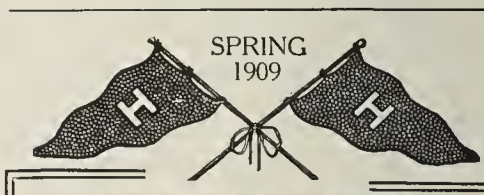
Pocket Premo C is also furnished with all these advantages in the 3¼ x 4¼ size for $12.00.

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SPRING 1909



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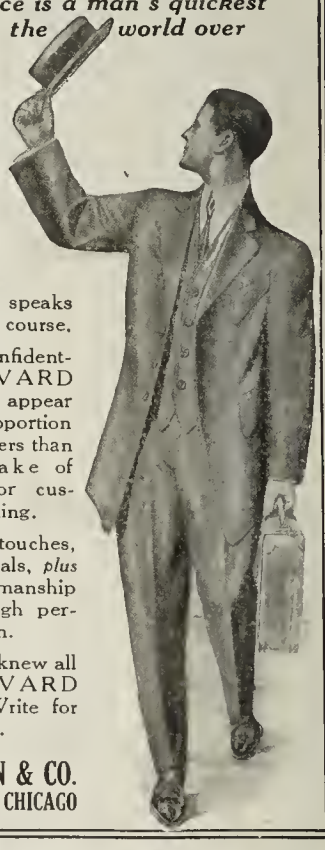
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25 and 50 cents at dealers, or direct if he is out.

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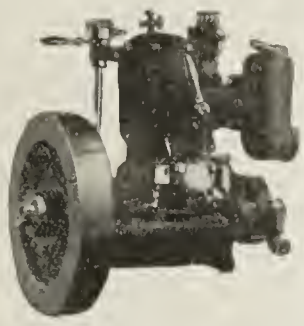
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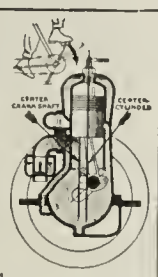
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NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
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sary. It had, however, been simply a matter of choice between his life and ours, so that it was best that it had ended as it had.

The next day our experience was repeated with a pair of rhinoceroses, an old cow and a calf. They charged unexpectedly, and came so dangerously near that it became necessary once more to save our lives at the cost of the older animal. After that we seldom tried any further encounters with rhinoceroses, as to go anywhere near them seemed to result in being charged. We remained in the neighborhood for another eight days, devoting the time to smaller game. We found the antelope extremely wild, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to get any photographs at all. Those I did get had to be made with the telephoto lens in nearly every case.

Seeing that I should not be able to do very much with the animals of the Olgerei region, I decided to return to Nairobi, and arrange to start up-country to the Mt. Kenia country. We broke camp on the morning of the 19th and started for Kin, going by a direct route, so that we could make the trip in one day.

We were marching along, single file, the Masai leading and the porters bringing up the rear. Suddenly, as we walked into a patch of high grass, the tall Masai stopped, and, pointing ahead, whispered: "Kifarn!" Sure enough the gray back of a large rhinoceros showed above the waving grass not more than twenty yards away—directly in our path. This was rather too sudden, and we quickly realized the value of rapid action. The loading of the rifles and the opening of the camera took but a few seconds, but we were ready none too soon. The porters had scarcely gone back a few yards, and I had gone a little to one side, that I might get a better view of the beast in case he charged (unless he charged me first!), when that rhinoceros was up and at us. Never did I see anything so quick. It seemed incredible that so large an animal could move with such rapidity. I focused on him as he rushed toward C—— and the Masai and the two thoroughly scared boys who were just back of them. Almost unconsciously I released the shutter when, at the same moment, a shot rang out. C—— was trying to turn that animal with a charge of buckshot. The attempt, however, was futile, and the creature came on without even hesitating. C——, realizing that the shot had failed, fired a 12-bore ball from the left barrel, and then, grabbing his revolver, began firing right into its head as it rushed past him not six feet away, making straight for the Masai, who stood quietly waiting the onrush, and actually jumped aside when within touching distance of the big horn. Having missed the Masai, it next turned toward me just as I was endeavoring to put a second plate in position so that I might get a picture of the actual encounter. In my hurry I did not put the plate-holder all the way in, as I afterward found to my disappointment. But just for the moment I had other things with which to occupy my mind, and the camera became less important than the angry beast, when to my relief the Masai, with wonderful coolness, drove his spear into the side of the rhinoceros; that turned him toward C——, who quickly put another revolver shot into its head, and that decided the very much confused animal to leave us alone, and off he went, heading almost directly toward the very much frightened caravan. The wretched porters, seeing the imminent possibility of trouble, dropped their loads and ignominiously bolted. The Masai chased the retreating animal so closely that when it once turned toward the porters it saw an enemy within a few yards, armed with a long, sharp knife; that was too much for the rhinoceros, and he thought it better to continue his course.

The Masai soon returned, and picking up his spear, which had fallen from the animal, found that it was badly bent.

No sooner had we started the caravan than we discovered another rhinoceros about four hundred yards away. When I spoke of trying to stalk and photograph it, the expression on the men's faces was truly ludicrous. They had had enough of rhinoceroses for one day and were ready to chuck their loads on the smallest provocation. As we had a long march before us, I gave up the idea of tackling any more "side-shows" for the day. We reached camp late that afternoon, tired and hot, and glad enough to get a good bath and something to eat. Then we talked over the doings of the day and decided that we had had all the rhinoceroses we wanted for some time.

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In selecting a food for the baby don't experiment. Baby can't stand much experimenting. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is acted upon by the infant stomach substantially the same as mother's milk. For 50 years it has made glad mothers and started thousands of babies on life's journey with health and happiness.—*Adv.*

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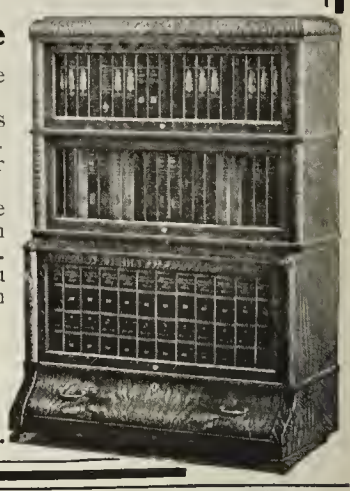
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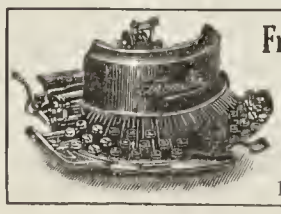


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In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

THE SELLING PROBLEM

THE big problem of economic development is to reduce the cost of selling goods. In many instances the cost of selling greatly exceeds that of manufacture. If selling costs could be reduced to as scientific a basis as manufacturing, the purchaser's dollar would almost do double duty. Competition in the future will doubtless gravitate largely toward the problem of economies in selling. Two important factors will have a conspicuous part in this development—advertising and distribution. The day wanes in which these two departments of business are conceived separately. The new conception of sales promotion is to include advertising and distribution in one plan and make each serve the other. Whatever tends to eliminate waste in advertising or distribution brings the necessities and luxuries of life closer to the consumer. Fortunately for the people, the world is so arranged that the rewards go to those who can eliminate the waste and reach the market on the most economical basis. The people aid this work in their own behalf in the proportion that they respond to advertising, "getting up when they are first called." This effect is secured in proportion as experience demonstrates the trustworthiness of advertising, and begets confidence in the fact that, in legitimate fields, it is the thing that can best serve the public that can best afford to be advertised. The elimination of such forms of advertising as impair confidence in other advertising is also a potent means of increasing the response, and thus of reducing the selling cost. A further indispensable factor in this development will be the intensifying of periodical circulation, the elimination of non-buyers in a given class from the estimates of circulation available for any given advertiser. The chief direction of growth, in sales promotion, will, therefore, be in the elimination of uncertainties, guesswork, and bunko, and the reduction of distribution, to a fine art.

THE TELEPHONE

THE telephone, touching as it does every phase of active business life, is at once the most vital and the least conspicuous of the externals of business intercourse. A few of the uncommon aspects of the telephone, such as do not appear on the surface, and which are known only from unpublished records compiled by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, will be of interest.

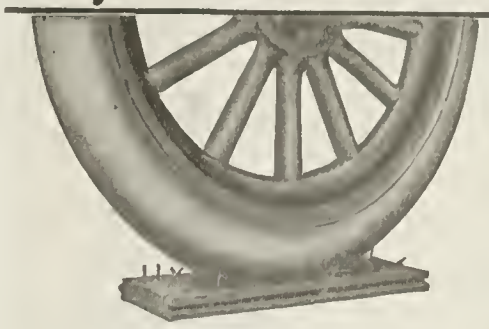
The cost of long-distance telephoning, as compared with telegraphing, is due, among other things, to the fact that when a man is using a long-distance telephone he has the exclusive use of a very large amount of property. In talking from Boston to Omaha the proportion of the line and apparatus at the sole disposal of the user is worth about $400,000. The weight of copper wire for a talking circuit between these points is 1,131,000 pounds, or 565½ tons.

The beginning of long-distance telephoning dates from the construction of the line from New York to Chicago which was opened in 1892. It was purely a pioneer enterprise, as there was at that time no public demand to warrant such an investment. In fact, anticipating public demand, and trusting to the usefulness of the telephone to demonstrate its worth to the public, is a constant feature with telephone expansion, whether for local or long-distance service.

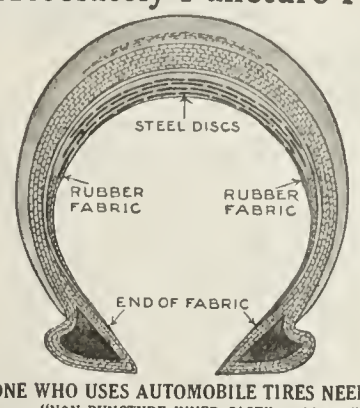
The earliest record for toll and long-distance connections is for the year 1888, when the number reached 2,636,000. At that time the longest line was only a few hundred miles. In 1891 the number had grown to 11,000,000. Since that date the number of recorded connections by years, in round millions, is as follows:

1892, 13,000,000; 1893, 11,000,000; 1894, 12,000,000; 1895, 16,000,000; 1896, 20,000,000; 1897, 24,000,000; 1898, 30,000,000; 1899, 42,000,000; 1900, 47,000,000; 1901, 60,000,000; 1902, 77,000,000; 1903,

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BUFFALO, N. Y., March 11th, 1909.
ATLAS RUBBER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
GENTLEMEN:—I beg to state I have used your Inner Cases on a heavy Pierce Limousine weighing 3800 pounds, tires 34 x 5, covering a distance of 12,450 miles without a puncture. I have at different times taken a great many nails out of the tire, once having taken a large spike out of the rear case which had penetrated the shoe, and when it struck the Inner Case it was turned and went around the Inner Case and clinched in the shoe. The car was run about 45 miles with the tire in this condition until the head of the spike was worn to a polish. The spike was so clinched in the shoe that same was badly torn in removing the spike. I consider these Inner Cases absolutely puncture-proof and in addition they greatly increase the life of the tires. From the service I have secured from the set I used during the past season, I consider them one of the best articles on the market for the elimination of tire troubles, and can thoroughly recommend them to anyone who wishes to be relieved of this annoyance.
Very truly yours (Signed) THOMAS McARTNEY, Mechanician.

INCREASES LIFE OF TIRES AT LEAST 50%
MORE FLEXIBLE THAN THE TIRE ITSELF
DOES NOT RETARD SPEED
DOES NOT AFFECT RESILIENCY
EASILY APPLIED BY ANYONE TO OLD OR NEW TIRES
Agents Everywhere Write To-day for Full Particulars

Atlas Rubber Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
New York Branch 253 W. 57th St.
Boston " 751 Boylston St.
Pittsburg " 123 S. Sheridan St.



Thompson's Pocket Speller

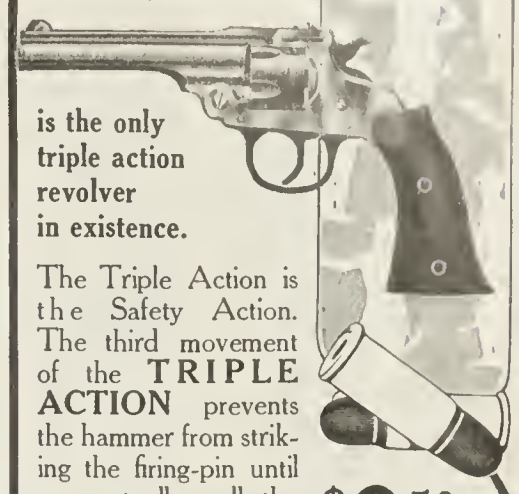
Contains 22,800 words in common use; alphabetically arranged and indexed. Names of men and women; rules for the use of capitals and punctuation marks; business forms; tables of weights and measures; postal rates; laws of etiquette, etc. Leatherette cover, 25c.; Russia, 50c. Send 1c. or 2c. stamps. Agents wanted.

F. M. Thompson, Box 7195, Danbury, Conn.

Triple Action means Triple Safety

The HOPKINS & ALLEN

Triple Action
(Trademark)
Safety Police



is the only triple action revolver in existence.

The Triple Action is the Safety Action. The third movement of the **TRIPLE ACTION** prevents the hammer from striking the firing-pin until you actually pull the trigger. The remotest chance of accidental discharge is thus made absolutely impossible.

$9.50 Nickeled Finish

Immediately after firing, the hammer slides up mechanically and rests against a solid frame of steel, safely out of the danger-zone—not in any way in contact with the firing-pin. It is held there, firm, fixed and immovable, until the second discharge. This third movement eliminates wholly and finally **even the supposition of danger.**

The New Army Grip gives a strong, firm handhold. It adds greatly to the effectiveness of the revolver. .32 and .38 cal., 4 in. barrel. Blued finish, $10.00.

Ask your dealer to show you this revolver. If he doesn't sell it, we will send it to you direct, charges paid, on receipt of price.

Our Free 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog

shows the most complete line of high-grade popular-priced revolvers, rifles and shot-guns made. Write for this book now. It's free.

The Hopkins & Allen Arms Co.
14 Chestnut Street, Norwich, Conn.

TRUSCOTT 1909



Launches and Marine Motors

are described in the most comprehensive catalogs ever printed. Send 5 stamps.

Truscott Boat Mfg. Co.
Box 604
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Branches with Complete Stock:
1675 Broadway, New York
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Saves Time, Rent, Carfare

Home from work at a mile a minute; out where the air is pure, the fields green, and the rents cheap. At less cost and in less time with the

R-S Motorcycle

than by any other means. The "R-S" will carry you 20 to 50 miles on 5 cents worth of gasoline. **No limit to speed but the law.** Easy to own, ride and maintain. Simple, durable and economical. America's best motorcycle, as roadster, climber or coaster.

"Built and Tested in the Mountains"

Catalogue free. Agents wanted

READING STANDARD CO. 403 Water St., Reading, Pa.



¶Your landlord is the only one that profits by it.
¶You can't sell your rent receipts.
¶Every dollar paid for rent is "gone."
¶Start now toward

A Home of Your Own

paying for it with the money you would continue to pay for rent. You can easily do so by adopting our plan, which is a practical and successful business proposition.

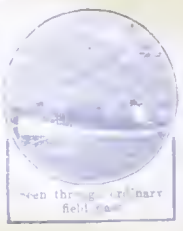
¶Every ambitious man should read our booklet, which can be obtained by writing for it. All details are fully explained. We will gladly send it without charge.

SECURITY BUILDING COMPANY
1016 Insurance Building Rochester, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY DRAWING

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS are well paid. Send for free booklet, "MONEY IN DRAWING," tells how we teach illustrating by mail. Our students sell their work. Women succeed as well as men. The National Press Association, 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Long Distance Vision



The 18-Power Perplex Prism Binocular is as light and compact as an opera glass—as easily held steady. The lenses are *close to the eye*, giving, at one mile, a field 607 feet in diameter, nine times the area of view possible in ordinary field glasses and furthermore every detail is sharply and clearly defined.

PERPLEX

PRISM BINOCULAR

"The Masterpiece of Optical Mechanism"



Seen through Perplex Prism Binocular at same distance

The Perplex is mechanically perfect and will "pick up" objects even in dim light and at great distance.

Catalog, illustrating the Perplex and giving the prices of all powers sent on request.



Sold by opticians, jewelers, marine supply and sporting goods dealers, or direct by mail.

AMERICAN THERMO-WARE CO.
Sole American Distributors
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Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

Korrect Shape
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SMART OXFORDS

In Tan, Black, Green and Patent.



THEY ARE KORRECT IN FIT, STYLE, PRICE AND WEAR. FREE TOE AND ANKLE MOVEMENT.

OUR GUARANTEE

TRADE MARK BURROJAPS WARRANTED

This label Reg. U.S. Pat. Of.

If the upper breaks through before the sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair. All Burrojaps leathers come under this Guarantee.

5000 dealers sell them. If yours does not we will supply you—it's easy to do so. Send for

Grand Free Catalog in Colors

$4.00 $5.00

BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers
31 Field Street, Brockton, Mass.

BENCH MADE

FREE CAMP FURNITURE CATALOG



This handsome catalog describes in detail Gold Medal Camp Furniture. We want to send it to you. IT'S FREE.

We sell three useful books, "Complete Camper's Manual," "Hunter's Manual" and "Fisherman's and Angler's Manual." Ten cents each, either coin or postage. Ask for our catalog. Look for our name and trade mark (shown below) on Camp Furniture.

Dealers Wanted in Every Town

GOLD MEDAL CAMP FURNITURE MFG. COMPANY
226 St. Paul Ave., Racine, Wis.

TRADE MARK G M

Brighton

FLAT CLASP GARTER



The flattest clasp, the surest grip, the strongest metal parts, the finest silk webs, the lightest weight, the best work ever put on a man's garter. Perfect in support, absolute in comfort, greatest durability. *Unconditionally guaranteed.* At your dealer's, **25c**—or sent direct from the factory on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

Made of the costliest webs, made by the most skilled workers, made for the longest and most satisfactory wear—all lengths and weights—*absolutely guaranteed.* At your dealer's 50c a pair—or we send them direct.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Phila.
Makers of PIONEER BELTS



Elkhart Buggies

are the best made, best grade and easiest riding buggies on earth for the money.

For Thirty-Six Years

we have been selling direct and are

The Largest Manufacturers in the World

selling to the consumer exclusively. **We ship for examination and approval,** guaranteeing safe delivery, and also to save you money. If you are not satisfied as to style, quality and price, you are nothing out.

May We Send You Our Large Catalogue?

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
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FISHING GUIDE, a reference book for the lovers of the Sport, Free



provided you send name of *your* Hatter.

BLUM & KOCH
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Among Correct Dressers **Blum & Koch Straw Hats** are most favored

"The Straw Without a Flaw"

Two Year Guarantee

WITH EVERY MURRAY VEHICLE



Price $67.50

FREE—Our Illustrated catalog No. 122 free for the asking shows our complete line of Buggies, Road Wagons, Stanhopes, Concords, Phaetons, Traps, Surreys, Carriages, Pony Vehicles, Grocery Wagons, Laundry Wagons, Passenger and Farm Wagons, Busses, Harness and Saddles.

WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O.

This is Our Guarantee:

The Petre Carburetter

WILL GIVE YOUR ENGINE

1. Easier Starting (not later than 3rd quarter turn).
2. Greater Flexibility—(in slow running).
3. Greater Speed—(larger *quantity* mixture—same *quality*).
4. Greater Power in Hill Climbing. (Same reason.)
5. More Mileage—Less Gasoline Consumption.

The automatic lever-controlled needle valve gives a **constant perfect mixture,** at all times, under all conditions. Never too rich nor too rare. Never chokes the engines nor fouls the plugs and cylinder walls. Write us today for free catalog, stating make and model of your car.

THE PETRE CARBURETTER CO.
1841 Euclid Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

82,000,000; 1904, 96,000,000; 1905, 118,000,000; 1906, 148,000,000; 1907, 158,000,000.

The universality of the telephone in relation to business gives a peculiar significance to these figures as showing not only the growth of the telephone, but the growth of American business activity.

The telephone day is a short one, as the bulk of the business is done in about five hours. This necessitates an equipment great enough to handle the service smoothly at its highest point, although for a large portion of the time it is not being used at its full capacity. The big problem in telephoning economy is a more even distribution of the traffic through the less busy portion of the day, but satisfactory means for accomplishing this have not been devised.

While the popularity of the telephone has grown more readily by the contagion of example than almost any other thing in general use, it has been found that advertising the advantages of using the telephone, even to people who have used it daily for years, would bring a response of a remarkable extent. This is perhaps the best instance extant to illustrate the power of advertising to gather rich cream from milk that had already been well skimmed by other methods.

FOUNTAIN PENS

IT IS said that the greatest impetus to the popularity of the fountain pen came from its acceptance by the younger generation of business men as a typical twentieth century idea. The first fountain pens were faulty, not having the benefit of recent years of mechanical development, and most of the prejudice against them that manufacturers have encountered is found, when sifted down, to be based on impressions gained when the invention was in its less perfect beginnings. This incidentally illustrates the origin of much prejudice encountered by all kinds of manufactured devices, and suggests the wisdom of standardizing a product before marketing it—at least, to the extent that this is possible.

The fountain-pen business has also demonstrated another principle of wide possible application, that the presence in the market of cheap pens not only does not lessen the sales of the higher-priced and better-made pens, but initiates new users and demonstrates the utility of the fundamental idea and creates sales for the better grades.

The coming of the clip-holders is said to have had a marked effect on the popularity of the fountain pen, by preventing loss of the pen, and also by holding it in plain sight where non-users could catch the suggestion.

The use of fountain pens in schools, and the breaking down of the prejudice which once caused school boards to specify against their use in school work, has afforded another important center for the contagion of fountain-pen using.

The well-advertised fact that the treaty at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War was signed with a fountain pen is also said to have given a conspicuous impetus to its use.

TOUCH-BUTTONS

New ideas begin with an inward desire to do something in a better way.

The way to get enthusiasm is to appreciate the usefulness of your work—see how it fits into the main scheme of things.

One definite step, however small, will do more to set a good thing going than any amount of desultory contemplation.

Lack of definite knowledge on some little point is often the only thing that delays a piece of work, and that knowledge can often be gained in a few minutes.

To put personal comfort before duty is to miss the victory of self-mastery, without which all else is largely in vain.

Deal in essentials every hour and one year may yield as much as an ordinary lifetime.

The only trouble with some people is that they are in the wrong business.

Don't let this valuable day be consumed in trivial concerns. Undertake today some of those big things you intend to do—some time.



The WINDSOR

IT'S easy to make a suit of clothes—but to make it *right* is another story.

Michaels-Stern Clothes

are for the man who insists on absolute accuracy in style, quality, fit and finish.

Priced within reason.

¶ *The season's newest models should be on sale in your City. If not, we'll tell you where to obtain them and will also forward you one of our handsome Portfolios of styles if you'll send us your local dealer's name.*

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Makers of
High Grade Clothing
ROCHESTER Dept. C

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Rochester N.Y.

Be Seated—Please

$6.50



in an "Old Hickory" chair. Learn for yourself how easy and comfortable they are.

Taste today—in informal furniture—tends to "Old Hickory"—the spacious, springy chairs of Andrew Jackson's time.

No furniture was ever so much the vogue, yet so thoroughly comfortable.

From "Claremont-on-the-Hudson" to "Old Faithful Inn," the highest type of resorts have adopted "Old Hickory." It is so in all homes where good taste seeks rather comfort than convention. To library, lawn or porch—in country or town—

Old Hickory Furniture

adds charm and cosiness. No paint mars Nature's own finish—the smooth, firm bark—on "Old Hickory." People love it for its comfortable breath of the woods—its simplicity.

"Old Hickory" breathes an air of the old South—of plantation hospitality. Some homes down there hold hickory chairs 65 years old—and still good. All that we make have our trademark, "Old Hickory," burned in the wood.

Write today for our Free Style Book, showing 150 types of "Old Hickory" and telling all about it.

The Old Hickory Chair Co., Box 14, Martinsville, Ind.

WATCH IT WOBBLE

No artificial bait ever invented so quickly attracts bass, pickerel and all game fish as our

Famous Glittering

Pearl Wobbler Spoon



which in the water has an eccentric wobbling motion much more effective than spinning, and in combination with the beautiful colors of the pearl attracts and catches fish where everything else fails.

BY MAIL POSTPAID

25c.

with our large illustrated catalogue of fishing tackle.

C. Doering & Co., 564 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, New York

INFORMATION ABOUT THE BRUSH RUNABOUT

THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL AUTOMOBILE

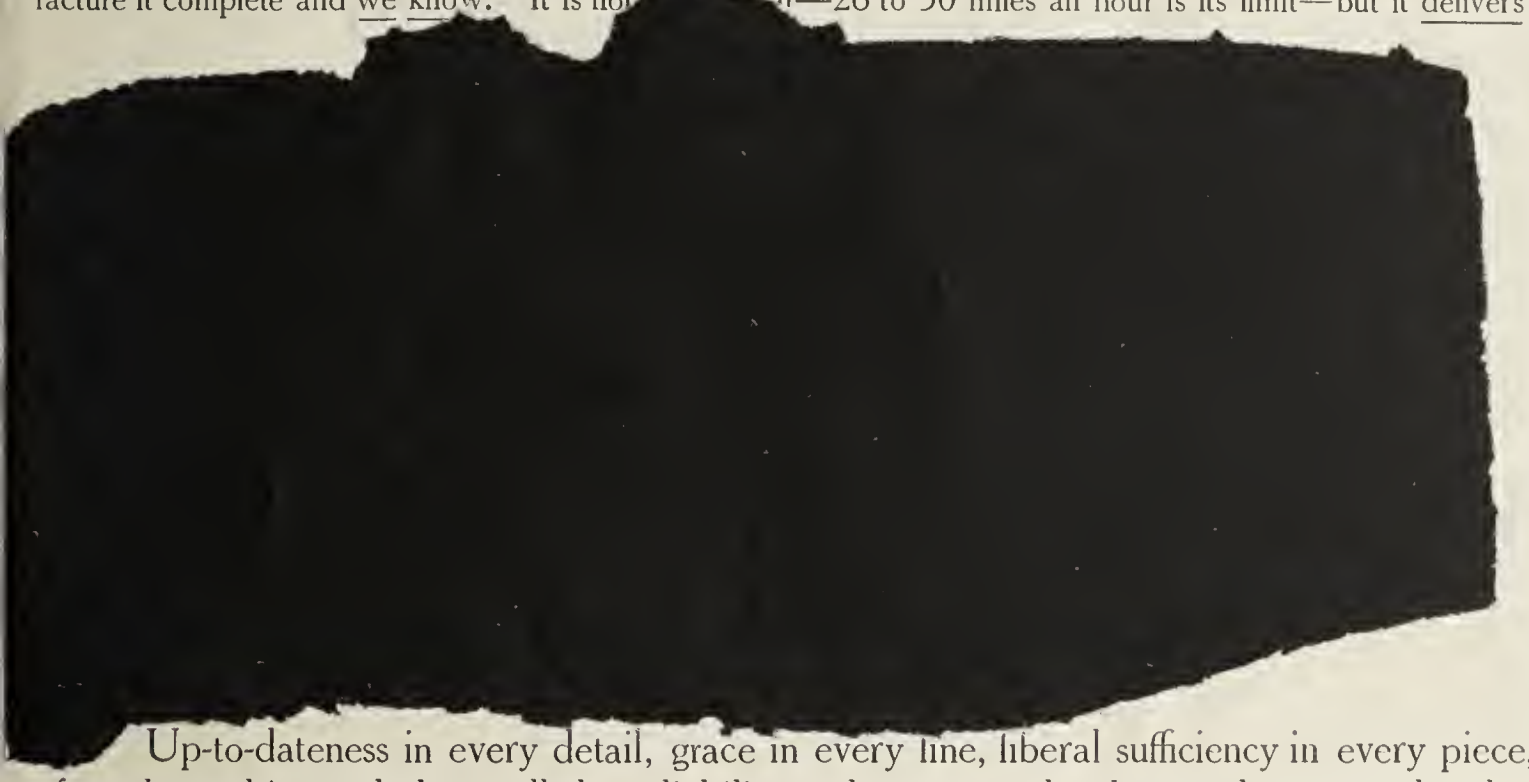
Wonderful in its simplicity, its staunchness, its reliability, its ease of riding, its convenience, and above all in its almost unbelievable economy. Nothing built compares with it in these respects, as even competitors admit, and the public knows.

These are the reasons our two plants in Detroit are working 21 hours a day in double shifts.

We show you pictures of our car, our factories, and our officials that you may, in a measure, see us face to face. As buyers you should know with whom you are dealing. We, individually, have been in this business since its very start. Over 20,000 cars of Brush's design are running today. We know the automobile business from stem to gudgeon, and we are not afraid to face you nor to back our car with our personal reputation.

We have made the Brush Runabout what it is by work—hard work. Brush spent over a year working out the first designs. Since then we have perfected them and spent two years in making and selling cars, in building up an expert manufacturing organization and a perfect plant, in showing users all over the world the car's remarkable merits.

The Brush is a true runabout in its own right—not a mere imitation of a big car with the complications left in, but the strength left out. It embodies the most advanced engineering principles and practice,—yet design is not all. Even more important is the way it is made. No car at any price is or can be better made than the Brush. We are not mere assemblers—we manufacture it complete and we know. It is not a racer—28 to 30 miles an hour is its limit—but it delivers the goods every time.



The cost of this space is too heavy to give a full description here. Send for literature and name of nearest dealer.

Up-to-dateness in every detail, grace in every line, liberal sufficiency in every piece, extreme accuracy of workmanship, and above all the reliability and economy that betray the master hand of Brush, acknowledged the greatest of all small car designers.



A. P. BRUSH
Designer



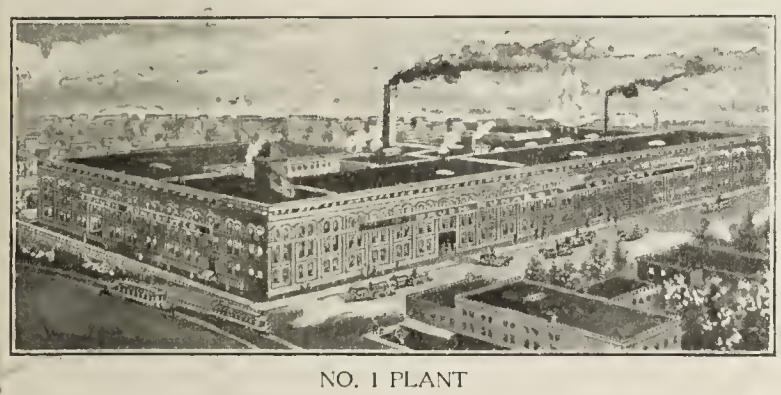
FRANK BRISCOE
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WALTER PHIPPS
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Sales Manager



NO. 1 PLANT
Machine shop, foundry, sub-assemblies, hardening, heat-treating



OFFICE
Including draughting and experimental departments



NO. 2 PLANT
Erecting, testing, painting, finishing

OUR RECORDS

Who cares what car wins the speed races? We don't. But what car wins the endurance and hill climbing trophies? Why, no car at anywhere near our price even goes into them—let alone win, as the Brush has done.

What other car at this price ever crossed the American Continent, or climbed Pike's Peak, or won the classic Algonquin Hill Climb trophy? Other records are the Five-Car Efficiency Run, the Eight Day Kansas City-Oklahoma, the Michigan Dealers, the Atlanta-Macon, the Ohio, and other endurance runs and contests. This year we have two entries in the Glidden Tour, and will shine in numerous other events. But above all we refer you to users. Ask them.

You can make no mistake in buying a tried, proved, known car, backed by reputation, popularity, a strong manufacturing company, and reliable dealers.

ESTABLISHED 1906

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO., 430 Baltimore Ave., Detroit

Members A. M. C. M. A.

P. S.—Where not represented, we will consider bona fide applications from agents and dealers. Write for terms

Victor-Victrola


MELBA


CARUSO


SEMBRICH


FARRAR



Do you k

that Melba
Manha
that Caruso
Metro
that Sembri
Metr
that Farrar
Metropolitan
that Tetrazzini sings *only fo*
Manhattan Opera Co.?
that Calve, Eames, Gadski, Homer, Plancon, Schumann-Heink, and Scotti are among the other world-famous artists who make records *only for the Victor?*


TETRAZZINI


SCHUMANN-HEINK


SCOTTI

No other instrument brings to you solos, duets, quartets, quintets and sextets sung by the celebrated artists pictured on this page. *Only the Victor* makes records of their magnificent voices. *Only the Victor* reproduces them so true to life as to satisfy these great artists. *Only the Victor* enjoys the right to reproduce them for you.

For your own protection look for the Victor Dog—on the horn and cabinet of every *Victor* and on every *Victor Record*.

Go and hear the *Victor-Victrola* today at the nearest *Victor* dealer's—he will gladly play grand opera or any other *Victor* music you want to hear.

Write to us for complete catalogues of the *Victor* and *Victor Records*, and for name of nearest *Victor* dealer.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.


GADSKI


CALVÉ




PLANCON


HOMER

E. F. FOLEY

A complete list of new Victor Records for May will be found in the May number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's and June Cosmopolitan

MAY FICTION NUMBER

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Mural Decoration in the Cafe of the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York. Painted by Maxfield Parrish

COPYRIGHT 1906 BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

Containing Three Stories:

Old King Cole was a
merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he
called for his bowl;
And he called for
his fiddlers three.

"BUCKO"

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

THE TROUBLE HUNTER

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

FILIBERTO

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

VOL XLIII NO 5

APRIL 28 1906



CHIEF CROKER

Of New York, head of the best equipped Fire Department in the World

USES THE

Jones Speedometer

He says: "It has worked entirely satisfactorily and I would feel at a loss without it."

THE JONES is the best speed indicator. That is why the Chief uses it. EVERYBODY KNOWS the High Standard of accuracy and workmanship found in the JONES. It has been UNIVERSALLY ADOPTED for Official work where the utmost accuracy is required. It's the kind the BICYCLE POLICE use. It's the kind YOU SHOULD USE. In the only Official Trials ever held for speed indicators the Jones—constructed on the principle of centrifugal force—WON FIRST PLACE. Its nearest American competitor—using the PRINCIPLE OF MAGNETISM—finished in SEVENTH PLACE.



Can you afford to take chances with an inferior instrument when you can get a JONES—the speed indicator with TEN YEARS' experience and reputation back of it? Made by the LARGEST AND MOST EXPERIENCED speed indicator manufacturers in the World.

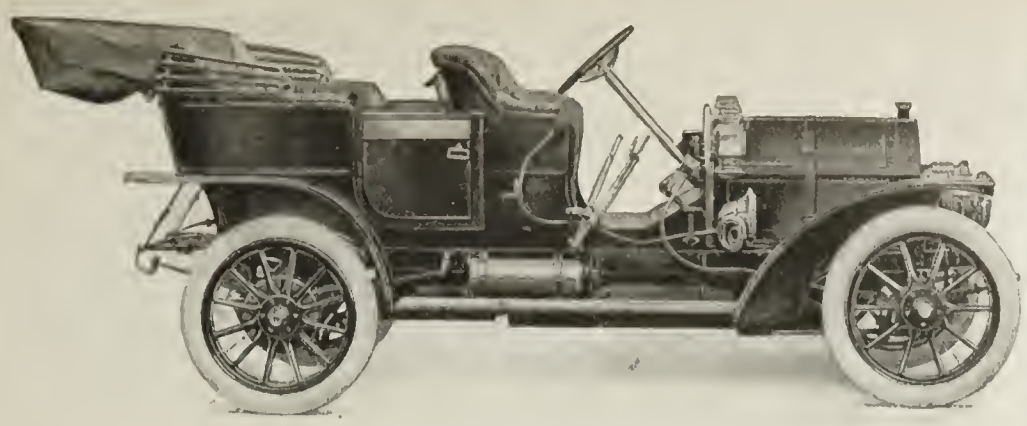
INSIST UPON THE JONES

Write for folder containing all models and prices

THE JONES SPEEDOMETER

Broadway and 76th Street NEW YORK

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750

Judge This Car By Its Record

If you were hiring a man at a good salary to work for you, you would hire him largely on his record.

If you are going to buy a motor car at a good price to work for you, why not buy one on its record?

No car has a better record than the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—which sells for $2,750.

During 1908 the "Forty" finished first, or with a perfect score, in twenty-five nationally known races, hill climbs and endurance contests.

We send our cars freely into contests—for your benefit. A car that will stand up under the bitter strain of contests will prove reliable for the owner in every day use.

We do everything we can to prove out the cars, for your benefit. You have a right to know what a car will do—or what it will not do. You like a car that has done things, just as you like a man who has done things.

Read What This Car Has Done

In the Detroit Endurance Run of 450 miles last spring, perfect scores were earned by all three Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" entries. The same story was told in Baltimore-Hagerstown, the Kansas City and the Hartford Endurance Runs, and in the Detroit and Atlanta Sealed Bonnet contests.

In the Minneapolis Endurance Run of 262 miles, the "Forty" made the only perfect road score among nineteen starters, winning the Minneapolis Tribune Trophy.

At Denver it won the Rocky Mountain Cup Race of 320 miles over treacherous roads, the only car to finish out of seven entries. As a hill climber the "Forty" demonstrated its superiority by being first at Algonquin, Cincinnati, Giant's Despair, Dead Horse, New Haven, Albany, Spokane, Baltimore and many others. The latest hill climb victory was at Pasadena, where the "Forty" won the free-for-all for stock cars.

Owners of the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" know that it lives up to its public record in private life. A thousand owners will tell you it is reliable, quiet, speedy; that it seldom needs repairs; that it is easy on tires; that it does its work on a small amount of gasoline.

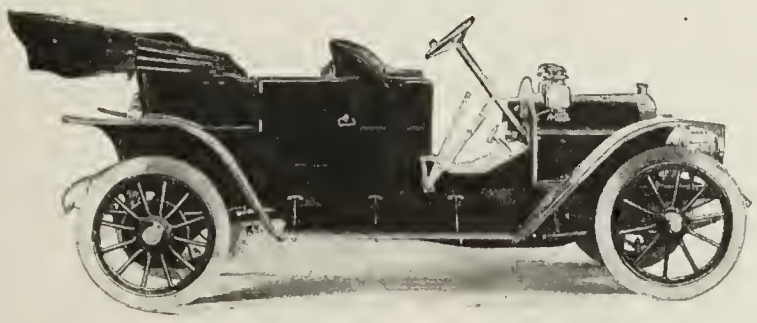
"After running one of your 'Forty' cars over 5,000 miles without the slightest mechanical trouble and not one cent paid out for repairs," reads a letter from Mr. Albert H. Inman, of Worcester, Mass., "I know that it's in every way as good a car as you claim it to be. I have other and higher priced cars but none of them show such a surplus of power or get it to the wheels so quickly."

Mr. M. E. Green, 409 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Not only is my Chalmers-Detroit 'Forty' the most comfortable and easy riding car I have had in five years' experience as an owner, but I have found it extremely cheap in maintenance, getting from twelve to sixteen miles from a gallon of gasoline. Tire expenses are reduced to a minimum, owing to the lightness of the car."

Mr. Robert T. Whalen, 735 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, writes that he has traveled 12,000 miles over all sorts of road conditions without the slightest bit of trouble and that he finds the 'Forty' light enough to avoid tire troubles.

"This is my fifth automobile and it gives me more pleasure than any I have ever owned," says Mr. Fred H. Clarke, 715 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich. "It will do anything an automobile should do, but the chief pleasure of ownership is owing to the fact that the 'Forty' does not have to be taken to the repair shop."

All that you want in a motor car you get in the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," at $2,750—speed, hill climbing power, silence, low upkeep, beauty of line, reliability, long life. Please write today for our catalog. We honestly believe that we offer the best value for the money, and all we ask is for a chance to tell you more about our cars.



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1500

This is the low-priced car we spent two years in designing and building. It represents the utmost value for the money. It is the distinctive car of the low-priced class. No others near its price have the same up-to-date features. It has an I-beam single piece drop forged front axle, cylinders en bloc, aluminum crank case, strongest possible steering connections, a stronger, cleaner frame than any other low-price car, multiple disc clutch, simple and effective oiling system, unit power plant, vanadium steel springs—¾ elliptic in the rear—annular ball bearings which cost us $103, four cylinder engine, full floating type rear axle, the best grade of material in every part. Five passengers; roomy; beautiful lines. Please write today for our catalog.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members A. L. A. M.

STERLING TIRES

IT'S mainly the way they are put together that makes Sterling Tires sterling. But the friction we use holds better than any other—"friction" meaning the adhesive mixture that is rolled into the fabric to make the several plies stick together—and it is the adhesion of these plies that gives strength to the tire. It's old Mr. Æsop's bundle of sticks all over again.

In Sterling Tires this adhesion of the friction is made permanent by our "air-bag cure"—and thereby hang these few facts—

After being frictioned, a layer of fabric is fitted over an iron or wooden core, and is inspected—then another is laid on and inspected—then more layers, then the pure rubber cushion, more fabric, and finally the cover and tread—each being inspected as, and after, it goes on. Then the core is replaced by an air bag the shape and size of an inner tube. The compressed air is turned on to 120 lbs. and the tire in its mould goes into the heater for vulcanizing. Heat increases the air pressure to between 300 lbs. and 400 lbs., which thoroughly amalgamates the various layers of the tire.

These are the secrets of Sterling strength—simple to tell about, but requiring constant watchful attention.

We believe no other tire is so carefully built, or so rigidly inspected. We believe no other tire gives, or can give, so much service per dollar of cost.

You will find Sterling Tires as absolutely uniform in performance as anything made of fabric and rubber can be.

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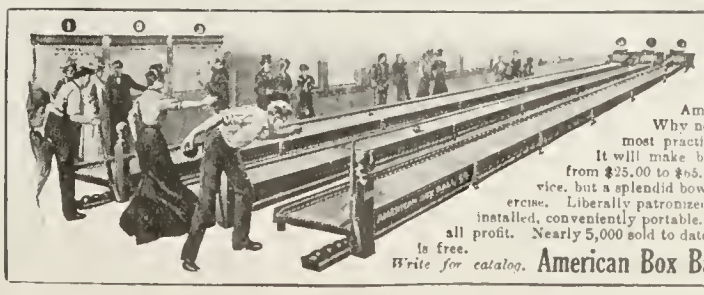
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Collier's

Saturday, April 24, 1909

May Fiction Number

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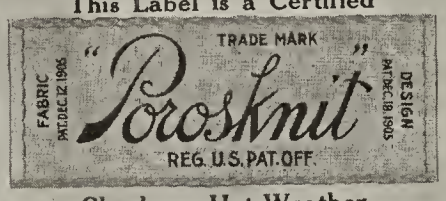
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, April 24, 1909

Important Fiction Coming

¶ *Collier's has recently made arrangements with four noted writers of fiction to furnish stories during the coming year.*

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Has written a new story, "A Wasted Day," which will appear in the course of a few months.

REX BEACH

Will write five stories this year, all of which will appear in Collier's.

O. HENRY

Will also contribute five stories.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

Contemplates writing but two stories during the year, both of which have been secured by Collier's.

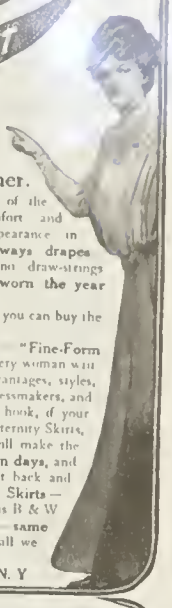
In Next Week's Issue:

¶ *"The Woman Who Votes," by Sarah Comstock, the second of a series of articles dealing with the actual use of the franchise by the women in the suffrage States. The article describes—as only a skilled writer of fiction can describe—the scenes, incidents, and the atmosphere of election day in Cheyenne, Wyoming. It makes an interesting picture—the streets filled with carriages and automobiles bringing the women voters, and often including the children, to whom the free ride made a strong appeal; the social-function aspects of the polling places the last half hour before closing, the gallantry of the men, the zeal of the women, the enthusiasm of the girls of twenty-one casting their first ballots, and the thoroughness with which the feminine vote was gotten out. But it is more than a picture—it is a pictorial presentation of facts and conditions upon which those seeking to form a true judgment of the suffrage question can base their theories and conclusions.*

¶ *It is hard to dispel from one's mind the conception of the Chinese army as a crooked line of hatless men with breastplates and spears, and to substitute a regiment in uniform not unlike that of the best trained armies of Europe. But that is the change one's mental picture must undergo to keep pace with the radical improvements of the Chinese army since the introduction, within the last few years, of foreign military ideas. Next week we shall print a double-page of photographs which will help to revise the popular impression.*

¶ *"Life in Layers," by Eugene Wood, is the second instalment of "The Wicked City," the first of which appeared in the issue of April 3. The author calls back to your mind the first time you ever visited New York, and how it seemed to you, and how you seemed to it. You remember how many comparisons you had to make between the way they did things in New York and your home town, and how many times the odds were in favor of your own town—at least, so you then thought. You are also called on to remember the ambition you had when you came to New York, and how you were compelled to revise your viewpoint.*

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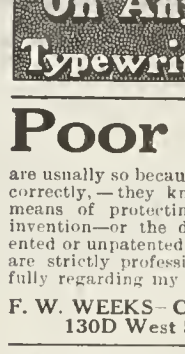


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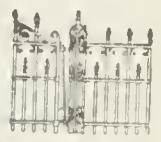


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Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416–424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

April 24, 1909

Drink and Collier's

MORE OPINION is vented on liquor than on any other topic at present occupying the confused intelligence of man. An individual who subscribed to a clipping bureau received 12,000 newspaper extracts in a month, and only one newspaper in every five was read in order to make this choice collection. Our own outlook upon alcoholic beverages is described by the "National Prohibitionist," after due reflection, as "pig-headed." The brewers, after as careful consideration, call it "biased." It all depends largely upon one's emphasis. "Man," said BYRON, "being reasonable, must get drunk." Also spake the same great poet thus: "There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion." To these virtues of the alcoholic habit we have never accorded serious attention. With the philosophers, on the other hand, we do agree, when they attribute to drink a large part of humanity's waste and crime. It is the builder of asylums, jails, hospitals; the cause of poverty, inefficiency, cruelty, and short life; the backbone of corrupt politics, gambling, and prostitution. As long ago as BACON'S time that observer said:

"All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness."

This high cost being realized, regulation and suppression are eagerly discussed. Some individuals still think their fundamental liberty interfered with by regulation. In general, however, the conception of freedom grows more social. Twenty years ago there was much talk about "liberty of contract" between laborer and employer. Now we prefer a freedom of the laborer from danger and oppression. Parents once were free to keep their children out of school, and freer than now to have babies labor in the mills. We were all freer to keep as many rats as we chose in time of plague; to go unvaccinated; to run insurance companies according to choice; to eat cocaine, and put fiction on the label of food or patent medicine. This liberty argument is now seen by most of us as CARLYLE saw it many years ago:

"No man oppresses thee, oh free and independent franchiser! but does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee? No son of ADAM can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of CEDRIC the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy 'liberty,' thou entire block-head!"

Certain other arguments about drink are rapidly passing likewise. An absurd economic thought put out by the brewers is that rum pays taxes, therefore it helps the community; which is as if one should say rum destroys a large part of man's efficiency, wealth, and happiness, but while he is thus destroying himself he pays taxes over the bar, instead of paying a smaller tax some other way. One more passing argument is that man needs stimulants. Experience in athletics, armies, navies, business, and medicine is rapidly diminishing the force of this objection. Doctors find better drugs, employers won't take drinking men, abstemious athletes win, and fresh air, conversation, music, and travel furnish stimulation at less cost.

Why, then, do we refuse to join the Prohibitionists? That question is what puzzles the national propagandists and makes them select finally the word "pig-headed." They believe that whatever is good for man should be ladled out to him. If he ought to bathe, have a policeman wash him. If he eats too much, stop him. If tobacco does harm, prohibit it. If sleeping on the side is healthier, prevent sleeping on the back. The truth is, of course, that law can successfully enact only the strong convictions of a strong majority. Many of us have multitudes of convictions which we are not stupid enough to press with force. The world one day may or may not abolish drink. All that can be said at present is that sweeping measures fail. Prohibition succeeds in districts, mostly in the country, where opinion is overwhelming. It has proved impossible in great cities. It works indifferently in States like Maine, where opinion is divided closely. Even prohibition on one day in seven fails in most big towns. The topic is absurdly large for universal dogma, and therefore the old moralistic Prohibition Party failed. The present wave is the spread not of a dogma, but of experience, and just as there is a tendency toward prohibition in homogeneous rural districts. West and South, so there is a tendency toward legalized Sunday opening in big towns. The subject is one for patience, study, and experiment. Only limited points are distinct. The rest is fog. We take the risk, for example, of the following propositions:

1. JOE CANNON is perpetuating a gross wrong on a free people when he refuses to allow Congress to vote on the bill prohibiting shipments of liquor by express companies into prohibition States.

2. Prohibition is a failure whenever a State or county attempts to coerce a town or city in which public sentiment is against prohibition.

3. There are too many saloons. Licenses ought to be granted from the point of view of order, not of income. From various foreign systems we have much to learn.

4. Amusements for the people must be encouraged, to supply the social features of the saloon.

Another Pension List?

IN THE IMPORTANT COUNTRIES of Europe it is now a recognized function of the State to meet a certain kind of expenditure quite unfamiliar on this side of the water. Each of the leading Governments over there pays out large sums of money every year to members of the laboring class. Sometimes the laboring people contribute, sometimes their employers, the amount being settled by the State. This insurance is against old age, unemployment, sickness, or accidents, and it may take the form of an annuity or a single sum. In some countries it is compulsory, in others voluntary. England's Chancellor of the Exchequer must raise about $43,000,000 this year for the purposes, and the Finance Ministry of France is confronted with the probability of having to produce about $38,000,000. How soon will State Insurance be discussed as a national question of the day in the United States? Viewing the size of our population, our wage scale, our standard of living, and our fashions of lavish liberality, we are likely to find this proposal meaning here as much as our other pension list of $150,000,000. The most promising barrier against it is the Massachusetts system of savings-bank insurance, and it is a deep satisfaction, therefore, to find that system becoming more successfully established every month.

The Cat

SATISFACTORY ADVICE on the subject of kindness is contained in the brief classic:

"Kick the stranded jellyfish back into the sea;
Always be kind to animals wherever you may be."

A lady was bitterly disappointed the other day because we could not print a 50-line production in blank verse which urged householders to provide for their cats when they board up their front doors and go away for the summer. Another correspondent, on the contrary, thinks the noiseless gun may be made a blessing. Every city and town is more or less overrun with stray cats, who drag out a miserable existence and keep us awake with their howlings in so-called cat-fights, which are in general only encounters where a long-reach cat gets a smaller one in a corner and tortures him. Or a strong, well-fed creature corners a feeble, half-starved one, scratches open his half-healed wounds, and covers him with new ones. Every morning countless thousands of people go forth to their affairs in bad condition to remain so all day because of loss of sleep inflicted by cats. Our friend suggests that certain members of the police force be supplied with noiseless revolvers and all cats without collars be deemed strays and sent to a less complicated universe. These suggestions, opposite in feeling, do not conflict. Perhaps both might be adopted.

Lldyffllanllraethll

IT HAS TAKEN a tiny local earthquake to reveal one of the world's most extraordinary words. A very minor seismic shook and rattled and tumbled the homes of those that dwell in Lldyffllanllraethll. Lldyffllanllraethll is a town in Wales—where else? The piteous disaster can not blur the amazement with which we face the name of that town and wind our tongue lovingly about its labials; lapping up the consonants, as the Great Ant-Eater of Australia collects on his gummy tongue the little angry red ants that lie in his path. There has been no such name cast up in the face of the public—eight l's, sliding off into y's and ff's with the grace of the late Mr. SWINBURNE'S saccharine sonnets—since the Greek dramatist affronted his Athenians with the word that played with the "Kappa's" till the line overflowed.

Actors Gone

THEY CROSSED THE RIVER almost together, SONNENTHAL and MODJESKA. He was probably the most complete and powerful actor in either of the great German countries, which have more really high-class theaters than the rest of the world combined. When TOMMASO SALVINI was once talking to the writer of these lines about acting, he said, what is the general opinion of the best-informed, that Germany might fall below Italy in native individual inspiration (in genius, SALVINI put it), but that in intelligence, in thoroughness, in balance, in justness of effect, no other country could compare with her—Austria, of course, being included with Germany in this comparison. To stand at the top in such a civilization meant much, and SONNENTHAL was a man of refinement, taste, and understanding, as well as of natural graphic quality and the soundest training. Although MODJESKA was most distinguished for delicacy and sweetness, she was capable of strength also, and she had the training to make effective her exquisite and always lovely spirit. Of the world's foremost actors a large part have been swept down of late; SALVINI is in retirement; ELLEN TERRY has not the steady glow of other years; DUSE is tired; and the marvelous BERNHARDT seems to live in the pace of early days, never weary, never at a loss, likely to meet the hereafter, when her time is done, with one unhesitating, sudden bound.

An Expert's Thought

HE RETURNED at last to the country of his labors. It seemed so long, his absence. It was a whole month. Said he:

"The performances we witnessed were profitable from the standpoint of showing us what to avoid."

Did he not know already what to avoid? Successfully has he not shunned all that draws the educated and the intelligent into the theaters of Vienna, Paris, Berlin? More also he said:

"I have come back more convinced than ever that our stage has advanced over that of Europe to as great an extent as our commerce."

ERLANGER goes abroad. What he sees convinces him of the wonder and glory of his own hands. One more gem we must crowd in:

"The theater in America is a great institution. In Europe it is simply a means to kill time between dinner and supper."

Honestly, can you beat it? Talking about the men who have been controlling American drama, can you find in any dictionary words which at all do justice to the emotions which you are struggling to express?

A Slate

MR. TAFT'S COURAGE has received dramatic proof. FULTON'S record was set forth in such a light that the people of Oregon refused to allow him to represent them further in the Senate. Mr. TAFT'S opinions and reasons, however, are his own. He offered to Mr. FULTON the ministry to China, even although it was necessary to withdraw a man so well equipped as Mr. ROCKWELL. When the rumor started that Mr. FAIRBANKS was to have the ambassadorship to England, if President ELIOT refused, we suspected at first the work either of a joke factory or of one of those clipping bureaus which the former Vice-President has found convenient. The Fulton idea, however, made the Fairbanks rumor sound rational enough. Not to intrude, but merely to help toward harmony, we suggest:

Ambassador to France, JOHN F. DRYDEN of New Jersey.
Ambassador to Germany, LEVI ANKENY of Washington.
Ambassador to Russia, ALBERT J. HOPKINS of Illinois.
Ambassador to Italy, JOHN RAINES of New York.
Ambassador to Austria, ABRAHAM RUEF of California.

A tale was published that Ex-Senator FULTON preferred to be a Federal Judge. He would, no doubt, be an ornament to the Supreme Court of the United States, but if ministers with excellent records are to be removed no man, not even FULTON, is too good to be drafted to the foreign service of his country.

On the Coast

CALIFORNIA HAS JOINED the States which have adopted direct primary laws, though the law has been mangled by the agents of the Southern Pacific political machine. The work of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and the League of Justice is bearing fruit. The present Legislature has tried hard to break with the old machine, though unsuccessfully. The California bill, as originally introduced, provided that each candidate for the Legislature should take a pledge to follow the advice of the majority of his party in the State on the Senatorship. The machine men in the Legislature substituted a provision that each candidate for the Legislature should be advised on the Senatorship by the majority of his party in his own district. This would put forward any number of "favorite sons," none of whom could probably be elected, and leave the legislator finally to vote for the machine candidate. As the bill was finally adopted, the legislator is free to take the advice either of the majority of his constituents in his district or of the majority of his party in the State. The most vicious feature of the bill seems to have been overlooked. Whatever good government California has so far achieved has been through the coalition of the law-abiding element of the different parties. Such coalition is expressly prohibited by the present law. No good can thus come of any political party in California other than the Republican. That party is overwhelmingly dominant and is as overwhelmingly controlled by the Southern Pacific forces. If the League of Justice forces do not eventually win, history will at least give them credit for having compaigned with credit against a force which has behind it thirty years of strong entrenchment.

A Museum of Security

MORE THAN 500,000 AMERICAN WORKERS were killed or injured last year in the regular course of our industrial operations. This is a bigger casualty list than is credited to the recent earthquake in southern Italy and Sicily. Sixty per cent of the time of all the courts of New York State is taken up with the trial of negligence suits. Ninety per cent of these suits fail on the theory of our courts that the employee mustn't "monkey with the buzz-saw." The State Legislatures are passing increasingly stringent laws intended to shift on to the employer the responsibility for accidents and bad sanitary conditions. There exists in this country to-day no agency or institution where an employer may find out how to erect the best sort of factory building or get the best devices for protecting the worker from the peril of machinery. There are in Europe ten "Museums of Security," supported enthusiastically for the economic saving they effect. A few men have lately organized in this country, with headquarters just now in the Engineering Building in New York City, to build a museum of safety and sanitation. (They would be grateful for one word to take the place of "Safety and Sanitation" in the title.) These men would like to hear from everybody interested in cutting down our industrial death rate, lessening damage suits, and relieving the friction between the employer, willing to save but ignorant of methods, and the employee who reasonably insists upon a chance to survive. It is one of the subjects in which the country has something real to gain from thorough discussion and comprehension.

Journalism

RECENTLY A CRIMINAL was tried, condemned, and executed. The murder was of the most cold-blooded, without extenuation. There was no shadow of pretext upon which a pardon could be justified. In an editorial on the day of the execution the New York "Evening Journal" published the following sentences:

"This shameful crime against humanity was committed with the consent of Governor HUGHES. . . . The crime which he allowed to happen ought to disturb even his cold, methodical, and selfish nature. . . .

"But he had the cowardice, the smallness, to allow the thing to HAPPEN. . . .

"Why did he do it? Because he knew that ROOSEVELT had done the same thing. Mr. HUGHES wanted to show that he had the fine courage of ROOSEVELT. Mr. HUGHES hoped to arouse admiration. As a matter of fact, when he imitated ROOSEVELT in this case of killing a woman, he was like some dunghill rooster imitating a gamecock."

The Hearst papers helped to finance the prosecution of Mr. JEROME. They told Governor HUGHES to remove the District Attorney. They are now seeking their revenge, but what awful slop to inflict upon us in that great cause!

Grandfathers

A MAN, dying by suicide, left behind a written statement which began: "First, I am a lineal descendant of PEREGRINE WHITE, the first white child born in America, just before the landing of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth Rock." He enumerated other of his forefathers who had been important, and ended with the complaint: "Do you not think I should be entitled to work for the Government?" PEREGRINE WHITE, who was born on the *Mayflower*, was a half-brother of JOSEPH WINSLOW, the first native governor of Plymouth Colony. He himself held several military and civil offices. Nothing is recorded against his character. He came into this world in 1620, which, according to the accepted formula, is ten generations back. Take the man who killed himself, and see how many progenitors he had ten generations back. Here is the result: Two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen, etc., thirty-two, sixty-four, one hundred and twenty-eight, two hundred and fifty-six, five hundred and twelve, one thousand and twenty-four. So PEREGRINE WHITE was one out of one thousand and twenty-four of that time who contributed to the body and mind and character of the late deceased. Who were the other one thousand and twenty-three?

Looking Forward

ON MAY 1 Dr. CHARLES W. ELIOT will retire from the presidency of Harvard University. With quenchless enthusiasm he has, for five and seventy years, culled from life those things which are of most worth.

"Thanks in old age—thanks ere I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for life, mere life. . . .
For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, books—for colors, forms,
For all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men—who've forward sprung in freedom's help, all years, all lands,
For braver, stronger, more devoted men."

Dr. ELIOT has seen his inspiration and deeds bear fruit in the lives of his fellows. The nation shows its estimate of him by seeking his services in other fields, and perhaps even for a quarter of a century he may add to the force and wisdom of his native land.

The Lower House and Standard Oil

The Attempt and the Failure to Keep a High Duty on Oil and Its Products—Chaste Diction from "Uncle Joe"—Forty-seven Stalwarts

By MARK SULLIVAN

THIS is the history of the effort made by the Republican organization in the Lower House of Congress—and especially the dominant group within that organization, led by Cannon and Dalzell—to put a very heavy duty upon crude oil, refined oil, and the two hundred products of oil.

The old tariff—the Dingley tariff under which we are now taxed—was written, "with privy paw," by the powerful interests whom it enriches. How the tariff on some grades of manufactured wool was secretly written by William S. Whitman—the story of the conspiracy between Whitman and Senator Aldrich, by which Whitman's lobbyist, S. N. D. North, became the confidential clerk of the Senate Committee on Finance—that story is now public property, thanks to a libel suit, in which the defendant, Frank P. Bennet, publisher of a Lynn (Massachusetts) paper, compelled Whitman to produce his letter-files. The part that the Standard Oil Company played in making the Dingley tariff is still a matter of dim half-lights—the public knows no more than that three United States Senators were, about that time, in the pay of the corporation. Anything more is surmise.

What Constitutes a "Joker"

CERTAIN it is that the heavy oil duties appeared in the present Dingley bill as the result of a trick—"joker" is the word used in the debates. In the body of the bill, oil stands boldly forth on the free list. Most of the members of Congress, when the bill was passed in 1897, believed that oil was free. Henry A. Cooper of Wisconsin, then and now a member of the House, and then and now an "insurgent," vigilant to see that oil was not protected, was so sure of oil's presence on the free list that he went on the stump and, for several months, proclaimed the fact as one of the virtues of the Republican Party. Congressman Gustav Küstermann of Wisconsin and Congressman John Wesley Langley of Kentucky say they thought oil was free, and said so on the stump. The clause which gave the Standard Oil Company the benefit of a three hundred per cent duty was hidden away among the countervailing provisions.

Vreeland of New York Gets Busy

THE present Ways and Means Committee, in making up the new tariff, did not put any duty on oil and its products. Whether they realized its injustice—or merely its unpopularity—doesn't matter. But before the bill was introduced they were persuaded, against their better judgment, by Congressman Edward Butterfield Vreeland of New York, to put in the Payne bill exactly the same countervailing duty that was in the old Dingley bill.

When the bill appeared on the floor of the House there was a storm. Champ Clark and many other Democrats attacked the provision. Several Republicans, especially Gustav Küstermann of Wisconsin, made speeches against it. Several other Republicans, including Vreeland of New York, Campbell of Kansas, Dalzell and Burke of Pittsburg, and Sylvester Clark Smith of California, defended the duty. (Smith was quite frank. "I always write protection with a capital P," said he.) Some of these defenders claimed they were acting, not in behalf of the wicked trust, but to help the trust's long-suffering rival, the independent producer. (Cannon came down from the Speaker's chair to resent the imputation that he was acting in behalf of Standard Oil—he was working, he said, in the interest of three thousand independent producers, all doing business in his own—Danville, Illinois—district.) To the end of the debates those who defended the duty disputed the theory that a duty on oil and its products is a duty in favor of the Standard Oil Company. Some of them may have been disingenuous, some may not; in any event, the United States Commissioner of Corporations, in his formal report, says that the countervailing duty permits the Standard Oil Company to charge the people of the United States three cents a gallon more for oil than they otherwise could, and that they sell oil cheaper abroad than in the United States. The Commissioner of Corporations is at least as unbiased as any of the Congressmen fighting to retain the duty. Anyhow, take Vreeland at his own word. "I speak," he said, "for five hundred thousand producers of oil, who are taking half a million dollars a day out of the ground." Standard Oil or no Standard Oil, ninety million consumers of oil and its products ought not to be taxed for the benefit of half a million producers; and if there is any group of persons who are wealthy as a whole, and free from the conventional protection bogy of pauper labor, it is the men who own oil-wells. They get their money with reasonable ease.

A Rapid-Fire Fight

GEORGE W. NORRIS of the Fifth Nebraska District, Republican insurgent, offered an amendment reducing the duty on oil and its products to a nominal one per cent. This amendment was instantly attacked by the Republican organization, led by Vreeland and Dalzell—not on its merits, but on technicalities of legislative procedure.

This is where Dalzell shines, where his long experience and his familiarity with the complicated rules enable him to serve efficiently the interests he represents. Four pages of the Congressional Record are dotted with points of order and parliamentary inquiries. Finally the chair ruled against Norris's amendment. Champ Clark appealed from the chair's decision. There was more parliamentary wrangling. In the end the chair's ruling was voted down by 174 to 162. (Unfortunately, no record of individual votes is kept when the House is in committee of the whole.) Dalzell didn't give up. He demanded tellers. They reported a majority of 168 to 136 against the chair's ruling. Then the debate turned on the merits of Norris's amendment. Campbell of Kansas held out for a high tariff on oil. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn made a speech which was interesting for several reasons—it expressed the view of a man of high intelligence that the Standard Oil Company will be hurt by lowered duties and recognized the habit of members to go on record one way in the public press and then dodge a record vote in Congress.

"An amendment is now pending that, whatever else its effect will be, will, in the opinion of many who are informed on the subject, seriously cripple the ability of this giant corporation to continue to fleece the American people. I am glad of this opportunity in my place as a Representative, discharging my duties in a conscientious manner, to express the hope that this amendment will be adopted by this House. . . . I have never failed to meet any question that came before this House and to place myself squarely on record upon it. I have never attempted to place myself on record in the public press and then to dodge a record vote upon questions in this House. Lest there should not be an opportunity to place ourselves upon record on this question, where it will be forever preserved in the permanent records, I desire this opportunity to let those who know me see that I have not deviated from that path which I have marked out since I have been a member of this body. . . . Mr. Chairman, I repeat again, in order that it may be reiterated in the Record, that I am heartily in favor of this amendment and that I shall vote for it both in the committee, where there will be no record vote, and in the House, where I hope there will be a record vote."

Plain Talk from "Uncle Joe"

SPEAKER CANNON left his chair to speak. His remarks illustrate at once his judicial temperament and his chaste diction:

"Mr. Chairman, I hope I may have without interruption the five minutes allotted to me. I happen to be the Speaker of the House, but am yet a member of the House. Rarely does a Speaker take part in a debate. I am compelled, at this time, as a Representative to say a word. In my Congressional district a new oil field has developed in the last four years. . . . There are said to be three thousand owners of the soil receiving royalties. Eighty to ninety per cent of that production is by independents. The Standard Oil, I am informed, has a line from that field to Whiting, Indiana. I am glad there is a line. My constituents would fight anybody who would tear up that line. . . . Yet if you were to listen to some gentlemen upon this floor it would seemingly be a felony for anybody to ship a barrel of oil through that wicked company's pipe line or sell oil to its owners. Now, what is this proposition? It is to put oil upon the free list. . . . Well, now, passion—misrepresentation, perchance; I do not know or care—makes this exception. To punish whom? The wicked Standard Oil. Gentlemen, is it not well enough to see, when you seek to punish somebody whom you claim is bad, that you do not, like old Samson, pull down the pillars and have the temple fall upon yourselves. . . . Still the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. Cooper) and others flap their wings and crow and crucify the people while they demagogue in denouncing this wicked Standard Oil. If the Standard Oil, a creature of the law, transgresses the law, the courts are open. . . ."

Immediately after Cannon's speech a vote was taken, and Norris's amendment, reducing the duty on oil to one per cent, was adopted.

Forty-Seven Faithful for the Duty on Oil

TWO days later the fight came up again. Between Wednesday and Friday the Republican organization made a complete about-face. On April 7 they had fought tooth and nail to retain a duty of twenty-five per cent and upward on oil and its products. On April 9 they went Norris one better, and Payne, the author of the tariff bill, introduced an amendment reducing the duty on oil from one per cent to nothing. In the final vote on this the record was kept. When it came to a public showing of hands, three hundred and twenty-two members of Congress voted for free oil; forty-seven voted against. There was something of braggadocio in the votes of these forty-seven faithful. They knew in advance they would be hopelessly beaten. They deserve credit for courage at least. The forty-seven were:

D. S. Alexander, John E. Andrus, George N. Southwick, and E. B. Vreeland of New York.

Andrew J. Barchfeld, Charles F. Barclay, Arthur L. Bates, James F. Burke, John Dalzell, William H. Graham, George F. Huff, J. N. Langham, George D. McCreary, Reuben O. Moon, John K. Tener, and Nelson P. Wheeler of Pennsylvania.

Ralph D. Cole, Herman P. Goebel, David A. Hollingsworth, Adna R. Johnson, and W. A. Thomas of Ohio.

William F. Englebright, Everis A. Hayes, Julius Kahn, Joseph R. Knowland, Duncan E. McKinlay, James McLachlan, and James C. Needham of California.

Joseph H. Gaines, William P. Hubbard, James A. Hughes, George C. Sturgiss, and Harry C. Woodyard of West Virginia.

Joseph B. Bennett, John W. Langley, and Don C. Edwards of Kentucky.

Charles E. Washburn and John W. Weeks of Massachusetts.

William Lorimer, James R. Mann, and Speaker Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois.

Richard W. Austin of Tennessee, Charles E. Creager of Oklahoma, John G. Grant of North Carolina, Joseph Howell of Utah, Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming, and H. O. Young of Michigan.

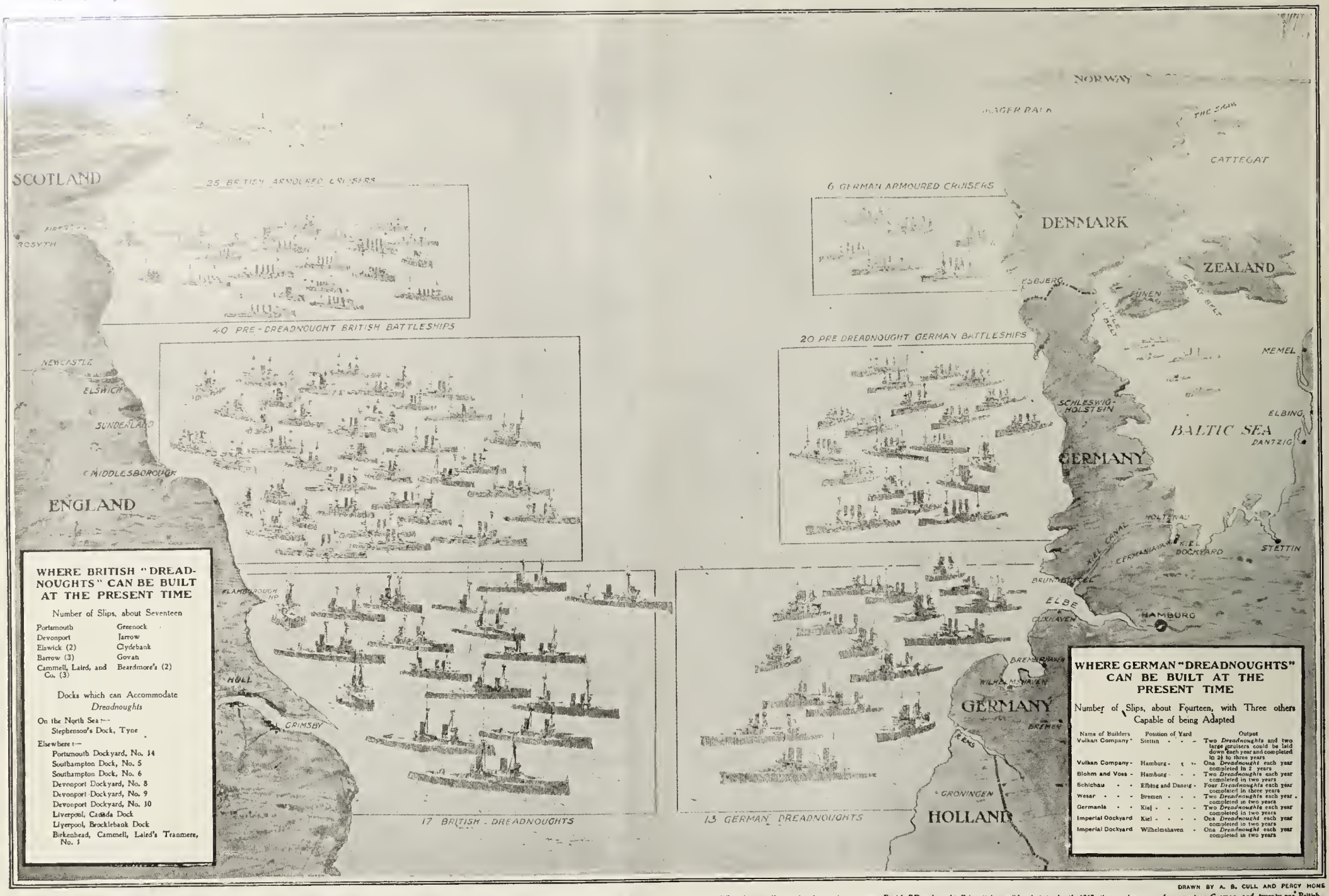
Real Opinion About Civil Service

THOSE who complacently hold the belief that the civil service is a permanent and accepted thing in this country should read these extracts from recent debates in the Congressional Record:

Senator Nathan Bay Scott of West Virginia: ". . . As far as I am personally concerned, I would hope that the whole matter (putting census appointments under Civil Service rules) would go out, and that Representatives and Senators would be given the privilege to name good clerks to do this work. . . . I am opposed to having them examined by the Civil Service Commission at all."

Senator Jacob Gallinger of New Hampshire: ". . . In my opinion, Civil Service has run mad in this country—literally run mad."

"APRIL, 1912"—A Glimpse of the North Sea Three Years Hence with the Fighting Ships of Germany and Britain.



DRAWN BY A. B. CULL AND PERCY HONE

This bird's-eye view gives an idea of the fighting values of the German and British fleets as they will be in April, 1912, the date which has suddenly assumed so much importance. Thirteen German "Dreadnoughts" are placed opposite seventeen British "Dreadnoughts," but it is possible that in April, 1912, the numbers may be seventeen German and twenty-one British "Dreadnoughts." In addition to these giant vessels there will be the British fleet of forty pre-"Dreadnought" vessels faced here by a fleet of twenty German pre-"Dreadnought" battleships, and British armoured cruisers would number twenty-five to the German six

A reproduction from the "Sphere's" "Naval Crisis" supplement of March 27 showing the relative strength of the British and German Navies three years from now

Germany's Naval Ambitions

Some Reasons Why the United States Should Wake Up to the Facts About the Kaiser's Battleship-Building Program—Great Britain's Danger Exaggerated, But Not Her Fright

By CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN

THE recent scare in Great Britain over German naval rivalry has been duly recorded in the American press as a matter of current news; but it seems scarcely to have received the attention, or the perspicuous application to ourselves, that the circumstances require.

The German naval program has been known for some time. To cite the head of the British Admiralty, speaking in Parliament, "when all the ships under it shall have been completed, they will constitute a navy more powerful than any now in existence." What was unknown until recently to the British Admiralty, the admission of which has caused the alarm, was the immense, rapid, but unnoted, growth of facilities for quick building that has taken place in Germany. The Admiralty not only was unaware of what was passing, but a year ago had assured the public, officially, that the rate of building was so much in favor of Great Britain that she could always keep ahead of the development of any other country. Meanwhile, Germany not only was proceeding with actual building, but was developing simultaneously her means. Said the British Secretary of the Navy in Parliament: "Two years ago I believe that there was in Germany, with the possible exception of one or two slips in private yards, no slip capable of carrying a *Dreadnought*. To-day they have no less than fourteen such slips, with three more under construction. Two years ago any one familiar with the capacity of Krupps and other great German firms would have ridiculed the possibility of their undertaking the supply of all the component parts of eight battleships in a single year. To-day this productive power is a realized fact." The same power of production has been provided for guns, gun-mountings, and armament in general. Without further elaboration of detail, Germany, granting the mechanics and the money, can build now as many and as fast as Great Britain herself. How about America?

Further, the German Government has the resource of anticipating votes of supply. That is, having adopted a program which extends over many years—a thing which neither Great Britain nor the United States does, nor, I apprehend, constitutionally can do—orders are issued from time to time to manufacturers in advance of the money being voted. No difficulty is made by German builders or financiers in meeting and providing for such orders. Thus the parts of several great ships are being turned out a considerable time before that which would be anticipated by outsiders, looking only at the program, or at the proceedings of the German Legislature. This turning out of the parts escapes the attention which sees only in the laying of the keel the moment of initiation; but it is evident that it is an immense stride toward ultimate completion. It is also evident that by this method work may be so apportioned, and so assured to the manufacturing establishments, as to secure them steady employment, and to enable them to develop their plant with confidence of returns; the certainty for which commerce always longs.

By this development of building facilities, anticipation of votes of supply, and preparations before keel-laying, Germany has stolen a march upon Great Britain in two respects. She has advanced toward the fulfilment of a program which contemplates a navy stronger than the present British, with a stride far beyond what the British Government a year ago thought possible; and, further, she has created, unseen, facilities which enable her to maintain this gain, for she can now go on building as rapidly as her supposed rival.

After reading the most notable recent speeches in Parliament upon this topic—a trouble, I fancy, few Americans have taken—I incline to think that the situation as regards Great Britain, though embarrassing to that country, is less immediately menacing than pessimists assert; but I believe, none the less, that an extraordinary situation has been created, and that henceforward, if Germany so will and can find the money, the two-power standard of the British fleet, accepted by Liberals as well as Conservatives, can not be maintained. The two-power standard, it may be explained, means that in predominant British opinion the British navy should equal in power the combination of the two strongest foreign navies, plus a margin of safety of, say, ten per cent. By some the United States navy is not included in such possible combination.

In the London "Times" for March 24, the editor of the British "Naval Annual," who for twenty years has been accustomed, in the interests of his periodical, to keep track of the progress of all navies, contributes the following table as to the strength of the British and German navies, in battleships of the heaviest class, at the end of three approaching years:

	GREAT BRITAIN	GERMANY
1910 (end)	10	9
1911 "	16	13
1912 "	20	17

Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Opposition, rates the

German numbers higher, upon information in his possession; but I prefer to adhere to the more moderate calculation, as made by a man not in the heat of controversy, and moreover a specialist in such estimates.

I fear that the people of the United States are less concerned than their interests should prompt them to be by this menace to another English-speaking community, in the welfare of which we have a great stake; but I trust that self-interest may arouse them to the fact that a portentous international fact, and factor—that is, maker of further facts—has come rapidly into existence, as well as been suddenly revealed. Granting that Great Britain still has a day of grace, in which, by strenuous effort, she can yet assure her naval supremacy, Germany can now put afloat a fleet without any other equal than that of her neighbor.

The suddenness of all this recalls other historic instances. Austria, in 1866, and France, in 1870, had awakenings similar to that which Great Britain has just undergone; only theirs was in the clash of arms, with the realized result of dire disaster. Many of us still survive who remember the unexpected wonders of the needle gun. The first Napoleon, after Jena and Tilsit, exacted a limit to the numbers of the Prussian army; he failed, however, to note that that army was being changed in composition year by year, so that by relays of training a nation of soldiers was created imperceptibly but swiftly. He met his surprises in the battlefields following 1812, ending with Waterloo.

"Our Needs Are Our Business," Says Germany

THE new conditions are of very grave concern to the United States. Let it be observed that the question is not one of a particular external object quietly aimed at by the German Government. In the late naval debates the British Prime Minister said: "The question has been raised more than once by the British Government, with a view to ascertaining whether any proposal for mutual reduction of expenditure for naval purposes would be accepted by the German Government; but we have been assured more than once, in the most formal manner, that their naval expenditure is governed solely by their own needs, and that their program does not depend upon us."

There is here no explanation of what Germany considers her needs, which compel the building of a navy that, when complete, "will be more powerful than any now existing." The reply, in terms unobjectionably civil, is virtually: "Our needs are our business, not yours." No offense can be taken, and outsiders are driven back upon the legal maxim that intention can only be inferred from action. Nor need they speculate overcuriously as to intention. As the British Foreign Minister has recently said: "Foreign governments and our own Government live from hand to mouth, and have fewer deep plans than people might suppose;" and he remarked that half the difficulties of foreign policy may arise from the exceeding ingenuity of different countries attributing motives to each other's governments. What other nations have to do is not to ask what Germany means, but to consider what effect such a fleet as she now contemplates must have, as an international factor, upon international questions should they arise.

The Peril of the Monroe Doctrine

IT IS, perhaps, hardly necessary to represent to Americans what the effect on their commerce and finance would be if Germany in a war should seriously impair the financial status of Great Britain; but it is surely incumbent upon us to recognize that there is now visible in the near future a foreign fleet decisively superior to our own, in the class of vessel accepted at present by preponderant naval opinion as the determinative factor in naval war. Great Britain also will have such a fleet, and superior; but a long history of international contention—together with the exposure of Canada—not to speak of kindlier relations and recent memory of good offices done us, make as sure as anything future can be, that Great Britain can have no wish to contravene our historic policy known as the Monroe Doctrine. It is, indeed, unthinkable that Great Britain now, any more than in 1823, can wish any change in the political dependence of tropical America.

Germany's action as regards the Monroe Doctrine has also been scrupulously in accord with our position; and for that reason no one has a right to suggest any purpose to the contrary for the future. But we must look facts straight in the face, and see that, in case of future offense given by some future Castro—a condition almost sure to arise—such superiority at sea as Germany is now establishing puts in her power to exact whatever reparation she may please, irrespective of the Monroe Doctrine.

Having advanced, through eighty years of consistent contention, to the position we now hold with regard to European interference on this continent, are we willing now to leave a permanent element of national policy dependent upon the uncertain indulgence of a foreign state, which is notoriously thirsting for colonization in the supposed interest of racial development? The recent decision of Congress to vote only two of the four *Dreadnoughts* asked by the late President was probably in ignorance of the grave future of international balance constituted by this action of Germany, so suddenly revealed to the British Legislature.

Should such unhappy conjuncture arise, only naval power can control the issue. If the United States should find herself decisively inferior on the sea, she either must acquiesce without resistance, though not without remonstrance, or, resisting with inadequate means, be not only beaten on the main issue, but her commerce strangled by blockade. It may be apprehended, too, that, following recent experience, she may have to pay the war bills of both sides. It would seem almost better, upon the whole, to spend such indemnity beforehand, pocketing the results ourselves, in a navy adequate to prevent such humiliation; the bitterness of which would be provocative of further future trouble. The alternative, of paying later the price of the navy which shall have put you in a hole, does not commend itself as a palatable draft; not to speak of the reversal of a permanent national policy, deliberately adopted, and maintained through near three generations. There is, besides, the question of our property at Panama. Scarcely five years have passed since, after long negotiation, we freed ourselves from our engagements with Great Britain, and obtained, diplomatically, the free management and control of the canal. Control, however, is a mockery in terms when confronted by a superior navy. As toward Great Britain, we have other means of pressure should occasion arise; toward any other European power we have only our navy.

Preparing for Europe's Overflow

FEW persons realize what the appearance of such a navy as that which Germany is building means in international affairs. The question, indeed, is not what she intends; like other governments, she may to some extent live from hand to mouth, though probably not so much so as others. The question is: What will she be able to do with such a force? That is her meaning; the expediency of an unknown future, as yet contingent and impossible to foresee. But though contingencies are beyond our ken, it is perfectly knowable, and absolutely sure, that, should they be unfavorable, she, with a decisively superior navy, will have the whip hand. To cite instances, to illustrate in detail how navies built for one purpose have insensibly been led to assert decisive effect in very different quarters, passes the limits of this writing. Thus it was, without malice prepense, that the navy of Cromwell, built for the narrow seas, was drawn, almost despite himself, to the Mediterranean; and there in his strong hands, followed by William III and Marlborough, changed the face of Europe and shaped therefrom the destinies of America. Is there any thoughtful man who does not see that the great international questions of this present day are shaping far outside of the narrow seas, although it is quite possible that they may be decided there? Europe is full—and overflows.

CAN GREAT BRITAIN EQUAL ANY TWO? THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD'S POWERS.

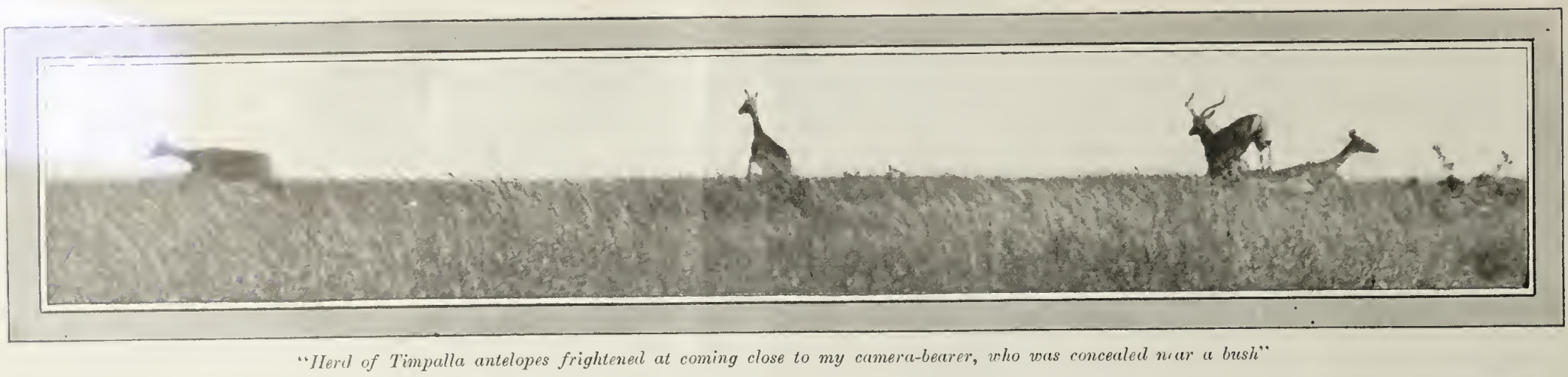
DRAWN BY ALBERT SEBILLE.



THE FORCES THAT HELP TO MAINTAIN PEACE: THE NAVIES OF THE NATIONS—THEIR FIGHTING-STRENGTH AT A GLANCE.

Our Illustration shows the effective fighting-ships of the world's navies, those war-vessels that, according to many politicians, do much to insure the peace of the world. In our Illustration the battle-ships are shown formed in line; the armoured cruisers are shown advancing; in the foreground are indicated dockyards in which are vessels under construction or waiting to be launched. The vessels of Brazil are of particular interest, owing to the statement that Great Britain may yet purchase the three "Dreadnoughts" that are being built for that Power in this country.

A reproduction from a sixteen-page supplement to the "Illustrated London News" of March 27 in which appeared a seven-foot panorama of the British Navy. Both to quiet the present alarm among the people and to warn their Government, English papers do not hesitate to compare their naval forces with those of other powers



"Herd of Timpalla antelopes frightened at coming close to my camera-bearer, who was concealed near a bush"



"The caravan on the march"

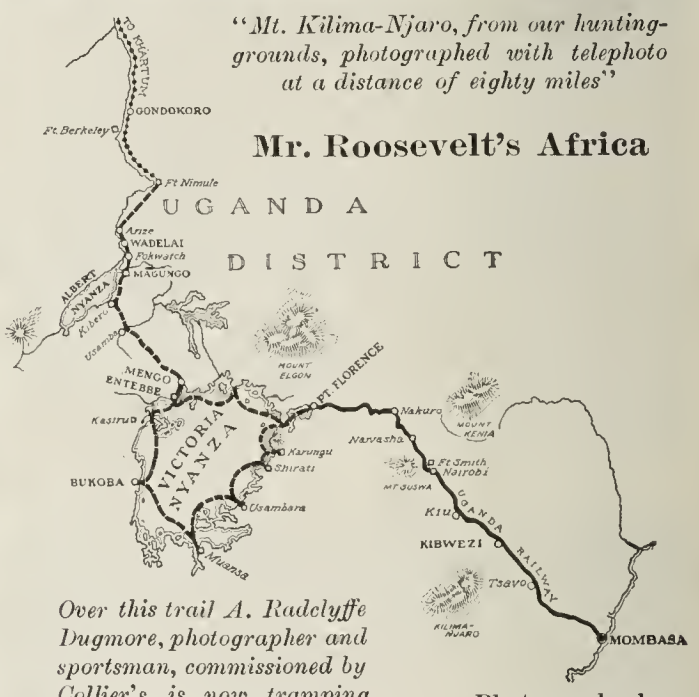


"Mt. Kilima-Njaro, from our hunting-grounds, photographed with telephoto at a distance of eighty miles"



"A young Timpalla buck resting in the shade"

Mr. Roosevelt's Africa



Over this trail A. Radclyffe Dugmore, photographer and sportsman, commissioned by Collier's, is now tramping with his caravan, gathering in pictures of the big game

Photographs by A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE



"A herd of Grant's gazels. The third one from the right carries an exceptionally large pair of horns"

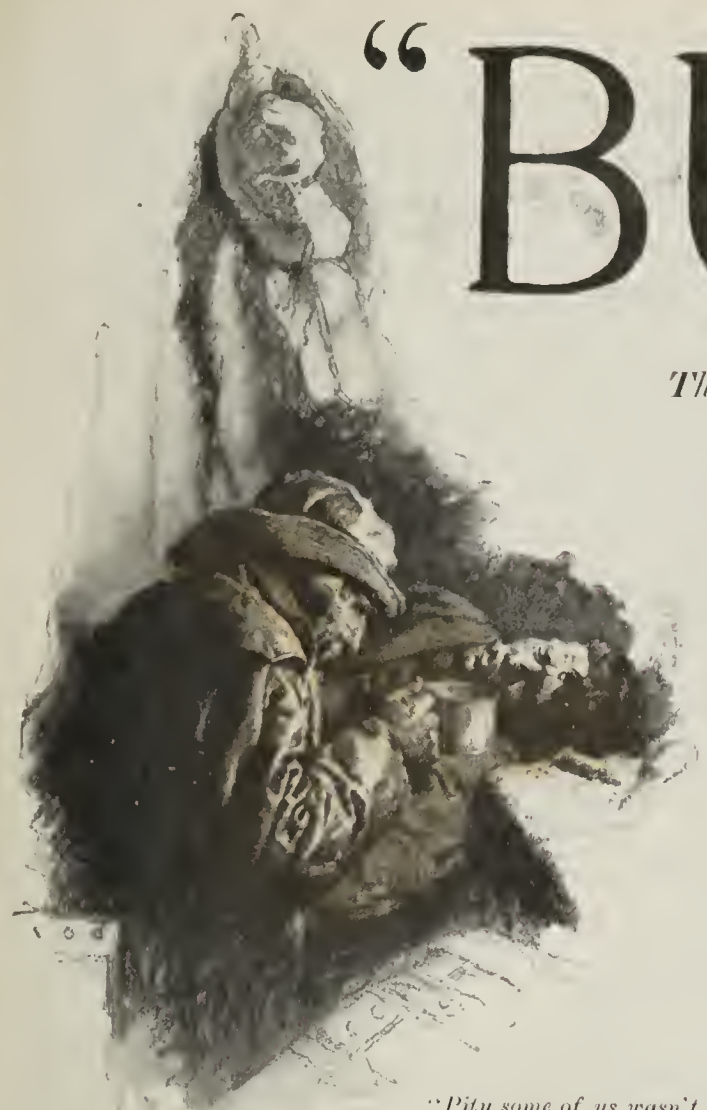
"BUCKO"

The South Sea Cruise of the Full-Rigged Ship "Etna"—Shaw Who Tried and Failed, and Noble Who Waited

By

PERCEVAL GIBBON

Illustrated by M. LEONE BRACKER



"Pity some of us wasn't by with a sheath-knife"

EVENING came up in a vast mellowness of coloring over sea and sky. There was scarcely a stir of wind; save for the wake of the tug, in which the *Etna* moved, with all sail set, like something half asleep, the sea was smooth as a floor. Far astern of her, shading into the pale sky, the low lands about the mouth of the Delaware were dimly seen; she was standing out on the first stage of her voyage around the Horn, from Philadelphia to San Francisco.

"Stand by to get the tow-rope aboard," came the order from aft. The sailors, bone-weary with the long day of bending sail and getting the ship ready for sea, crowded for'ard to the forecastle-head, sixteen hard and sullen men, strange to each other and to the ship. They came up in silence and grouped themselves ready to take in the hawser when the tugboat should give them slack. A few glanced aside as they stood to take stock of the second mate—glances gravid with calculation and suspicion, for the man had a name, a reputation current in forecastle and sailors' boarding-houses. Men who had sailed with "Bucko" Logan had a pride in remembering it; they spoke of him with curses, but often. He stood beside them now, ignoring them utterly and watching the towboat, his lean, clean-shaven face, with its hard jaw and its thin, courageous nose, showing no consciousness of their neighborhood. He was tall and long-legged; there was a quality of slenderness and alertness in all his body, a readiness in his attitude; he looked quick and dangerous even as he stood at rest. There were grave faces among those that scanned him.

He was the first to see that the towboat had stopped her engines. He woke to action like a spring released from tension. "Get hold of that hawser," he commanded, and though he spoke quietly, the weary men started to their work with brisk urgency. "Never mind the capstan," he bade; "take her in hand over hand. Heave away, now."

He put no hand to it himself, but stood and watched the bent line of them as they snatched the heavy hemp inboard. The tug had put her helm over and was falling back on the ship's beam; she was like a neat toy on that great shining plain of water. On her little pulpit of a bridge, the captain spun the wheel, leaning aside meanwhile to look over his shoulder at the ship; a couple of hands stood ready at the towing-chock to let go the line, and waved a farewell to the poop; and under her counter there was a bubble from the reversed propeller. Her captain detached a hand from the spokes and waved it. "So long, Bucko," he was shouting, cheerily. Logan gave him no answer. The laboring sailors had no eyes to spare for this little ceremony of farewells, in which no part was theirs; it seemed as though Logan joined them in a deliberate aloofness. The tug cast off the line, and it flopped into the water.

"Now, then," snapped Logan; "lively with that hawser." He thrust himself sharply in front of the foremost man and took hold of the wet rope. "Get a move on," he said, and laid his strength to it, while behind him the sailors hauled with a new energy. Already they had remarked on one thing—that Logan gave his orders without raising his voice to the conventional shout; shouting could have added no emphasis to their curt authority. And he had not sworn; the hawser had been got in by hand with none of that blusterous vociferation usual to such maneuvers. He was among them and close to them while they coiled the line down to dry on top of the foc'sle, swift and brief of speech, full of quick energy; they felt in him, in their dull, inarticulate way, something potent and individual for which they had no name. The need to discuss it made something of a bond between them when they knocked off at last for supper and sat about the narrow foc'sle over their food.

They were of all the races which furnish ships with crews, an all-nation and no-nation crowd gathered together from the world's ports to drive the old *Etna* from the Delaware to the Golden Gate. For them, the spaciousness of the world was no more than a road; every part of it was on the way to somewhere and no part of it was a final destination. English and Americans leavened their diversity thinly. They sat about on their chests and ate and drank absently, eying one another without interest.

It fell to an American to broach the matter which ripened in the mind of each.

"Well, boys," he said, over his steaming pannikin of foc'sle tea; "what d'ye make of Bucko Logan?"

They all turned toward him at the word; a white-haired seaman who sat next to him leaned forward and spat graphically on the dirty deck.

"I'd give a bit," he said slowly, "to ha' been sober the day I shipped for this trip. You wouldn't catch me aboard of here if I'd had my senses."

The Yankee who had spoken first nodded his full comprehension. He had a lean, humorous face, burned to the color of teak by many suns.

"Guess we'll be sober enough by the time he's through with us," he said, slowly. "But say. Did ye see what a style he had on him? As quiet as a funeral."

Another Englishman took up the tale. "That's what's said of him, that is. Don't holler at yer like what an ordinary mate does; speaks as soft as a parson and then hits like the kick of a mule. There was a shipmate of mine in my last ship—Bucko Logan had broke the bone of his jaw for stoppin' a buntline too tight, an' then made him crawl aloft, with his mouth hangin' sideways on his face, to cut the stopper."

There was headshaking over this; the man who stops the gear so that it will not run when it is needed has no friends aboard ship.

"I haf haird," began a plump man near the door, "dat vonce he vos coom into der focksle—"

The white-haired seaman looked up sharply.

"Say, mates," he said, "I didn't notice nobody askin' that Dutchman to oblige the company. There's reason in everything, now ain't there? We may be shipped for a tough passage, but that ain't to say that a Dutchman's to open his mouth here without havin' something shoved into it."

A murmur of agreement threaded its way through those who were not "Dutchmen"; the citizens of the sea acknowledged its code. It served to set them together and somewhat overcome that strange reserve which sailors exercise toward new shipmates. Talk ran more easily while the night darkened without and the loose gear slapped and creaked overhead. All the old tales of Bucko Logan were set forth afresh; his world-wide fame had its due; stories of his fine seamanship, as when he brought the *Soldan* home with smallpox aboard of her and only five hands left to work her up to quarantine, of his ruthlessness, instanced by the case of "a man I was shipmates with in the So-and-so," of his strength, his fighting prowess, his behavior to women, and the rest of the characteristics which had won him a place in the mythology of the sea before he was thirty-five. The dull lamp swung above their heads and cast its meager light over them and over the meanness of their bunks and possessions, and the "Dutchmen," accounted for and accurately placed without their circle, listened in placid silence.

Eight bells put a period to the talk. "Aft all hands," sounded the due order. Watches were to be chosen and set according to immemorial custom. The night was still and splendid with stars; here and there the lights of ships showed near at hand, the traffic of the Delaware mouth.

At the poop-rail the captain with his two mates awaited them; a globe-lamp to read their names by held the three of them in the circle of its radiance. The men, awkward and shy, gathered about the after hatch, staring and breathing heavily. The officers were consulting over the list, and the men made the most of their opportunity to scrutinize their masters. Logan, tall and tight-lipped, was a little in the background. The captain, gray-haired and florid, with a manner of moving his hands as he talked, was accepted as a type; they all knew captains like him. The mate, a stumpy, powerful man, was also nothing out of the way. In contrast with them, Logan stood out like an aristocrat.



Noble's immunity made the others suspicious of him

"All aft?" demanded the captain at last. His voice had a note of petulance; shipmasters are prone to it. "Answer to your names as I call them." This form achieved, the setting of the watches began, the captain and the mate choosing alternately. Noble, the white-haired seaman, found himself in the starboard—Logan's—watch. With him was Fullerton, the American, Shaw, another Englishman, four of the docile Dutchmen, and a stout little Frenchman. Then came the captain's speech.

He leaned upon the rail, the globe-lamp illuminating his round face, and looked down upon his crew. His attitude looked confidential, persuasive, intimate.

"Now, men," he said, in his rather high tones; "here we are: This is a good ship; don't make no mistake about that: A man that can do the work he shipped for's all right; he'll find her a good ship. Let's have quick hands and feet fore an' aft and we'll get on first-rate. But—" he paused, and some of them saw Logan smile behind him—"*but*, if there's any shenanigan, stand by for trouble. You hear *me*. Hell 'll be a summer resort alongside of this packet if there's goin' to be trouble. Now we understand each other, so go below, the watch."

Thus the crew of the *Etna*, full-rigged ship, entered upon their voyage. A crew and a ship are never at one till they are out of soundings; it takes a day or two for the sea habit to assert itself and the vessel to become familiar. Things are stiff at first, like the sheaves of the blocks; officers do not get to close quarters till the ship is clean of the land's defilement. In due season the hands turn out of the foc'sle, holystone and scrub it and make it clean; their bodies are emptied of liquor and the boarding-house languor; they settle down to the routine that will govern and guide them as long as blue water is under them. The starboard watch was quick to find its bearings; its members were alert to avoid collision with Logan. Old Noble, with forty years of seafaring behind him, soon took stock of his position and confided his conclusions to Fullerton. Both men were out on the jib-boom at a piece of work, standing on the foot-ropes while the brisk sea swelled and sank beneath them.

"Say, Jim," said Noble; "I don't see how Logan's goin' to get at you an' me."

Fullerton, pareeling an eye ready for serving, did not look up.

"Same old way, I guess," he replied.

"I don't know," said Noble. "You see, Jim, it isn't as if he wasn't a sailor. Now, you and me—we're up to our work. We can do it as well as him. A man's got to have *some* sort of a reason for startin' to punch."

Fullerton spat. "Oh, hell," he said.

"But he's *got* to have some sort of a reason," Noble insisted. "What I say is—don't give him none."

"It ain't a reason he wants; it's an excuse," answered Fullerton. He looked up. "Don't you never make a mistake?" he asked. "Ain't you never brought a ball of marline along instead of spun-yarn, or something?"

"What about it?" demanded Noble.

"That's excuse enough for him, an' reason enough, too," said Fullerton. "Don't you worry, old chap; what's comin' is comin', and served hot."

He bent again to his work, and Noble pondered. He would have spoken further, but a sudden uproar from the main deck checked him. Both men listened. There were yells, sounds of woful expostulation, and noise as of driving nails with a mallet. The deckhouse stood between them and the cause of it all; they could view nothing of what was happening; but they could see a man on the foreyard looking down aft. Presently, with a last howl, the uproar ceased. Fullerton looked across the boom at Noble.

"Better get on with yer job," he said, quietly. "It's begin. That was one of the Dutchmen—or maybe two of 'em."

It seemed to both of them as though the voyage really



The dull lamp swung above their heads and cast its meager light over them and over the meanness of their bunks and their possessions

started from then, and what had gone before was merely preliminary, like casting off from the wharf and towing down the river. Old Noble, fitting a strop to a downhaul block, bent his head above his task and worked deftly, with all the skill of long eustom, but his thoughts were aft. His years, his eonseiousness of sound shipcraft, and his good record had given to him something like dignity; he was aecustomed to have good work expected of him and to render it, and to enjoy in return a eertain immunity from the lesser form of diseipline. He was uneasily aware that there would be no sueh plea to be won on the *Etna*. There was indignation in his thoughts that he should have eome to sueh a pass. And then he heard Logan's step on the forceastle-head. He uttered a short hiss of warning to Fullerton and worked faster.

The second mate—Noble could see him with the corner of his eye—took account at leisure of the lashings on the anchors and of the jib-sheets. He stood a while with his back to the two men, seanning the gear on the foremast, humming to himself. At last he turned, cast a leg over the rail, and eame edging out on the footrope till he stood at Noble's side.

"How are you gettin' on with that?" he said, in his quiet tones.

Noble shifted to let him see for himself and took a look at him. His hard young face was nonchalant and eomposed; he turned the block over ealmly, eoneerned with nothing else. Only—the hand that touched it had a smear of blood across the big knuekles that whitened under the skin with every movement of the fingers.

"Yes," said the second mate. "That ought to do. Put a seizing on those clip-hooks when you're through. How are you doin' over there?"

He straddled over the boom to Fullerton, looked at the job, nodded, and went inboard again. Both looked at his back as he went down the ladder to the main deek, and then eyed each other in the same impulse.

"That's a terror for you," said Noble, slowly.

"That's so," agreed Fullerton, with a puckered brow. "Darn me if I can make him out. Half kills a man one minute—see that blood on his fist?—and then comes along to look over a job without so mueh as a 'hurry up.'"

"Aye," said Noble. "I wisht he'd curse a bit. It's that deadly soft way of his, as if—as if he knowed he'd got you, no matter how you squirm. That's what makes me itch, that is."

At eight bells they were quickly made aware of what had happened on the main deck. In their bunks in the foc'sle, two of the "Dutehmen" were sobbing over their new troubles. Noble stood up and bade them show their faees; they raised their bruises obediently to view. The old man seanned them, his lips pursed; both men had been sorely beaten.

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully; "you've had the eream of it, you two. What was you doing?"

"Not'ing," eried one of them. "He joost eome up and pooneh us for not'ing."

The other Englishman in the watch laughed shortly.

"That's just what they was doing," he explained to Noble. "I was close by, an' them Dutchmen was soldiering all the wateh. I'd ha' punehed 'em myself if I'd been the seeond mate."

The men started with their dinner in silenee. Noble had a sense of relief at finding that the sufferers after all were Dutehmen; it might have been worse. A man who is hard on such as they may none the less be a good offieer from the point of view of the fo'c'sle. In faet, it helped to identify Logan, to fit him in; this was a recognizable attribute of an energetie second mate. Noble turned into his bunk after dinner with a mind eased of a few of its darker forebodings.

Good winds helped the old *Etna* into the trades; with her easting made, she turned her stout stem to the south and justified her builder. Ineidentally, she most completely justified her second mate. A full-rigged ship, built of wood and heavily sparred, is the true material for fine seamanship, and Logan was a seaman of the highest order. The old skysail-yarder gave him seope; with his keen instinet for a ship's eharaeter, he soon learned just what she could do and how mueh she eould stand. During his trieks at the wheel at night, when the horizon was blotehed with quick squalls, Noble had many oecasions to judge Logan's abilities. "Stand by your royal and topgallant halyards," he would order, as the fresh wind strengthened and a spurt of rain traveled down to them. A word to the man at the wheel, a blink into the binnaele, and then he would take up his position at the weather poop-rail, his eyes aloft on the gear, his every faculty alert, and sail the old ship through the thiek of a squall without starting a sheet. Noble eame to mark sueh ineidents as typical of the voyage. He was an expert judge of an offieer's worth, and rendered Logan the tribute of his unfeigned surprise and admiration. He began to think skeptically of the man's unholy reputation. He tried to express himself to his mate Fullerton.

"They eall him Bucko," he said, "but he hasn't eome no bucko with us. Who's he hit? Only a pair of Dutehmen for loafin', and Shaw a elip on the ear for belayin' the royal halyards with a hitch. And as for bein' a sailor, why, there's admirals eouldn't work a ship the way he does."

Fullerton was not convinced. "It's eomin'," he said, "and when it comes, you stand from under. I guess I know the breed. He wasn't called Bucko for nothing."

The starboard watch had the middle watch that night. The trades were failing, petering out in squalls that kept the hands on the jump and the gear stretehed. When Noble relieved the wheel at four bells the *Etna* was on a bowline, laying her rail well down to the sea that raced past in white streaks from the bows. The captain was on deek, walking the poop with Logan; both were in oilskins. It was breezing up purposefully, out of a sky that shifted from dark smoke-eolor to dead blaek, and Noble eould feel in the heavy helm that the old ship was earrying all she eould stand. He was not sorry that the eaptain was on deek, for Logan alone had a way of carrying on to the last minute which sailors detest. It did not take the captain long to deeide to shorten sail; Logan ordered the royals in and went down to the main deek to see it done. Topgallants, jib-topsails, and flying-jib followed; and Noble had rung one bell, whieh indicates the time to eall the wateh below, before the second mate returned to the poop. The eaptain had already gone below and Logan eame aft and took a look into the binnaele.

He stood at Noble's side for a eouple of minutes.

"Lot too many Dutehmen on this ship," he said at length.

"Yes, sir," agreed Noble; "I've no use for Dutehmen myself."

Logan nodded, still staring into the compass.

"That man Shaw ealls himself an Englishman, don't he?" he asked.

"Yes, sir: Shaw's English," answered the old sailor.

"Pity he don't act like it, then," said the second mate, so quietly that it seemed as though he were talking to himself.

He looked round suddenly at Noble as though he were about to add something more. Then he smiled and stepped a pace away.

"Strike eight bells," he ordered, and walked forward.

The man of the port wateh relieved Noble, and the old man went forward. The night was very dark, and he trod with eare along the wet deeks. At the eorner of the for'ard house, some men were gathered in a knot; a gleam of light from the lamp in the fo'e'sle shone dully on their wet oilskins.

"Ain't you fellows goin' to turn in?" said Noble, as he eame to them.

Some of them turned to see who spoke, but nobody an-

swered. Their interest was focused on a figure stretched upon the deck; two of them were kneeling by it. Everybody was very quiet. A wave of sickness passed through Noble's body. He laid a hand on the arm of the man next to him.

"Is—is that Shaw?" he asked.

The Dutchman—it was one of those whom the second mate had thrashed—looked round to him.

"Yes," he said. "Dat's Shaw."

Fullerton rose from his knees by the prone man.

"Here," he said. "Let's get him in to the fo'c'sle. He's got it bad."

Four men, ungainly in their stiff oilskins, raised him in their arms and bore him to his bunk. The ship was rolling somewhat; they had to balance and poise as they went, and there was a momentary jam in the narrow doorway. But Shaw uttered no sound. They got him into his bunk, and reached the lamp down from its hook to see him more clearly. The hair over one ear was bound into strings with blood, but the face was unmarked. It had the color of yellow clay and seemed to have become sharper and thinner. The lower lip hung down and let the teeth be seen.

Fullerton pointed with a finger to the clotted hair.

"It was a belaying-pin did that," he said, almost in a whisper.

"Logan?" asked Noble, in a whisper.

Fullerton turned on him. "Logan," he repeated. "Who else'd it be? Of course it was Logan—the man-killin', sailor-drivin' dog!"

His voice, wrathful and loud, seemed an offense against the stillness in which Shaw lay unmoving.

"What was it about?" asked Noble hastily.

Fullerton sneered. His face was curiously white. "Who knows what it was about?" he cried. "Whatever he done, he hadn't earned that." Again his pointing finger carried their eyes to the bloody hair. "He was at the fore-to'gallant halyards; the rest of us was on the clewlines. We heard him sing out and curse; we never heard Logan at all—you know the swine's quiet style. An' then there was a sound like splitting a board and we heard him fall, and Logan lowered the yard himself. Aye. Pity some of us wasn't by with a sheath-knife."

The Frenchman was bathing Shaw's face from a pannikin, while the others stood about staring and wordless. Fullerton, having spoken, crossed to his own bunk and began to remove his oilskins. Noble stood a while and looked at the prone man, then turned to the door.

"Where you goin'?" demanded Fullerton.

"Aft," said Noble. "That man might die."

The port watch were at the weather main braces as he passed, the leading man go-ho-ing with vigor. The door of the poop alleyway on the lee side was open, and Noble made for it, meaning to wake the steward. The second mate's room was the first to pass, and, as it chanced, Logan had his door open also.

The second mate was standing in the middle of the room stripped to the waist, and he looked up as the old man appeared.

"That you, Noble?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the sailor.

"Goin' to call the steward?" suggested Logan. "It's no use, though; I guess his skull's cracked all right. I sort of felt it give."

He looked enormous in the tiny berth; his shoulders and chest seemed to crowd the place. The little hurricane lamp screwed to the bulkhead was behind him, and let him be seen as a great silhouetted mass.

"He looks bad," said Noble. "I've a notion he's done for."

"So have I," was the answer. "So you might as well come in here and lend me a hand."

Noble knew he didn't want to; at the back of his mind there smoldered a savage wrath against this big young man; but he entered and closed the door as he was bidden.

"Just lift the lamp out of the socket and hold it for me, will you?" directed Logan. "That's it," he said, as Noble obeyed. "Now I can get a look at the damage."

He turned as he spoke, and old Noble uttered an oath of sheer amazement. Half the side and thigh were sticky with blood, which oozed still from a wound low down in the ribs.

"Steady with that lamp," said Logan. His big, spade-ended fingers were busy about the wound, callously stretching and kneading it as though in curiosity. "Ah, here it is," he said suddenly, and picked something forth from it. He swished it in the water of the wash-hand-basin and held it to the lamp.

"See," he said to Noble.

Noble saw; it was two inches of the point of a sheath-knife, broken off in the wound.

"Dirty trick," said Logan, nonchalantly, hitching up his trousers. "I'll get my shirt on and call the captain. You can go and turn in, Noble."

Nobody in the starboard watch managed to retain a clear memory of that event; the implication of it shifted so suddenly. One moment their minds were full of bloody murder, of a shipmate ruthlessly slaughtered in the dark for mere wantonness; the body in Shaw's bunk seemed to cry out upon his slayer. And the next moment the captain was there, shrill and shaking, incoherent with anger, showering epithets on them and on the dead. Shaw's broken knife was found where he had fallen.

"Set of knifing cowards," the captain babbled at them. "Lucky that belayin'-pin was handy, Mr. Logan—the low-down blanky Dagoes. You work 'em up after this, Mr. Logan; keep the stabbin', underhanded dogs on the move, d'ye hear?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Logan, formally, looking over his head at the bewildered men.

Shaw was buried next morning by the men on the port watch, when they were washing down decks. Noble, sleepless in his bunk, heard the voice of the mate: "Get hold of that corp a couple of you and shove it over." Then came the splash, and that was all. The man who had got the worst of it was disposed of; the incident was at an end. It had not even interrupted the current of the ship's life. The captain, certainly, went about with a face of power, designedly portentous; but Logan, who lived under the scrutiny of cautious eyes, carried no signs of it. He never mentioned his own wound or let it embarrass him in the least; when a foul night thickened to a tempestuous day and all hands were called to shorten sail, he led his watch aloft in superb style and took the bunt of the mainsail as though no blade had broken short on one of his ribs. Never for a moment did he break from his studied restraint of tone and manner; he seemed to live in a tense and significant undertone, pregnant with menace. On the run down to the Horn, he displayed his "Bueko" form more than once; it was the "Dutchmen" that suffered. Noble saw one of them felled one day. The man was smoking during his watch on deck; he was at work under the foc'sle head and Logan came round the for'ard house and upon him suddenly. The man's back was to him, and the second mate, without so much as a frown, tapped him on the shoulder. It was done so quietly, with such a manner of equanimity, that Noble looked to hear a mere word of rebuke and an end to it. The man started round at the touch and let his pipe fall, gaping at the officer; the next instant Logan's fist knocked him breathless across the barrel of the windlass. He had the luck, or the good sense, not to stir for a minute, and Logan, after looking at him thoughtfully, set his heel on the pipe, broke it and turned away. He had not even spoken. The man's front teeth were broken and his lip split through; trembling violently, he swabbed the blood from his face and crept back to his job. Noble saw his eyes were white and wide.

It was a well-trained watch which Logan commanded by the time the *Etna* braced up and made the Horn, a watch that was never a minute late on deck, which put its force to its work with a feverish readiness and never failed to jump at an order. Save only No[illegible] not [illegible] of them but had come under the second [illegible]te's [illegible] hand and had his scars to show. Fullert[illegible] turn had come one night when he was drowsy on the lookout, and Logan had seen a distant light first. The American had taken his hammering standing up and fighting; he had left his mark on Logan's hard face and had been pounded to unconsciousness in return for it. Noble's immunity made the others suspicious of him; they talked with guarded words in his presence, for fear he should be in an understanding with the afterguard.

They saw the Horn, a mere black buttress of rock peering up over chill seas, on a Sunday morning. Somehow, it is always Sunday morning when one sights the Horn. Save for the skysails, everything was set; a quiet wind came out of the southeast and shifted them no more than three knots an hour. That ultimate spire of land, nosing toward the Antarctic, deals only in extremes of weather—in mornings of cool calm and afternoons when the wind spins round to the north and west and blows great guns. The captain, muffled to the eyes, spent the forenoon watch on the poop, alternately peeping at the barometer in the companion and scanning the sky. The wind hauled steadily to the northward, and soon after noon the word was passed for "all hands," and they commenced to strip her. Quick as the starboard watch was Logan was before them; he was at the foc'sle door, urgent and formidable, as they came on deck at a run, hunted them from halyards to clewlines with the menace of his presence, and openly set them to race the port watch, working at the fore. To the rhythm of old Noble's yo-ho-ing, the great structure of sails crumpled in the gear; with Logan at their backs, speaking his quiet "Haul there" into their very ears, the libeled Dutchmen put their useful weight into the work gallantly.

"Now," he said, when all the sails but the lower topsails were clewed up; "two hands to furl that to'gallant; the rest to the upper tops'l. Come along, boys."

(Continued on page 27)



Shaw's broken knife was found where he had fallen

The Trouble Hunter

Old Bill Simms and His One-Elephant Circus—The "Daisy D.," the Fiji Sailors, and the Volcano That Broke the Monotony of an Uneventful Forty Years

By

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Illustrated by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



"Seems like 'John L.' knowed it was up tew him"

THE proprietor of Simms' International Circus and Menagerie waved a gnarled hand in a sweeping three-quarter circle.

"There they are, Cap'a'n," he announced.

Jed Blont, captain and owner of the three-masted trading schooner *Daisy D.*, gazed doubtfully at the twelve wagons which contained the fauna belonging to old Bill Simms. Then the eyes of the sailor wandered to the gigantic form of the lone elephant who lent a shade of real distinction to the aggregation. This enormous brute was contentedly extracting wisps of hay and hoisting them into his triangular mouth, pausing occasionally to sweep from his leathery back and flanks a swarm of Fijian flies. The Simms International Circus and Menagerie was closing a successful engagement in Suva, metropolis of Vita Leva of the Fiji group of islands.

"That's a thunderin' big elephant," Captain Blout said, cautiously moving a little nearer the huge pachyderm.

"Biggest an' best in the world," promptly agreed Bill Simms, grabbing the twisting trunk with one hand and slapping the huge beast in rough affection with the other. "That's no press-agent yarn, neither. Speak up ter Cap'a'n Blout, John L.!" he commanded, pushing up the trunk with all his strength. "Salute the Cap'a'n, you big, overgrown eater of my money! Speak up, you—!"

The monster suddenly reared on his hind legs, swung the tip of his trunk high in air, opened his mouth, swelled his sides, and then gave vent to a trumpet blast which shook every yard of canvas in the tent. Captain Blout instinctively backed away when "John L." poised for this vocal effort, and retreated until he stood less than three feet from the bars which restrained the Numidian lion from devouring an appreciative public.

The echoes of the elephantine salute still crashed through the tent when the awakened lion rose and roared forth a not subdued note. Captain Blout felt the hot and sickening blast of breath on his neck. An instant later the whole menagerie joined in the tumult. Hyenas barked, leopards snarled, tigers threw themselves against their bars, and the deep bass of a grizzly bear mingled in a chorus which welled savagely up from every angle of the canvas enclosure.

Captain Blout was a brave man, but his sky was not the fluttering top of a menagerie tent.

"I'm going to get out of this!" he exclaimed, looking wildly for the exit. "And let me tell you right now that I wouldn't carry this bunch of animals on the *Daisy D.* for all the money you've got! How do I get out?"

Old Bill Simms had reached for a stout stake. With it he gave the Numidian lion a dexterous jab in the ribs, another blow silenced a vociferous leopard, and a moment later he hurled it across the open space and hit the bars of the hyenas' cage.

"Shet up! Shet up; the whole blamed passel of ye!" he yelled, jumping on a barrel and shaking his fists at the occupants of the various cages. "Ye blamed fools, don't ye know you've got company? Stay right where ye are, Cap'a'n! Lord bless ye; if they was all turned loose not a one of 'em would dare come near ye! They're only showin' off; they thought ye'd like it!"

Comparative silence fell in the tent. The elephant complacently resumed his manipulation of the hay, the Numidian lion sorrowfully inspected his bruised side, and only the parrots dared disregard the mandate of their owner. Captain Blout paused in his flight and looked a bit sheepish.

"You can never tell what will happen," he said, still keeping an eye on the lion.

"Happen! Happen!" cried old Bill Simms, viciously punching the projecting nose of the grizzly. "I've been in this business forty years an' not a blamed thing has happened. It's like herdin' a flock of sheep. You see that lion? Well, I can walk right intew his cage an' pull what few teeth he's got left, an' he wouldn't lift a paw in anger. Why, Cap'a'n, I own him an' can lick him, an' blamed well he knows it!"

"Every man to his trade," muttered the captain of the *Daisy D.*, "but I don't believe I want to freight 'em on my ship."

"Yes, ye dew," eagerly insisted Bill Simms. "Cum right over tew the company tent an' we'll talk it over."

Possibly a desire to exact higher rates may have influenced Captain Blout's hesitation, but he finally agreed to transport the effects and employees of the Simms International Circus and Menagerie from Suva to Sydney, Australia—some seventeen hundred miles of island-dotted waters—for a fee more than old Bill Simms had suggested, but which was considerably less than that demanded by the steamship company.

"Of course," commented Bill Simms, as he scrawled his name to the contract and handed over a part of the stipulated amount—"of course I lose some time, an' time runs mighty fast intew money fer salaries and fer feed tew the animals, but still, somethin' excitin' may happen. If somethin' worth seein' would only happen I wouldn't care how much it cost—in reason, of course."

"What do you want to happen?" asked Captain Blout, carefully stowing the bills in a well-worn wallet.

"Any old kind of stimulatin' trouble," slowly explained the circus man.

"Don't you go pullin' for any trouble on the *Daisy D.*," growled her commander. "If that's what you're looking for we'll call this deal off right here!"

"I don't mean disasters," hedged old Bill Simms. "I've just got er hankerin' that this here trip might turn up somethin' tew break the deadly monopoly—as my daughter Sally would say—of keepin' a boardin'-house forty years fer a passel of mangy animals. That's all I mean, Cap'a'n. I ain't lookin' fer much; a small hurricane or an attack by a few cannibals would help perk me up er lot."

Three days later the menagerie was snugly stowed away in the second deck of the *Daisy D.*, and cramped accommodations found for the employees and performers.

For months the weather had been ideal. Day after day the thermometer had stopped short of eighty. Occasional showers had freshened the tropical vegetation, the winds had the proper force for full sails, and the nights were cool and delicious. Such were the conditions when the stout little schooner trailed her wake away from the south shore of Vita Leva.

Simms and Captain Blout went below to inspect the menagerie. The wagons were closely arranged in the forward part of the second deck. The elephant was housed in a barricade constructed of heavy uprights, in front of which was an inclined walk which took the place of the companionway.

A group of Fijian sailors clustered in this passage and gazed with open mouths and eyes as Bill Simms thrust his hands through the bars and familiarly greeted the lion, the tigers, leopards, and the snarling hyenas. The men began jabbering to one another, and as they talked their excitement grew. Captain Blout caught the drift of their comments, shouted a command to them in their native language, and they scuttled to the deck.

"What was them benighted heathen sayin'?" asked Bill Simms. "What in tarnation's worryin' 'em?"

"They say that you're a devil, and that you have bewitched these beasts," frankly explained the captain. "They are afraid that you have hoodooed the ship."

Bill Simms leaned back against the cage of the grizzly bear and laughed long and loud.

"Them poor pagans don't know much erbout me an' this here collection of man-eaters," he said, wiping his eyes on a red bandana handkerchief. "Sit down, Cap'a'n, an' let me unload some of my woes on ye. A ship that carries me an' this bunch of critters surely don't need tew take out no insurance. The Lloyds should hire me tew sail steady on ships which are supposed tew take risks. Why? Because nothin' ever happens tew that ship. I'm the opposite, as 'twere, of the Flyin' Dutchman. My jest bein' on board breeds good weather an' steady breezes. Me an' these here animals soothes nature an' stills the savage passions in the breasts of men. Darned if it ain't er fact, Cap'a'n! My daughter Sally—who lives in Boston and knows a lot—she says I'm the harbinger of peace, an' I reckon she has it sized up erbout right. It makes me plumb disgusted—it shure dew!"

"What makes you disgusted?" asked the puzzled seaman.

"My fool luck," growled old Bill Simms. "Here I am sixty years old—an' nothin' has happened tew me yet. I come from a venturesome an' enterprisin' family, Cap'a'n. My father was shot up five times before he was forty-five. He participated in a flock er shipwrecks, he got smashed up in railroad accidents, a crocodile bit off two of his toes before he was married, he dropped a hundred feet outer a balloon—say, Cap'a'n, it would take me a week tew tell ye half the amazin' things that happened tew my dad—an' he's alive yet, an' well, or was when I left Frisco."

The old man paused and relit his pipe.

"Then look at me," he continued. "I started out tew keep up the family record. I looked 'round fer some dangerous occupation, an' finally picked out animal trainin' an' the circus business. It looked interestin' and was reputed tew be hazardous. Cap'a'n, if ever a man deliberately insulted lions and picked trouble with tigers, leopards, an' other big cats, I'm that man—an' after forty years of it darned if I've got er scratch more'n half an inch deep! Fact! No gang of toughs ever gave me a fight worth thinkin' erbout; none of my performers ever got killed; none of my animals ever escaped an' attacked the audience—not a dodgasted thing has happened worth puttin' in the papers. I tell ye, Cap'a'n, it's mighty tough on a man who's honestly tried tew hunt up excitement."

The captain seemed unable properly to express his sympathy.

"So I have made this here final effort to change my tough luck," the circus man went on. "I had quite a wad of money, an', thinks I, I'll take this blame' circus part way 'round the world an' see if anythin' will happen. Says I tew myself, I'll butt intew savages, run afoul er cannibals, get in the path er hurricanes, monkey 'round where there's apt tew be earthquakes—lose money, perhaps, an' perhaps my fool life, but I may strike sumthin' worth while. Dew ye know, Cap'a'n, I've toted this circus an' menagerie clear 'round South America, an' not a blame' thing has happened yet. It was tame as a Sunday-school picnic. So when I saw this little tradin' schooner of yours back there in Suva harbor, I says tew myself that on a slow voyage tew Australia, duckin' in between them islands on the map, perhaps we might bat intew sum kinder interestin' rumpus, but I ain't got much hope, Cap'a'n; I've erbout given it up. Funny thing is that instead of losin' money, as I naturally expected, we've made money every place we've stopped."

Old Bill Simms returned to the deck, looked with disgust at the cloudless sky, and then began the seventh rereading of "Foul Play."

On the third day out the *Daisy D.* encountered a head wind, but otherwise the weather continued perfect. This wind gradually died away, and finally the schooner rolled lazily on a glassy sea. The blue peaks of distant islands lifted themselves above the horizon, a full moon made the nights glorious, but these placid beauties of nature had no charm for old Bill Simms.

"I've never seen anythin' else," he repeatedly complained to Captain Blout. "Lord, how I wish it would blow er dew somethin'!"

"Unless the barometer lies you'll get a bellyful of that wish," was the grim response of that mariner.

"I don't believe it," said the dejected Simms. "The only hurricanes an' typhoons I'll ever see is right here in this book. Hurricanes, earthquakes, pirates, cannibals, etc., are only in novels. I don't believe this old mill-pond ever kicked up a sea," and he buried his wrinkled face again in the pages of "Foul Play."

Four hours later it began to blow, and the end of the afternoon found the *Daisy D.* scudding along under bare poles. As the gale increased a fierce joy possessed old Bill Simms. Hatless and coatless, he clung to a stay and shouted at the wind-torn crests which swept past the schooner.

"Blow, darn ye, blow!" he yelled, bracing himself against each fiercer blast. "Is this the best ye can dew? Darn it: I've seen it blow harder than this up in old Vermont! Dew ye call this a real hurricane, Cap'a'n?"

That officer paid little attention to him. Not so the Fijian sailors, who glowered at him with frightened or angry looks as they brushed past. They translated his cries as an invocation to their Storm Devil and Captain Blunt finally told him so.

"Stop that fool yellin' of yourrs!" he ordered, shouting in Simms's ears. "Don't you know that my men are afraid of you? They think that you brought on this storm. You'll get enough of it before morning! Go below and look after your confounded menagerie."

Until midnight the storm was nothing more serious than a stiff gale, then the *Daisy D.* entered the zone of a well-developed typhoon. Long, black fingers of cloud lifted themselves above the horizon and sped with inconceivable rapidity to the zenith. To add to the horror of the spectacle the moon would at intervals suddenly burst forth and cast a fleeting and uncanny refulgence on this toy of a ship tossed on a lacerated sea beneath a crazy sky. Simms lashed himself to a stanchion near the wheel. Fear had not yet stricken his stout heart, but awe had crept into his brain.

"Be there any islands ahead of us, Cap'a'n?" he asked.

"If there are, we're due to bump 'em," was the gruff response. "This ain't a steamer, and where she blows we goes!"

Half an hour later a furious squall ripped away the foretopmast, and it carried with it a poor wretch of a Fijian sailor, who gave one shriek of despair and was seen no more.

"Ye can call this hurricane off any time ye like, so far's I'm concerned, Cap'a'n," old Bill Simms said in the slight lull which followed this tragedy. "I'm not altogether selfish in matters of this kind, an' I'll take yer word fer it that it can blow harder! Gee-whilikins! What's comin' now?"

A flash of moonlight revealed the jagged and writhing base of a waterspout not a quarter of a mile ahead of the plunging bow of the *Daisy D.!* A second later a solid wall of rain cut it from view. Captain Blunt threw his weight on the wheel, and for two awful minutes the schooner lay half-smothered in the trough of a maddened sea. They missed that waterspout by a few rods!

It was four o'clock in the morning when the rain suddenly ceased, and later the wind dropped a bit. Bill Simms peered anxiously ahead, scanned the scudding clouds and drew a long breath.

"Thank God! She's done her worst!" he said fervently. "I'm through pullin' fer hurricanes, Cap'a'n, an' if ye think I'm anyways ter blame fer this here one, why, I apologizes. Guess I'll mosey down below an' see how the menagerie has stood the racket."

He cautiously loosened the lashings, stretched his long legs and arms, and waited for a chance to make the dangerous dash for the companionway.

At that moment the sky was illumined with an unearthly glare. For an instant the watchers thought it lightning, but only for an instant. The entire firmament flared and pulsated in its weird glow, but the source of this eruption of light seemed to be directly ahead of the path of the gale-driven schooner. The first burst was of a tawny yellow; then came vivid flashes of violet and green, and throbbing pulsations of other colors. Simms gazed at it for a minute in silence.

"What in thunderation is it?" he finally demanded.

Captain Blunt shook his head.

"If I was on shore," volunteered the circus man, "an' saw a thing like that I should make up my mind that hell had broken loose, or that the biggest chemical shop on earth was on fire an' that the firemen was squirting oil on it. Great Scott! Look at it now!"



"The savage cannibal king gave one yell, an' the whole outfit hit the jungle"



"That intelligent elephant beat it along the beach, the big cats jouncing up an' down on his back"

There came a blinding glare of light as if the writhing clouds had burst into dazzling flame.

Simms remembers that the rigging of the schooner was sharply silhouetted against the celestial conflagration. He recalls that the awful light was so diffused and all-pervading that it cast no shadows; he saw the agonized faces of the Fijian sailors as they knelt on the deck of the *Daisy D.* and wildly invoked their heathen gods to save them—and then he remembers hearing a moan in the air, of feeling the lifting of the schooner to an incredible height, of resisting a rush of something which seemed to deaden his faculties—the universe rocked in a cataclysmic explosion, and then he felt himself picked up and hurled into space.

Simms was stunned only for a moment. Half strangled by a wave which had swept him fifty feet along the deck, he clutched a stay, staggered to his feet and came back, not to earth, but to Inferno.

It was hailing meteors. Not the fuzzy strings of white across a peaceful sky; not the silent "shooting stars" with which he had been familiar for nearly threescore years, but huge masses of sizzling and white-hot rock which hissed and screamed overhead, and which exploded with deafening roars and clouds of steam as they hurled themselves into a sea which looked like nothing else save boiling gold. There were thousands upon thousands of these meteors, some of them no larger than a hat, and others bigger than his village church back in Vermont. One of these huge masses of burning rock came so near the schooner that its heat blistered Simms's face and singed his thin gray beard.

Terrific detonations deafened him; the air was choked with particles of dust which glistened like gold, and was rank with the stench of sulphur and unknown chemicals. It distressed old Bill Simms to realize that an irreverent thought possessed him in this awful and probably final moment.

"We surely have located hell," he muttered to himself over and over again, "an' it looks just erbout like I thought it did."

He had resigned himself to his fate when he heard the crash of splintering wood. He looked and saw the huge hatch, which had been battened over the menagerie companionway, rise in the air, and as it fell to the deck he saw the unwieldly form of "John L." He looked a glorified elephant. The burnished heavens turned his ugly hide to layers of overlapping and undulating gold.

The elephant steadied himself by a massive effort, raised his trunk and added to the universal din one defiant blast, and, as if that were the signal, the Numidian lion, the two Bengal tigers, the spotted leopards, the laughing hyenas, and most of the other animals belonging to the Simms International Circus and Menagerie scrambled up from below and instinctively clustered around the swaying and slipping "John L."

Bill Simms was of the good old Yankee type which believes in conserving personal property rights until the last breath is drawn. It was not a dead sure thing that the end of the world had come, but it was an absolute certainty that his menagerie was in danger.

"Things surely are happening fast enough now," he gasped as he dashed forward.

He had grabbed "John L." by the tip of his trunk, when something else happened. A wall of water rose high over the port quarter of the schooner, and when that stout craft had finally struggled up from beneath it, Bill Simms and most of his menagerie were in the spume of the South Pacific Ocean. Captain Blunt caught one glimpse of the elephant as a surge lifted his bulk on its crest, and he thought he saw old Bill Simms, but the master of the *Daisy D.* had work other than a vain attempt at rescue cut out at that moment.

It is well to give the later experiences of Mr. William Simms in his own language. He has told it many times, and his account never varies—fairly conclusive proof of its approximate truth:

"It's a funny thing," so he relates, "but the minute that wave tumbles me an' 'John L.' an' the rest of my menagerie intew the ocean I savays what was happening. We had been headin' fer one of them tropical islands with a live volcano on it, an' the old mud drum had just turned loose with a select assortment of eruptions, earthquakes an' other things such as hot rocks shot outer its crater—which I had mistook fer meteors. I know it made me kinder mad as I come tew the surface tew think that I hadn't thought what was up before.

"I don't rightly know whether I saw 'John L.' first or if he saw me, but we come together like two long-lost brothers. He grabbed me with his trunk an' was for puttin' me on his back, but I dissuaded him from that, an' took a tight grip on a leather collar 'round his neck. Just erbout that time, Prince, my Numidian lion, hove inter view, an' he was makin' bad weather of it. Elephants is wonderful swimmers, but paddlin' in the water ain't no specialty of lions, tigers, an' the like.

"Seems like 'John L.' knowed it was up tew him. He slowed down er bit an' let Prince come alongside. The next wave lands him on that elephant's back, an' a minute more I'll be blame' if one of the tigers an' both the leopards didn't get aboard. The hyenas was able to take care fer themselves, besides they couldn't stick on an elephant's back nohow. One of the acts in the circus was tew have 'John L.' tote a lot of them eats 'round the ring, so it came natural for 'em to perch there.

"There wasn't room fer all of 'em, an' they kept knockin' each other off fightin' fer a place, or was washed off by the waves, but these temporary restin' spells helped 'em a lot. They scratched 'John L.' up pretty bad, an' once in a while he'd let out a roar an' swat 'em with his trunk, but I suppose he knowed it was hard work fer them poor beasts tew hang outew his roof without sinkin' their claws in, so he made allowances.

"'John L.' seemed to know what he was erbout, an' headed a straight course for some spot he seemed tew have in mind. At times the water was boilin' hot where them blazin' rocks had dropped, an' 'John L.' had tew swim 'round 'em. In erbout ten minutes the waves got lots smaller, an' it seemed tew me that the wind died down complete. All at once we struck almost still water, an' the first thing I knew 'John L.' began tew rise up, an' blame' if I didn't reach down and strike my feet on a sandy bottom. We was saved!

"Well, sir, sometimes I almost weeps tew think that nobody was on the shore of that tropical island with a camera tew take us when we landed. 'John L.' reached out an' picked me up when he felt solid ground under him. He gave one snort of joy an' tossed me up where I've been many a time before an' since, right in back of his ears.

"A heap of things had happened—or rather had quit happening while we was in the water. In the first place, the gale stopped erbout the time we went overboard, an' a smart breeze sprung up from another direction that blowed the smoke an' dust of that volcano away. The worst of the eruption was over an' no more hot rocks fell. The sun also was comin' up, an' when we went ashore that mornin' hell was stopped up an' things took on a mighty heavenly tinge.

"I wish you could have seen us that lovely mornin'—me, who had been kickin' an' beefin' all my fool life because nothin' excitin' would happen—you should have seen me on the back of that clawed an' happy elephant as we riz up outer the storm-tossed ocean an' hit the sandy shore of that tropical South Sea island. I should explain that 'John L.' had swum intew a sorter cove-like place, an' that was why there was no waves tew amount tew anythin'. He was bleeding some, but elephants don't mind little things like that.

"That intelligent elephant beat it along the beach, the big cats jouncing up an' down on his back, an' me swayin' an' shoutin' fer joy on the post of honor on his noble forehead. In our rear howled the hyenas, and the parade was later joined by the sacred ox, three Angora goats, an' two drippin' Siberian bloodhounds. The rest of the show had managed to stick tew the schooner.

"I was some dazed, of course, as was natural. Things had been comin' rather precipitate fer a man who had always led an uneventful life, so I let 'John L.' have his own way. He acted as if he had returned to [illegible] home. Finally he turned intew a sorter tran[illegible]

an' the first thing I knowed he plowed plumb [illegible] native cannibal village. The king was goin' [illegible] breakfast served when we unexpectedly arrove.

Perhaps the eruption had made the old guy an' his [illegible] a leetle nervous, an' then again mebbe he'd never [illegible] bunch er tigers, lions, an' leopards displayed on the back of a thumpin' big elephant, an' I also persumes our advent was more or less unconventional an' informal —as my daughter Sally would say—anyhow, that savage cannibal king gave one yell, an' his loyal subjects an' queens squelled out some more, an' the whole outfit hit the jungle, an' they're there yet fer all I know or care.

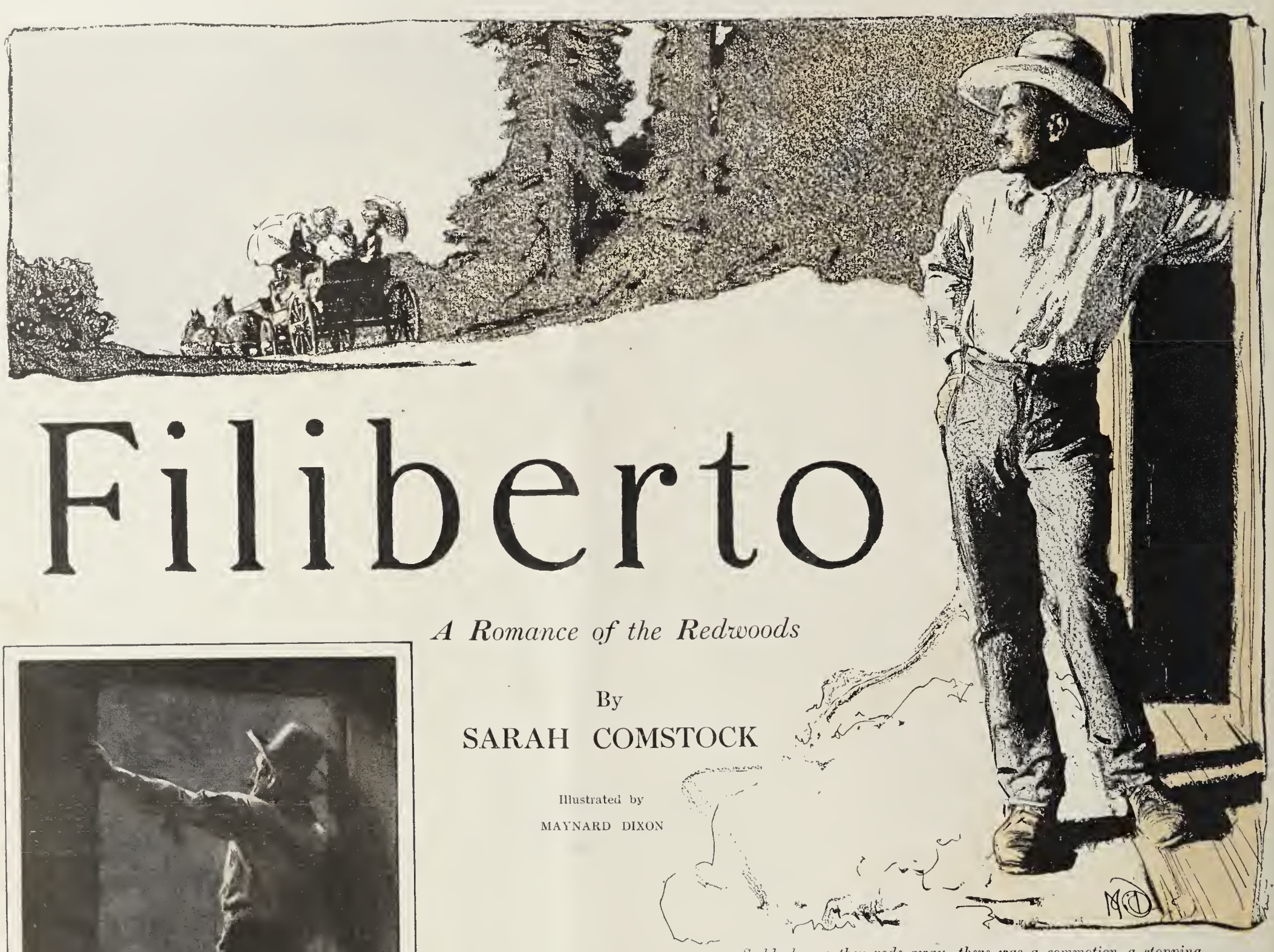
"'John L.' shook them cats off his back an' I herded 'em up in a stout hut where I persume the cannibal king kept his prisoners before fattenin' an' eatin' 'em. Then 'John L.' an' I foraged fer grub. There was somethin' stewin' over a fire in front of the royal palace. It smelled good an' tasted good, an' I hope it was all right, but of course I don't know. Anyhow, I ate a lot of it an' fed the rest of it to the menagerie, an' I never saw 'em enjoy anythin' better.

"Two hours later 'John L.' an' I went back tew the beach, an' the first thing I saw was the *Daisy D.* anchored out in that cove lookin' as peaceful as a canal-boat froze in a slip. Cap'a'n Blout was swearin' pleasantly at them Fiji sailors who was fittin' in a new topmast. 'John L.' an' I yelled at 'em, an' the cap'a'n seemed mighty glad tew see us.

"I reckon that's all there is worth tellin'. How did the animals get out on deck? Why, them locoed heathen sailors just naturally let 'em loose when my men wasn't watchin' 'em. Those Fijians thought that me an' my menagerie brought on the hurricane, the eruption, meteor shower, an' them other frills of nature, an' I suppose they figured it would let up when they got rid of us —and I'll be blamed if it didn't!

"The way we happened tew be washed overboard was explained later tew me by Cap'a'n Blout. It seems that just as I ran forward tew look after them animals the cap'a'n caught sight of the cliffs of that island. So he brought the *Daisy D.* up sharp tew port, an' one of them big seas swept plumb over her forward works, an' me, 'John L.,' an' the rest of us just naturally went swashin' tew starboard an' intew the briny. Then the *Daisy D.* slid intew the lagoon an' was saved, and 'John L.' swum after her as fast as he could.

"Lots of interestin' things have happened tew me since. That was the breakin' up, as 'twere, of my uneventful career, but nothin' has left such a sharp impression on my recollections as when me an' my menagerie was dumped intew what I thought was the middle of the South Pacific Ocean at a time when important things surely was happenin', an' happenin' in a hurry."



Filiberto

A Romance of the Redwoods

By

SARAH COMSTOCK

Illustrated by

MAYNARD DIXON

Suddenly, as they rode away, there was a commotion, a stopping



He stood looking into the now blue-black distance

FILIBERTO paused on the steep road which led to his cabin in the redwoods, and drew a long breath. It was a magnificent breath: unlet, unconscious, heaving the blue shirt like a giant billow. It was the sort of breath that men of a more complex and trammeled world rarely draw. It suggested a primitive power; a relationship to colossal, simple things—such as the redwoods themselves with their full-chested heavings.

Beside him where he stood grew a clump of manzanitas. At first he did not notice them; when at last their presence reached his consciousness he started. It was *the* clump. Never, it seemed, could he pass this but it must arrest his attention, must force that old picture upon his vision.

He saw it now as always. Night—he himself riding home to his cabin—and then that glimmer which the starlight had showed him in these shrubs, a mere something white beside a shadow splotch of the redwoods—and it had turned out to be a girl, lying half-dead here on the cañon brink. He had torn her from the branches, the stain of her own wounds and the hurt berries bloody upon her dress, a broken spray of the red fruit tangled in her hair. Her horse had disappeared. Filiberto had lifted her to his own horse and carried her to his cabin.

The story always insisted upon retelling itself every time he passed this clump. He recalled how he had gone for Lucetti's wife to nurse the girl—for a night and a day she could not remember that she was the daughter of the cherry rancher in the valley below. And then had come those days when she lay slowly recovering, her sister Cassie, fat and wheezy, hovering over the rude bunk, Filiberto exploring the cañon for huge fronds of woodwardia and branches of red berries to deck the cabin. And then—the old Portuguese priest of the little whitewashed church on the mountainside had married them—and they had gone to live on the cherry ranch—and then—

It had always been to Filiberto what drink is to some men—this vagabondage. Now it was the wheat fields of the north would beckon, again the mines of the mountains, next a tropical island. The ends of the earth have surprises—a cherry ranch never has. On the ranch there would be first blooms driving over acres like a northern storm, then corals flashing through leaves, then an army of blue-bloused Chinamen clutching for the corals with swift claws. Always the movement was in the same circle—the flower blizzard, the corals, the blue-bloused Chinamen . . . eventually a circle becomes maddening. . . .

Again Filiberto's eyes fell upon that clump of manzanitas, and again there was that white glimmer, then the form revealing itself—wilted, bruised, helpless, exquisite—

Of a sudden a rage seized him. Never again should the knot of bushes have the power to force that picture upon him. He had his ax, for he had been chopping wood for Lucetti. Angrily he snatched it, raised it, and, with a Titan's stroke, swung it down upon the manzanitas. Over and over he cut, savagely, wantonly, until only bleeding stumps were left; the lopped branches he flung into the cañon below.

Now, his ax upon his shoulder, he went on, a sense of complete freedom filling his lungs. There came to his nostrils a delicious, living odor—the odor of spring —something which he perceived, drank in, did not attempt to resolve into its elements of newly pungent redwoods, moist earth, upspringing green things.

Yes, it was spring. There were infant ferns, light green and woolly, curled like snails along the cañon's edge. That burning flake at a brown tree-root must be a mariposa lily. It was time to be off. In the intervals of vagabondage he always wandered back to the old cabin, by what impulse psychology alone can tell. But when that spring smell came he always started. Yes, he would pack the old canvas telescope which had almost circled the globe, and off the two of them would go again.

He had reached the cabin now, and he flung down his

ax. The silence, ruffled by the ax's fall, smoothed itself as hastily as a cat and lay in serene orderliness. Filiberto stood gazing lazily down the road; all at once, through the silence, a small sound, creeping up the cañon, picking its way between redwood boughs, reached him. It was the sound of wheels.

He listened with alert wonder. These were neither the rural free delivery wheels nor those of Lucetti's vineyard wagon. And, as they progressed, he realized that they had passed Lucetti's moss-swathed gate which was as far as wheels ever came. They approached—nearer—they were in sight. The vehicle was Old Handy's three-seater and it contained Old Handy and five ladies.

Filiberto knew the three-seater well. It was—is, for that matter—a vehicle ever at the disposal of the California tourist. Year in and year out Old Handy waits at the railway station in the valley, and every cravanette-clad, kodak-laden figure that arrives is fish to his net. He will show you the famous hotel, the violet ranch, the winter residence of the tooth-powder magnate, the palm boulevard, and the Chinese vegetable gardens, all for a dollar. Four bits more, and the Mission. The above-named sights had charted out Old Handy's fixed route for a decade or more; what had drawn him from his beaten path, led him to make the difficult ascent to Filiberto's solitude?

"There—right ahead, ladies," Filiberto heard him say. "You see the young hero jest as he's described, among his na-tyve redwood trees. Ain't he a supperb pickcher?" The ladies uttered a chorus of exclamations.

"There! The real Ramon!"

"And the cabin where he sheltered her!"

"You can see plainly the Spanish strain."

"What a profile! What shoulders!"

"Oh, I must get him just as he stands there!"

Filiberto stood dazed in the midst of the chatter, the cries, the queries, as the tourists alighted. Bustle, confusion had burst upon his silent place. It was as if a flock of birds had flown up from the poppy meadows below, bringing their label with them. The five appeared fifty; they darted about, pointing, exclaiming, peeping into the cabin, adjusting films, above all, inspecting *him*. Dazed as he was, Filiberto realized this: that he was the journey's goal, the cause of all this excitement.

"What's it all about?" he demanded of Old Handy.

Old Handy contracted one eye in a wink of ponderous significance, and drew Filiberto aside while the visitors were inspecting the cabin.

"Easy money," he then informed the bewildered Filiberto. "All you have t' do's t' let tourists take pickchers of you. All I have t' do's t' bring 'em up here. Say, we'll talk over the divvy later. The tooth-powder house an' the Chinee garden ain't in it, with you."

"What do they want to see me for?"

The chattering five had left the cabin and were approaching.

"Ladies," said Old Handy, "This here Filiberto, alias Ramon, don't know what you're all here for. He ain't so much as heard they's been a book wrote about him. Now what d'you think o' that? Ain't that a na-tyve son o' the forest for you?"

The ladies burst into another chorus.

"Delightful!"

"How naive!"

"Fancy—famous, and doesn't know it!"

"Never dreams that he is talked of wherever Breck is read."

Breck—Filiberto knew that name. Breck was the writing man who had camped up there the year before. He had gone about with a note-book like a set trap in which he was continually "catching" something—a cañon glimpse, he would explain, or the cuddling, tired noise the stream made, or a gesture, a phrase of the Italian vineyard girls. What use he made of these catches Filiberto knew little and cared not at all, which, of course, seems strange enough to those living in a world which recognizes that small, shabby note-book of Sheldon Breck's to be the one trap which has at last caught the West alive.

"Here's how 'tis, Fil," continued Old Handy. "Mr. Breck's wrote a book called—"

"'The Story of Ramon,'" prompted one of the visitors.

"That's right. It's a grand piece. An' it's all about you, only you're called Ramon 'stead o' your real name. It's all about the time you found Bess where her horse'd throwed her, an' carried her up to the cabin, an'—all the rest of it." With another ponderous wink, this time to the ladies, Old Handy broke off.

"You said he really married her and then they separated, didn't you, just as Breck has it?" one whispered to the driver.

"Yes. But I reckon he wouldn't care to talk much about the separation."

"What ever became of her?" Filiberto caught this whisper; he desired not to hear the answer, yet he listened for it intensely, breathlessly.



For an instant he did not realize . . . then, dumbly, he took it and stood there with it in shaking arms

But, "I never did hear," was all of Old Handy's reply.

Another spoke aside. "Isn't it unfortunate—if only he could have returned to her in real life just as he did in the story!" The lady turned to Filiberto and raised her voice. "The book is a sensation," she said. "Everybody's reading it. And to think that we are the first to ferret out the original Ramon in his cabin among the redwoods! How does it feel to be suddenly famous?"

Filiberto showed no pleasure. "Don't see as Breck had any call to write about me," he said sulkily.

Glances were exchanged. "A sore subject, no doubt," some one whispered.

"But Mr. Breck describes you as so brave, so heroic in rescuing the beautiful girl."

Filiberto was not to be flattered. Evidently the fact that Breck had temporarily immortalized him gave him no pleasure; the whole affair seemed, as had been said, a sore subject. He was annoyed at the intrusion. The ladies buzzed about, pointing out his profile, his height, his Spanish eyes, as they would have pointed out the features of a palm boulevard or a violet ranch. They clamored for souvenirs, seizing upon the horsesh[illegible] over his door and the bandana handkerchief lying on [illegible]'s head. Sullenly, not knowing how to refuse, he submitted to being snapped in a score of positions, and at last with relief he saw his visitors climbing back into the three-seater.

He spoke aside to Old Handy. "You neenta bring no more up here."

"Don't be a fool, Fil. What's that you got in your pocket?" Filiberto was absent-mindedly jingling a goodly number of sizable coins.

"All the same, you neenta bring no more, I say. Breck's got no business to tell about me and Bess."

"I say don't be a fool. The horse you rode on that night's dead, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, you get that horse so it can have its pickcher took before I come with another load. Savvy? I know the one for you. Belongs to the winery man. Coal black, like Breck tells. They call it Pete the Coon, but you change its name to Friego to match the story. An' I'll fetch you some suvvyneers. Le's see; you had on Mexican spurs. I reckon we could sell them spurs about fifty to a hundred times before the season's over."

Filiberto turned away growling like an oncoming storm. "I'm goin' again in a week or so. 'Twon't do you no good to bring 'em up here." Sulkily he touched his hat to the ladies as they called their good-bys to him.

Suddenly, as they rode away, there was a commotion, a stopping. "Yes, I've got a copy. Do you think he'd like it?" "Can he read?" "Ask him," they said.

One of the ladies held out a small volume. "Can you—I mean, do you like to read?" she asked Filiberto.

He nodded and muttered: "Yes."

"Then wouldn't you like to have the story? You can read all about yourself—and learn what a hero you are."

He hesitated. Then, "Thanks," he replied ungraciously, and took the book.

At first he did not read. He fingered it with some curiosity: turning over the pages, he caught the names "Ramon" and "Molly." The latter, he judged, was the author's name for Bess.

He threw the book down. Reading had always been hard. He had never gone to school much—even then, this vagabondage had been like drink to him, and he had broken away from home and school to try the sea, the harvest fields, the mines, the ends of the earth.

The rumbling of wheels vanished gradually, the place became again a house of vast silences—each bird note, each branch's rustle being a partition which divided one silence from the next. Again there came to his nostrils that delicious, living odor—the odor of spring—of newly pungent redwoods, of moist earth, of upspringing green things. It became more than an odor—it was a potent drug, tingling through his veins, blazing in his brain. . . .

Yes, he would go at once. And thus he would escape further hungry packs of the curious. This thought decided him. By to-morrow, even, Old Handy might arrive with the souvenirs and a load of prying tourists.

He seized the worn old canvas telescope. He flung into it a few garments, a few worthless treasures. Among them he seized the book and was about to fling it aside.

But curiosity rose again. This was a story about *him*—the personal element was irresistible. Leaving off his packing for the moment, he sat down in the cabin door to glance at the story.

One of us, of course, would devour that too-brief volume in an hour or so. But Filiberto was obliged to read with his forefinger and it progressed slowly. The sun was poised like a platter on the finger-tips of the redwoods when he began. It had slipped into the cañon when he laid the book down.

Up to the last act of the story Breck had kept almost without deviation to the facts. These he had gleaned from talks with Filiberto himself, and with others living thereabout; and where there were missing links, the clairvoyant powers of the trained imagination had supplied the truth. As Filiberto read he lived it all over

An Unusual Chum

by J W Foley



HENRY BLAKE'S *father goes fishing with him,*
And goes in the creek so's to teach him to swim;
He talks to him just like they're awful close chums
And sometimes at night he helps Henry do sums;
And once he showed Henry how he used to make
A basket by whittling a peach stone and take
The bark off of willows for whistles although
He hadn't made one since a long time ago.

HENRY BLAKE'S *father is just like his chum,*
And when he goes fishing he lets Henry come;
He fixes two seats on the bank of the brook
And shows Henry how to put frogs on the hook;
And sometimes he laughs in the jolliest way
At some little thing that he hears Henry say,
And dips up a drink in his hat like you do
When only just boys go a-fishing with you.

HENRY BLAKE'S *father will take him and stay*
Somewhere in the woods for a half holiday,
And wear his old clothes and bring home a big sack
Of hick'ries and walnuts to help Henry crack;
And sit on a dead log somewhere in the shade
To eat big sandwiches his mother has made;
And Henry Blake's father, he don't seem as though
He's more than his uncle, he likes Henry so!



vividly even ... it him- ... the mastery of ... marvelous ... gave the truth ... made it in ... The white ... in the bushes — the ride — the week in the poor little cabin, turned into a bower of berries and ferns—the wedding—the droll old roly-poly Portuguese priest—and then the cherry ranch, always moving in maddening circles: flower blizzard corals, blue-bloused Chinamen. And at last the lure again—the beckoning of the ends of the earth.

So far Filiberto had followed rigid, wide-eyed, marveling. It was as if Breck had been inside him. Filiberto, during all that period. But suddenly there was a break in the wonderfully wrought chain. Filiberto started: all at once fact ended, fiction began. For you remember that Breck goes on to relate how Ramon, having wandered aimlessly, returns at last to the cabin for a space before wandering again; finds that its every log reminds him of Molly; at last, drawn irresistibly by the old emotion, he sets out—not for the ends of the earth, but for the cherry ranch in the valley.

And then that little scene, done as only Breck can—where she comes to the door of the ranch cottage, refuses to listen to his pleas for forgiveness. "Why, I ain't never been angry," she says. "I never thought of anything but just to wait. I didn't know when you'd come, but I was just to wait."

The night was falling, the book was done. Filiberto laid it down.

He rose, and stood looking down the road with eyes that saw beyond it. He seemed under a spell: he was no longer Filiberto, he was Ramon.

Through every detail the story had moved side by side with his own experience up to the point where the vagabond returns. So far as he had been one with the hero, had felt himself that being, moving through the pages of the book; but at that point . . .

He stood looking into the now blue-black distance. You remember what Breck says of the night upon which Ramon decides to seek Molly—

"Up in the mountain the redwoods, mystic priests, chanted their eternal monotony of 'Om! Om!' in the night wind. The chill of spring was in the air. Below in the valley, Ramon knew, the cherry blooms were falling now."

Filiberto listened. Yes, the redwoods chanted. A chill had sprung up. And it was the time for cherry blossoms to fall.

His eyes roved back to the cabin. There lay the old canvas telescope, companion of his wanderings. It was already packed, filled with his few little possessions, ready to be strapped and slung over a shoulder —then off again—rovers ever, the two of them—

It was curious, but he could not get that sound out of his ears—that "Om! Om!" He had never heard the trees chant it before, but chant it they did now, just as Breck had said—and that picture of the cherry blossoms falling—he knew how they looked to-night, just as Breck had described—

Call it hypnotic suggestion, if you will —or the workings of a superstitious imagination tinged by the heritage of an emotional race—or, after all, is there any disproof of a Force which leads a man forth to meet himself when he is shown that self ennobled, idealized, transmuted? Whatever the cause, a compulsion seemed suddenly laid upon Filiberto. Beyond questioning he knew, as if Fate had decreed it, that he must finish the story as it was written.

In the woodsy chill of that spring night he set out. It was all as Breck had pictured it—the moon was coming up, there was a taste of far-away rain in the air, the creek was noisy. He had a sense of mechanically fulfilling a prophecy, of irresistibly obeying Fate.

Step by step he found himself completing the story. At last he reached the cherry ranch: it was as Breck had described it. Acres lay white in the moonlight as if swept by a northern storm. Here was the silence and the melancholy of snow: the consciousness of death, the perishing of the flowers, which even the prophecy of a renascence can not make less melancholy.

He entered the path which led to the house. Here, as it was written, the moonlight caught every whiteness and rendered it ghostly: the unlighted, whitewashed cottage; a billowing curtain; beyond, the melancholy acres of white desolation. Nature's wanton waste of the blossoms for her undeviating purposes. His feet trod through a drift of them, and from their bruises came a familiar fragrance.

He paused at the steps of the ghostly house. He felt no surprise that the curtain was billowing in an open window, that the bark of the rancher's dog cut the silence, that a clattering buggy passed along the deserted road—all as Breck had foretold. Born and bred to superstition, he was completely possessed now by the sense of destiny—and the marvels of coincidence are so great that most of us secretly rebel now and then at the term. He had ceased to feel himself a chooser. His path was marked out.

Where once he would have been held by a terror lest Bess refuse her forgiveness, lest she turn him away, he now felt no doubt. He paused only to recall more clearly Breck's picture. Bess would answer his ring: she would open the door, then, without a word, without a cry, without surprise, open her arms to him.

He rang the bell.

There was the sound of a door opening within the house, he saw a light advancing, shining through the transom, he heard the soft tread. His breath stopped, his throat seemed clutched. So it was written—the light shining suddenly from within, the woman's tread—there was a curious instant in which he seemed to be standing off and watching as one watches a drama whose dénouement he knows—and then, as she struggled a moment with the lock, he was once more the actor in the drama—

The door was opened. "Bess!" he cried from a parched throat. But it was not Bess. It was her sister Cassie. Cassie was still fat and wheezy, and carried a baby on her arm as always.

"Oh!" Cassie cried, looking at him as if he had been from the dead. "You!"

"Yes, it's me." He only whispered it. The break in the chain of events left him stunned, doubtful of his own identity. When at last he summoned his voice: "Where's Bess?" he asked.

"Dead."

He stood staring at the woman and she at him while the baby whimpered in the draft. At last it fell silent, awed by their silence.

"When?" he asked at length.

"November. She got grippe, the doctor said, 'cause he couldn't find nothin' else to call it. But I always said, an' I say it now, she'd 'a' lived if she just hadn't been so unhappy; she couldn't pull up again." The woman had overcome the shock of surprise by, now; she ran on vindictively. "Yes, she tried to pull up, an' she kep' sayin': 'He'll come back, oh, I know he'll come back, an' I've got to live for him.' But you can say that kind o' thing an' hang onto it while your heart's breakin' all the same. Yes, it was unhappiness killed her, that's what it was," the woman persisted, still more sharply. The baby began to wail and she hushed it, pressing her lips against its fuzzy head. "There, there, never mind," she said over and over into the fuzz. Then she raised her head and looked straight into Filiberto's eyes. In the moonlight her face was white and stern. Somehow, for all her fatness, a dignity seemed to rest upon her now.

"If I was to tell you what I think of you I never would get done," she said, but quietly. "But it ain't for me to judge, for one thing. An' another thing is, I've got a promise to a dyin' woman to keep. I promised to tell you, if you ever come back —*when* you come back, *she* said—" Cassie paused, struggling with a sob. Filiberto stood with eyes riveted upon her, his great frame shaking like a sick man's. The woman set her lips, drew a choked breath, drove herself on. "I was to tell you—that —that—she said there never was a day she didn't forgive you an' pray for you, wherever you was—an' I was to—to—" Her voice failed, she pressed her lips violently against the fuzzy head. "Oh, I can't give you up," she sobbed to it. Then she looked up: her tears were streaming, but to the dignity was added now an infinite tenderness. "I was to tell you that she said she trusted you to raise your son to be a good man." She held out the baby to Filiberto and turned away, overwhelmed by her sobs.

For an instant he did not realize . . . then, dumbly, he took it and stood there with it in shaking arms. It did not cry. It looked long at him, then a small hand like a starfish began a tour of investigation over his face.

He sank upon a bench. Little swirls of petals blew about them, and he drew the baby behind his coat to shield it from the breeze. All that Filiberto heard now was the sound of long, relaxed breaths—the breaths of a child asleep and content.



Two and a half months after—Erecting in the suburbs of Messina the temporary wooden houses sent to the scene of the earthquake from the United States



After the fire of April 3 at Fort Worth, Texas—Seventeen blocks were destroyed in the southern section of the city, and the loss amounted to more than $2,000,000



The funeral of Joseph Petrosino just after leaving the Pro-Cathedral in New York on April 12—Petrosino was assassinated March 12 at Palermo, Sicily, where, as head of the Italian detective force in New York, he had gone to get evidence to be used in stamping out the "Black Hand" organization in this country

Messina to Texas—News Photographs





A Railroad and Its Makers—the trainload of Northern guests who came to Norfolk for the opening of the Virginian Railway, built by Henry H. Rogers to handle coal from the mountains to the sea. The left-hand photograph shows the pier of the railroad, and the apparatus for loading

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Mr. Roosevelt on Sea and Land

MR. ROOSEVELT'S voyage from New York to Naples was only saved from tedium by the energy and good-humor of the distinguished passenger. In spite of many columns of wireless, headed up in red ink and sold as extras by our rather easily stampeded newspapers, literally nothing happened either on the deep sea or at any of the four stopping points. The trip by boat was characteristically summed up by Mr. Roosevelt when he said:

"I don't like life aboard ship. Confinement frets me. I do not need rest, I do not want to rest."

The *Hamburg* touched at Fayal and San Miguel, two islands of the Azores, and then at Gibraltar. In Naples Mr. Roosevelt spent seven hours on shore, calling on the Duke and Duchess of Aosta. The Duchess has an African record for big game killed, and was pleased to give the ex-President some jungle hints. One newspaper described him as "delighted with Vesuvius." The city of Naples was stirred by his visit from the moment when the *Hamburg* swung around Capri into view of the clamorous, crowded shores till the *Admiral* steamed out of the bay. The harbor craft were vivid with flags and bunting. Neapolitan songs were sung to him by guitar and mandolin.

The King and Queen of Italy received him at Messina, on April 6, on board the battleship *Re Umberto*. Later, Mr. Roosevelt walked through the ruined city.

H. H. Rogers and His Virginian Railway

SOME of the Southern cities have been banqueting Henry H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company. It was the opening of the Virginian Railway that called him South. At a cost of $40,000,000, he built the railroad which makes accessible a million acres of coal lands. A reception was given to Mr. Rogers and his friend, Mark Twain, at the Norfolk, Virginia, Board of Trade, and many of the two thousand guests mistook Mr. Clemens for Mr. Rogers and congratulated the author on his 446 miles of construction. Later a dinner at twenty dollars a plate was held in honor of the coal road opening. As Roanoke was later to entertain the financier, the "Times-Dispatch" of Richmond grew anxious as to which would win out—Roanoke hospitality or her dislike of vulgar display. "Three a plate is, we believe, the regulation price for what is known as the best 'swell banquet.'" The road is a fine piece of constructive engineering, connecting a mountain system with the sea, and leaping from mountain-top to mountain-top by means of towering spans, with no grade at any point severer than one per cent.

Dr. Blue, Who Chased the Rats

THE State of California and the city of San Francisco joined in giving a large banquet and a regretful good-by to Dr. Rupert Blue, the Federal surgeon who directed the anti-plague sanitation campaign in San Francisco. The evening, March 31, was also the announcement to the United States that San Francisco had cleaned up her rat retreats and fought away all danger of the plague. With the celebration the Citizens' Health Committee, appointed in January, 1908, ceased to exist. It has been estimated that two million rats were killed during the sanitary war.

In submitting its report to the Mayor the committee says:

"That San Francisco made a new record in sanitation, that the plague ceased and no trace of it can now be found on this peninsula, are sufficient evidence that, with the help of the public, the committee discharged the obligation laid upon it; for, without that concerted action of the whole people of San Francisco, which this body was appointed to promote, no such fortunate outcome would have been possible.

"The people of San Francisco have the satisfaction of knowing that they protected not merely their city, but the country at large. Had anti-plague measures failed here the spread of the disease would have been extremely difficult to control. Therefore, the cities and States of the Union should, and we believe do, join with us in gratification at the happy outcome."

Mayor Edward R. Taylor said:

"We must continue this rat fight. We must starve them out and build them out. It is the only way to get rid of them. We should amend the charter so that we can provide for a permanent sanitation fund just as we do now provide for a permanent park fund. We must also keep our streets clean. That will help us to get rid of the rodent."

The banquet itself with grim playfulness symbolized the now historic fight of 1908. Ice-cream was offered up in the shape of a mouse-trap, with the head of a rat poked out at the bottom. The punch tinkled in tiny garbage cans.

Toward the close of the evening Dr. Blue uttered a note of warning, saying:

"It behooves all our seaport cities to look well to their sanitary defenses, for there is where the disease enters."

Sully's Anti-Speculative Scheme

THE cotton-growing South has been thoroughly interested in Daniel J. Sully's plans for its future. Some newspapers have been skeptical of his freedom from the personal bias in his schemes for restoring the commercial supremacy of the Southern tier. He wishes to save the cotton farmer $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 a year by giving control of the market to the planter instead of the speculator. His plan is the erection of a chain of bonded warehouses wherein the farmer may place his cotton, retaining absolute ownership and receiving a negotiable certificate. Mr. Sully has long been eminent as a cotton speculator. A member of the Savannah Cotton Exchange says:

"How edifying it is to hear Mr. Sully, with his profound and inborn hatred of speculative manipulation, talk to the farmers about 'relieving the market from the attacks of manipulators, and leaving the gigantic monopoly of this section to respond, unembarrassed and unrestricted, to the legitimate laws of supply and demand'!"

The Duel of "Dreadnoughts"

THE same causes which started the German war scare in England might produce similar results here were we anywhere near so touchy on the subject of invasion. If Germany is strengthening her navy with the definite purpose of fighting England—and this is what even the most conservative English papers quite solemnly maintain—it is scarcely less reasonable to assume that she might also use her ships to interfere in South America or the West Indies, where economic control is already hers. Indeed, it is now gravely asserted in England that the Brazilian *Dreadnoughts*, whose purpose none could explain last year, and for which there was little but ridicule, were ordered for the specific purpose of meeting German invasion, and that this was probably done at the quiet suggestion of the United States! When one is bound to be suspicious or afraid, it is not hard to find a cause.

One of the oldest jests in comic opera is that in which somebody challenges somebody else to a duel with swords at fifty paces. It is difficult for those so far from the center of excitement as ourselves not to view the present scare in some such light. It no longer seems to be a matter of fighting because there is a reason for fighting. It is a matter of building ships for the sake of building ships. Englishmen fear Germans not because the latter are stronger or more intelligent men than they are, but because German shipyards, working night and day, seven days in the week, can turn out ships faster than they can be turned out in England.

The two nations separated by the North Sea are like the duelists separated by their fifty paces, the one able to make the fastest motions being, as it were, declared the victor.

Ten Million a Vessel

BRITISH newspapers are, of course, correct in declaring that the expense of laying down eight *Dreadnoughts* at once is small compared to what the cost of war would be. The expenditure of materials and human energy, in order to keep the British navy twice as strong as any other—provided Mr. Balfour's prophecy is correct that Germany will have twenty-one ships of the *Dreadnought* class in 1912—is appalling enough. A capital ship of this class costs in the neighborhood of ten million dollars. This is more than the entire endowment of Yale University, more than is spent on our Department of Agriculture, including the Forest Service and all the department's work in protecting people against impure food, insect pests, and in developing improved methods of farming. Two 12-inch guns of the type put on the United States ship *Delaware*, for instance, would, indeed, almost pay the net cost of caring for all our national forests for a year.

Congress refused two winters ago to appropriate three million dollars for the establishment of the Appalachian and White Mountain reserves, which would save thousands of square miles of land from desolation. Every *Dreadnought* costs as much as some forty model tenements, or two thousand village schoolhouses, or all the school buildings of Baltimore and Cleveland put together, or of all the fire-fighting equipment in forty-three important American cities, or all the municipal asylums, almshouses, and hospitals in all the 146 cities of from 25,000 to 300,000 people. The ingenious Mr. Chesterton suggests that the trouble between England and Germany is that they agree on the unimportant thing—ships; and disagree on the important thing—beliefs. In the things of life and love they are separated, in the things of death and blood they imitate each other. Of course, as he points out, they can not combine on mere peace; there must be some affection or creed on which to combine.

"Wets" and "Drys"

IT HAS been a mixed week in drinking circles. The "drys" made April 5 a memorable day in Michigan by winning in nineteen counties out of twenty-seven. In that State five hundred saloon-keepers will look for other kinds of work after May 1.

On Long Island, New York, the license party took the victory in Nassau and Suffolk Counties, and extended the drink belt from Jamaica to Amagansett. A novelty of this contest was the enthusiastic campaigning in behalf of the saloon performed by the Rev. Dr. William Wasson of the Episcopal church in Riverhead, Long Island. After the victory had been won, Dr. Wasson was serenaded and cheered. He is reported to have said that it was a source of gratification to him to have not one spot in Suffolk County where a man who wanted a drink could not go and get it without having to resort to subterfuge and lying. In his somewhat unsavory pro-liquor activities this clergyman has for many months annoyed the public and amused some, at least, of the brewers.

In Wisconsin's election of April 6 the "wets" had the best of it. About two hundred cities, towns, and villages voted on local option, the larger towns mostly going "wet" and the smaller places "dry."

Modjeska

HELENA MODJESKA, one of the loveliest of modern actresses, died on April 8 at her island home in Bay City, California. She was sixty-three years old, and for thirty-three years had made the United States her home. Helena Opido was her name, and she was born in Cracow, Poland, the daughter of a poor musician and the sister of a large family. At the age of sixteen years she was married to her guardian, one Modrzejewski, whose name she later contracted into Modjeska for stage purposes. She began her career in a company of strolling actors. In 1865 her husband died, and three years later she was married to Bozenta Chlapowski. She acted in the Cracow Theater and in



Come Into the Light

There are better ways for baking beans than you can employ at home. Ways that make beans more delicious, more digestible. Ways that save you trouble.

We are not rivals, madam.

There are some few foods which must be factory cooked, because no housewife has the facilities.

Crackers and beans are among them.

Beans baked at home ferment and form gas. You know that. It is because they don't digest.

Beans baked at home are mushy and broken—crisped on the top and half baked in the middle.

You can easily prove that every soul at your table prefers to have beans nutty, mealy and whole. Give them their choice and they will all take Van Camp's.

Yet the trouble is not due to your lack of skill. It is due to your lack of facilities.

We employ steam ovens; you must use dry heat. We can heat our steam ovens to 245 degrees without bursting or scorching a bean.

We bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Some of your beans get but 100 degrees.

Our beans are all baked alike—baked until they'll digest. So our beans are not heavy. They don't ferment and form gas.

We bake our tomato sauce into the beans, and get a delicious blend. The result is, a dish of superlative zest—nutty, mealy and whole.

Such beans mean more than you know.

Beans are 23% nitrogenous—84% nutriment. They contain more food value than the choicest beef, yet they don't cost one-third as much.

They are appetizing, hearty and economical. All people like them and want them often. They can be served in a score of ways.

And they are ready to serve. No work and no waiting. Every can in the pantry means a hearty meal—fresh and savory—to be served steaming hot in ten minutes.

Don't you think it worth while to serve a can of Van Camp's, and learn if these claims are true?

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

Don't judge Van Camp's by other baked beans, for the difference is vast. No other brand controls one-tenth so much trade. None is one-half so good.

We buy only the choicest of Michigan beans. Then we pick out by hand the whitest and plumpest.

We pay $2.25 per bushel for these premier beans, though we could buy beans for 30 cents.

We make our sauce from whole, ripe tomatoes, picked when the juice fairly sparkles. We spend to make it five times as much as some ready-made sauce would cost.

No tomatoes picked green, no scraps from a canning factory. That is the secret of Van Camp's flavor and zest.

Don't expect cheap beans, poor sauce and wrong methods to make such a dish as we make. Don't let someone spoil for you Nature's choicest food.

Insist on Van Camp's and know, for your own sake, how good beans can be.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Indiana

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Greater Value in Men's Clothes–

It isn't what you *pay* that makes value—it's what you *get*—and the kind of service and satisfaction it gives.

When you buy a suit of clothes a large part of the price you pay is for fit and that subtle something called *style*. This you will admit is true.

In this connection here's a point to consider:

In the ordinary suit, style and fit disappear with the first shower. The dampness shrinks and wrinkles and warps the garments all out of shape. The money paid to secure style and fit has been wasted.

This is true regarding most clothes. In

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

style and fit is permanent. Because every bit of the shrink tendency is removed from the cloth by our exclusive Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Proeess before the goods are ever touched with the shears. So there is no shrink tendency left in the garments afterwards to eause trouble and dissatisfaction.

Beeause of our "Pre-Shrinking" Process, all of the style, distinctiveness and eleganee, which you note as you view yourself in the clothier's glass, *is there to stay.*

Beeause of this "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which keeps Kaufman garments shapely and pleasing for months instead of days, we are able to *guarantee satisfaction* in every garment we produce.

Every Kaufman dealer has our authority to make this guarantee in our name:

"If any garment bearing the Kaufman label is not satisfaetory it may be returned and money refunded."

We do not know of another clothes maker who would make such a strong, binding guarantee. For it goes without saying that a garment which is ill-fitting and out of shape after the first shower can never be really satisfactory.

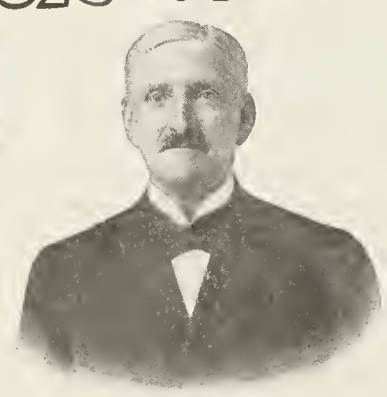
We frankly admit that we ourselves would not care to make sueh a guarantee were it not for our "Pre-Shrinking" Proeess, which alone makes it possible.

Your dealer will gladly show you Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments in any of the popular fabries for Spring and Summer at $12 to $30 the suit.

Our handsome *Style Book* will post you on the correct styles for Spring and Summer. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's FREE. You should have it before deciding.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

I Will Be Glad To Send You a Fox Typewriter for Free Trial



W. R. Fox, President
Fox Typewriter Company

I know this—

That no advertising word of mine will **mean** half as much to you as the real test of a Fox Typewriter in your own office.

So I say—let me send a Fox machine absolutely free, for trial and examination.

I pay the expressage and all expenses, and there is no string or obligation to my offer.

I know typewriters. I studied every one on the market before I invented and made mine—the Fox.

I steered clear of their every fault and weak point—of every defect, every disadvantage. Beside this, I gave to the Fox many splendid new features—not **then** or **now** found in **any** other typewriter. It looked like an up-hill proposition to make and sell typewriters in competition with the Trust. But I succeeded, simply because business men know **merit,** and the Fox Typewriter is now sold by the thousands all over the world. You know how important the type bar and hanger of the typewriter are. On the Fox the bearing is wide and the bar heavy, and will stand years and years of hardest work.

A single Fox machine will do all kinds of work: letter writing, invoicing, billing, tabulating, figures, stencil cutting, and heavy manifolding. Anything any typewriter **can** do the Fox **will** do—and more. You can buy two carriages—different lengths—and use them interchangeably. The Fox is a two-color writer, and there is no inking your fingers handling it. But the proof of all this is in my offer to send, or have my representative dealer deliver, a Fox Typewriter to your office. Put it to every test, and if you decide to buy, I'll make favorable terms and allow liberally on your old machine. Simply fill out coupon and mail it to me, while you think of it.

W. R. Fox, President

Fox Typewriter Company

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Please arrange for a free trial of a Fox Typewriter without any obligations on my part

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Collier's

the Imperial Theater of Warsaw. For seven years in Warsaw she perfected her art, creating nearly three hundred parts. Political troubles drove Modjeska and her husband from Poland in 1876, and they settled on a ranch near Los Angeles, California. She partially mastered the English language, and on August 20, 1877, she appeared at the California Theater in San Francisco, and from that time on for many years she continued to act in English both in the United States and in England. Among the parts in which she won both public and critics were Rosalind, Queen Mary Stuart, Viola, Isabella, Juliet, Beatrice, Imogen, Queen Katharine, Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, Portia, Ophelia, Cordelia, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Marguerite Gautier, Gilberte Sartorys, Magda, and Odette.

Modjeska attacked the Russian Government for its treatment of Poland, the occasion being a woman's congress at the Chicago World's Fair. Her words penetrated to St. Petersburg, and the decree later went out that she might enter no part of the Russian dominion.

As an actress, her fame is but little impaired by the passage of time. Her appealingly broken English, the curve of her voice, and a wistfulness of demeanor that seemed to her audiences to be expressive of the pathetic history of her native country and of her own personal exile—all these attributes of charm were rendered by an art that knew both its power and its limitations, and that moved to its own gracious consummation without strain. In Lady Macbeth, the moan and plaint of a lady ridden by the memories of an aet too gross for her nature were easily within the scope of Modjeska's power. Some of the traditional Siddons fire and menace were perhaps absent.

A "tragedienne" Modjeska was, but interpretive of the tender and more appealing elements of the characters that went down in death, leaning always to whatsoever things were pathetic in their destiny rather than to the stern and murderous.

Her Rosalind in "As You Like It" is an incomparable memory to many playgoers. She played the part with a gently diffused sadness, never insistent or forced, but pervasive throughout the rendition—sure sign of the presence of beautiful creative work.

"High Finance" in Action

ONE more of those cloudy proceedings that at times hang around the peaks of high finance is that of the $692,292.82 which the Metropolitan Securities Company paid certain men for the Cortlandt Street (New York) Ferries franchise in excess of the sum for which those men secured the franchise from Anthony N. Brady. That exeess money has just been paid back by Thomas F. Ryan, Peter A. B. Widener, Thomas Dolan, and the estates of William C. Whitney and William L. Elkins to the Metropolitan Securities Company. The three financiers concerned who are still alive aver that the nearly seven hundred thousand dollars returned to them was what they had advanced to the Metropolitan Railway Company.

The New York "American," prompt to sit on the trail of the well-to-do, sums up the whole transaetion by saying: "Restitution is confession." The New York "Evening Post" is a little more lenient, but is also visibly displeased.

Tips

CUSTOM-HOUSE inspectors have fallen into the way of accepting tips. Expensive gifts of cigars and liquors were added by the steamship companies to the regular free donation of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner for whatever time the vessel was fast to the pier. One steamship company had been paying out $12,000 a year in after-dinner accompaniments to its warm friends, the visiting inspectors. Some of the inspeetors, flushed with a sense of duty done, would frankly ask for a box of perfectos.

Inspectors received tips for another service, too. Some of our navigation laws stand written to-day with the wording of 1789, when sailing vessels plowed the main. Those laws practically sealed up a vessel from sunset to sunrise, if she had the ill-luck to be entering the harbor at nightfall. It became the habit to pay out a gratuity for a night inspection, and this informal custom was carried over, along with the obsolete law, on board the modern steam craft. Vessels have been paying $25 apiece, and sometimes more, for the privilege of being inspeeted when they make port after sundown. One steamship company had an annual expense of $6,000, as tips to inspectors for the night release, regularly entered on the account books.

The Collector of the Port of New York, his attorney, and the steamship companies held a series of quiet meetings, and all sides have agreed to omit the tip for night inspection and for cigars on board.



More than Merely "Guaranteed Hose"

Everwear Hose are made for EXTRA EASE as well as EXTRA WEAR. They retain their shape and hold their color through all their long wear and many washings.

You should remember these particular advantages, and the name EVERWEAR, when buying hose. For it's so easy to make a mistake in purchasing — So easy to become confused in names.

So always look for the name EVERWEAR on the Hose. Examine them closely—see that they have that smooth, soft texture: the neat shape and the fine finish found only in Everwear.

Everwear TRADE MARK **HOSIERY**

For Men and Women

We guarantee six pairs to wear six months—and we give new hose FREE if they show a hole, rip or tear within that time.

Order six pairs from your dealer today. If he hasn't them, we will send them express paid to any part of the United States. Send for our free booklet—"An Everwear Yarn."

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box—Solid or Assorted Colors

SILK LISLE

Men's—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue, gray, and green.

Ladies' $3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

Men's—$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

Ladies'—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.

Department 12 **Milwaukee, Wis.**

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

A Thousand and One Uses for

THERMOS THE BOTTLE



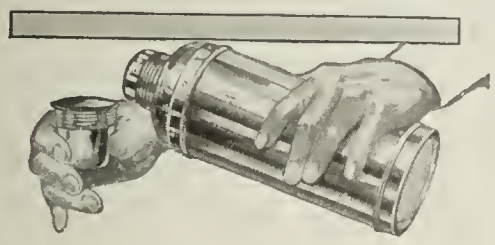
Think what the Thermos Bottle means to **you!** —an ice-cold drink—a steaming-hot drink—whenever you want it—wherever you want it.

When traveling—camping—picnicking—motoring—yachting—in your home—at the office.

You need it—the Thermos Bottle. You can't afford to be without it.

Pour ice-cold liquid—milk—water—lemonade—anything—into the Thermos Bottle. *And it will stay cold,* without ice, for 72 hours.

Pour steaming-hot tea—coffee—milk—cocoa—into the Thermos Bottle. *And it will stay hot for 24 hours,* without heat.



If there is an invalid or baby at home—don't get up during the night to heat milk—water—broth. Heat it as hot as you like before going to bed. Put it into the Thermos, and it will be piping hot whenever needed.

These are but a few Thermos uses. Your dealer will tell you of countless others.

There is convincing proof of the thorough practicability of the Thermos Bottle, in the fact that Theodore Roosevelt included the Thermos in his South African equipment.

In the New Model Thermos Bottle, the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only Bottle in which this separable-case feature has been patented.

Don't buy an imitation of the Thermos Bottle. You'll be throwing away your money. Get the genuine—see that "THERMOS" is stamped on the bottle.

American Thermos Bottle Company
1175 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Demountable rims cannot be depended upon for quick, convenient tire replacements on the road, without a genuine



BARRETT JACK

Why endanger the efficiency of such expensive equipment for the sake of the slight price difference between the Barrett and a cheaper jack?

No car is flawless without a Barrett Jack in the tool box.

Catalog on Request

THE DUFF MFG. CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

50 Church St., New York
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BELLE ISLE Marine Engine



2 to 3 H.P. Bare Engine $23

Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable 2-Cycle engine of its size on earth—entirely new design, improved and perfected in every detail—makes speedy little launch from an ordinary row-boat. Catalog describing all sizes FREE.

New Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

Certain firms, importing foreign automobiles, tell of a secret tariff levied on each incoming car. Certain travelers still tell of meeting the Custom-House official on the morning after the arrival in port with ten stuffed trunks. If all concerned will quit paying and receiving pay for transacting Government business, nobody's feelings will be hurt and we shall be blessed in one more noiseless betterment.

✣ ✣ ✣

"Bucko"

(Continued from page 17)

He gave them the lead himself: his vigor infected them and they went aloft at a run. With Logan at the bunt, they had the topsail furled as soon as the topgallant. He was an inspiring leader at such a job: his call to haul up to windward summoned all their power and his own great strength, and the fierce energy and speed with which he worked kept them strung up to their utmost endeavor. From the main to the mizzen he swept them in a paroxysm of haste and labor; and when all was done he was the only one of them to land on deck again without quickened breath and aching muscles.

All that afternoon it breezed up with growing force in the true Cape Horn style, raising a strong running sea. The second dog-watch saw the first of the snow; by eight bells they were in the thick of it and all hands were resigned to stand by all night. The men gathered at the break of the poop, bundled in their thickest clothing, with oilskins over all, dodging the wind that carried the chill of ice down on them and watching the snow as it drove over them in thickening clouds.

The *Etna*, under three lower topsails and a staysail, labored to keep her head up to the wind, and where they stood the men could hear the green water piling over the rail for'ard and see the white water dash aft along the scuppers. She was always a wet ship for'ard; and now, with much worse to come, she was already scooping the sea in by tons over both sides and the bow. Sometimes, when her bows lifted on a sea and swung up to windward, the fore-tops'l leach flattened and filled again with a bang like a gun, and she would heel giddily with the impact and trail her lee rail deep under the mounting seas. Every movement of her, every voice of all the voices that spoke from her strained and overtried gear, had its plain significance for the men; they saw and heard and judged her, frowningly attentive to all she did, only idly concerned for their own share in her fortunes.

Old Noble, braced against the lee poop ladder, had Fullerton next to him. Since his fight with Logan, the American had scarcely spoken to any one. Noble glanced covertly at his profile, set hard and staring unwinkingly into the darkness ahead, and felt a vague trouble at the man's aloofness.

"Time them tops'ls was in, Jim," he said, tentatively.

Fullerton nodded without turning his head. "Aye," he answered shortly.

"Cold job furlin' 'em," tried Noble again. "It's playin' with men's lives to hang on in weather like this."

Fullerton laughed shortly, a mere bark of bitter mirth. Playin'?" he said. "They're not playin'. It's their trade, murdering sailors."

There was a pause, while both of them stood gazing into the night and the crisp snow that blew out of the darkness to windward and vanished in the dark to leeward. Where it touched their faces, it stung like a burn.

"Jim," said Noble again.

"What?" demanded Fullerton.

"You ain't got anything up against me, have you, Jim?" asked Noble.

"No," said Fullerton, shortly.

"'Cos we ain't had much to say these last days," explained Noble. "Those Dutchmen have a notion that I'm standing in with Logan. You wouldn't think that of me, would you, Jim?"

"No," replied Fullerton again. He shuffled his feet and spat. At last he turned toward Noble.

"I'm nobody's fool," he said. "I know a straight man when I meet him; I never thought you was carryin' tales to Logan. Only, somehow, I sorter can't make out to be sociable since you all saw me get that hidin'. I don't feel square about it; I'd ought to have another chance at Bucko, an' I can't get it. I reckon you think I'm crazy, eh?"

Noble touched his arm a moment.

"No, Jim," he said. "I know how you feel. But none of you don't know how I feel about it."

"What d'ye mean?" said Fullerton.

Noble shook his white head. "It's no good sayin'," he answered. "You sort of forget I'm an old man, don't you, Jim? Well, that's what I am; forty-seven years



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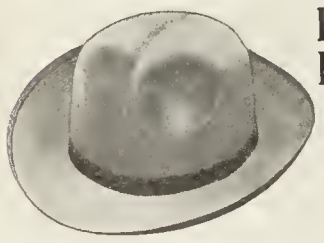
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since I started goin' to sea; an' it takes an old man to feel the way I do."

"Oh, hell," said Fullerton, awkwardly. And, in the vernacular of the foc'sle, he could have said nothing more adequate.

A barometer is by no means so sensitive as that bundle of nerves, memories, and intuitions which constitute the weather-wisdom of a good sailor; and the captain, who believed in his barometer, was late in waking to the fact that three lower topsails and a staysail were too much for the *Etna* to carry. This fact he realized at that particular moment when all possibility of handling the topsails was definitely past. The sky to the northwest seemed to open and a dull light to show through, the Horn's authentic ensign of wind in reserve, of reenforcements of tempest advancing to the attack. He popped his blond head in at the companion and consulted the barometer; then scuttled back to where his two mates were together behind the weather-dodger.

"Gosh," he said, in tones of protest; "it's still falling."

"Yes, sir," answered Logan; "there's a lot more coming."

The captain twisted inside his clothes uneasily and put his hands up to shield his eyes from the driving snow while he looked for'ard. The *Etna* rose just then to a sea, rolling to leeward as she did so, and again the foretopsail flattened and filled again with a jolt that shook the ship.

"Mind your helm, there!" roared the captain over his shoulder to the two men who strained at the kicking wheel.

He stepped under the shelter of the dodger again, eager to be out of the wind.

"We'll have to get them tops'ls off her," he said, and hesitated. "I suppose we can furl 'em?" he asked.

The mate grunted doubtfully. Logan, who had not ceased to keep his lookout to windward, turned.

"No," he said. "You'll have to lose 'em, sir."

The captain stared at him. "Eh?" he cried. "What d'ye mean? Ain't you got your chaps in shape yet, or what? Tops'ls must be mighty cheap where you come from, Mr. Second Mate."

He could see that Logan was smiling at him. "Yes, mighty cheap," he repeated, shrilly.

"They're cheaper where they're going to," answered Logan. "Look what's coming."

The captain looked. The dull light to windward had brightened, so that its reflection was seen on the sea. It was a pale opalescence lying low on the horizon.

"See?" said Logan, with a thrill in his voice. "Shall we start the sheets now?"

The captain's fingers plucked at his lips.

"Ye-es," he said. "Start 'em."

Logan crammed his sou'wester down on his head and sprang to the ladder with the mate at his heels.

"Tops'l sheets," he roared, vociferous at last, and in the same breath: "Hang on all! Hang on!"

It was as though some conscious and infinitely hostile force had gathered its strength for a single blow. The wind lulled for a moment as though it drew breath; from the main deck the hands in a troop clawed their way to the refuge of the poop. Then, out of the darkness, in a single vehemence of power, the wind smashed down on them. The ship stood on the impact as though she had struck ground, and with a rending noise the mizzen topsail blew from the bolt ropes. Seas climbed the rail to thunder down on the deck in a quick succession of staggering blows, and the *Etna*, straining and shivering, laid her long side down, canted her deck till they thought she was going over for good.

Logan reached out a long arm and snatched the captain down to him. The wind half-strangled him as he shouted in the other's ear.

"We got to start them tops'ls," he cried. "We got to do it."

The captain answered something; the wind snatched the words from his lips and strewed them forth soundlessly. Logan, sliding and crawling, arrived among the men who crouched on the other side of the deck.

"I want one man," he cried. "One man to lend me a hand with them sheets."

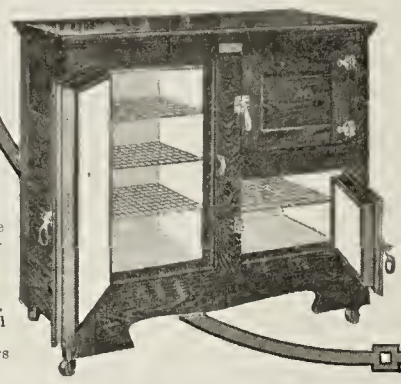
He turned forthwith and made his way to the ladder, conscious that a man in oilskins was following him. The main deck was a mere trap of tumultuous water, raving and tumbling. With a quick eye to his opportunity, he leaped from the foot of the ladder to the after hatch, scrambled along it and on to the after house. The man who followed him came at his heels, never more than a yard behind. Again, choosing their moment, they let themselves down on the main fife-rail; and in another moment the sheet was cast off and the main lower tops'l was sailing to leeward in extravagant rags. No time was theirs to exult, though; a towering sea drenched them even as they climbed to the top of the house again,

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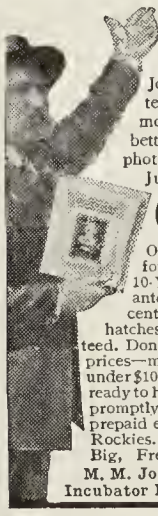
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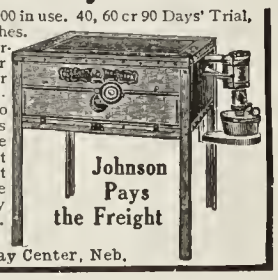
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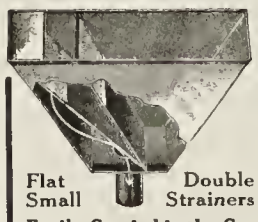


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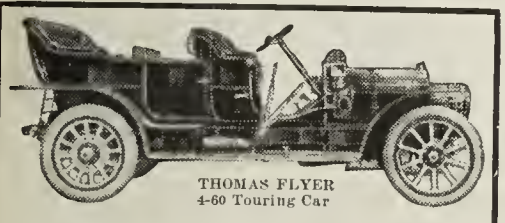
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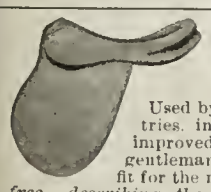
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there to lie and watch for another moment of grace that should let them scramble for'ard. Logan turned and peered into the face of the man who had followed him.

"You, Noble?" he said.

"Yes, sir," answered the old man.

It was chancy work getting for'ard, and once they had to hang on desperately to ring-bolts in the deck while a sea stamped over them and half-drowned them. When they emerged, Noble's sou'wester was gone and his clothes hung on him in rags. A sea racing to leeward across a deck will sometimes strip a man naked. The fore fife-rails were heaped with tangled ropes; they labored desperately before they could clear the sheets ready to run. All the time they could barely see one another, and worked with a fear that a sea might leap upon them and make an end of their striving.

"All clear," cried Logan at last. He had been finding the end of the chain-sheets, and, at the word, Noble slacked off, twisted it from the pin, and let it race aloft, roaring through its sheave. With a sound like blowing off steam from a boiler, the sail tore and the *Etna* rolled back, righted, and wallowed. Noble, with both arms wrapped round the fife-rail, felt the water cascading over him. She came to an even keel and freed him, gasping and weak. Something had floated between his legs. It stirred, and murmured.

"Good Lord!" cried Noble.

Logan panted a little; Noble could only see his face as a pale blot on the wet deck.

"Sheet was round my legs," said the second mate, very deliberately. His voice seemed no quieter than of wont. "Both broken," he added.

"You blame fool!" cried Noble, aghast. "Couldn't you step clear?"

The *Etna* was upright again, and for the moment shipped no water. But the snow thrashed down upon them unceasingly, and the wind sung shrilly in the rigging.

"Drag me for'ard, under the foe'sle head," Logan said.

Noble stared down at him, gathering his wits. "Why?" he asked at length.

"She's falling off," was the answer, still measured and deliberate. "There'll be water aboard again in a minute. Haul me careful, mind."

"I ain't goin' to haul you at all," replied Noble. "Not a haul. Mister Logan."

"Why?" said Logan. It was strange to hear that equable voice speaking up from the deck, in its tones of every day.

"I'll tell you," said Noble. "I'll stay by you till I've told you if I go overboard with you." He was on his knees by the second mate's side, and he still had to shout to make himself heard. "It's your bucko style that don't suit me," he said. "This is the end of it. You're the finest sailor that ever I see, Mr. Logan; but the bucko business has done for you."

The prone man made no answer; his face still looked up.

"You ain't never laid a hand on me," Noble went on. "And why? 'Cos I done my job and done it right and shipshape. But if I was to make a mess of a job, where'd I be? On my back with a broken jaw. An' it don't seem right to me that men before the mast should be pounded like little boys that don't know their book, or like horses that won't pull. If you was to punch here and there when you felt like it, I'd have nothing to growl about; I been workin' on ships since I was twelve. But this punishment game's got to stop."

"I hear you," answered Logan.

"Right," said Noble. "And you get the idea?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Hang on."

"Eh?" said Noble.

"Hang on," said Logan. "She's goin' to roll."

She gave a sickening heave, and Noble had barely time to find a hold and fasten to it when the water came aboard. It thrust him under the fife-rail and against the mast; it wrapped him in rasping coils of rope and pushed his head back like a wrestler. Only the mast to leeward of him saved him; when he was clear again he could hardly stand on his feet. And now he was alone.

Aft on the poop they were seizing a folded awning into the mizzen rigging to bring her head up. He told his news—that the second mate was overboard—and lent a hand with the work. When it was over, Fullerton took him by the arm.

"Say," said the American; "it wasn't you that killed him, eh?"

"No," said Noble.

"If it was," said Fullerton, "I'd settle you. I'd something to say to Bucko before I was through with him."

"I didn't do nothing to him," said Noble, wearily. "But, Jim. The sea's no place for an old man."

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An unusual sort of coffee planter, of course. Mr. Flandrau was at Harvard with a class to which cleverness and a rather precious wit were a sort of religion. He was one of its shining lights, and his "Harvard Episodes" one of its most shining and lamentable results. It is a chastened Mr. Flandrau who writes this little book, one full of kindliness and mature understanding, with just enough willingness now and then to wield the little diamond-pointed dagger to make things more interesting. Somewhat to overstate the case, one is reminded of Mr. Henry James turned Rough Rider—and liking it.

The humors of the voyage to Vera Cruz, the people one meets in trains, hotels, and variegated Mexican society; the life on an isolated coffee plantation; the continuous and startling picturesqueness of the Mexican scene—these Mr. Flandrau tells about with the informality of a returned traveler dining with an old friend in a quiet corner of the club. He never overaccents, and although he has the courage to say that he "lived too long in Boston not to know that charming books might be written by quite odious women," he often betrays a quite Bostonian diffidence before the almost immoral vividness of his own sensations. "The whole landscape," he says in describing his plantation, "is suspended in heat haze (swooning is the word I should like to use, but I shan't)."

Into the work and personality of President Diaz, Mr. Flandrau does not go in detail, although one gets the notion that he thinks his "military Diazpotism" is an excellent thing, on the whole, for the country. Politics and industrial matters, except as expressed in human terms, are very lightly touched on, the lack of a free press and the habit which the Government has of arresting one's employees and putting them to work on public improvements, amuse rather than worry this good-humored spectator.

One chapter is devoted to brief impressions of English-speaking residents—the material for plain tales which, as Mr. Flandrau suggests, Kipling would have lashed to the mast had his hills been Mexican. In the chapter about the Trawnbeighs, the English family who lived on a tumble-down plantation and "dressed for dinner" every night even when they had no dinner to dress for, the author tells a plain tale himself. Of course they had tea in the garden, although there wasn't any garden, only a rustic table, imperfectly shaded by three tattered banana trees. "We love to drink tea in the dingle-dangle," Mrs. Trawnbeigh explained. Here Cyril, the eldest son, in "flannels," fresh from playing a game of tennis with himself because there was no one else to play with, solemnly discussed with "the pater" whether the best place for haberdashery was "the Stores" or a small shop in Bond Street, which conversation Edwina interrupted with an abrupt question. "I say," she inquired anxiously, "has the dressing-bell gone yet?" The dressing-bell hadn't gone, but it soon went. Mr. Trawnbeigh, after looking at his watch, bustled off and rang it himself. And so on—better, really, than Mr. Kipling could have done it himself, for his is another kind of story.

Mr. Flandrau is righteously depressed by the manner in which foreigners who enjoy Mexico, prosper there and adopt many of its customs, stupidly deny its attraction for them when talking to their own people, "take a pride in parading the old tourist dicta that in their cases, one sees at a glance, are not justified by facts." We exhibit the same "impregnable dulness of the normal intellect" toward other Latin Americans. The book is published by the Appletons. A. R.

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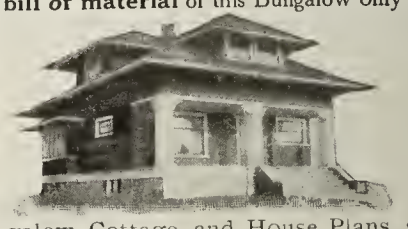
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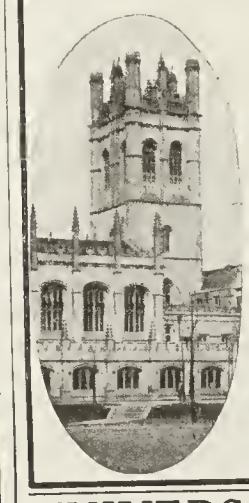
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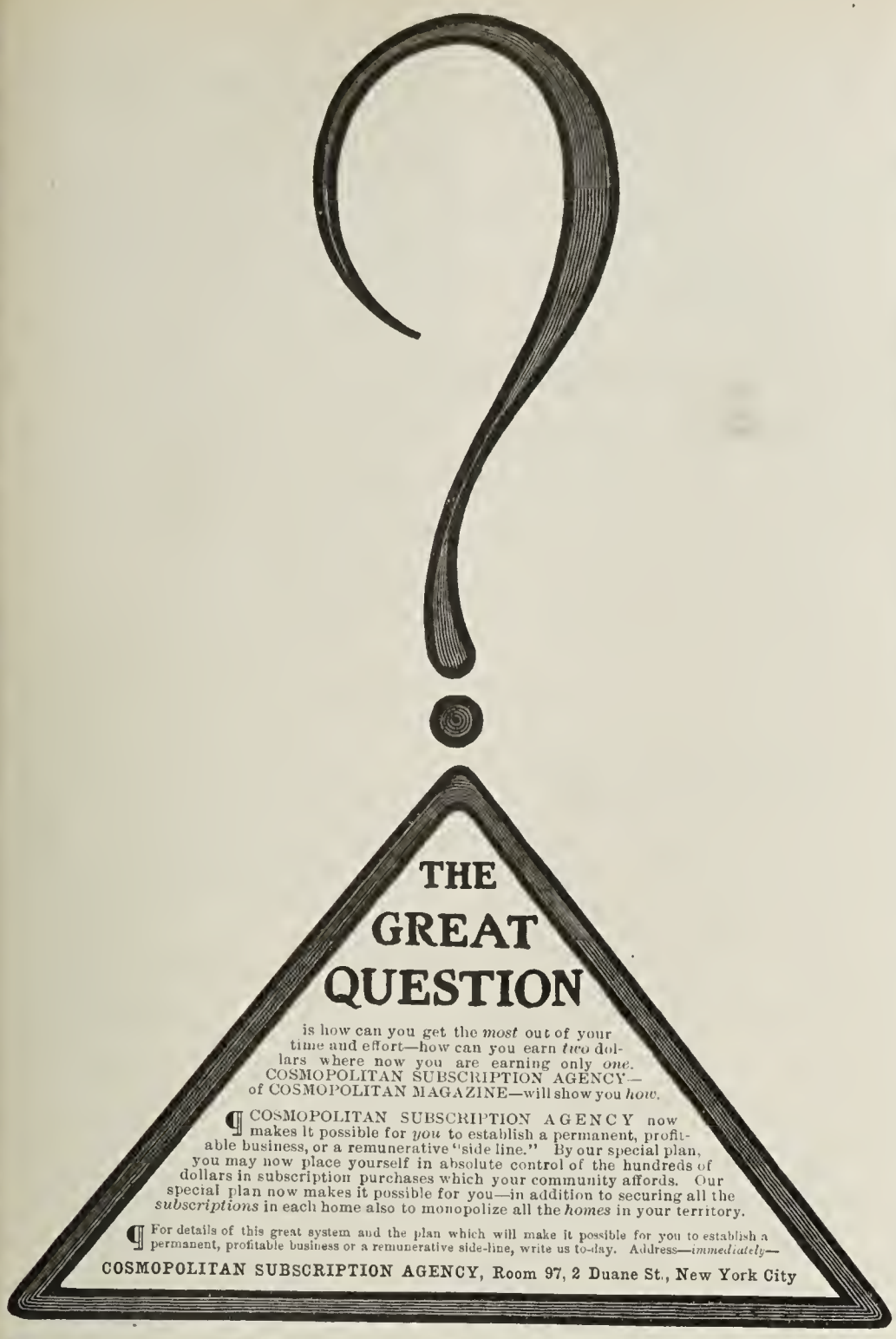
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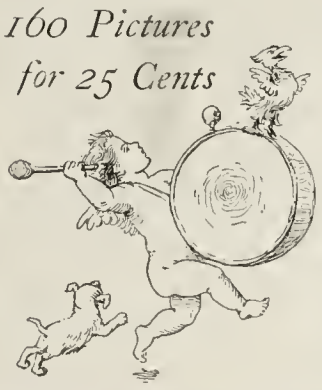
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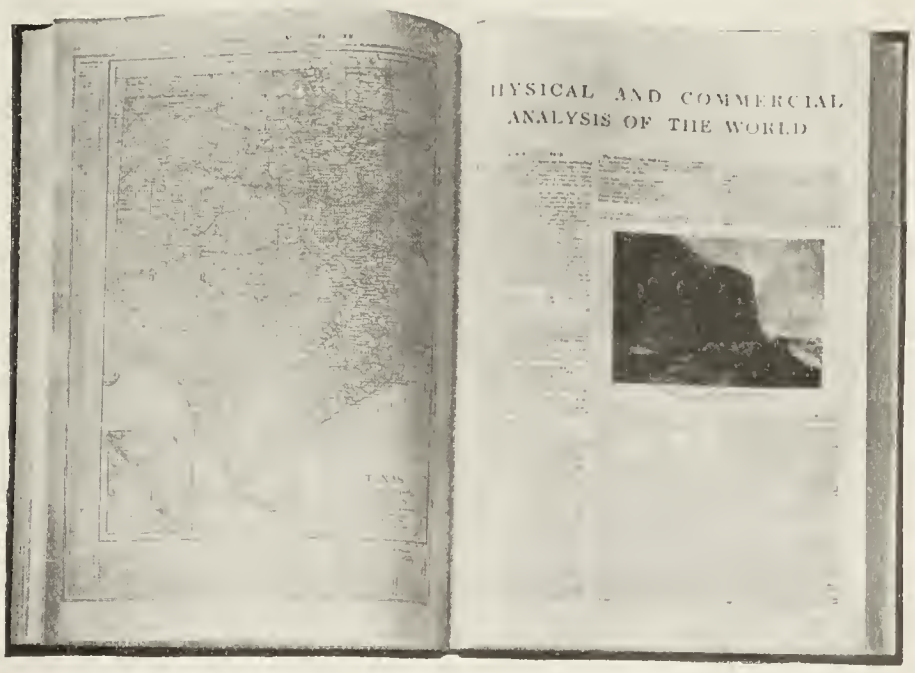


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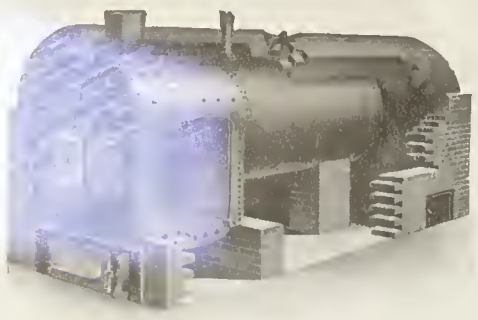
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Miller has experimented with on the stage, apparently with a view to deciding whether to put it on regularly next season. Guessing at the practical qualities of a drama like this is very difficult, because the dramatic qualities are so inseparable from the mode of presentation. If "The Faith Healer" were played as well as it could be played, we feel sure that it would make a strong impression on the stage, as it does in the reading. It is written with a really superb simplicity, and it masters the reader's attention from the first sentence to the last. Mr. Moody's early work in poetry was full of color, intelligence, music, and brilliant metaphor. Its principal fault was that it was what Lowell called over-languaged. The style of "The Faith Healer" is as chaste as that of Hawthorne, Newman, or Swift. The purer the taste of the reader the more enthusiastic will he be about this play. N. H.

The Five-Foot Library

PRESIDENT ELIOT has aroused so much new interest in the question of the best reading that we publish here some of the lists submitted to us, and shall very likely publish a further selection from whatever our readers may contribute.

"Great books," writes one, "are either great adventure or true psychology. The very biggest—the Bible—is both. The ten books I'd choose to be isolated with, therefore, would be:

The Bible.
Homer's 'Odyssey.'
Malory's 'Le Morte d'Arthur.'
Shakespeare's Plays and Poems.
Goethe's 'Faust.'
Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'
Emerson's Essays.
Browning's Poems.
Dumas's 'The Three Musketeers.'
Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair.'

And, unless I were cast on an island after being wrecked, to find out by personal experience what there is in treasure hunting, I'd insist upon making room for Stevenson's 'Treasure Island.'"

From one letter we clip these sentences:

"What I have in mind to read now is the Fiftieth Chapter of 'Decline and Fall' (spread of Mohammedanism), 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'Merchant of Venice.' My character is slowly dissolving, I fancy. For instance, I'd just as soon read the Fiftieth Chapter of 'Decline and Fall'—but the whole thing straight off—no. I did the first two volumes, when I was younger, straight off. Doubt if I could now. Recently saw Sothern in 'Hamlet.' Think he makes him too robust, insufficiently neurotic, but a great performance. Bob Davis's play—'The Family'—is, I understand, a hit here. Haven't seen it. Liked your editorial about Mademoiselle Kellerman. She and her sisters ought to be cast for the Rhine Maidens—that's obvious.

"I'm going to patronize vaudeville instead of drama my Wednesdays in town. It is the expression of America, and drama is exotic here."

Another list ran thus:

The Bible.
Shakespeare—Plays.
Goethe—"Faust."
Browning—Poems.
Carlyle—"Sartor Resartus."
Emerson—"Conduct of Life."
Hugo—"Les Misérables."
Thackeray—"Henry Esmond."
Eliot—"Felix Holt."
John Fiske—"Cosmic Philosophy."

The following is one letter:

"It is almost impossible to make a list of the ten most useful books without knowing the special purpose for which the individual intends to use them. A tired statesman may find a dime novel the most necessary thing for him at the end of the day; after chattering at two or three afternoon teas a man might find a plane geometry or an essay on the absolute most helpful in getting him back to normal again.

"It is quite conceivable that the man cast away on the favorite desert island might find that the books most necessary to him in a sophisticated social environment almost lost their meaning when read in the intervals of an arduous, purely physical, existence, such as a castaway might find it necessary to lead—might not feel like reading at all, in short, or might prefer 'The American Boy's Handibook' to 'Vanity Fair' or 'Madame Bovary.'

"If all other books were to be taken away, one would be likely to want specially: (1) a dictionary, (2) a good general history, (3) a good general encyclopedia, (4) a Bible, (5) Shakespeare, probably. With these one could get along, after a fashion, on a desert island or anywhere else. Beyond this, the choice seems to me to be almost wholly arbitrary and a matter of personal taste."



Perfect Soap After 36 Years

After 36 years' experience we have achieved our ideal in a soap.

Palmolive is perfect soap.

It is good for a baby's dainty skin, so you know it is good for yours.

It is far more than merely good soap.

It refreshes and invigorates—it brings healthy "glow" to the skin.

PALMOLIVE

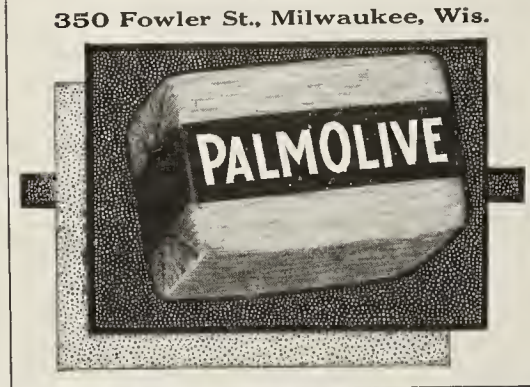
We send to the Orient—10,000 miles—for the palm and olive oils, its principal ingredients. The color is olive-green, from the oil. No artificial color.

Never was soap so quick to lather in any water—so soothing—so effective.

Send 4c in stamps for a generous trial cake and our book, *"The Easy Way to Beauty."*

See if you know of another soap you like even half so well.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
350 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.



This is the Way AUTO TIRES are Made

Automobile Tires are either "Moulded" or "Wrapped Tread." It's a difference in construction.

The "moulded" tire is built up layer by layer on an iron core. Over it is clamped an iron mould. It then goes to the vulcanizing rooms. Here heat expands the rubber, creating enormous pressure inside the mould, which forces a perfect union between the layers of rubber and fabric which go to make up a tire. This pressure is so tremendous that a 2-inch cube of rubber inclosed in a cast iron mould with walls 2 inches thick will *crack the iron* when subjected to the heat of the curing oven. The weakness of this process lies in the fact that the building up of fabric and rubber piece by piece is an operation requiring skill and dexterity. If the strips of fabric overlap ever so little—there's a ridge. If they fail to meet by the fraction of an inch—there's a hollow. These ridges—hollows—irregularities—multiply themselves in the curing into *hidden* weaknesses and defects.

It is because of these *concealed* faults that one "moulded" tire will last only 1600 to 2000 miles, while its mate stands up perfectly for 12000 to 15000 miles of hard riding.

This irregularity—this inequality of service must always be expected in a "moulded" tire.

The "wrapped tread" tire is built up layer by layer in the same manner. But instead of being cured on an iron core, it is cured on an AIR BAG—an extra strong inner tube. And instead of being clamped in an iron mould it is wrapped about with many layers of strong tape and is then cured (vulcanized) in live steam. The compressed air in the air bags smooths out all irregularities in the layers as your hand smooths out the wrinkles in a garment—there can be no hidden ridges or hollows to induce blow-outs and cut down the mileage. But, it does not get the terrific SQUEEZE that the moulded tire gets—thus lacks cohesiveness and unity—loses durability—and strength.

This is the plain truth simply told. No matter what tire you select—*SAVE ONE*—it will be either "moulded" or "wrapped tread." That one—the Goodyear Quick Detachable, is BOTH. It has all the advantages of each system, with the defects of neither.

It is first put into the Goodyear Hydraulic Press Vulcanizers on the iron core, and clamped in the iron mould, the same as the "moulded" tire, until the rubber has expanded to the utmost—until the SQUEEZE has reached its limit. Then, before the rubber has fully set—while it is still plastic—it is removed from the press, the iron core is replaced by the air bag, the iron mould by the winding of heavy tape and it is put into a vulcanizer and left until the curing process is complete.

The iron core and the SQUEEZE weld the Goodyear Quick Detachable into an inseparable whole. The air bag then smooths out any wrinkles, furrows or irregularities—which may have been hidden from the inspector's eye. The result is a *PERFECT TIRE*—the Goodyear Quick Detachable. As firmly knit together in all its parts as the best "moulded" tire. As free from hidden defects as the best "wrapped tread" tire.

Every Goodyear Quick Detachable is just like every other of the same size. Its life can be shortened only by overloading, abuse or careless driving. 10000 to 15000 miles is by no means unusual with this royally good tire.

In evidence of this supreme goodness note the result of tests made by these big corporations, who are in business for *revenue only.*

Today, 800 out of the 1000 Taxicabs in New York, operated by several competing companies, have contracted for Goodyear Tires to be used exclusively.

These 800 Taxicabs are doing 60,000,000 tire miles a year—more than 1,000,000 tire miles a week.

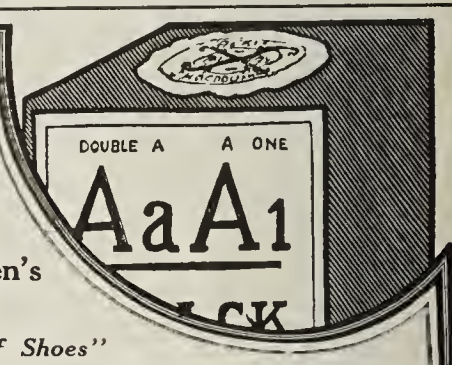
We have told you the "Why"—have cited the most practical proof of the truth of our claims—have pointed out how you can keep your tire expense down. In your own interest have the *best* tire equipment on *your* car—*Goodyear Tires.*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Erie Street, Akron, Ohio

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Bixby's "Double A-A One"



The Ideal Shoe Dressing for Women's and Children's Use

Write for free booklet — "Care of Shoes"

Because—Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is cleaner than any other. It will not rub off on the clothing nor fly about the room while being rubbed down to a brilliant shine.

Because—It requires less time and less labor to make the shoes look their best; and it contains no acid, shellac or varnish to spoil the leather:—Therefore easiest and best for women to use.

Because—Being a liquid it is easily applied. Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is made of *Oil*, to soften and nourish the leather, *wax*, to take a high polish with only three or four rubs of a soft cloth and a little dye that restores color and finish of scarred spots.

Because There are 100 Shines in a Bottle for 25c

"Aa A1" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. DOUBLE A BIXBY'S A ONE SHOE POLISH

If not yet on sale by your shoe man, send 25c. for full size package

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and Boat Parts are **The Standard** of Boat Construction. We do all the hard part for you. Every frame is set up by an expert boat builder, trued and tested before taking apart for shipment. All ribs are bent to exact shape, fitted and beveled for planking. Not a shaving need be taken off anywhere. With every frame we furnish all necessary patterns, illustrations and instructions for building the completed boat. Every piece is numbered. Anyone can reassemble them.

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We will furnish frames and parts for any kind of modern boat. Our boats are in service in every civilized country. The U. S. Government is among our patrons.

Our frames and materials to finish will save you **TWO-THIRDS THE COST** of a similar completed boat. The saving on freight alone is very great.

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$50 TO $300 SAVED

We are manufacturers, not merchants. Save dealers', jobbers', and catalog house profit. I'll save you from $50 to $300 on my High Grade Standard Gasoline Engines from 2 to 22-H.-P.—Price direct to you lower than dealers or jobbers have to pay for similar engines in carload lots for spot cash.

Direct From My Factory on 30 Days' Free Trial. Satisfaction or money back. Write for special proposition. All you pay me is for raw material, labor and one small profit. Send for my big BOOK FREE.

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Price and quality speak for themselves and you are to be the sole judge. Sell your poorest horse and buy a

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PAINT-MAKING EXPERIENCE *vs.* **PAINT MIXING EXPERIMENT**

It doesn't pay to *experiment* with paint—
Because it's always at *your* expense.
Now, every batch of hand-mixed Lead and Oil paint is more-or-less an *experiment*—
You can't be sure of the grade of your ingredients—the raw materials—
And you can't be at all sure of proper *mixing*—It's all guess-work—you can't know whether you've got a good paint until you put it to actual wear and weather test—
Maybe it'll wear—*maybe* it won't—
You simply *take chances*.
But, you don't *need* to experiment—
There's *one* paint that's the result of tried-out *experience*—That's

Lowe Brothers High Standard Liquid Paint

The culmination of thirty-five years of progressive paint-making experience.
It's a paint made by *exact* formulas—
And these ingredients are thoroughly ground together by the best possible paint-grinding machinery—Thus the oil and the pigments are combined into the best paint-liquid—
That's why "High Standard" Paint *spreads* easier—hides better—wears longer, and leaves a better surface for repainting. There's a "High Standard" Paint and Varnish for every purpose—Linduro, Vernicol Enamel White and Interior Enamel are among them, and are just what you need for beautiful rooms.

Write for Booklet, "The Owner's Responsibility."

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO
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Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickeled Box—Hinged Top

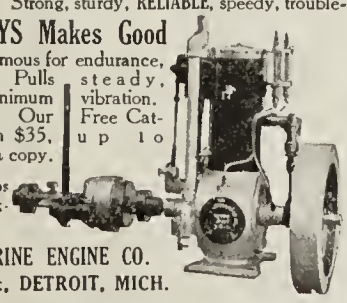


The shortest way to shaving comfort is a bee-line for Williams' Shaving Stick.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.
Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

The Strelinger
4 CYCLE 1-6 CYLINDER

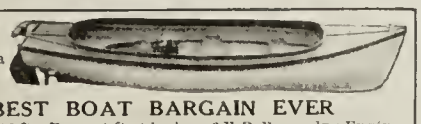
For over 12 years the name "Strelinger" has stood as the best in marine gasoline engines. A distinct success. First quality from flywheel to propeller. Strong, sturdy, RELIABLE, speedy, trouble-less. The engine that **ALWAYS Makes Good** because built right. Famous for endurance, fuel economy, power. Pulls steady, smoothly, quietly, minimum vibration. From 4 to 100 H.P. Our Free Catalog lists engines from $35, up to $2500. Write for a copy.



Enclose 10c stamps for nickel-plated pocket marine compass.

STRELINGER MARINE ENGINE CO.
40 Congress East, DETROIT, MICH.

$125.00
$6.00 extra for Salt Water.



BEST BOAT BARGAIN EVER

Length, 15 ft.; Beam 4 ft. 4 inches; 2 H.P. Reversing Engine. Boat and Engine fully guaranteed. Write for full details. Satisfy yourself that this is really a boat bargain.
We build a full line of water craft—Cruisers, Motor Boats, Row Boats and Canoes. Send for catalogue No. 5, Motor Boats and Cruisers. Catalogue No. 6 Row Boats and Canoes.
RACINE BOAT COMPANY, 1610 Racine St., Racine, Wis.

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

COMMUNICATION

EVERY form of communication has its specific use in business. A letter will often do in six lines a work that an hour of personal conferenee could not do. A telephone conversation will achieve results that could not be accomplished by telegraph, mail, or interview. A telegram will do work that no other form of communication will accomplish. Sending a representative is often more productive of results than for principals to meet. And principals can often, in a half-hour's talk, bring about results that could not be achieved by months of work on the part of two independent organizations. A boy with a letter is often better than a man who knows the inside of things, and the man who knows can often do work that all other means combined could not accomplish. A printed circular or a published advertisement will often do what letters and interviews can not. And a salesman who can meet the objections can get results where all else would fail. A woman can handle some points where a man would spoil the whole thing, and in other cases a man can say the word or strike the attitude that a woman could not do. A casual word from a friend can offset the conclusions of a board of directors. And even a postscript can drop a stick of mental dynamite that would explode in a letter before it was signed.

Every method for the interchange of thought has its place, and none will ever really displace the other. The man who rides a hobby as to a favorite mode may be making stupendous blunders without realizing it. One of the most vital points of a business education is to know when to use one and when another of the various forms of conveying thoughts—and all big business is largely a matter of changing and exchanging thought. How the matter is put to a man largely determines his answer, and by reading between the lines a man's reputation and standing are established.

SALESMANSHIP

A SALESMAN in a furnishing store displayed to a friendly enstomer a gentleman's plain linen handkerehief at five dollars. The man had always thought he was doing well to pay fifty eents, and questioned the salesman about it.

"How can a man figure it that he gets his money's worth when he pays five dollars for a handkerchief? It doesn't serve the purpose any better, and he couldn't afford to tell any one that he was big enough fool to pay that price."

"He gets his money's worth," said the salesman, "from the added force of self-respect that comes with his own personal assurance that he has the best that can be produced. That conviction helps him in urging his point and in swinging the big deal his way, and the five dollars is a mere item of incidental expense."

Ever afterward that customer gladly paid more not only for handkerchiefs but for every item of his wardrobe.

That is salesmanship.

PERSONALITY

SHOULD personality have a conspicuous place in business or should the individual be submerged in the institution?

One reason why this has remained a mooted question is because it has points of merit on both sides which advocates of the other are usually unwilling to concede.

Too much playing up of personality almost inevitably tends to make men "high and mighty," and impairs their usefulness in about the proportion that they think that they are the business. And too much submerging of the individuality takes out of men their legitimate inspiration and causes their minds to accept the place into which they are forced—that of being a mere cog in a machine. Between these two extremes the proper mode of procedure must be found. But when found it will be seen to differ as widely as individuals and institutions differ. There is no such thing as reducing this problem to a cut-and-dried conclusion, and saying that

O'Sullivan's



Heels of Live Rubber

Listen! Have your feet lost their spring? Do you sit down where you used to stand? Do you ride where you used to walk? Are you disinclined to walk? Do you wear the soles of your shoes on the inside? Look to your shoes; look to the heels of your shoes particularly. These symptoms and many others arise from improper attitudes in walking, bringing disproportionate weight on the inner or weaker side of the feet.

The Great Reason. See to your shoes; see to the heels of your shoes; see that the heels are low and long enough to receive a perpendicular line passing down through the center of the ankle on the inside of your foot; see that your boots are fitted with heels of Live Rubber for just one reason, though there are many others which physicians, nurses, teachers, housekeepers, and in fact all sensible people, will offer; and the great reason why you should wear Heels of Live Rubber is that they encourage walking, which is universally conceded to be the simplest and best exercise, and enable you to walk more briskly and farther with the same effort. They do more than that; they help you to walk normally and gracefully.

If all people wore Heels of Live Rubber and had them put on by shoemakers who understood their work, they would be wearing heels one inch high and long enough to receive that portion of the weight which ought to be supported by the breast of the heel and to relieve the strain upon the instep arch.

Resiliency. The resiliency of the Live Rubber Heel induces you to walk normally; that is, to carry your feet parallel in walking. Leather heels are inclined to make you toe out; that is abnormal, ungainly, and tiresome, and results in the afflictions for which instep supports are worn on the inside of the shoes.

Ball of Foot. Provided Heels of Live Rubber encourage walking, and induce normal attitudes in walking, then it follows that they cause you to use the ball of your foot as the fulcrum, and the muscles of your leg to lift your body in walking.

Substitution. If Heels of Live Rubber are helpful along these lines, isn't 50c. a low price for them? Isn't it almost a shame to substitute ash-barrel rubber stuffed with rags when *Live Rubber* is the only article that will fill the mission of the rubber heel? But that is the situation; if you want *Live Rubber* you must demand O'Sullivan's. The few cents more profit that the substitute leaves the dealer explains why he makes his little speech as to why they are "just as good."

Diagram. When you encounter such a condition send diagram of your boot heel and 35c. to Lowell and get your Live Rubber Heels direct from the makers.

Free Booklet. A free booklet on the proper walk and proper walking shoes, written by Humphrey O'Sullivan, expert foot fitter, for the asking.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.



What Wears out the Collar?

The weekly soaking, soaping, boiling, rubbing, starching, ironing,—all for one day's use. Cut this out, with the worry and expense.

Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs

make you independent, and you can bank what you save. You look neat and stylish always, for LITHOLIN Goods follow the fashions closely. The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed. Book of styles free on request.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Always sold from a RED box. Avoid substitutions.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, post paid.

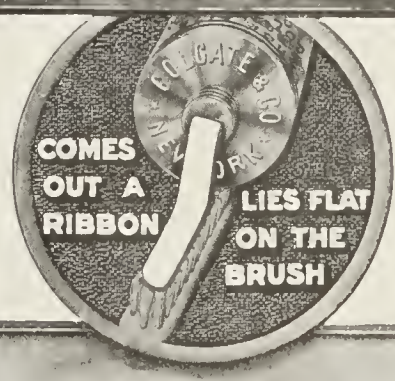
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Colonial Red Cedar
Treasure Chest
Made in Various Styles and Prices

Made of fragrant Southern Cedar, heavily bound and bradded with copper; fitted with roomy lock drawer. Moth, dust and damp proof. Shipped direct from factory subject to approval, without cost to you. Catalog Free. Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 63, Statesville, N. C.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



DELICIOUS—
and ANTISEPTIC.—The dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste. Gives a pearly lustre to the teeth.
Trial tube sent for 4 cts. in stamps.
COLGATE & CO., Dept. W, 55 John St., N.Y.
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap.

"The Eternal Question" by GIBSON

25 CENTS

"THE ETERNAL QUESTION" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 25 cents. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, die-stamped and richly tinted, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14 x 18 inches. Sent postpaid. It is the best picture on the market for 25 cents.

Address PRINT DEPT.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, 412 W. 13th St., New York

PENNSYLVANIA

WHICH appeals to your business sense, to buy a cheap car with its never-ending expense for upkeep, or to buy a good car in the beginning, and enjoy the kind of motoring that is only obtainable with such a car, probably costing you less in the end?

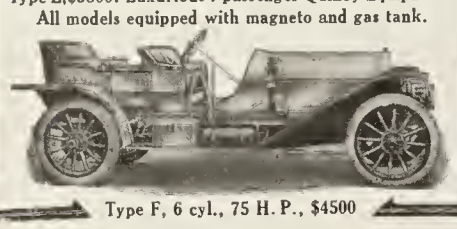
The perfectly balanced, hemispherical motor of four cylinders used in the "Pennsylvania" cars gives more speed and power than can be obtained from six cylinder motors of equal cylinder contents, having the usual valve pockets, because the explosion is concentrated on the piston, and the heat units are not dissipated by unnecessary cylinder walls. By the same token, the ability of the "Pennsylvania" six is of that phenomenal order that makes one gasp in astonishment that so much power can be encompassed in so small a space.

"Pennsylvania" cars have amply proven their ability and dependability by their many winnings during the past season, in speed, hill climbing and reliability contests. In accomplishing these results detailed refinements have not been slighted. The cars are of exceedingly smart appearance, silent, and possess wonderful riding qualities.

It is not possible to get better quality, and only a few cars have equal ability.

PENNSYLVANIA AUTO MOTOR CO., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
J. M. Quinby & Co., Newark, N. J., distributors for New York City, Philadelphia and New Jersey

Type D, 25 Runabout $2000. Baby Tonneau or Touring Car, $2100.
Type C, 50 Touring or Baby Tonneau, $3000.
Type E, $3800. Luxurious 7 passenger Quinby Equipment.
All models equipped with magneto and gas tank.



Type F, 6 cyl., 75 H. P., $4500



RUBBER NECK COAT

The only absolutely Waterproof Coat ever made in the World

A broad statement—yet only the simple truth. **No Rubber Coat that is put on like the ordinary Coat must be put on, can be waterproof.**

Driving against the wind in rainy weather, what's there to prevent the water from beating in all the way down the front of coat, at the neck, at the sleeves, through the button-holes, and even through the **very seams.**

If you want a Rubber Coat that **is** waterproof—as waterproof as a diving suit—get the **Patented Rubber-Neck Coat.** It costs no more than any other, but is worth a great deal more.

It's made with a **one-piece yoke of pure gum rubber** that fits around your neck as snugly as a glove—not a drop of water can ever get in.

From this yoke hangs the Coat of high grade black rubber, **all made in one piece**—without a clasp, or a button, without any opening either in front or back—**so how could the water get in?**

You put the Coat on like you put on a sweater—pull it over your head—and that's all there is to it. The sleeves are protected by waterproof wristlets, so no moisture can reach you there.

The Coats are from 48 to 56 inches long—tell us your chest measure—**and we'll guarantee the fit absolutely.**

The entire Coat comes neatly put up in a small bag measuring only 3x8 inches, just a handy size for your overcoat pocket.

Price, including express charges to any part of the United States **$6.50**

Send us your order today—and if you do not find it the best Rubber Coat you ever saw, return it and have your money refunded.

Sold exclusively by

Saks & Company
Broadway at 34th Street **New York City**

Send for a copy of our handsome catalogue
"Everything For The Autoist But The Auto"

whatever conforms with that is right, and whatever does not is wrong. Whenever the problem comes up the things to be considered are the individual, the business, the precedents, the purpose, the alternative, and whether or not the net result in a particular case would be better if arranged the one way or the other. Settling it by a rule may involve a great mistake. And whenever a course or policy is criticized, it should not be criticized by a rule—whichever view you might have adopted—but by a consideration of such facts as would have entered into an intelligent decision in the first place. To overemphasize the importance of an individual is to forfeit the opportunity of placing effective emphasis on other phases of the business. To underestimate the importance of a man to a business is to blind one's eyes to the importance of having the right kind of men, and often to lose the good men already employed.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE

THE dignity of work well done, and the appreciation which people have for whoever does his work faithfully, no matter what that work is, is illustrated in the plan of the citizens of Montgomery, Alabama, who have undertaken to build a monument to "Old Bob" Goodwyn, a one-armed negro ferryman who recently lost his life in the discharge of his duty. "Old Bob," as he was affectionately called, has saved more than twenty lives on the Alabama River, often at a great risk of his own. Many families are grateful for his bravery and skill which spared the lives of one or more of their circle. The funeral of "Old Bob" was an elaborate one, in charge of his white friends. Now the city officials, business men, and school children are to join in raising a fund for a monument to his memory, Mayor Teague being in charge of the fund.

It is an unusual honor to be paid to a humble worker, but it is honest sentiment, such as people feel at heart for the qualities of fidelity and self-sacrifice, no matter by whom they are manifested.

THE IMPRESSION

GRADUALLY the matter of making an impression is being reduced to a fine art. The latest addition to the rules of the game is for a business man to count sixty before he answers his telephone—after the operator has told you that you are now connected with his private office. We have often wondered why it took so long at times to get an answer, and are pleased to learn that it was because we were in the process of being impressed. It is interesting to know those who feel the need of such aids, as it helps us to know just how violently we should tremble in their presence. Perhaps there may yet be an invention by which the tremble felt by the man at the other end of the line can be communicated to the august personage, whereby the art may be further perfected. It is unsafe to adopt a policy without some means of knowing just how it is working out. The problem is one which deserves attention. Making an impression is an effective way of dominating a situation, and we should reduce it to a science.

TOUCH-BUTTONS

If you were an employer would you be glad to employ your present self?

Accomplish something every hour and your achievements will make history.

Tact is a mixture of sympathy, common sense, and forethought, with a little dash of make-believe.

Even punctuality may sometimes be purchased at the dear price of a flustered mentality.

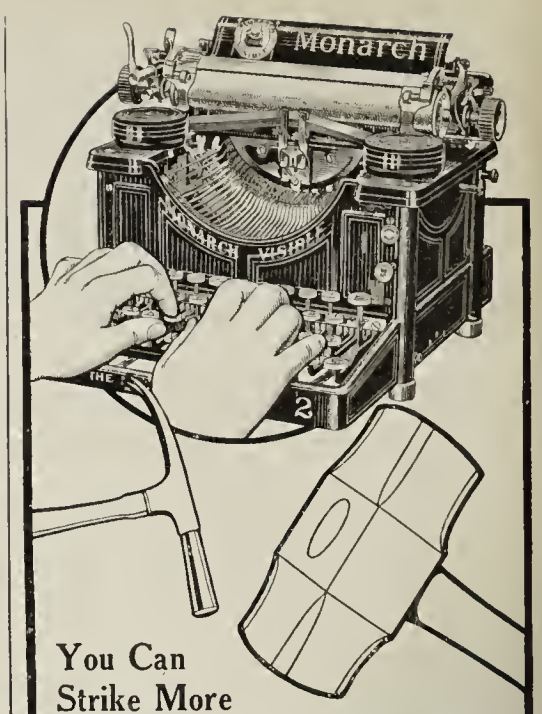
Ask yourself: What sort of business would it be if every man in it were just like yourself?

A theme for a book: the ethical obligation and the commercial value of being well dressed.

What is your weakest point?

Nothing dulls the keen edge of life quicker than the spirit of "What's the use?" To appreciate the use of little things sharpens every thought.

Set a mark for yourself. It's an old story, but try it. It has been said over and over because men have found that it works.



You Can Strike More Blows in a Day With a Tack Hammer Than With a Sledge

and on exactly the same principle the operator can write more words in a day with a Monarch than with an ordinary heavy-working machine.

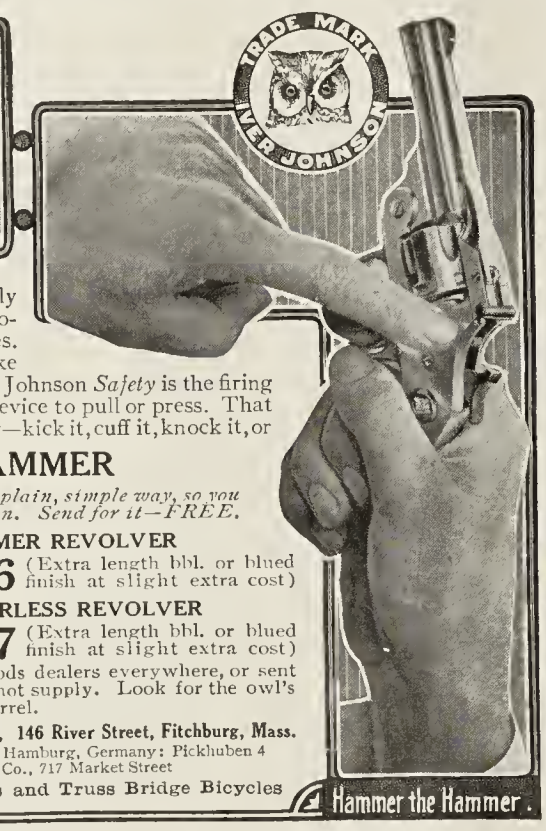
Monarch *Light Touch*

the greatest advance in typewriter construction since visible writing, means increased efficiency and greater output per machine, reducing the cost of typewriting to the employer.

Let us demonstrate this and the many other Monarch advantages. Write for illustrated descriptive literature.

The Monarch Typewriter Company
Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building
300 Broadway, New York
Monarch Typewriter Co., Ltd., 98 King St., W., Toronto, 128 St. Peters St., Montreal
Branches and dealers throughout the world.

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. *They* have some device *added to* them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson *Safety* is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—*not* near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

HAMMER THE HAMMER

"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
Richly nickeled, 22-cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3¼-in. bbl. **$6** (Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost)

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER
Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center fire, 3¼-inch barrel **$7** (Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Hammer the Hammer — Accidental Discharge Impossible

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers Street Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street
Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

Hammer the Hammer.

Odd Lots of Stock

Odd Lot orders (orders for less than 100 shares) we execute entirely on the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

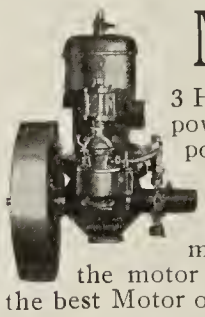
Odd Lot orders we fill at the same prices as 100 share lots.

Odd Lot orders require only moderate capital. We charge you as low a rate of commission on odd lots as on large lots; you receive as high a rate of income and profit.

Send for market letters and "Odd Lot Circular C."

JOHN MUIR & CO. Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange,
71 Broadway, New York

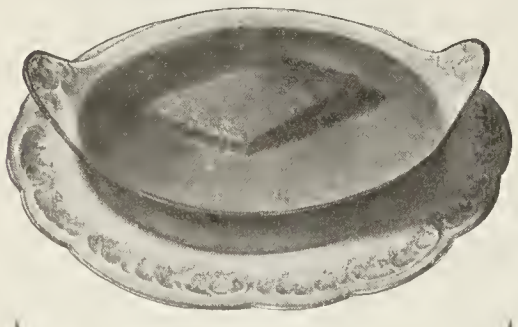
The REFINED MOTOR



3 Horse-power and 6 Horse-power. Weight 60 and 110 pounds. All REFINED MOTORS are guaranteed against defective material or poor workmanship during the life of the motor and are also guaranteed the best Motor of their type in the world.

SEND FOR CATALOG

Thrall Motor Co., 41 East Fort Street **Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.**



Try It On
WELSH RAREBIT
It is made digestible and palatable with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats and many other dishes are improved by its use.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH
Shines for All—

So different—so superior that once you have used it you will always use it.

No Trouble No Odor
No Acids No Turpentine
Doubles the life of leather.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Hamilton, Can.

At all Dealers

10 Cents



Save $17.50 on this Dining Table in Quartered White Oak

Retail store price, $32—our Comepackt price $14.50—you put the finished sections together yourself. A few minutes easy work without tools saves you over half on

"COME-PACKT" SECTIONAL FURNITURE

Over 100 other handsome pieces in our new catalog—all GUARANTEED. Write today.



Extends 8 feet.

International Mfg. Co., 413 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Rider Agents Wanted



in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1909 model. *Write for Special Offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1909 Models . . . ***$10 to $27***
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1907 & 1908 Models all of best makes ***$7 to $12***
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS *All makes and models, good as new* . . . . . ***$3 to $8***

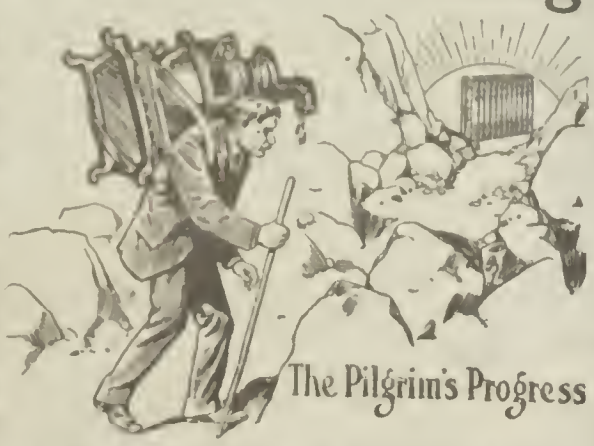
Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship On Approval *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. K-54, CHICAGO

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

But one royal road to heating



It's a weary, wearing road up and down the cellar stairs traveled by the householder who relies on old-fashioned, extravagant heating methods to offset high winds. It is these needless cares which make life miserable — taking the time which might be given to agreeable duties, and the money which should go for needed comforts.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS require one-third less coal than the average stove or hot-air furnace. In severe weather no forcing is necessary to send ample volume of warmth to windward rooms, and in mild weather a low fire from a little coal makes just enough comfort—no fuel wasted.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators act like an automatic servant in silently, steadily meeting the sudden weather changes. No straining or burning out of parts, no rivets to loosen, no thin metals to warp, strip, or rust—fifty winters' use will not wear them out; no repair bills needed. The possible 25% to 50% coal savings, labor savings, and protection to furnishings (no dust, dirt, or coal-gases in the rooms) soon repay the cost; a far better investment than money loaned at 6%. If you are tired of old-fashioned heating with its fire forcing, uneven heating, fuel waste, of strain on patience and drain on pocket-book, let us show you the "royal road" to right heating of your building, whether OLD or new, in town or country.



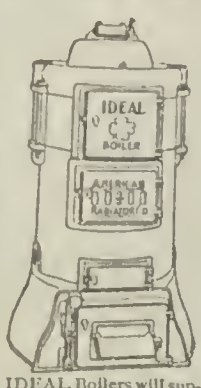
A No. 2-19 IDEAL Boiler and 315 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $155, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.



A No. 2-22 IDEAL Boiler and 405 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $200, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Our booklets (free) contain complete, valuable information and put you under no obligation whatever to buy.



IDEAL Boilers will supply the necessary heat at night for not less than 8 hours in zero weather with one charging of coal, and there is ample fire to start up for the next day.
IDEAL Boilers are made for use with hard or soft coal, lignite, wood, oil, gas, etc.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 31 CHICAGO

When Your Tool Need Grinding



It is but the work of a minute to sharpen a chisel, a plane, a knife or any edged tool on a **Keen Kutter Grindstone.**

Made of very carefully selected Berea grit—mounted on an extra braced tubular frame that never sways or "wabbles." Ball bearings and double tread make it run as easy as a bicycle. With this grindstone and an outfit of

KEEN KUTTER
Tools and Cutlery

you are always ready for the finest or heaviest work.

Keen Kutter Tools are tempered for lasting edges and once sharpened stay sharp indefinitely.

For the home they are ideal, doing better work with less attention than the ordinary nameless kinds.

Remember the name and look for the trademark next time you buy any tool—whether it be a hammer or a saw, an ice-pick or a can opener, a bread knife or a cleaver. Then you are sure of satisfaction; for all Keen Kutter Tools are guaranteed.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

Remington Miniatures



Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

The Gathering of the Trappers

In full colors, 7½ x 5 inches, plate-marked mount
Price 25 cents

now published at

25 CENTS EACH

TO satisfy a growing demand for the Remington pictures in a smaller and less expensive size, we are publishing twelve of the best subjects in miniature form, 7½ x 5 inches, to sell for 25 cents each, or $3.00 for the set. Every picture carefully reproduced in full color and handsomely mounted on cream bristol board, plate-marked, all ready for framing.

TITLES:

1. A Night Attack.
2. Trappers.
3. Pony Tracks.
4. Pioneers.
5. Buffalo Runners.
6. Santa Fe Trade.
7. Bell Mare.
8. Unknown Explorers.
9. Stampede.
10. Drifting Before the Storm.
11. Coming to the Call.
12. Trailing Texas Cattle.

Such an opportunity to secure these wonderful pictures of Western types has never before been presented—and, at 25 cents each, these pictures are one of the finest bargains ever offered by a great publishing house. The public are advised to order early.

Place your order with any reliable art store in the United States or Canada

If not obtainable write direct. Specify pictures wanted and enclose 25 cents for each subject. *Address,*

Print Department
P. F. COLLIER & SON
412 W. 13th St., New York City

If you will send us 15 cents in stamps to cover charges we will mail you our new [illegible] catalog containing 150 reproductions



Copyright 1903 by Frederic Remington

The Stampede

In full colors, 7½ x 5 inches, plate-marked mount
Price 25 cents



Copyright, 1909, The House of Kuppenheimer, Chicago

There's a point in clothes-buying where wisdom ends and extravagance begins.

The man-of-balance, who knows values, finds the surest satisfaction in Kuppenheimer Clothes.

He doesn't overpay, and he gets full measure of style and quality.

Our book, Styles for Men, sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

HARTFORD



Every tire, no matter how poor, has its patrons and its partisans; but the one true tire test is---time and travel.

Find, among your friends, the old and experienced motorists---men who have driven cars for four, five or six years; and tried, perhaps, every prominent tire produced.

In the majority of cases, you'll find them committed beyond the possibility of change to

HARTFORD TIRES

"The Tires that Last"

There's a definite, concrete reason for this---partially expressed in the phrase, "The Tire that lasts."

Hartford Tires do last---because they are designed right to begin with; because the heavy tread is compounded exactly right; because the fabric is specially woven Sea Island Cotton; because the cushion is absolutely pure Para; because Hartford Inner Tubes are made to fit without folding, straining, or wrinkling, which means durability impossible in a tube vulcanized on a straight mandrel.

If you are inexperienced on tires or dissatisfied with your experience, consult those who have driven long and hard—almost inevitably they will direct you to the Hartford Tire—the tire that lasts.

Ask for Hartford Clincher Tires and Tubes on your new car or try a set the next time you renew.

We endorse and recommend all automobilists to equip their cars with Standard Universal Quick Detachable Rims.

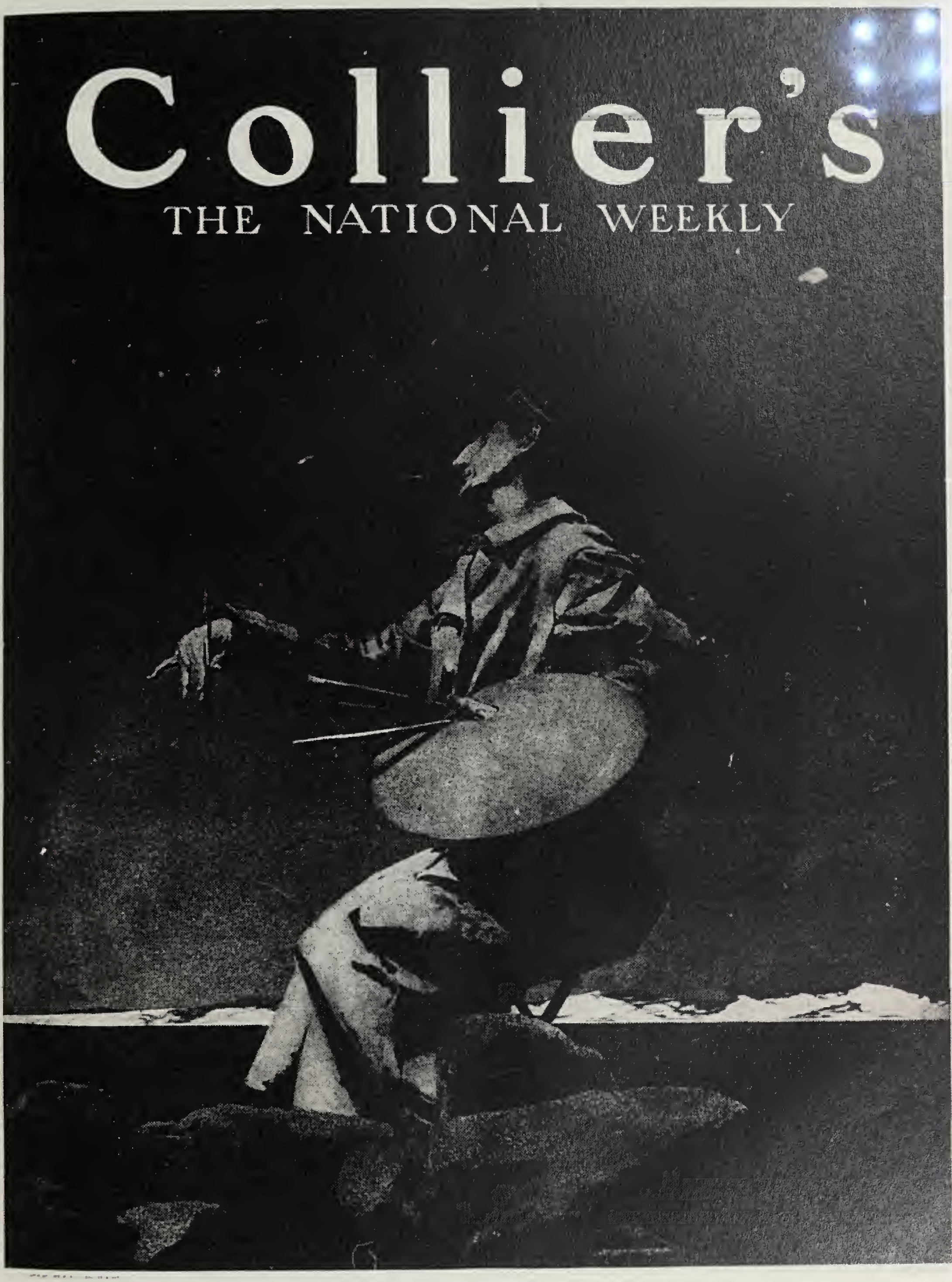
THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONN.

Branches: New York, 57th St. and Broadway. Chicago, 12th St. and Michigan Ave. Philadelphia, 1425 Vine St. Boston, 817 Boylston St. Detroit, 256 Jefferson Ave. Denver, 1564 Broadway. Atlanta, Ga., 94 N. Pryor St. Buffalo, 725 Main St. Cleveland, 1831 Euclid Ave.

TRADE MARK

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Artist

VOL. XLIII. NO. 4 MAY 1, 1909



This is the Oldest "Doggone" Advertising Idea In the World

The reason this illustration is used is because it is a real photograph of a real Bull Dog and a real Rubberset Shaving Brush.

It shows that the bristles of a Rubberset Shaving Brush can not even be pulled or twisted out of the setting, while those of an ordinary brush just fall out when the rosin, cement or glue setting is softened by hot water.

The bristles of a

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brush

are held in a solid bed of hard, vulcanized rubber—water-proof, soap-proof, alkali-proof, wear-proof. You can boil a Rubberset if you like—it does it good.

Rubberset Brushes are patented and are the only brushes held in hard rubber. Look for the name on every brush.

Every Rubberset Shaving Brush is guaranteed never to lose a bristle from its setting.

At all dealers' and barbers', all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6.00.

To the average man we commend the $1.00 brush

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY

Sales Dept. No. 5
5204 METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK CITY

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory:
59 FERRY ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Branch Offices—Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal

If your face is tender,
If your lather dries and tickles,
If your face feels drawn and sore after shaving,
There's a luxurious shave waiting for you when you use

BERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Cream Soap

composed of Glycerine and Cocoanut oil. Prevents dryness—is antiseptic and soothing—contains no free alkali. *Send dealer's name* and 4 cents for 10 cent sample tubes.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Break the Endless Chain of Tire Adjustments



When you get only the guaranteed mileage out of a tire, you pay the *very top price* for tire service; when you get less mileage you pay the very top price, *plus* the vexation of tire troubles and adjustments under the guarantee.

If, through continuous tire failure and the operation of the endless replacement chain, you find yourself tied to one make of tires—*regularly paying the guaranteed top price*—it's time for you to ignore the guarantee, break the chain and change to the superior service and economy of

"Firestone" TIRES

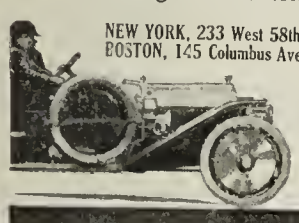
The mileage due on your tire failure will be more than made up by Firestone *super*-service. Even with our policy of utmost fairness in guarantee matters, we are called upon for a *less* percentage of replacements than *any other* tire manufacturer. So much superior is the service of Firestone tires.

Firestone tires will never be made to compete in *price* with popular-priced tires; popular-priced tires will never be made to compete in *service* and *economy* with Firestone tires.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Branches and Agencies Almost Everywhere **AKRON, O.**

"Largest Exclusive Tire Makers in America"



NEW YORK, 233 West 58th St.
BOSTON, 145 Columbus Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, 256 N. Broad St.
CHICAGO, 1442 Michigan Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 3910 and 2230 Olive St.
DETROIT, 240-242 Jefferson Ave.
PITTSBURGH, 5904 Penn Ave.
LOS ANGELES, 957 S. Main St.
CLEVELAND, 1918, 1920, 1922 Euclid Ave.



GLIDDEN'S
GREEN LABEL VARNISHES

SUPERIOR WHITE ENAMEL

is the finest quality of white enamel that can be made. It dries quickly, with a beautiful glossy surface that retains its beauty through exposure and wear and does not turn yellow. Is easily kept clean and is not affected by repeated washing.

It is intended for use on the finest interior woodwork, and can be used over old varnished or painted surfaces with most excellent results after the surface is properly prepared by a competent painter. Can be rubbed to a dull finish, or will accept a most beautiful polish.

Price $5.00 per gallon. Quarts $1.35 each



VELVET WHITE ENAMEL.

Similar to the above (and at the same price) except that it dries with an egg shell gloss, producing a natural rubbed effect without the necessity of rubbing. Is waterproof and not affected by washing or changes in temperature. Can be successfully used on new or old woodwork as directed above.

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price.

FULL DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION

The Glidden Varnish Company

Makers of High Grade Varnishes for all purposes

2607 Rockefeller Building
CLEVELAND, OHIO

"R&W" Cheerful Clothes



The Beginning and the End

"In the Beginning"

That's when "R&W" Clothes cost most.

The best cloth is expensive; the best designers, expert workmen, well lighted shops, cleanliness, convenience, system, and a capital of twenty-three years of experience—all of which we draw on every day—is worth money—cost money.

You obtain the benefit of all this investment when you buy "R&W" garments.

"In the End"

That's when "R&W" Clothes cost least—because the life of an "R&W" garment is long—it wears well and looks well the first time and all the time.

—An "R&W" Suit, an "R&W" Vest, an "R&W" Overcoat, an "R&W" Mackinette—with each it is the same.

Sold by your leading local dealer.

"R&W"

If you will write us we will send you our "Text Book of Dress for Men."

Rosenwald & Weil

Makers *Chicago*



Low Fares to Seattle

$62 for round-trip between Chicago and Seattle for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition via the

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

$62 also for the round-trip between Chicago and Tacoma, Portland, Victoria or Vancouver.

Tickets on sale May 20 to September 30. Return limit October 31. Stop-overs.

Descriptive folder free.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago

Collier's National Hotel Directory

ALBANY, N. Y.

* **The Hampton** Albany's newest first-class fireproof hotel. Bath with each room. Nearest hotel to station and boats. E.P. $2 up. F.C. Gillespie.

BOSTON, MASS.

** **United States Hotel** Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. $3. E.P. $1 up. In center of business section.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

* **Hotel Statler** "THE COMPLETE HOTEL." New—Elegant—Central. 300 rooms, 300 baths. Circulating Ice Water to all rooms. European Plan.

CHICAGO, ILL.

* **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

* **Hotel Sinton** 400 rooms. Grand Convention Hall. Absolutely fireproof. Magnificently equipped. Large, light sample rooms.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

** **Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

* **Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, $1.50 and up. With bath, $2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

PITTSBURG, PA.

* **Hotel Henry** 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan $1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mngr.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

* **Powers Hotel** recently remodeled and refurnished. A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary ventilation; Rathskeller. European plan.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

* **Hotel St. Francis** In heart of the city opp. beautiful park, near clubs, shops and theatres. Every comfort and convenience. Acc. 1000. $2 up, E.P.

SEATTLE, WASH.

* **Hotel Savoy** "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. English grill. $1 up.

HEALTH RESORTS

WALTER PARK, PA.

The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York. 94 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry

SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

* **Princess** HOTEL. Ocean end of So. Carolina Ave. Coziest grill in city. Amer. and Eur. plans. Private baths. Special Spring rates. C. E. Cope.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE

Camp Caribou Summer cottage on lake shore, facing mountains; large, fully furnished, seven chambers, bathroom; hot and cold water, spring water; long distance phone; bathing; through Pullmans to lake; trout, salmon and togue; daily mail; rental five hundred dollars, includes canoes, sailboat, ice, fuel, phone and complete equipment. Photographs and particulars, F. S. Snyder, 55 Blackstone Street, Boston, Mass.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

* **"The Montclair"** On The Mountain Top

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

PALMER LAKE, COLO.

** **Pine Crest** Colorado's newest and most modern resort, 7,200 feet above the sea. Handsome booklet sent free on request. Pine Crest Realty Co.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.



Japan, China Philippines

The short, quick and comfortable route to the Orient is from Seattle to Yokohama following the warm Japan current. On your next trip to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Manila, Hong Kong, or the far east go on the luxurious

S. S. Minnesota

sailing from Seattle, June 19, or September 18, 1909. Largest ship in Trans-Pacific service. Everything the best. Electric lights, telephones, laundry, suites with sitting room and bath. Hong Kong passengers go via Manila. Send for folders describing trip.

Address any representative Great Northern Ry., Northern Pacific Ry. or

Great Northern Steamship Co.

W. C. THORN
Traveling Pass'r Agt.
209 Adams St.
CHICAGO

W. A. ROSS
Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt.
SEATTLE

NEW YORK OFFICE
379 or 319 Broadway

A. L. CRAIG
Gen. Passenger Agt.
ST. PAUL

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.



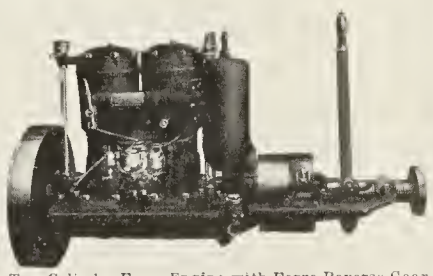
THE Packard Motor Yacht Co., of Cincinnati, O., builders of high-class boats, placed an order for 150 Ferro engines on March 12, for this year's delivery.

You may be sure this was a result of careful investigation and a thorough knowledge of many makes of engines. A boat is no better than the engine, in the hands of the owner. The boat builder must have an engine that gives satisfactory service. Mr. J. J. Beahr, President of this company said: "The Ferro engine is not an experiment and we have quit experimenting." You do not want to experiment; you want a Ferro.

FERRO

Marine Engines

Made in 1, 2 and 3 cylinders from 3 to 25 H.P. Jump Spark Ignition

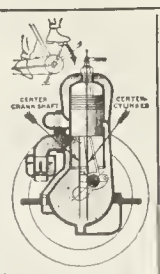


Two Cylinder Ferro Engine with Ferro Reverse Gear

1 and 2 cylinders, 4 to 15 H.P. Make and Break Ignition. Just the engine for any boat for work or pleasure.

Attractive Prices—Best Quality

Offset Cylinder—



An improvement found in the highest priced automobile motors and Ferro engines. Force of explosion exerts all turning force on Crankshaft. Gives greater power efficiency, reduces and equalizes side thrusts of piston on cylinder walls. Eliminates "knock" which loosens parts.

Ferro Engine Embodies Most Advanced Improvements

Counter Balanced Crankshaft.
Successful Cooling System for any climate.
Positive Pressure Oiling System.
Efficient Ignition—Jump Spark & Make & Break.
Accessibility of Working Parts.
All Parts Interchangeable.
And others too lengthy to mention.

SPECIAL—5000 3 H. P. FERROS AT $60 EACH. Good as money can build. All improvements of standard Ferros, quantity brings down the price. Just the thing for launch, canoe, dingey or auxiliary yacht.

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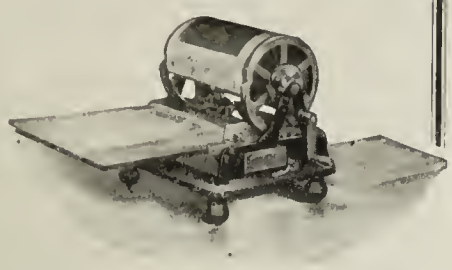
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A. STEIN & CO., 160 Center Ave., Chicago

Collier's

Saturday, May 1, 1909

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

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ADVERTISERS IN COLLIER'S

ADVERTISERS in Collier's are *reliable*. They must be for two good reasons. First, in order to do business with us. Second, in order to do business with you. Both the editorial and advertising departments exercise all the care possible in editing every advertisement large or small that enters our columns. Sometimes we are fooled, but not often, and never more than once by the same people.

When an advertiser decides to spend $10,000, $25,000, $50,000 or sometimes $100,000 in a year's campaign in high-grade weekly or monthly publications (by the words "high-grade" we mean those periodicals that honestly try to protect their readers against quacks and frauds), one of the first things he takes into consideration is—"How can I tell my story in the most convincing manner?" He knows that the readers of the best publications are intelligent and he knows that in most cases the readers believe in their publications.

The average reader would be surprised if he knew the amount of advertising turned down each year by publishers on account of being objectionable in one way or another, and most publishers have not any money to throw away, but they realize that their real asset is the confidence of their subscribers and their households. That is why you can depend on everything you see advertised in Collier's. The largest advertiser we have could not continue to use Collier's if he didn't deal honestly with you. *We believe in them and want you to.*

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN — "Advertisers not in Collier's"



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FACE POWDER

THE EVILS OF SPRING

To the complexion are prevented and counteracted by the use of that great beautifier, **Lablache.** Its users have no fear of redness or roughness caused by wind or sun. Pure and harmless.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample Box.*

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 24
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



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Write our advertisers a letter and secure complete information.

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NEW TOWNS IN THE WEST OFFER UNfor investment in mercantile, real estate [illegible]. Many new towns have already been es[illegible] Montana, Idaho, and Washing[illegible] Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway. [illegible] well located. They are trade centers for [illegible] which is oeing rapidly settled. Other [illegible] later. Investigate the various [illegible] books free from F. A. Miller, [illegible] Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul [illegible]

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

WANTED: MONEY TO BUILD UP-TO-DATE fireproof apartment house from first hands. Address, R. W. Wheelock, 206 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

ESTABLISH PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE business by operating best peanut and match vending machines. Never out of order. Price $3 per machine. Makes big money. International Vending Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

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CHEWING GUM—SELL TO DEALERS IN your town; clean, profitable business built up quickly with our brands; four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Co., 10 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, O.

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SALESMEN WANTED. NO FORMER EXperience required. Hundreds of good openings. Why be contented with a poorly paid position, hard or dirty work, when you can increase your earnings from two to ten times. Traveling Salesmen earn the biggest salaries of any class of men in the world, and the demand exceeds the supply. If you want to enter this independent, pleasant, well-paid profession, or secure a better position, our Free Book, "A Knight of the Grip," will show you how. Write nearest office for it today. Address Dept. 312, National Salesman's Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS TO BECOME A SALESman, or earn more money in an executive position? The Sheldon School has increased the earning capacities of 37,000 men from 10% to 100%, and more. Clerks, bookkeepers, correspondents, salesmen and mgrs. can all earn more by applying Sheldon methods. We have helped thousands of men secure good positions. It costs nothing to investigate. Write and learn how we can help you. An interesting booklet on the problem of selling will be sent free. The Sheldon School, 1657 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

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WE MAKE 8x10 BROMIDE ENLARGEMENT for 25c., 5 for $1, or one 11 x 14 for 50c., 5 for $2, from any size film or plate negative.—Work guaranteed. Send us trial order. F. T. King & Co., 23 C. Bromfield St., Boston.

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MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, PATENT Lawyers, Washington, D. C., Box B. Est'd 47 years. Booklet free. Highest references. Best service. Terms moderate. Be careful in selecting an attorney. Write us.

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AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY EVERY DAY. Swiss embroidered shirt waist patterns and other novelties sell at sight. Illustrated (and sworn to) catalog sent free. Joseph T. Simon & Co., Dept. A, 656 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY MONTHLY. Metal Combination Rolling Pin—nine useful articles for the kitchen combined in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Forshee Manufacturing Co., Box 226, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN, A MANUFACturer and wholesale dealer in household specialties, general merchandise, will start you in profitable bus. in your home. M. C. Farber, Dept. A, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FASTEST SELLING 25c ARTICLE INVENTED. Costs agents $1.00 doz. 200% profit. Appeals to man and woman, drug, department, novelty stores. Selected territory. New England Sales Co., 85 State St., Boston, Mass

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WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS IN every town to sell the wonderful Triplex handbag for women; by a mere twist of the wrist it becomes a purse or a music portfolio or a small satchel or a shopping bag; four separate bags for four separate purposes all in one; you enlarge the bag to meet your needs as you go along; large profits. S. A Diamond & Bro. Co., 35 W. 21st St., N.Y.

AGENTS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO GET INTO a legitimate business will find our imported novelties the greatest money making proposition in the market. Write at once for particulars. St. Gall Imp. Co., 104 E. 16th St., N.Y.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county, handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 37 West 26th St., New York.

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JUST PATENTED, YOUNG'S BUTTON HOLE Gauge Knife. Every woman wants one. One agent sold 107 in one day at 25c, 100% profit. 14 other useful rapid sellers. A. M. Young & Co., 199 Young's Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE 500 PER CENT. SELLING "Novelty Sign Cards," Window Letters and Changeable Signs. Merchants buy in quantities. 800 varieties. Cat. free. Sullivan Co., Dept. G, 405 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

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DON'T BUY ALCOHOL WHEN IT'S FLAVOR you want. Ordinary extracts contain as high as 90% alcohol; we save this cost and give agent the benefit. Worth investigating. J. M. P. & Co., 3 Pitkin Block, Newark, N.Y.

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DON'T FOOL AWAY YOUR TIME ON DEAD ones. Wake up! Davis agents doing better than ever. Our special advertising propositions appeal to the pocket-book. Valuable premiums with each 50c sale. 100% profit. No middleman's profit. Get our illustrated catalog and profit-sharing plan. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

WHY NOT TRY "NOVELTY SIGNS?" EXperience unnecessary; 5 complete samples, book of instructions and nearly 300 photographic illustrations, 10c; some merchants and bankers pay $1.00 each for similar signs. We want every reader of Collier's to have this outfit; if not satisfactory we will refund your money. H. Habben & Co., 326 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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ALL MAKES OF SAFETY RAZOR BLADES resharpened for 2½ cents. Try it today. Send 4 blades and 10 cents and we will show you. Kenedge Co., 239 Kenedge Bldg., Chicago.

FINE TAILORING ON CREDIT. HONESTLY disposed men living anywhere may open a charge account with us. Art-tailored garments made by hand and guaranteed to fit. Terms to suit your convenience. Wear the clothes while paying a little at a time. Write today for style book. Bell Tailoring Co., 140 E. Madison St., Chicago.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 1, 1909

Baseball

¶ *Every one who is interested in baseball—and who is not?—will find a new form of delight in following some of the games as they used to be played. "Before the Professionals Came," the first of a series of four articles on baseball by Will Irwin, will appear next week.*

After many vicissitudes the game began to take on a more definite shape. Speaking of the early games, such as they had back in the fifties, he says:

"It was a crude game, but merry. In theory, the pitcher was there only to give the boys a chance to 'soak the ball.' 'First bound' was still out."

Had not the pitcher been restricted to an artificial throw, scarce a catcher would have lived to tell the tale. Many catchers took everything "on first bounce," and managed at that to prevent much base-stealing—base-running also was in its infancy.

Yet a few "first things" did appear. In 1848 they changed the method of putting a man out on bases to the present rule—"catch him out at first, touch him out at second, third, and home." When that happened, certain hardy souls took to sliding bases—feet first.

The batter had a right to call for a "high" or a "low" ball, and the pitcher was supposed to deliver according to his request. There was as yet no way of enforcing this rule; it was custom and nothing more. This, as much as anything else, shows what a hit-and-miss affair early-day baseball was.

The first article of this series brings the subject up to the day of the professionals, which properly marks an epoch in the history of the game. The second article will deal with "The Working-Out of the Game," with incidents showing why the rules necessarily gravitated toward the present style.

In the third article "The Art of Pitching" is discussed, while the fourth deals with "The Business Side."

This series bears the distinction of being the first consecutive story of baseball ever written.

Outdoor America

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

¶ *The May issue of Outdoor America appears in Collier's next week. The contents of the number include the following:*

Mr. Whitney's Comment—*A Work Only Women Can Do—Take Off Your Coat—There is Yet Time if You Hurry—Canned Baseball—Broaden Out—Turning to the Open.*

"Baseball from the Bleachers"—*Side Lights on the Diamond, by an ex-Yale Captain.*

"What You Can't Buy"—*Melons from Your Own Garden.*

"New Whale Discoveries"—*The Highest Peak on Earth.*

"Plant Nut-Bearing Trees."

"Little Brothers of the Air"—*Winning a Bird's Confidence.*

"The Wood-Butchers"—*A Concrete Example of the Nation's Problem.*

"The Best of Trouting"—*The Open-Minded Angler on the Stream.*

"Seasonable and Helpful Reminders"—*Lawn and Garden—Choosing and Planting.*



Wilson Eyre, Archt, Phila.

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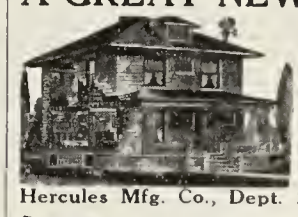


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PETER FENELON COLLIER

December 12, 1849—April 24, 1909

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416–424 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

May 1, 1909

IT WAS MY FATHER'S wish to die in harness, and so it came to pass. His gallant spirit went forth to meet death with the same smile with which he faced the New Country as a poor Irish boy over forty years ago. He worked his way to success with his strong hands (as a carpenter once in Dayton, Ohio, and at other humble, honorable tasks), and with his unflinching courage and with his big, open, boyish heart.

He was absolutely fearless, yet the gentlest, the most easily moved, of men. He had friends in all walks in life, sprinkled all over the world. He worked hard and played hard, and he loved his fellow men, not theoretically, but with a hearty and personal affection.

This business he built, this paper he founded, are now thrust upon my shoulders. It is in memory of the most loving comrade in the world that I dedicate them to clean causes such as those for which he would have had me fight. GOD grant me strength to be worthy of him whom I loved so much.

ROBERT J. COLLIER.

A Mood

THE SEAL designed for Mme. DE BEAUMONT, that tremulous lady of the Reign of Terror, had engraved upon it an oak and this device: "A breath agitates me; nothing shakes me." How would that motto answer for the modern journalist? Moved by the evening's episode, played upon by a hustings excitement or an intricate murder, he discharges all his perturbed impressions into newspaper pages of headlong prose and sleeps well. Next day he is ready to answer to new thrills. He surpasses most men in focusing swiftly on whatever is in front of him, but a swift focus rarely goes with a "time exposure." To the scholar or the man of science, a journalist seems superficial. His glibness jars the finished author. There is all the apparent effect of hitting the mark, and yet it is seldom that he reaches the heart of the matter. That scattering fire of interests, the scurrying figures of his nightly drama, allow him slight time for reflection and mental reactions on the immense field he touches. There is nothing to bind together those alien particles into a life-purpose, like that of the anonymous architects of Gothic cathedrals, some continuing thread of activity that sees each year the stones pile higher. Journalism is a series of thrusts around the compass. It touches life at a thousand points, but does not penetrate the surfaces, and fails of progress in a straight line. The journalist knows pugilists, financiers, statesmen, bosses, actresses, evangelists, detectives, saloon-keepers, social workers, distinguished visiting foreigners, lady lecturers. He is greeted by every sojourner. He enters any town or hamlet a stranger, and within an hour a group of men will be buying him drinks and telling all they know. He is the eternal listener, pulling the inmost out of casual acquaintance, and often cut off from steady friendships. Frequently night hours make of him an Ishmael, eating alone, working alone, and wandering in strange places.

Ebb and Flow

ONE SHOULD NOT BOX if he objects to having counters landed on his jaw. He who is discouraged by defeats is unfit for contest. In the political arena there is no doubt just now, in many places, a strengthening of the lines of the favored interests, a loss of heart in some of the liberal party. These defects are nothing but skirmishes, and the man who can not endure them and yet work on is made of soft material. A State in which the so-called reactionaries have been winning various recent skirmishes is New Jersey. Governor FORT has proved to be a disappointment. His backbone is made of putty. He has removed from the railroad commission the only efficient man on it, Mr. WHITING, and whom do you suppose he has appointed in his place? Why, none other than Senator HILLARY, who, in 1907, introduced the Railroad Commission bill and then, when he saw danger of its really passing, played every trick to beat it! HILLARY has stood, and will stand, consistently against every measure designed in the general interest of the State. He has stood, and will stand, in favor of the special snap. Rumor has it also that the Governor will reappoint DAVID BAIRD, boss of South Jersey, on the board of tax assessors. Apparently he might as well go the whole distance. There is nothing to be hoped of Governor FORT. He is a weak creature, whose little spasm of better effort has seen its day.

Better Late Than Never

READERS of an editorial in COLLIER'S for June 20, 1908, entitled "What is Mr. MCLEAN'S Profession?" will be interested in this announcement which we have assurance will appear in the editorial page of the Cincinnati "Enquirer" during the present week:

"My attention has been called to the character of some of the advertisements appearing under the head of 'Personal' and 'Massage' in the 'Enquirer,' and, as an investigation has shown many of these to be of an immoral nature, I have determined that hereafter none except business 'Personals' and no 'Massage' advertisements, except those found upon investigation to be legitimate, shall appear in the columns of this newspaper. (Signed) JOHN R. MCLEAN."

It is a satisfaction for COLLIER'S readers to know that with the disappearance of this long-established institution, which has been a feature of the Cincinnati "Enquirer" since 1875, the last "Personal" column in an American newspaper has ceased to be.

Pop

ANSON, OLD HORSE, has been observing that all features of the national game have deteriorated sadly since his day, including team play. This looks like old age, but is it? Pop always had his own idea of humor. Once to the writer of these lines, then a boy, there was granted an incomparable experience. He found the whole Chicago baseball nine assembled in a hotel, within speaking distance of himself. To-day nothing could mean so much; not an invitation from Elysium to dine with UNCAS, SHAKESPEARE, CÆSAR, and JANE AUSTEN, One of the players sat with his big head resting in his hands. Him the boy approached.

"Which are you?"

"I am CORCORAN."

"Which is ANSON?"

The red giant pointed to the smallest individual in the group. As alleging the opposite of the fact diverted him when he was king, possibly he was indulging in the same inward entertainment when he told the reporter the Cubs could not play together. It is pleasanter to think this than to believe the old captain able to see nothing but the past. Our guess is, nobody knows better how much the game has advanced in technique since his wonderfully interesting team of players ceased to be.

Professor Münsterberg's Opinions

THE EXPERT IN PSYCHOLOGY at Harvard University has been somewhat misunderstood on the liquor question. Perhaps the way in which he expresses himself at times has something to do with this misunderstanding; but another cause lies in the fact that isolated, startling opinions make better news than those which are set in all their reservations. Professor MÜNSTERBERG spoke in Boston not long ago, and people all over the country would naturally suppose, from the press accounts, that he made an onslaught on Prohibition. As a matter of fact, he merely stated certain considerations on both sides, and also stated other evils, which ought to be taken into account while consider-

on the general subject. In the "Ladies' Home Journal," for March, the professor declared that there was no more degrading and no more shameful insult to civilized life, than the American saloon. He pointed out that it poisoned the social atmosphere of the masses, led the working man to squander his savings, and the healthy man to devastate his energies. He spoke of political corruption and of the thousand paths from the saloon to the penitentiary. He said there might be disagreements as to whether strict prohibition, or education toward temperance, would prove the more reliable method, but that there could be no disagreement about the fact that the saloon must be wiped out. "It is a blessed movement which now turns with overwhelming energy against the horrors of this evil and unites the clean minds of the whole nation in an untiring fight against this source of infection." From which it would appear that supporters of the saloon can derive but little comfort from Professor MÜNSTERBERG.

Studied by Women

FOR THE SENTIMENTAL HARMFULNESS of crusades against experiment upon animals we not long ago held women responsible and suggested that the suffrage organizations show their fitness by opposing hysterical onslaughts on science. Our attention is called to the fact that the Woman's Municipal League of New York investigated the subject thoroughly and then went on record against the restricting bills. As to the existence of the luridly described abuses, the following resolution was the result of a request for information from the League:

"*Resolved*, by the Council of the New York Academy of Medicine, that it is its conviction that, first, the present laws of New York are adequate to confine the practise of animal experimentation to proper persons and to punish all cases of cruelty; and, second, that the wide and full publication, in scientific and medical journals, of the results of animal experimentation, and the free access to the laboratories which custom prescribes for credited and properly interested persons, are sufficient to refute the charge of secrecy in laboratories in which experiments on animals are performed."



Mercedes Julip's Pietertje's Paul, No. 29830

Women who approach in this spirit a conflict between hysteria and knowledge are certainly free from the criticism hinted in our editorial.

A Virginia School

AS SIZE is emphasized, about most things, in a country as large as this, it is interesting to read in the statement of a little Virginia school: "It is not the purpose of this school to become a large institution. A small school providing close and steady contact between teacher and pupil, and doing thoroughly the work which it undertakes—this is the aim at Manassas." Manassas is in Virginia, and it is now seeking a small amount of money for a new trades building. Nothing is of more importance to whites and blacks in the South than sound industrial education for the negroes, and an institution so well conducted as the one at Manassas deserves help from both races. The last conference of the negro farmers of northern Virginia was held at this school, and among the topics discussed were the treatment of worn-out soils, proper management of stock and poultry, rotation of crops, business management of the farm, direct marketing, standards of home life in the rural communities, cooperation of the schools with the farmer, and the share of the wife and children in the farms. It was the general opinion at this conference that the negroes are coming to look upon farm life with constantly increasing favor.

Farms and Immigrants

AMONG THE SUGGESTIVE RECOMMENDATIONS made by the New York State Commission of Immigration, in its bill to establish a State Department of Industries and Immigration, is the one to provide for the development of the industries of the State by directing laborers to them. It would be the function of the Department to learn where laborers were needed, and the kind of labor—agricultural, industrial, mechanical, common labor—and then reach out after the newly arrived alien, and relate his skill to the labor market. "The agricultural districts, which are now sadly in need of labor," says the Commission, "might thus be supplied with the labor of peasants, and these peasants, instead of engaging in the dangerous employment of the crowded factory and workshop, where their strength is sapped by their unaccustomed environment, might develop into self-respecting American farmers." If such a department can make any progress toward harmony between the market and the supply of labor, it will be helping in one of the most greatly needed improvements in contemporary life.

Incitement to Ferocity

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME," as a play, has been already described in this paper. As a tract it will, on at least a certain number of persons, have an effect opposite to that intended by the author. Major DU MAURIER wishes to impress on his fellow-countrymen that, through rejecting the continental idea of military service, they expose their islands to the danger of conquest. He takes, on the one hand, a happy, peaceful, quiet, orderly English household, whose innocent, good-natured members live harmoniously together, speak ill of none, interfere with none, and do injury to none. These people the author regards as ridiculous, because they are indifferent to guns and shooting—because they are "harmless." Contrasting with them, the Major marches in a set of foreign soldiers, rough in speech, abrupt in manner, trained altogether to obeying orders, thoroughly versed in destruction of human life, proving their ability by unprovoked attack and bombardment of the aforesaid home, which they blaze to bits, killing a few inmates. The author invites contempt of those whose home is desolated and whose happiness is ruined. He suggests admiration for the hardiness, valor, and patriotism of the perpetrators. Major DU MAURIER tells the English—and by inference, of course, every one else—that the right thing is to emulate such heroes as Captain Yoland and Sergeant Thol, and to become, like them, efficiently trained at inflicting horrors upon peaceable, tax-paying Browns and Smiths of other countries. Some spectators of this play, as we have hinted, may not accept the proposition of the gallant dramatic Major. They may see in it an argument not for but against militarism. In any case, all powerful nations, including England, have already done considerable bombarding and blood-shedding in the course of history. They have fought often and willingly. They have not greatly needed special incitement to ferocity.

War and Courage

ONE OF the most fertile in idea, among living writers, as well as one of the freshest in vocabulary, is WILLIAM JAMES. Like most men who think well, he has considered the military virtues. "War," he says, "is a school of strenuous life and heroism; and, being in the line of aboriginal instinct, is the only school that as yet is universally available." He can not, however, accept this "wholesale organization of irrationality and crime" as our only safeguard against effeminacy. His suggestion for a moral equivalent is the voluntary acceptance of poverty. Poverty is the strenuous life without brass bands. It may give us "the manlier indifferenec." The so-called better class puts off marriage until a house can be artistic. It fears to have a child without a bank account and therefore possibly doomed to manual labor. Wealth for some helps to ideal energies. In others the desire to gain it and the fear to lose it are chief breeders of cowardice and propagators of corruption. If you are uncertain what to read, procure "Varieties of Religious Experience," and look up "Poverty" in the index, or, indeed, almost any other important general topic in which you may happen to be interested. You will find it treated with sweetness, vigor, imagination, elasticity, and charm.

Justice to a Bull

SOME PEOPLE THINK COLLIER'S is too gallant and therefore inclined to emphasize unduly the virtues of women, hens, and cows. We pause, therefore, long enough to pay tribute to a male, namely, Mercedes Julip's Pietertje's Paul, No. 29830, whose noble features are reproduced herewith. It might indeed have been some such animal that inspired WALT WHITMAN when he sang (or said):

"See you! some are such beautiful animals, so lofty looking;
Some are buff-colored, some mottled, one has white line running along his back, some are brindled,
Some have wide-flaring horns (a good sign)—see you! the bright hides,
See, the star on the forehead—see, the round bodies and the broad backs,
How straight and square they stand on their legs—what fine sagacious eyes!"

The championship of the world can not be determined among bulls so definitely as among the ladies of the race, but this fellow is celebrated and his record is impressive. He has thirty-two daughters of A. R. O. (Advanced Registry Official), which corresponds in the bovines to the 2-minute class in race horses, and a son with fourteen daughters in this coveted division. He is the cousin of Colantha and is held at $20,000. He is great not in himself alone, but in those who are to uphold his name and glory after him—$10,000 has been offered for one of his sons. Paul himself weighs a ton and a quarter.

Comment About Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE income tax should make a distinction between incomes *earned* and incomes *not earned*—between a salary or the profits of a factory or store on the one hand and, on the other, the income of a man who lives in idleness on invested money. A man who builds up a business, in the success of which others share, who works every day as hard as his humblest employee, who contributes his energy to the general industrial prosperity of the country, is in a different class from a man who has inherited his money, who receives his income in the shape of dividends and interest, and whose life is spent in slothful ease at the best, in the selfish pursuit of pleasure at the worst. Both these men, when their incomes are very great, should be taxed; but they should be taxed at very different rates. And a business man should not be taxed on his profits till they reach at least $20,000; while an idle man living on investments might fairly be taxed when he has $5,000 a year.

Are These Men Democrats?

THE Denver platform, the formal statement of principles laid down by the Democratic National Convention only ten months ago, contained this plank:

"We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood pulp, print paper, lumber, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the free list."

On that platform Bryan stumped the country. On the faith of this particular declaration for free lumber, the Democratic Party won tens of thousands of votes. It is not too much to say that this free-lumber plank may have made the difference of that scant 4,002 votes by which Bryan carried his own State, for Nebraska is of all the States the one where free lumber is a vital issue. Bearing this in mind, compare that plank with the following paragraph:

"708. Wood . . . sawed lumber, timber hewn, sided, squared or sawed and round timber used for spars or in building wharfs, logs and round unmanufactured timber, including pulp woods . . . ship timber and ship planking; all of the foregoing not specially provided for in sections 1 and 2 of this act."

This paragraph and the quotation from the Democratic national platform are, in effect, identical. It is necessary to supplement the formal and elliptical language of the latter paragraph by saying that it was an amendment to the Payne tariff bill, providing for free lumber. It was the amendment which, if adopted by Congress, would have been carrying out the promise of the Denver platform. But it was not adopted; it was lost by a vote of 200 against it to 181 in favor of it. And among those who voted with the Republican machine against this free-lumber amendment were these thirty-eight Democrats:

From Georgia: CHARLES GORDON EDWARDS of Savannah, JAMES MATHEWS GRIGGS of Dawson, WILLIAM CHARLES ADAMSON of Carrolton, LEONIDAS FELIX LIVINGSTON of Covington, GORDON LEE of Chickamanga, THOMAS MONTGOMERY BELL of Gainesville, WILLIAM GORDON BRANTLEY of Brunswick.

From North Carolina: JOHN HUMPHREY SMALL of Washington, CHARLES RANDOLPH THOMAS of New Bern, EDWARD WILLIAM POU of Smithfield, HANNIBAL LAFAYETTE GODWIN of Dunn, ROBERT N. PAGE of Biscoe, EDWIN Y. WEBB of Shelby.

From Virginia: CARTER GLASS of Lynchburg, JOHN LAMB of Richmond, FRANCIS R. LASSITER of Petersburg, HARRY L. MAYNARD of Portsmouth, EDWARD W. SAUNDERS of Bleak Hill.

From Louisiana: ALBERT ESTOPINAL of St. Bernard, ROBERT F. BROUSSARD of New Iberia, JOHN T. WATKINS of Minden, JOSEPH E. RANSDELL of Lake Providence, ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE of St. Francisville, ARSÈNE P. PUJO of Lake Charles.

From Mississippi: EATON JACKSON BOWERS of Bay St. Louis, W. J. DICKSON of Centerville.

From South Carolina: JAMES E. ELLERBE of Marion, ASBURY F. LEVER of Lexington.

From Tennessee: LEMUEL PHILLIPS PADGETT of Columbia, GEORGE WASHINGTON GORDON of Memphis, JOHN AUSTIN MOON of Chattanooga.

From Alabama: GEORGE WASHINGTON TAYLOR of Demopolis, RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON of Greensboro.

From Florida: STEPHEN M. SPARKMAN and DANNITTE HILL MAYS.

From Pennsylvania: WILLIAM B. WILSON of Blossburg.

From Texas: MARTIN DIES of Beaumont, ALEXANDER WHITE GREGG of Palestine.

If these thirty-eight Democrats had voted with the rest of their party, free lumber would have won by a vote of 219 to 162. Only one of these thirty-eight Democrats comes from north of the Mason and Dixon line. Having read thus far and pondered, grasp the suggestion in this letter:

"DEAR SIR: "PITTSBURG, PA., April 6, 1909.

"It may appear stupid on my part to ask, but, although I have been asking for some time, I can not get a satisfactory answer. Can *you* tell me what is the difference between Republicanism and Democracy as applied to the Republican and Democratic Parties now? Respectfully, WILLIS DE BEAR."

We should be glad to hear from thoughtful persons in answer to Mr. de Bear's letter, and about as to what this whole situation forecasts.

The Hon. Irrigation Bill Reeder Squirms Out

THE exact text of the ante-election pledge made by the Hon. Irrigation Bill Reeder of the Northwestern fourth of Kansas has been sent to us by Mr. Clarence H. Lodge of 618 West Seventh Street, Topeka, Kansas. The promise appeared in the Topeka "State Journal," November 2, one day before the election, which the Hon. Bill won by a scant plurality of 277 votes out of a total of 45,698:

"NOT FOR CANNON

"CONGRESSMAN REEDER ANNOUNCES THAT HE WILL OPPOSE THE SPEAKER

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'STATE JOURNAL':

"I learn that the chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee is telling his friends here that a circular will be widely scattered among the voters just before election making accusations against me, among them reiterating the falsehood started in the primary campaign that Mr. Cannon controls my vote. This is absolutely false, as I have stated in my speeches, made in the presence of this same chairman and Mr. Conely himself, and I have added in these same speeches that I would not only use my influence but vote in the caucus for some progressive Republican for Speaker of the next House as against Mr. Cannon. W. A. REEDER.

"Ellsworth, Kansas, October 31, 1908."

The only matter of interest remaining is whether or not Bill winked when he tucked the three words, "in the caucus," away in the seventh line of his promise. We are now looking for the Congressman who says he made the promise to vote against Cannon with the mental reservation that he meant only any straw vote which might be taken on the sleeping-car on the way to Washington.

"Feeling Ugly"

SUCH readers as find pleasure in puzzles are invited to guess the name of the State from which this telegram came:

"Sentiment of rank and file this State almost unanimous against Cannon. Feeling ugly."

For a puzzle less complicated, guess the name of the State from which this telegram might *not* have come. As a matter of history, it was sent from Des Moines by the Hon. H. M. Byers, Attorney-General of Iowa, to a friend in the Iowa delegation at Washington on the 13th of March, when the fight against Cannon and Cannon's rules was at its height, and one of the exciting uncertainties of the situation was the probable position of the Iowa Congressmen. If there is any community in the United States whose sentiment is not correctly stated in the words of this message, we should like to hear from it. Cannon is a heavier burden than any political party has undertaken to carry during the recent years of this nation. With direct primaries now in operation in more than one-half the Congressional districts of the United States, it is inconceivable that the sentiment of the people shall fail of expression. The present Speakership is Cannon's last.

347 Days

IT IS 347 days from the date of this paper until any community in the United States shall have an opportunity to express themselves on Cannon at the polls. On the second Tuesday of next April occur the primaries in Illinois. (From then until the following November, every week, caucuses and primaries for nominating Congressmen will be held in one State or another.) Every Republican Congressman from Illinois voted for Cannon and Cannon's rules. It is not too early for the people in each Congressional district in that State to begin to look about for men of character and ability.

Character

IF THE people of every Congressional district would choose candidates for the next Congress with a thought for high character and ability, in the way Taft is making his judicial appointments, a revolution would be worked in a single session. There is little use in change without improvement. The turning out of a Congressman as a mere matter of reproof, without being sure that his successor is a man of conviction and character, is profitless. It was of litttle use for the people of Duluth and the surrounding counties to turn out Adam Bede because he was a Cannon lieutenant and substitute such a man as Clarence B. Miller. Of Mr. Miller's votes for Cannon and the old rules, the Duluth "Evening Herald," the leading newspaper in his district, says:

"Mr. Miller, during the campaign, committed himself unreservedly to the revision of the rules. It is impossible for a man to be more rationally zealous for reform than was Mr. Miller during the campaign; yet it is impossible for any man to more thoroughly repudiate reform, root and branch, than did Mr. Miller by his complete and unequivocal alinement with the standpatters in the House. That which he denounced upon the stump he now embraces. . . . When he voted against the revision of the rules which made Cannonism possible, he betrayed the trust reposed in him by the people of the Eighth Congressional District."

Mr. Miller is a young man, self-made through school-teaching, with his career at the bar and in politics just beginning, new to Washington and impressionable to older men with mighty names. Doubtless he already knows that nothing he may have been promised can ever repay him for the forfeited faith of his neighbors. The seduction and betrayal of such men as he is one of the saddest aspects of machine politics. Mr. Miller would have come up for renomination, had he not made that impossible, the last Tuesday in August, 1910. On that day the Republicans of the Eighth Minnesota District will name some one who will perform in Washington what he promises in Duluth.

Again—347 Days

IN THAT long series of local primaries, which continues from the 12th of next April until the following November, the single universal issue will be Cannon. Every Republican Congressman who goes back to ask his constituents for their confidence once more knows that his greatest handicap is Cannon. Every one knows that most of the districts the Republicans lost last fall were lost because of Cannon. Every one knows that yet more districts will go Democratic next year because of Cannon. They say that Uncle Joe is not without pride. That virtue should go with the rugged qualities that those who like him claim for him. His friends say they have his assurance that if the insurgents had won in March he would have resigned. There are yet 347 days of reflection for Uncle Joe. There are eighteen days less than a full year for him to come gently and gradually to the view that thirty-four years in Congress and eight years as Speaker are honors enough for one old man, to grasp with the imagination those advantages which appertain to a serene and contemplative old age passed in the quiet of Danville, Illinois.

Collier's

A King Without a Country

The Fall of Cipriano Castro, the Inscrutable Little Mountaineer Who for Nine Years Held Venezuela Under His Thumb and the Foreign Powers at Bay

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST



Cipriano Castro, the deposed dictator of Venezuela. It is the whole expression—or, rather, the mask-like lack of it—that is most striking. Every emotion is screened until the sense of personality is all but lost. Back of it is a bundle of energy—aggressive, shrewd, brutal—but able

FOR nine years Venezuela rested in the grasp of one man. Not a law was passed, not a man elected or appointed to office without first being weighed in his rapid mind. Tariff schedules, port charges, pavements, plazas, fortifications, press censorship—there was not a branch of governmental machinery with which he did not make himself familiar. He was a statesman—a politician, but no diplomat. In his earlier days he started fanatically a Venezuelan, with ideals: he was loyal to his country and his people, and then slowly his loyalty and his ideals seemed to shrink and fade. Nine years of stress, conspiracy, conflict, and success have left him a true type of a megalomaniac, vain, suspicious, dictatorial, and wanton, with the true measure of his ability swamped under the hatred he has inspired.

What we know of Castro in this country is colored by this hatred. It has denounced Castro in indiscriminate abuse that contributes nothing to our knowledge. This one man from a frontier province held his own against every effort from within to overthrow him, and at the same time defied aggressions from great nations without. He exposed foreign conspiracies and defeated a revolution waged in a foreign interest; yet to-day, apparently, the only facts of public interest are his personal habits and the number of bottles of wine or vintage brandy that goes to his room each day.

Twelve years ago Cipriano Castro was a Diputado—a Congressman—from the Andean foothills on his first visit to Caracas. This was during the time of President Crespo, a curious character from the plains of Venezuela, who had a passion for starting new edifices and then abandoning them.

After his term as Diputado, Castro became the Governor of the small border state, and when Crespo was defeated by his revolutionary successor, Andrade, Castro refused to recognize the revolutionary régime and was forced a fugitive over the border into Colombia. Andrade's Presidency lasted but a year, when Castro marched into Caracas at the head of his own army.

In person he is slight, below medium height, with a wiry, restless, suppressed energy. He is vain in small things, sensitive about his slight size, and the only portrait of him permitted to be sold is a head and shoulders carefully retouched so as to suggest a heavy, thick-set, square-shouldered man, with a massive jaw and a coarse, thick black beard.

As a matter of fact, his features suggest much to the imagination and yield little to description. It is a mask which gives you instantly the curious impression that it is a mask, and that behind, hidden, is the man himself. The eyes are steel pellets that burrow into the subject, but there is never the contraction or the flicker of a muscle. They are as abstract as the eyes of a fish. The brow is straight and motionless, the cheek-bones are large and strong. The nose is delicate; half-revealed by the close-clipped beard and mustache is the straight, hard line of a determined mouth. The jaw is pointed, but heavy and powerful in its angles. His complexion is light, pale in fact. In nothing but the prominent bones of the cheek is there a suggestion of the Indian blood with which he is popularly credited.

But it is the whole expression—or, rather, the mask-like lack of it—that is the most striking. Castro talks rapidly and with an incisive accent—he listens; he interrupts; he gives an order; he is irritated; he is pleased; he is angry; he is worried; he is in a hurry, and every emotion is screened in the mask until the sense of personality is all but lost. Back of it, you feel with an absolute certainty, there is a bundle of energy and tireless will, aggressive, shrewd, politic, brutal, and sensual—but able.

Castro's Work for Venezuela

FROM the earliest days of his ascendency he bent his energies to the building up of a serviceable army. He punished nothing more severely than the graft that affected his soldiers—whether through the army contracts or plundered directly by the officers. He found a rabble of assorted titles and no specific duties; he made it loyal to the Government as it had never been before, by the simple process of paying it what it was promised. It received real money and drew its actual rations. Formerly it was no uncommon sight to see ragged soldiers begging food or carrying a wretched issue of bull-ring beef skewered on a bayonet. It is this army that has responded blindly and loyally to the Gomez administration through his control of the constitutional machinery in the face of the present reaction against Gomez. The Venezuelan army is a blind instrument, built so by Castro, and one that no longer vacillates from one revolutionary leader to another.

During these years Castro's one aim was to make the Government secure and stable. These early energies were all spent on the improvement of the army; then came his difficulties with the foreign Powers of Europe. These broadened his view on the necessities for defense—especially after the bombardment of the Venezuelan coast—and he began storing reserve supplies of rifles and ammunition. In the forts of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello he mounted eight Creusot guns of eight-inch caliber and range-finders. At La Guayra these guns are in two masked batteries behind the hills, and are not, as is generally supposed, in the little yellow stone fort above the town.

During this time he was extending the wagon-roads where there had been only trails and establishing trails where there had been none; he extended lines of communication in all directions, better mail routes and more lines of telegraph. He finished the public buildings that had been begun and abandoned by President Crespo. He completed many of the public works that had been inaugurated by that same President and deserted in the same aimless manner. He established a leper colony on an island near Lake Maracaibo and another to the westward of La Guayra and segregated the leper population. He established a reform school for children taken from the streets, and now, twice each week, this reform school band plays in the Plaza Paez—and plays well. He started a national public Industrial School where the mechanical trades were taught to youths of the working classes. He repaired old aqueducts and began new systems of water supply. He built armories in place of slovenly barracks. He began the repaving of Caracas, so that to-day hard, concrete pavements are the rule, where before there were rough alleys of round river stones. Even the smallest details attracted his energy, and it was he who ordered that the houses of the country should be repainted once each year on the anniversary of Venezuelan independence.

Also at this time he began what was probably his most important work for the Venezuelan future. This was the making of Puerto Cabello a real port of entry. Along the whole coast of Venezuela there has been no proper harbor; La Guayra is an open roadstead fronting on the sea and with only a dock to protect it from the sweep of storms; Maracaibo, the great coffee port, is on a gulf too shallow to admit any but the lightest steamers, and its commerce is principally carried on by means of shallow schooners that transship their cargoes to the deep-water vessels at the Dutch island of Curaçao.

Venezuela was virtually dependent for her commerce on this Holland settlement of brokerage and forwarding houses. And Curaçao and its beautiful port at Willemstad have always been the base for revolutionaries and smugglers, while their disregard of the international amities has for years been a thorn in the side of Venezuela.

So Castro proceeded to make in Puerto Cabello a real harbor. He dredged a channel, built docks, sheds, and wharfs. He erected and installed a machine-shop and navy-yard. He constructed a floating drydock. He was the first President of Venezuela who realized the necessities and advantages of such an enterprise, and, most radical of all, he did not farm it out to some foreign concessionaire and then give him a monopoly of the harbor rights or of the coast. For it was the Venezuelan Government which built the dredges that opened the channels; and the dredges are national dredges; the drydock is a national drydock; the navy-yard, the machine-shops, and the wharfs are national institutions, owned and operated by the Federal Government.

Then came Castro's famous decree of May 14, 1908, practically boycotting Curaçao, and Curaçao awoke to the fact that Castro had placed Venezuela in a position of economic independence. Curaçao has no natural resources; it could not support a population of twenty souls on the products of its barren volcanic soil. It is a community of brokers and forwarders. And it is this fact that made the Dutch Government so bitter and hostile.

It was Castro who set his face against speculative adventurers who came into the country seeking what they might devour. These had been in high favor during the reign of Guzman Blanco, and to-day Venezuela is saddled with absolute monopolies from which she can not escape. To-day in the hatred of Castro, Guzman Blanco's ill-doing is forgotten, and his régime is looked upon as a marvel of prosperity. People will tell you of the high play in the clubs, of sums bet on the turn of a card, of the champagne opened at the hour of the morning cocktail in "La India," as conclusive evidences of the prosperity created by Guzman Blanco.

It was prosperity, for Guzman Blanco and his favorites. And finally in his old age Guzman Blanco retired to spend his remaining years and his percentage of plunder on the cheap tinsel of Paris. There was no more economic prosperity in Venezuela in that day than there is in Monte Carlo.

Blanco guaranteed seven per cent against the cost of construction of one hundred and sixty miles of railroad, and viewed with pride the fact that twenty million dollars were sunk in this enterprise.

He mortgaged the resources of the country to provide plazas, fountains, bronze statues of himself with grandiloquent tributes to his administration bolted to their pedestals, for which the nation paid. Perhaps the best thing in Blanco's career was his encouragement of public education, and probably the worst policy in Castro's term has been the fact that he neglected it, or allowed it to be used for petty pilfering and reward.

What Blanco had done, his successor, Crespo, imitated in so far as his lesser ingenuity permitted, and he is chiefly remembered as the devisor of the present official residence of Miraflores—a monstrous combination of every known species of architecture enclosing a patio and a fountain.

A Feudal Epigram

A SMALL incident in the early months of Castro's success is perhaps characteristic and throws an interesting light on his ability to handle men. Following his capture of Caracas, his army of Andinos, as the inhabitants of the mountainous western portion of Venezuela are called, marched with him into the city. They swaggered into the hotels, ordering as they chose and paying for little or nothing. The dissolute women of their choice were flaunted into the streets and plazas at what had been the hour of the fashionable promenade. They were insolent and brutal, until finally a committee of Caracanians waited upon Castro in the palace to ask for relief. Castro listened in silence.

"Yo no pago para Caraqueno, ni cobro para Andino!"—"I do not pay for Caracanians, nor do I charge for Andinos!"

In other words, "settle it for yourselves, as you choose or can, I will not interfere either way." It was a feudal epigram, or barbaric, if you please, but years of abstract thought could have furnished no solution more popular. The next morning the bodies of eight dead Andinos were found in the streets of Caracas. The succeeding night the number was fewer, and in a very short period the Andinos were dwelling in Caracas along the lines of the more moderate requirements of modern conquest.

For the next few years there were no serious menaces to Castro's Government and administration. Then came the Matos revolution. This General Matos came to New York, and, it is said, hypnotized the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company, popularly known as the Asphalt Trust, into financing the revolution he was to lead. The trust advanced him upward of $130,000, as they after-

ward admitted on the stand before a court ordered for the investigation of this charge, and for eleven months Venezuela was torn by the bitterest and bloodiest civil war since Simon Bolivar freed the country from Spanish dominion.

At one time Castro was cut off from Caracas, where his reserve supplies of ammunition were stored. He had less than five cartridges per man.

A courier got word to Caracas, and, by Castro's instructions, a trainload of ammunition was made ready. By the same instructions no secrecy was observed; the train was decorated with bunting, and bands played and cannon banged in salute as it pulled out of the station. The guards and soldiers accompanying it shouted: "*Viva Matos, Viva la Revolucion!*" "Matos has won! Down with Castro!" as it rolled slowly through the stations of the towns along the route. A despatch was shown to the Matos commandantes, urging them to assist the train in every possible way, as it contained the supplies for the victorious and loyal Matos forces. It was a triumphal progress, and the train with its invaluable stores rolled unhindered into La Victoria. The next day the battle was fought, and at nightfall Matos and the Asphalt Trust were fugitives.

The Cable Company Dispute

SHORTLY after this Castro found that the French Cable Company had also actively aided Matos by furnishing him with secret military information. He revoked its concession. Later came positive proof of the inspiration and assistance given by the Asphalt Trust, and action was taken through the courts of the country that placed the asphalt deposit in the hands of a Government receiver on the ground of violation of the terms and spirit of the concession.

Another action was instituted by the Attorney-General to recover the cost of suppressing the revolution they had financed and to punish their attempt. It has been the efforts of these two foreign institutions to reinstate themselves in their former privileges that has led to the insistent and hostile complications that have been pressed upon Castro in the last three years, and that have spread before the world the picture of an absurd, blustering creature, without ability or intelligence, whose only characteristic was an insatiate and reckless greed.

But Castro's continuous successes began to have their usual effect. He came to believe in his Star of Destiny, that to disagree with him was to dispute the greatest intelligence and ability in the country, backed by the divine will of Providence. He knew his own sagacity and his own powers, and he had little time to waste in convincing others. He would act, careless whether he had the moral or intellectual support of those around him.

When Castro was ill two years ago, and it seemed a certainty that he lay dying in Maeuto, his officials "absorbed" the two-million-dollar gold reserve that Castro had established in the Bank of Venezuela and had scrupulously kept intact. Castro did not die, and his first act after regaining some measure of his health was to restore this reserve to its former sum—and this may throw some illumination for those who regard Castro as only a grafting chief.

Following the nationalization of the harbor works at Puerto Cabello, Castro became imbued with the idea of nationalizing many lines of industry. There was no one to point out to him the difference between enterprises of public service and enterprises of a purely commercial character. Flattering advisers suggested that the Government should nationalize industries, and offering as advantages the facts that the profits would thereby be an asset of the people and the Government.

The first industry so nationalized was the cigarette industry. Heretofore this had furnished steady employment to some twelve or fifteen thousand people, while almost every class turned to it in periods of financial difficulty as a means of tiding over the stringency. Cigarette manufacture was made an absolute monopoly so hard and fast that no one, with the exception of the monopoly, could buy, sell, or possess any of the articles that go into the manufacture of cigarettes. This one act did much to hurt Castro, and was, in fact, the real foundation for the widespread discontent and hatred of the last two years that existed in Venezuela.

Castro had made a tactical error, and he himself recognized it too late. These were not federal companies, but were private corporations existing under an absolute federal monopoly—a very different thing. The profits were private, and only the evils remained for the public at large.

Other industries were started, and slowly the commercial resources and business of the country began to drift into Castro's control. He owned a railroad, a flour mill, a paper mill, a stearin works and candle factory, a cement plant, the market privileges of Caracas, and finally, most choking of all, the control of the cattle business. Theoretically, any one might sell to the slaughter houses, but, as a matter of fact, those who attempted to sell directly found their cattle so far below the standard requirements that they could get a better price from Castro's cattle buyers, who would then dispose of the same animals to the same abattoirs at a satisfactory price and without difficulty. I have heard Castro's income from this source alone competently estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars gold a day.

The Etiquette of Getting Rich

HIS revenue from the privileges of the market in Caracas, which is generally regarded as Doña Zoila Castro's perquisite, was supposed to be five hundred dollars a day. What his revenue was from other sources there is no possible means of computing. The money that he made he reinvested in furthering his commercial projects and monopolizations. He was destroying the industries of the country, but there seems to be no evidence that he ever took his graft raw. He had the greatest contempt for the minds about him, who saw no other way of acquiring wealth except by looting it in bullion from the public revenues.

For Castro is more of a tyrant than a grafter. His vanity was fed on the flattery of those about him. He came to believe in the fulsome editorials that compared him with Washington, Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell, and Christ. His continual success in beating down all opposition that had confronted him led him to believe in the Star of Destiny that Gumersindo Rivas suggested was his. He was fearless of assassination, although in the last two years probably no man has had occasion to fear it more. On his last political trip, through a hostile country, he wandered unescorted through the streets or danced carelessly in the *sala*, while the unguarded darkness of the window beyond any bullet could have picked him off. Always he carried a handkerchief in his hand, continually using it in a nervous series of nervous gestures. Men who were close to him state that he developed superstition, and that in this handkerchief were concealed two or three little charms against the evil eye or possible danger.

The Dictator and His Horse

ONE time while riding in the Paraiso—the Riverside Drive of Caracas—his horse, suddenly and without apparent cause, became fractious. He dismounted and shot the horse. At another time, on the same driveway, he went up to a laborer who was repairing the macadam:

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No, señor."

"I am Cipriano Castro. I have twenty-five wives, and I have a child by each." Then he rejoined his party on the sidewalk and continued the promenade.

There are many stories of his heavy drinking, but none of his being drunk. He seemed to have a constitution on which liquor had no effect. In the course of a conference one evening that lasted perhaps two hours, he finished, by himself, a bottle of brandy. It was served in no liqueur glass, but in a goblet, which he would fill half-full, and then empty in two or three gulps, and yet at the close of the conference there was no more indication by its effect of the amount that he had drunk than there was at the beginning.

Somewhere he learned that there are anarchists, and in some way the idea became fixed in his mind that all anarchists are Italians. For the last two years it has been with extreme difficulty that Italian immigrants or travelers could land in Venezuela. The steamer on which he sailed, the *Guadeloupe*, brought twenty-four Italians for Venezuela, and he refused them admission to the country. They were still on board the steamer when he decided to sail, waiting to be carried back to Europe. When he knew that he was going to sail on the *Guadeloupe*, he gave the twenty-four Italians not only permission, but the steamship company orders, to disembark them at once in Venezuela.

There are scores of similar irrational and erratic incidents, but they all seem to show that the Castro of to-day is not the Castro of the first seven years of his administration. The distrust, suspicion, avarice, greed, and tyranny are no substitutes for the abilities that have been destroyed. In the foreign complications that arose during his régime his cause has been so just that, had he followed the suggestions as to methods of procedure made by the real friends of Venezuela, they could not have been overthrown or clouded in the clamor over his abrupt handling of the questions. Nor would Venezuela have so gladly yielded the points of contention, except for the bitter hatred that Castro had engendered and that seeks to overthrow whatever has been done by the object of that hatred.



One of the palace guards



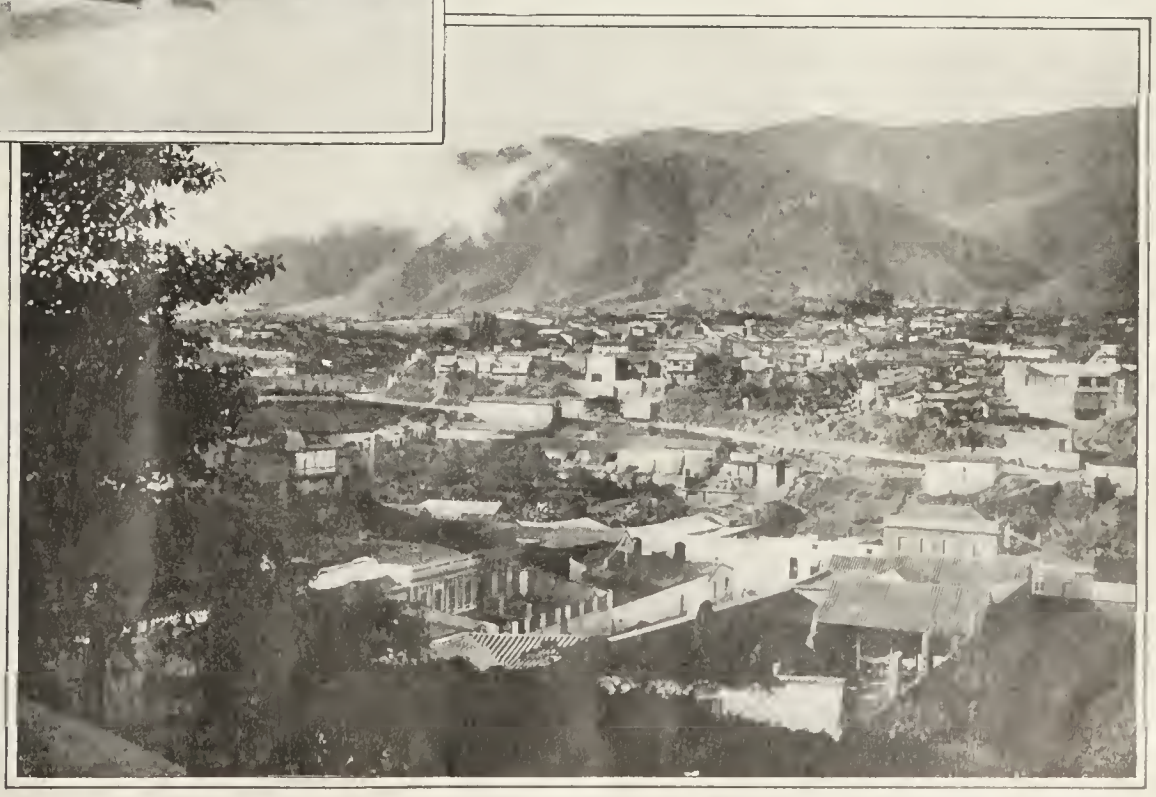
The birds and bird cages at Castro's palace, Miraflores



Caracas belles crossing the Plaza Bolivar



Venezuelan revolutionists in battle array



Looking across a portion of Caracas toward the mountains that hem it in



Judge and Mrs. Carey leaving home to vote different tickets



Mrs. Theresa Jenkins, a Wyoming suffragette and orator



The lady just entering the polling place has left the baby in her husband's charge. She will take care of it in her turn while he casts his ballot



Mrs. Joseph Carey, wife of Ex-Senator Carey

The Woman Who Votes

The Chaperones and "Workers," Buggies and Babies, and the Supper at the End of a Wyoming Election

This is the second of a series of three articles on the Western woman voter. The first, "Campaign Days in Denver," appeared in the issue of April 17

By SARAH COMSTOCK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. E. STIMSON

"DON'T like to promise you too much excitement for to-morrow," a male voter of Cheyenne said to me on November 2. "If I remember rightly, there weren't more than three women killed at the polls last election day."

Now, I am no tenderfoot, and I well know the wildest and woolliest Western life to be found in the periodicals of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. I did not look to see the slaughter of ladies at the polls; but I confess that I had never anticipated any such amiable social event as the polling turned out to be. The beauty of the high plains was in evidence; every pair of rosy cheeks that could swear to twenty-one years was present. Matrons chaperoned the fair youthful voters. Carriages rolled up to the Capitol basement and the Governor's barn; stylish costumes appeared. Gallantry stepped out of line and let the ladies vote first. Light and ladylike banter was passed. If oaths existed in the vicinity of the polls, they were not audible to the naked ear. I have seen greater disorder at a church strawberry festival.

Emerging from the hotel somewhat before nine on Tuesday morning, I found the streets enlivened by many and various vehicles. There were automobiles and livery "hacks," and sometimes two-seaters and buggies, each flaunting a large canvas encouragement to vote one ticket or another *straight*. As yet the drivers were alone, but the vehicles stirred restlessly through the streets with an air of something about to be doing.

"What are they all for?" I asked a very small boy in a very large cowboy hat.

"Fur de ladies wot goes a-votin'," he told me. "Gee," he added, "wisht I was a lady; I'd get a Democrat buggy ride and a 'Publican one too," with a plaintive sigh for the passing of man's day.

I recalled then the unwritten law of the equal suffrage States: that no woman shall go afoot to the polls unless by her own preference. Each party furnishes a sufficient number of vehicles to carry all its women voters, as well as a corps of women "workers" who make appointments with these voters, escort them to the polls, and explain to them any details they do not understand concerning the rules of the booths and the marking of the ballot.

One of these workers, a little, wiry, capable woman whom I had met the day before at party headquarters, was getting into a carriage at one of the polling places. Seeing me, she flung open the door.

"Come on, get in," she called. "I'm going for the oldest woman voter in the precinct. She's got it into her head that she wants to cast the first vote, and I've promised her she shall. You'll have to drive fast," she shouted to the driver as she slammed me in. "The number's 1911, remember."

Arrived at the modest cottage where the old lady lived, we found her in tears and an apron. "I can't get ready," she said. "Whatever made me think I could? The dishes ain't done yet, and look at me in my apron!"

"Never mind, bring the apron along," I advised in my ignorance. I had yet to learn that voting, to many of my sex, is not only an ethical responsibility, but also a social function. Some go to the polls as to market; others as to a circus parade. In either case you meet the People You Know, and you do not wish to do so in your apron.

Mrs. Cockell knew. She has weathered the whims of many campaigns and has learned that the duties of a party worker are not confined to those officially set down. Within three minutes she had off Mrs. Topliff's apron, had on her best bonnet and cape, had us all slammed into the carriage, and we were off for the Court-house Annex. We reached it on the dot of nine, and a group of impatient gentlemen made way for Mrs. Topliff to pass into a booth.

A little later I strolled up Ferguson Street, where rows of elderly best residences draw back from the youthful impertinence of a trolley line. In the largest and most dignified and reposeful of these—a house that seems by some mistake to have been transplanted from one of the elm-lined Eastern towns and set down in this breezy little city of the plains whose air still holds the tang of adventure's tradition—lives ex-Senator Carey, well known as a champion of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Carey was putting on her street things. "The judge had to go downtown early, but he's coming back for me," she explained. "We're going to vote early. I'll get my hat, then we'll go downstairs and talk till he comes. . . . Oh, do you mean it? Really, do you want to make one side of the bed while I make the other? There isn't a servant of any kind about the place—both my girls gone and I can't get anybody. But Presidential election day comes only once in four years, and I don't think I could be said to be neglecting my housekeeping for politics."

A few minutes later the judge bustled in, big and bluff and twinkling. "Ready?" he demanded. "You see we always go to the polls together," he explained to me.

"And we always vote differently," added his wife.

"That's only because she won't vote my way. She's like all women—she will scratch her ticket."

"Now, you know you don't think such a man as X—— ought to be elected," protested Mrs. Carey.

"That's true. I'm not going to vote for him myself. But women scratch all the way along—"

"But you know that what a man is as an individual counts—"

Then they looked straight at each other in the happy disagreement of mutual respect, and smiled that wise, delightful middle-aged smile that scatters the cynicism of youth to the four winds, and the last I saw of them he was holding open the gate for her and chuckling with her over some bit of news as they started off, already forgetful that there was any issue, even as trifling as politics, upon which they differed.

As yet the carriages were sparsely filled, and I recalled Senator Warren's advice when I had told him that I came to Cheyenne to see women vote.

"Then take an extra nap Tuesday morning," he had said. "Get up for breakfast about noon and stroll forth at your leisure. You will see a few ladies voting. The numbers will gradually increase; about five o'clock, just as the polls are about to close, ladies will come rushing from all directions in a frantic scramble for their last chance."

The Senator was facetious, but there was somewhat of truth in his words nevertheless. The woman of leisure is more likely to go out for calls and shopping in the afternoon, and she defers voting until she leaves home for other purposes as well. The woman who does her own work has the dishes to wash and the floors to sweep and the pies to bake and the birds to feed in the morning. After dinner she can don her best costume and go forth.

Her First Vote

TOWARD eleven o'clock, however, a number of private carriages were seen at the polling places, and the workers, too, captured a good many voters. Sometimes a party rig would make a long trip for a single vote, again it would stop at several houses on the way. I was picked up by an automobile that had gone many blocks for one girl of twenty-one who was to cast her first ballot. She was plainly the victim of stage-fright, and the worker, a man in this case, was adding to her nervousness by the most elaborate explanation of how simple the whole thing is.

She entered the park tool-house and looked anxiously from judge to judge. One of them, a woman, smiled at her reassuringly.

"Right in there. You'll find a pencil inside." And the girl disappeared behind the canvas flap with which the booth was screened.

She came out after a minute or two, flushed and confused. The canvas flap swung and set her hat awry, to her greater embarrassment.

"Never mind, all the ladies are having trouble with their hats," consoled the judgess.

Once more in the automobile and whizzing homeward, the girl suddenly pressed her temples. "The amendment!" she gasped. "Oh, what shall I do? I forgot the amendment!"

At noon came a lull, as the getting of the meal interrupted bank and tariff issues. At the hotel I dropped over to the table where Miss Estelle Reel sat. She lives in Washington for Uncle Sam, who has put her in charge of all his Indian schools.

"Yes, I'm here to vote," she said. "It wouldn't be quite honest to say that I've come all the way from Washington to take advantage of that privilege. But I arrange it so that my other duties shall bring me somewhere near Cheyenne when election time comes around. You see, it would feel odd to miss voting. I've always been used to it. I was brought up out here, and I found myself pushed into office when I was hardly more than a little girl."

Ballots and Babies

MISS REEL took off her coat and leaned back, displaying a heavily embroidered shirt-waist which exhaled an atmosphere of all-linen prosperity. She looked the typical successful bachelor: well dressed, satisfied with the fact that it is her own hard-earned money which buys that pervasive air of prosperity, and, manlike, she was reckoning election day a day of importance to her personally, her vote a matter worth traveling miles for.

But the bachelor of our sex represents only a small element in a State like Wyoming, where ranches and mines do not draw the wage-earning woman as factories and shops and offices do. The fair voter of Cheyenne is pretty likely to have a home and children to take into consideration, and for this reason infancy plays an important part in the drama of election.

Several times during the day, as I toured with one worker or another, we returned to the carriage disappointed because: "I can't go. I ain't got nobody to leave the baby with," or "If you'll come back in about half an hour I'll have him to sleep by that time, and then I can leave him."

But for the most part the future voter goes along with mama and is thus initiated into the mysteries of national politics earlier than in our non-suffrage States. The party vehicle, whether it be livery rig or automobile, is frequently met by a joyful chorus of: "There comes the buggy! Now we're goin' ridin'!"

To many mothers and children this is the only "buggy" ride that the year brings around, and it is looked forward to like Santa Claus's visit. For days, sometimes weeks before, it is talked over and pictured. The custom is not only to carry women and their children to the polls, but also to take them afterward either home again or to market, or to a friend's house, or wherever they may wish to go. Thus the ride is often delightfully long.

By the middle of the afternoon the feminine balloting was in full swing. The street were filled with vehicles whirling in every direction, picking up loads here and there, depositing them at the polling places, loading up again, and dashing off. From Fort Russell carriages arrived bearing army wives and daughters. From the fashionable residence district women drove in their own carriages or walked in calling costume, dropping in to cast their ballot on the way to somebody's house, chatting as they met friends doing likewise. Many came in little knots—a mother and daughters, for instance, two or three neighbors, a group of sisters. Others went with a husband or father, a brother or son. There was no necessity for this, however. All of us need male protection in our New York subway far more than do these enfranchised Western women at the polling places. Occasionally men were seen lounging and

chatting outside, but with no disorder or excitement. They would step aside and make room for women entering. When friends met, there was the same sort of banter that you might hear on a coeducational campus. "We'll see which gets through first," said a woman as she and a man friend entered adjacent booths at the Governor's barn. He emerged and waited for her. "Yes—you beat," she acknowledged. "I see you had it in for somebody," he responded. The atmosphere on the whole suggested that of college life: fun on top and an underlying seriousness of purpose.

The places chosen for voting were chosen with the women voters in mind. Public halls were used, two well-groomed barns, the Court-house Annex, and so on. As I approached the South Side polling place in the district where humble homes of the mechanic class predominate, I caught the word "SALOON" in large letters upon the building.

"There," I triumphed. "We have always maintained that the polls are no place for a woman."

But upon reaching the building I found that it had long ago been abandoned for saloon purposes and is now a public hall, such as might be used for a political address or an evangelistic meeting.

Teddy Bears and Dolls

IT WAS in the midst of the afternoon's bustle that an automobile drove up to the Governor's barn with five women and six children, besides the worker and chauffeur. The women evidently wore their best dresses and hats, the children were in a state of hysterical joy, Teddy bears and dolls were being waved wildly by any available arm or leg. Then began the process of unloading.

"You stay in the auto, Annie."

"No. I want to go in with you."

"Take her along. I'm going to take Jimmy."

"You play outside and be good children."

"I don't want to be good children. I want to go in and vote."

In the end three of the voters-to-be were left to play in the car in charge of the worker, one of whose duties this is; the other three accompanied their mothers up the driveway to the barn.

"Now you stay outside while mama goes in," the argument was resumed.

"No-o-o."

A gentleman stepped forward. "Let me keep him while you go in, madam," he offered gallantly. "Come, you'll show me your bear, won't you?" he coaxed.

"No-o-o."

The mother opened her shopping-bag. "This'll keep him good," she said, producing a stick of striped candy. "I always bring candy along every election day. You'll stay with the nice gentleman now, won't you, Everett?"

And Everett was content. If we are ever required to vote in the other forty-two States we may as well profit by the experience of these older citizens and remember the stick of striped candy.

The other two children entered the barn, and while their mother registered her choice in one booth they occupied two others, peekabooing at each other around the partition. Thus satisfaction was maintained throughout the party and reached its climax in the little girl, who announced: "I voted for Bryan with Aunt Mamie this mornin' and now I've voted for Taft with mama."

I dropped in for a little chat with Mrs. Cook, wife of Cheyenne's mayor. He was again candidate for the same office.

"I took our daughter to the polls myself," she said. "You know she came twenty-one just in time to vote for her father's reelection and she was so delighted over it. But when the day came she was a little nervous, never having voted before, and she wanted to stay at home.

"I said: 'Come on, and I'll buy you those beauty pins you've been wanting after you've cast your ballot.'

"I bought her the prettiest set, her own choice, and when we were all home for lunch together I said to her father: 'You owe me the price of a set of gold pins. I had to offer them to get Bessie to go and vote for you.'

"'Not much,' he said, 'I'm not buying votes. If you are, then you pay the price.'"

Mrs. Gibson Clark, who is vice-president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, had cast her vote early, I found. "Just as soon as breakfast was over and the dishes done my cook and I put on our hats and went to the polls together," she told me.

Again I saw an instance, as I had many times during the day, of that harmless kind of teasing and joking which enters into this coeducational system of politics and differs so in its manner from that where woman plays no part. Mrs. Clark was telling me about an issue for which she and many other women of Cheyenne had been fighting regardless of party.

"I met a man I knew yesterday and I said to him: 'Remember, you're not to vote for Y——.'

"'Yes, I've decided to do so,' he replied seriously. I was so disappointed at losing even one vote which I had thought secure, for the issue is so important from the standpoint of morality and I had worked so hard for it. But nothing I said availed.

"This morning his wife called me up on the 'phone. She was laughing. 'John's just been telling me how he teased you, saying he was going to vote for Y——,' she said. 'He's not, though. It was all a joke. I told him it was a shame to tease you so.'"

Whether They Would or Not

IN THE shopping district I met one who belongs to a very small class in Wyoming; the women who do not believe in their own suffrage. In this pioneer suffrage State it is forty years old, it is an accepted fact, not an issue. It never was battled for; it was put through almost without opposition and largely as a joke, so the story goes, by William Bright out of gratitude for a great service rendered to his wife by Mrs. Esther Morris. "What can I do to thank you?" he asked her. "Put through a bill for woman suffrage," the lady replied, and it was promptly done, and the women of Wyoming found themselves voting whether they wanted to or not. Mrs. Morris, known to tradition as "The Mother of Suffrage," was made justice of the peace and tried between thirty and forty cases in South Pass City in the famous old Sweetwater Mines country.

And so the Wyoming woman knows but one way of settling a political question, and that is to take a hand in it herself. But for some reason Mrs. Freeborn is firmly opposed to the system.

"What is your objection?" I asked her.

"Well—I don't think it's our place."

"And have you stayed away from the polls today?"

"Oh, no. I always go, because I think it my duty. But I don't believe in the law that makes it our duty."

"Then you went merely as a matter of conscience—you had no desire to cast a ballot?"

"Well—" She laughed. "I suppose when your husband is running for office you're not altogether sorry you have the right to vote for him."

It was late in the afternoon when I once more joined the bustling little worker who had given me my first political ride that morning.

"I'm after a sick woman now," she said. "She's in bed most of the time, but she thinks she can manage to get to the Court-house Annex. She wants to cast a vote for Z——."

Her Last Vote

THE woman was found near the gate of her dreary little house. She was taking the air, supported by a friend on each side. She was ghastly and she tottered at every step.

"I can't—oh, I can't go any farther," she panted. "But I want—I want to vote for Z——."

She was helped into the carriage, three of us going with her while the worker mounted beside the driver.

"I couldn't register—I was too sick," the woman explained in gasps as we drove rapidly toward the court-house. "But I've got the doctor's certificate. They'll let me vote, don't you think they will?"

She tottered, assisted, into the polling-place, thrusting forward the blue certificate. The judge shook his head. "Won't do," he said. "Got to have two people who have personal knowledge that you were unable to register."

The two were found, their oaths taken, and the woman tremblingly entered the booth, afraid to take a step unsupported. She almost fell into her friends' arms as she emerged.

"It's the last vote I'll ever cast," she said. "But I've voted for Z——."

Five o'clock had fallen, cutting off the tardy from their privilege, when I returned to the Capitol basement. Judges and clerks, two or three women among the number, were stretching and shaking themselves out after their eight-hour tension. From an adjoining kitchen issued odors that comfort the weary: the steam of beans in the pot and the gusts from an oven door which is opened upon a roast.

"Must they stay here for dinner just as they did for lunch?" I asked, looking at the tired officials.

"Dear, yes, and maybe till four in the morning," some one replied. "Meals are brought to them and they're caged here till the count is finished."

"It's pretty hard on the women," I remarked.

A woman clerk overheard and smiled at me cheerily. "We don't mind," she said. "Election doesn't happen often."

"The only thing they'd mind would be not getting the appointment," said a bystander. "This is one of the privileges that go with suffrage." And then in came the steaming beans and the fragrant roast, and the picnic table was spread, and I read in the women's faces that it was all a part of the lark.



The oldest woman voter in the precinct arriving at the polls to cast the first vote. The "worker" is assisting her from one of the party carriages



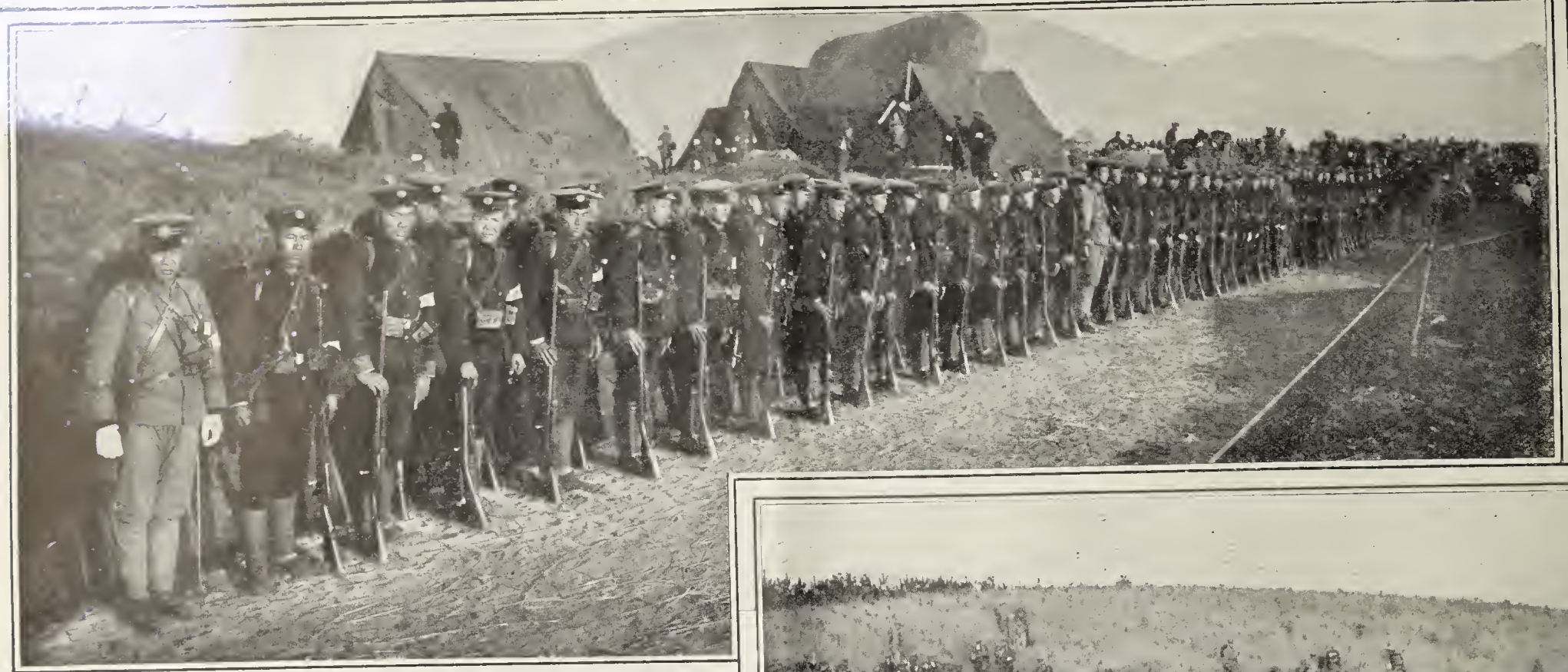
At a polling place south of the railroad. Automobiles arriving with their loads of women voters



At the Court-house Annex—a typical scene on election day; men and women passing in and out together



This old couple have just cast their votes together



Modern Chinese infantry regiment accoutered and ready to depart for the battlefield in the Yang-tse region. On the hill a war balloon is seen



Regiment resting in a field in the Anhui Province. The men beyond th tion for immediate service. The opposing troops were known as the N



A battalion of infantry standing in a rice paddy field; the officers are expecting orders from the front. The white band worn on the left arms of the soldiers is to distinguish them from the opposing force in the great maneuvers in progress



Artillerymen carrying ammunition in t able for heavy wagons. The hands, ro



Troops advancing over a road built by pioneers. China never before had macadamized roads, and the inhabitants of the Anhui Province, where the maneuvers took place, can thank the military for improving their highways. Formerly China limited its army tactics to the more modern North



Artillery on the advance over a hilly is carried on pack-ponies. The maneu in China, and the spectacle was witn

China's M

(S



Viceroy Tuan Fang (with beard) addressing General Chang Piao. Before the flag stands General Yin Chang, who was Vice Minister of War and who now goes to Germany for the second time as Imperial Chinese Minister Plenipotentiary



Detachment of infantry firing from ambush in the sham battle. The arms and uniforms of the soldiers are thoroughly modern and the men assume the latest pose in firing from the ground



Part of tents used by artillery during the great maneuvers. The absence of Mongolian faces in the picture makes the scene closely resemble a modern encampment of American gunners. The artillery is equipped with heavy and rapid-firing guns of the most approved type and make



Regiment of infantry awaiting orders from the front. The men are kneeling under cover of the hill in the background that is sheltering them from the fire of their comrades in the sham conflict in progress. The engagement took place in a remote part of the Chinese Empire, where no foreign intercourse prevails



-line are kept in formation and Southern Armies

country where roads are impassable on the shoulders, bear the burdens



The ammunition for the big guns followed were the greatest ever seen over thirty foreign military experts

ern Army



A mountain battery in action. During these great Chinese army maneuvers occurred the deaths of the Emperor and Empress Dowager at Peking. This event fostered an uprising of natives in the Yang-tse region who opposed the Manchu Dynasty, but the rebellion was quickly put to an end by the troops near h

Collier's

Life in Layers

PART II of "The Wicked City."—*The Advantages of a Tucked-up Flat and Wilted Food—Driving Through Twenty-eighth Street Behind John and Molly—The Extinct Broadway Stages*

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

PART I of "The Wicked City" appeared in the issue of April 3



Driving an anachronism

IT ISN'T alone that you can better your financial condition by coming to the Wicked City, though that you can do so must be apparent at a glance. The man that draws a pay-envelope with only $15 a week in it in one of these jay towns outside of New York can only by the most scrimping economy support himself and family on $14.50 a week. His abilities could just as well as not bring him in $30 a week in New York City, where by the same scrimping economy he could support himself and family on $29, provided he had no bad luck and nothing happened. Life is so much larger in New York. Think how lonesome it is in country towns in summer time. No cheerful human sounds float in through open windows. You can't hear 83 pianos all going at once, all on different tunes, to say nothing of the 3 street-pianos that are normally in front of every apartment house; you can't hear 8 vocal students doing their scales, or 28 coronets, 14 fiddles, 6 clarinets, 103 phonographs, 10 parrots, and 2 men hallooing: "Line up, lady?" And how chilly and forlorn the country must be with nothing but hot-water heating and open fireplaces to get warm by and no homelike steam radiators that send you off to bed at ten because that's when the janitor tucks the fire in for the night, and that wake you bright and early in the morning with the joyous crackling of their pipes. And there are the nice cold-storage eggs and poultry you get in New York, not the raw, crude country stuff that hasn't had time to age properly, and the vegetables so delicately "fatigued," as they say in French, not stiff and awkward as in the country. And apples only five cents apiece, instead of three dollars a barrel. And the rooms all so cozy and comfortable, so that you don't have to be on the continual trot, but can just stand in the middle of any room and reach anything in it you may need. And if people come to visit you in town you have an infallible test of whether or not they really care for you, whether their affection is sincere. Because, if they are willing to sleep on the couch with a portière for a cover and a beaded cushion for a pillow, which is all that you can offer them, theirs is a friendship worth the having. Depend upon it.

Add to the financial betterment consequent upon living in New York these creature comforts, and add on top of all the self-respect that is as necessary as our breath itself, and I don't see how you can dispute me when I say that only one circumstance keeps the Wicked City from having a population of some eighty-five million people instead of a beggarly four million as at present. And that circumstance is that, with our existing systems of transportation, many people could not get downtown to business in the morning or back to their homes at night. If to the trolley-cars and "L" roads, the subways and the bridges, the tunnels present and projected, the ferry-boats and the commuters' trains were added air-darkening flocks of swift and sure flying-machines, able to handle the crowd each way in some sort of fashion, no matter what, we should all move to New York before the month was out, leaving this broad land of ours as bare of population as a hard-boiled egg is bare of hair, excepting only locked-up criminals and lunatics, the sick-a-beds, and such as do not read the papers to know what's going on in the world. Get the transportation facilities and you'll get the housing fast enough for eighty-five million people residing in Greater New York.

That would be sheer ruin, though. Left to ourselves we'd rush headlong down to destruction, but here the angel side of the Wicked City appears to view. "Young fellow, you're better off without it," says New York, and firmly declines to be a party to any such catastrophe by refusing to improve the transportation facilities. No other theory than that of a great moral agency operating to save the country adequately explains the phenomenon. Why, here. A street-car will hold 125 persons if packed carefully. The profit on each is 3 cents, or $3.75 any time you run the car out. Call it $3 because sometimes it isn't cram-jam full. If it were only money-making they had in view in the Wicked City, as some will tell you, they'd put more cars on and more cars on *ad infinitum*, knowing that there is no human limit to the number of 3 cents' clear profit they could make. But no. Every 125 persons thus taken away from productive employment and set to tapping typewriters means the deduction from the grand total of what things to eat and wear and use 125 persons could bring from the all-yielding earth, means just that much nearer a grand bust-up and everlasting smash. And for its own personal profit should the Wicked City precipitate this horror?

Not much!

The reason why the city is at all is that one kind of transportation ends there and another one begins. There's a deep harbor at New York, safe against storms from any quarter, and three ways of getting into it. Just the place for Commerce, just the place for pricemaking. Any lonesome corner with a spur-track into it will do for Industry and overalls, but Business and a white collar demands that you must crowd up close where you can look the other fellow in the eye.

And this whole exodus from without into the city has for its Moses a titter. For the man that keeps the store at Johnnycake Corners titters at the whoa-haw farmers with their pants in their boots until the farmer can not stand it any longer, and rents his farm that he may enjoy the social privileges of Johnnycake Corners too. But Johnnycake Corners is laughed at by those who live in larger towns, and these in turn, even the biggest of them, are laughed at by New York. Culture? Tee-hee! It gets under our hide at last and rankles there. Yes, by jimmineddy, it rankles, and we keep the latest time-tables always handy, so that we can catch an East-bound train to New York the minute we have made our million dollars to knock their eye out with. We'll show 'em. Alas and alas! It's always a little farther on, the Promised Land is. Get right down to it, and New York's a one-night stand, a jay town, a kind of whoa-haw place with the price-tag still sticking to its store clothes. New York and Terry Hut, they're about the same thing to London. Terry Hut makes fun of New York's slow-poke ways, and New York makes fun of London's slow-poke ways, but they both know they are cheap skates of towns.

On our first visit to New York we marveled, I don't deny, at the strange way the folks lived, all jammed in together, layer upon layer, up one long street and down another. We wandered over to where the poor trash lived, noting, by the way, how proportionately larger the Hardscrabble section of the Wicked City was than the corresponding part of our own home town; and when they told us that in one block ("square" we should have named it) twice as many dwelt as in the town of Cardington, which is a station where the trains stop, we murmured: "Gosh all fishhooks!" or whatever our cuss word of astonishment was in those days. We wandered uptown to look at the fine houses of the big-bugs, and there was ne'er a sign of a front walk with another gate and driveway for buggies to come in; no smooth greensward with the lawn-mower snarling over it; no three-story cake-stand of a cast iron fountain painted white; no plaster-of-paris boy balancing a basket of geraniums and portulacas on his head; no crimson rambler over the front porch— No front porch, by golly! No, nor a cu-pa-lo. They weren't at all the sort of houses big-bugs should live in, but one chug up against another, one chug up against another, like Morrison's Row in our town, where Tilly, our washwoman, lived. All were of a dismal, dirty brown sandstone. All were architecturally just alike, a cross between Odd Fellows' Hall and the First National Bank. It certainly did look funny to us that folks with all that money should have to live the way they did, in such mournful streets, in such a tucked-up way, not such a sight better off, so far as elbow-room went, than the poor trash in the Hardscrabble section on the East Side. All that saved the uptown neighborhood was that there wasn't such a lot of young ones whooping and hollering, underfoot, and in the way. A tucked-up way of living surely, but we saw then it wasn't that way for the lack of houseroom. Out toward the edge of town, up beyond Eightieth Street, there was lots of room; rocky room, to be sure, but a few hundred tons of dynamite would fix that all right into building lots. It was getting downtown and back, to and from these scabbards made of lath and plaster, these brownstone tights, these carpentered capsules, these clothes-presses piped with water and gas that New Yorkers comically call "homes"—that was the main point.



The agent's office



Transportation facilities

Green, on Broadway

GENTLE reader, as you and I walked up Broadway that never-to-be-forgotten day, green as we were, with the oats spilling out of our pockets, we perceived that the Broadway stage was an anachronism, though we did not then perceive the saving grace that made it so. It seemed just romantic to us. It was as if they wanted to remind us that it was all so, what it said in the school history about General George Washington and those old fellows. If the policemen standing on the street-corners had worn tight breeches, and scarlet coats with the tails buttoned back, powdered cues, and tall peaked hats—had been, in fact, the Hessian hirelings under Lord Howe—the picture had been complete. And, too, it kind of made you think of the Carson City stage, and if from around some corner, say, of Broome Street, a whole bunch of painted Indians had rushed out, flapped their hands before their mouths with a wild and thrilling, "Hoo-woo-woo-woo-woo!" and had begun to tomahawk and scalp the passengers, why, that picture also would have been complete. Who could complain because the Great Metrol . . . Metrolo . . . the biggest city on the continent, still had stages that old Nate Wells, the livery man in our town, was so ashamed of he only ran them to the night-trains? Why, you had Weems's "Life of Washington," and "Wild Western Scenes," and "Sunshine and Shadow of New York" all under one canvas, for the price of one admission only, thus making it, ladies and gentlemen, The Greatest Show upon the Continent.

As we now see it, the blot in the escutcheon was that the driver of the stage that slewed and tacked from curb to curb held up his finger at you and beckoned to you to come and take a ride. That was kind of green and countrified, as we know now, but we never gave it a thought then. It seemed all right. The motor-man on that very same Broadway to-day, if, through no fault of his, he chances to catch sight of you motioning to him to slow up the least little bit for you to swing on, clamps his jaws with high resolve, mutters to himself, "Not if I can help it!" and throws on the juice to Full Speed.

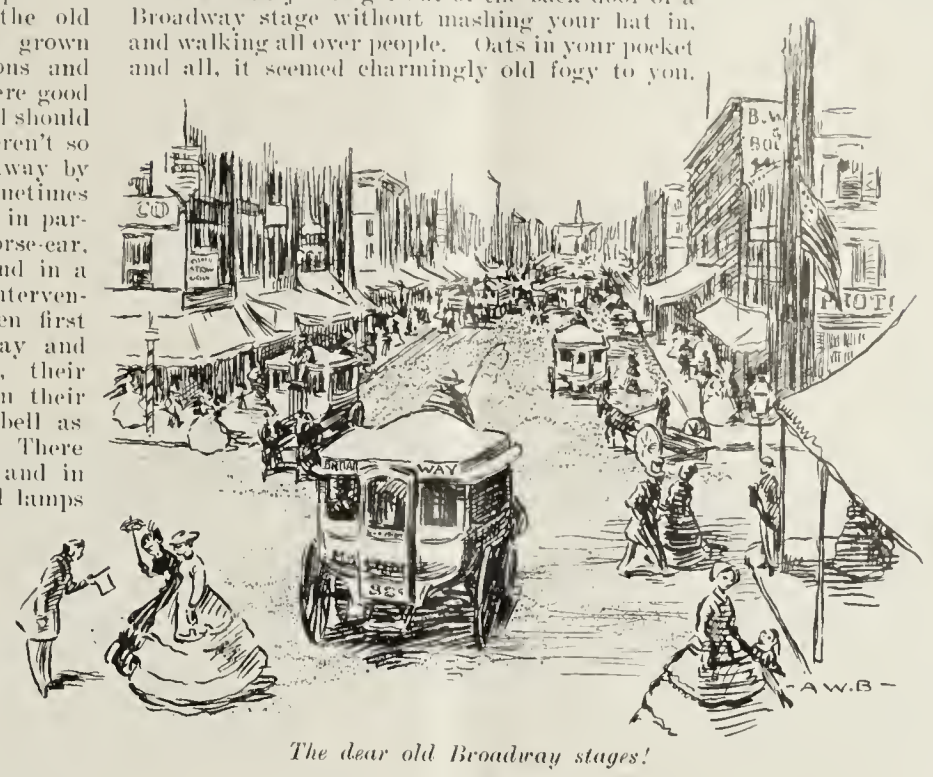
It looked all right to us then, though, for the driver to be accommodating. When we were back home not long ago, and rode in the trolley-cars they have there,

the other passengers looked at us as much as to say: "Why! Has the man gone plumb crazy?" when we laughed out loud because the motor-man backed up the car a couple of feet to the cross-walk so that the lady could get off without muddying her shoes. That looked all right to them. What's funny in being willing to oblige?

Behind John and Molly

IT'S kind o' nice, though, this spirit of conservatism that clings to the old things, long after they have grown musty and frowsy, constitutions and customs and street-cars that were good enough for our granddaddies and should be good enough for us if we weren't so persnickety, so easily carried away by the clamor of irresponsible demagogues. Sometimes when I am in no hurry at all, and have no place in particular to go, I take the Twenty-eighth Street horse-car, which is just the line to take in such a case, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all the intervening years between to-day and the long-ago when first I set my foot upon these shores, are fled away and gone. John and Molly still doze at stops, their hoofs still clatter on the cobbles as they dig in their toes to start the car, and the tinkle of their bell as they jog on is somehow pastoral and soothing. There is the same tapestry Brussels on the car-seats, and in alternate corners of the car the same dim coal-oil lamps twinkle at me from their tin boxes. As of yore, when some obstruction blocks the way, the driver urges the horses with mighty shouts of: "Geet ep, they, JOHN! Geet ep, MOLLay-ay-ay!" and the car turns out of the tracks, and teeters and jolts and yaws along the street till, after it is by the blockade, it sidles into the tracks again, and we tinkle along once more. Our youth returns to us again, and we— Fond dream! Fond dream! The horse-ear of to-day is not the horse-car of the olden time. There is no straw knee-deep for us to snuggle our feet into of a slushy day, no frost upon the window for us to scratch away when we want to make sure we shan't be carried past. Our breaths no longer cloud the air as if we were so many tea-kettles sitting in a row. In spite of warnings from the editors of leading newspapers that to heat the street-cars, and have the passengers go out from them into the weather, would give us all our death o' cold, the clamor of irresponsible demagogues was heeded, and you'll find in every car a coal-stove squatting in the best seat and taking up the room of one cash-fare each trip. That was what brought on the panic of '93, putting in stoves in street-cars.

The dear old Broadway stages! Away with those abominations on Fifth Avenue! They're not the real thing, the rig-a-ma-jigs that go without horses, and have a lot of benches on the top that you can climb up to by a stairway. A stairway! Good Lord! Youth loves adventure and excitement, and wasn't it adventure and excitement which the white chariot with a prairie fire painted in an oval on its white side, with its top rounded like the back of some kind of a bug, drew up to the sidewalk's edge and you essayed to clamber up to that exclusive seat beside the driver? You put your foot upon the hub, a long step up, a good and long step up (what if the horses should start suddenly? Whoa! Whoa, there!), and then another long step up to the slippery tire, and then another to a miraculously narrow ledge, and then the driver pulled you the rest of the way, and you nearly lost your hat, but there you were, away up on that dizzy eminence, and the driver told you about his horses, which was John and which was Molly, and how much he got a day, and there was Jay Gould going by—you'd heard of him, no doubt—and what street that was, and keeping track of the fares, and making change, and pulling the strap to shut the back door to after somebody had got out. A neat job to get out of the back door of a Broadway stage without mashing your hat in, and walking all over people. Oats in your pocket and all, it seemed charmingly old fogy to you.



The dear old Broadway stages!

Some day somebody that can will write this exodus from country to city so that we can see the whys and wherefores of it all; this exodus, of which your first visit to New York was the preliminary spying out the land; this exodus from the Egypt of green fields, the sweet breath of cows, and the melodious whistling of birds in boughs into the stony wilderness of streets and houses, sickly smells and nerve-scraping noises.

The Fiery Barrier of the Footlights

THE recollections of the first visit to New York when you were young and green, how unresponsive to the questions we would put, how voluble in what we do not care a snap about! Scattered, dispersed, and unrelated, they mulishly refuse to range themselves in ordered ranks that we may reasonably and at our ease review them. A Spaniard, making conversation with us to improve his English, melts, like a dissolving view, into the yellow square of a theater stage with Mrs. Yeamans in the center of it, saying: "Loike the laadee in the plaay, an' ahl her eroy was, 'Dimuns! Dimuns! Gimme dimuns!'" that in its turn fading into the big wine jar in Graee Chureh yard, and that again into the long ride to Coney Island, where the water was really salt, as set forth in the advertisements, and that again . . . A series of bright pictures framed in the gray fog of mere forgetfulness.

One thing, however, is very distinct with you, nakedly clear, complete. A great ambition did [illegible] beyond hope of resurrection. You remember [illegible] "The Clipper," and the dramatic columns of the [illegible] day newspapers you read with hungry eyes. [illegible] do as well as those fellows. You could [illegible] as they spoke their lines, your native intelligence told you the accent should be on this word, not on that, this quality of voice for such a sentiment. [illegible] they used. Talent you most surely had, not to say a genius for it. You felt that inside of you. Right in here. But what could even genius do in that jay town? New York was where they started from.

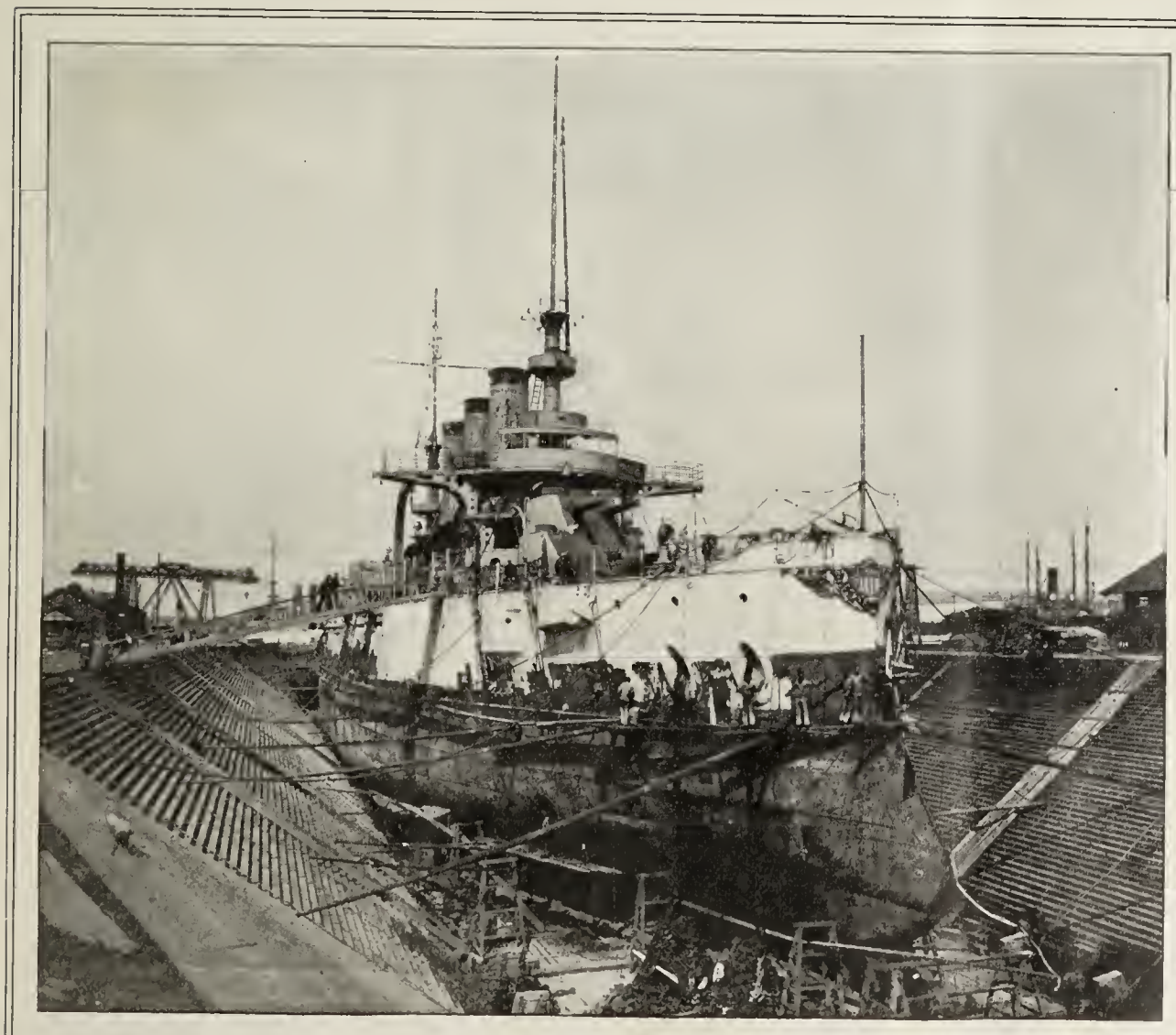
So to New York you'd take your way, and to the agent you would say: "Mister, let me go on the stage—" Well, I didn't intend it to be poetry, but I might as well be hanged for an old sheep as killed for a young lamb, so— "and be the Roscius of the age." And he'd find a position for you, and the dreary old job you had would never see you again. It all comes back to you now, doesn't it? The fiery barrier of the footlights, the misty theater beyond, the rows of eager listeners entranced, their thunderous applause, fame, travel, even riches. . . .

How mercilessly sharp and commonplace the details of the agent's office? You can see the pattern of the oilcloth on the floor to this day, the yellowing photographs on the walls, the raw pine railing with the half-open gate, the pointing features of the leading lady, and her indignant: "I'll see him further first!" Away back against the wall you sat for an hour or so, hoping to screw your courage to the point where you could walk up to the agent and meekly bleat: "Mister, let me go on the stage." And you couldn't. The longer you sat there, the more you couldn't. You were afraid he'd titter at you for a greenhorn. After an age, you got up and went down to the sidewalk, to the real, original "Rialto," the south side of Union Square. And there you met an actor you had got acquainted with in your country at a summer snap the year before. He was pleasant to you, chatted with you, and introduced you to a young fellow who had just got his first engagement. That should have encouraged you. They've all got to begin some time, you know. But it didn't encourage you a bit. Such natty shoes as this beginner wore, such modish clothing. The daintiest necktie! And his waistcoat! His waistcoat! By itself it should have put him on the stage, though he had stuttered like a fanning-mill. You looked at your own clothes, your rained-on hand-me-downs, your round-toed three-dollar shoes, and presently you slunk away. In your chill inwards was an ambition, mortally wounded, bleeding to death.

After that you knew it never was to be. If it had been, nothing could have held you back, not rained on hand-me-downs, or clumsy shoes, not fear of being thought a greenhorn. You would have stormed the agent's poor defense, his titter, and taken your kingdom by violence, for it is Gall that does it, not Genius with its finger in its mouth.

Well, it's just about as good to find out what you can't do as what you can. It simplifies the problem by just that much.

Only a few days the Wicked City held you on that first visit. But how many ages older were you when you left it than when you entered it?



Scraping off white paint preparatory to repainting in gray



"Massachusetts" in gray paint with new mast

The Navy's New Dress

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1909 BY ENRIQUE MUELLER

Collier's

The Line of Courage

A Tale of the Fallen House, the Imprisoned Woman, and the Two Police Surgeons

By CHURCHILL WILLIAMS

Illustrated by HOWARD V. BROWN



Six engines with their crews were finishing their work on the west side of the block

THE man with a bad headache had received advice and the prescription for a simple remedy and had paid for these out of a fat wallet. But ten minutes later he was still in Selfridge's office, talking, and apparently the headache was forgotten. In young Dr. Selfridge's mind suspicion hardened into belief that there had been no headache. An uncomfortable prescience made him wish the dollar bill of his fee were back in the pocket of this well-fed person in a big black coat, whose knees bent the wrong way under his bulk, and whose manner, voice, and smile advertised him as everybody's friend. It was in the air that his errand remained to be told. No, it was no longer in the air, for the visitor's roving eyes had fallen upon the small writing-table and his jocular reference to the coming elections trailed off into silence while he studied the envelope held down by the stethoscope. Then he lifted his gaze to Selfridge's face. It was as if he said: "Take a good look and judge for yourself if I'm not on the square."

Selfridge instantly decided that exactly the opposite was true. "I'll have to ask you to excuse me," he said. "I have a case—"

"Only a minute," interposed the other. Then, speaking slowly and with evident self-reproach: "I'm always butting in and getting what's coming to me for it. But I can't help that. It's my way, and you can take or leave what I say for what it's worth, and no harm done. You see, I noticed that envelope on your table from the City Committee, and I know what's in it, for I've seen lots of them. It's the last call to dinner for that election. And you—you're going to chuck it away, I suppose—like the others they sent you—because you're against the—gang." He paused and smiled. But Selfridge did not respond. So he went on: "Call 'em that, if you want to; they ain't angels, that's sure. But they *are* going to win. You know that as well as I do, and when it happens, there'll be a big push after the jobs they have to give out. Now *you* have one of those jobs, and *you*—"

Abruptly Selfridge awakened. He had a paper-cutter in his hand; he gripped it hard, and his short, slight figure grew tense. But five years of self-denial had cultivated a restraint not furnished by his temperament, and his voice was almost colorless. "You'll have to excuse me," he said.

"Oh, come, Doc," the other expostulated. Then, seeing that he had failed beyond retrieval, he reluctantly picked up his hat. "Think it over, anyhow," he said. "I was only speaking that way because I took a shine to you and knew it would be a hard crack."

Selfridge sat down at the table after he had heard the front door close and stared at the paper-cutter, jabbing holes with it in the blotter. He *had* thrown away those other envelopes, unopened. He would do the same with this. His mind was made up, and it would not change. But also he was sure of something which so far he had managed to put aside whenever it recurred to him, not because it was bitterly unpleasant, but because it was inevitable and therefore unprofitable to deplore. Now, this thought insisted on being considered. The man who had just left had been sent to give him warning. And that warning was: Toe the mark on Tuesday next with a vote for our men or be ready to give up the silver badge you got when you were made a police surgeon. And *that* meant—

Selfridge figured out exactly what it did mean. He had been a police surgeon for nearly two years. Last year his fees from station-house cases and five calls had brought him five hundred and forty dollars. That, he remembered with a wry smile, was just one-third of his total earnings for the same period. For the nine months past he had done a little better, yet all of Eleanor's modest house accounts had had to be met with what came from his "steady job," as she called his police duties. In grim earnestness they were his steady job, he realized, and that was both the comfort and the shame of it. If they paid bills which he would not have known how else to pay, also they made ten calls upon his services for every one which came to him because he was a practising physician, as announced by the small brass plate on the white window-sill. Why this was he had only lately begun to see and even yet obstinately tried not to believe. But his inclination was neither here nor there. The facts remained. Other men in the profession, some of them younger than he, most of them with no better start, had forged ahead of him, and this Eleanor must know as well as he. That stung him, stung him the more because he saw easily through her brave little efforts to deceive them both. She must realize where the fault lay; she must understand that his idea of what men demanded in a man was false, whatever its balm to his self-respect. All along when others had pushed themselves forward, he had wrapped himself in ineffectual dignity and held his ground; when they yielded a point with a smile, he turned his back on compromise. Always he was retreating deeper within himself, interposing an ill-concealed suspicion or contempt between himself and his opportunities. Even his appointment as a police surgeon, received through the temporary influence of an old-time friend of his father, he had accepted with thanks which left no doubt that acceptance was forced upon him by his necessities. Perhaps he was respected; he had begun to doubt even that. Certainly he was not generally liked by those with whom he had to deal. Behind his back he felt that he was scorned for a physical unfitness which often left him exhausted at an hour when others were only fairly beginning their fight. To the bitterness which this misfortune planted in his heart was added the gall of serving under a man younger than himself and of wholly another kind—blithe, blond, and burly Tad Matthews, chief surgeon, and—by way of explaining this, as Selfridge invariably reminded himself—the son of Jim Matthews, boss and municipal contractor, anathematized by every one whom Selfridge called respectable, yet who held in his big, square fingers every tiny twisted string of the city's political web.

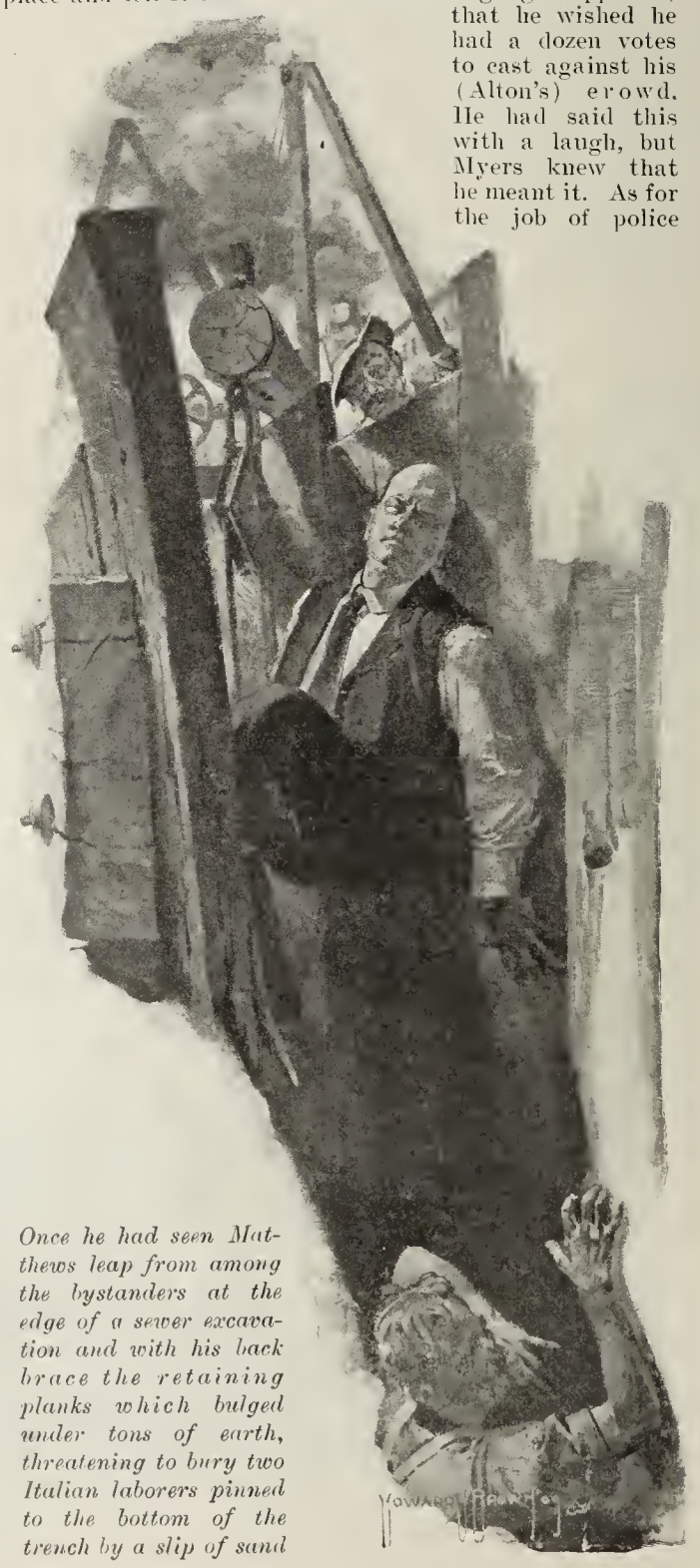
How Jim Matthews had won and continued to hold that power, Selfridge had made perfectly clear to himself. To him the contractor's triumphs were the conceptions of a low cunning, the achievements of a bully without scruple. He conceded him nothing more than this, unless it were an inherited and unenlightened capacity for hard work. Once he had seen Matthews leap from among the bystanders at the edge of a sewer excavation and with his back brace the retaining planks which bulged under tons of earth, threatening to bury two Italian laborers pinned to the bottom of the trench by a slip of sand. And, for an instant, a lump had come into Selfridge's throat. But when, the danger averted, Matthews had crawled out and a score of hands were reached to brush the clay from his clothes and some one started a cheer for "Giant Jim," Selfridge turned away, a sneer drawing down his lips. "That was worth five hundred votes to him, and he knew it when he jumped," he said to himself.

Thinking over the incident that night, he was suddenly confronted by the question: "But what would you have done in his place?" And abruptly he thrust the question from him, for he was not certain what he would have done, and the uncertainty was disturbing. In the theater, more than once, the call of the cornets and drums had stirred him to some imagined deed of single-handed heroism in which he faced the crisis dramatically, and so real for the moment was the fancy that the stage and the audience resolved themselves into the setting for his figure, and his eyes grew moist in exaltation. But, without the lights and music, imagination failed him, and from that simple question, "What would you have done in Matthews's place?" he shrunk ashamed.

So now, faced with another issue of courage, it was immensely flattering to find himself without hesitation, determined—unafraid, though defeat was certain. He would vote as he thought best, no matter what it brought. If for no other reason, then because no one should say he gave way to a threat. Yes, that was what it was—a threat. He drove the paper-cutter into the table-top so that it sprung from his fingers, and pushed his chair away and got up. He called to Eleanor that he was going out, and left the house. On the street he walked with chin up and shoulders thrown back, his hands thrust into his coat pockets aggressively. Vaguely he was aware of a wish that some one would challenge his right of way. And so, for an hour almost, he indulged his self-satisfaction.

But as the sun fell behind the hills he found himself far to the westward, on the bridge, and there he paused. Leaning on the railing, he looked down on the steam craft crowding up from the bay, threading the course of ferry-boats packed to the guards with men and women home-bound from their work. Against his shoulders he felt the pressure of that other stream of men and women seeking home. He heard them laughing, talking. They, too, were coming from work. And to-morrow morning all of them, he knew, would be hurrying the other way to where work awaited them. Work! Work! Every one of these men and women was busy—earning a livelihood. Every one but himself. He was throwing a livelihood away. Suddenly he was conscious of a chill in the air. Eleanor would be waiting for him. He turned and began to walk home. But something had fled from him; he neglected to square his shoulders, and defiance was forgotten.

Yet his resolve remained unshaken, and at the luncheon table on the following Tuesday it was with a manner transparently casual he told Eleanor of what he had done and how he had done it. The details of this, with the telling, assumed large importance. He had voted early. It would not have done to allow them to think that he hesitated to carry out his decision. He had asked particularly for the number of his ballot so he could identify it, in case of any question. But that was improbable. They—"the gang"—had things too thoroughly in their hands. If they saw fit to do so, of course, they would throw out his vote. About that he did not worry. He did not expect to help the election of an honest man, which was an impossible outcome. The essential thing was to make clear his own position. If they had had any doubts about that, by now they knew where he stood and that their threat, like their persuasions, had failed. He was his own man; he had declared that his franchise was not for sale on any terms. Indeed, he had taken pains to stop a minute outside the polling-place and tell Alton Myers, who was a "gang" supporter, that he wished he had a dozen votes to cast against his (Alton's) crowd. He had said this with a laugh, but Myers knew that he meant it. As for the job of police



Once he had seen Matthews leap from among the bystanders at the edge of a sewer excavation and with his back brace the retaining planks which bulged under tons of earth, threatening to bury two Italian laborers pinned to the bottom of the trench by a slip of sand

surgeon—there Selfridge took a fresh grip on his confidence—*it* could go hang! Without it he would have more time for his private practise and would soon make up for any difference in his earnings.

Eleanor's eyes, which glowed at the bold announcement of his defiance, wavered for an instant at the sudden intrusion of cold realities; then she covered his hand with her own. "Of course you will," she said. "You never did have a fair chance with all those station calls, and now you will get a full night's sleep, too. As for the rest, I—I can find a way to cut down the house bills, I'm sure." She came to a little pause and her smile died away. Then her eyes lightened again, and with a lift to her voice of which she was barely conscious, she finished: "But, perhaps, you won't lose the position, after all. Maybe they'll have so many votes for their men—they won't remember you didn't vote their way."

Did the words fan a smoldering ember of hope in Selfridge's breast? At least he was conscious of an impulse that he knew was disloyal and was stirred to indignant denial. "I wouldn't keep the job now," he cried. "Not if they came and begged me. If I thought they wouldn't know how I voted—I'd go and tell Jim Matthews himself. What are you thinking of? Don't you see what this means to me?"

Eleanor's fingers closed on his own and her face flushed hotly. "I do—yes, of course, I do," she hastened to say. "I didn't mean anything, Billy. Really I didn't. It—it just—slipped out without my thinking. Of course you are right."

But there was no unsaying those words. Their suggestion remained. The cloud upon which Selfridge had floated himself was dispelled, and soon he left the table and went into the office and closed the door. In the presence of Eleanor, remembering the momentary flush of joy which had kindled her eyes, he felt himself attacked again by doubts which made him ashamed. Nor could he wholly rid himself of them when alone. Beset by a sense of impotency that made pitiful his attempts at justification, he spent the afternoon in restless wandering, the night in sleepless tossing.

II

A DRIZZLING rain was silvering Selfridge's overcoat when, at five o'clock on Sunday morning, a week later, he gave up the struggle against cold and exhaustion and left the ruins of what the night before had been a big five-story factory building. Six engines with their crews were finishing their work on the west side of the block, where the flames had threatened a row of small houses. Four men had been sent to the hospital in that eight-hour fight and Selfridge himself had treated twice as many more on the spot. He had come on duty with the second alarm at a little before ten o'clock, and, soon after, soaked with the spray from a burst hose, had spent the succeeding hours with chattering teeth and smarting eyes, forgetting his own misery only when some fresh catastrophe threatened or his hands were busy with bandages. Even for an hour after the danger of more of this sort of thing was passed he remained on the ground, wrapped in a horse blanket from one of the patrol-vans, held by a morbid belief that, as surely as he left, it would be to learn that he had deserted his post at the time he was most needed. It was an observant assistant fire chief who finally persuaded him to go, with a half-truth, to the effect that there wouldn't be a spark worth killing soon and that he was going himself as soon as he should order away all but two of the engines.

Selfridge walked six blocks to the nearest trolley line and boarded a car. He was the only passenger. Stuck beneath the guard-rails of the window opposite his seat was a morning paper, and the headlines on its outer fold fell under his eyes. He pulled the paper out and ran through the few paragraphs under the heading. His own name stared him in the face. He was one of three police surgeons whose resignations, so the report had it, were to be asked for immediately—"for the good of the service." Selfridge knew that the newspaper he read was friendly to Matthews and that probably what it printed came through him. Yet the phrase, "for the good of the service," struck him like a blow in the face. He had not expected that, and though he knew it was but the subterfuge of a man without a reason that would better stand scrutiny, there was that atom of miserable truth in the accusation which sharpened its edge and drove it into his heart.

An early milkman spoke a cheerful good morning as Selfridge opened his front door, but Selfridge hardly heard him. A sort of stupor was upon him, and he made his way upstairs to the spare room and, half-undressed, got into bed, and almost immediately fell into a sleep. But it was a heavy sleep, peopled with phantasmagoria of firemen, newspaper reporters, his man with a headache who had brought him that warning, and Jim Matthews and his son. In a dozen disguises they came and went, laughing at him and showing him newspaper clippings. At last there rose a voice, repeating his name louder and louder, until he could hear nothing else, and then, suddenly, the figures were all whisked away in a thick mist through which struggled a line of bright light. With a start that made him gasp he lifted himself on his elbows and found himself staring at the curtains at his window, through whose nearest edge struck in a beam of dazzling sunlight. From the other side of the door came Eleanor's voice, calling him. He answered her and, still weak from the oppression of his dream, crawled out of bed and let her in.

"Oh, Billy!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter? It's nine o'clock and I've been trying for five minutes to waken you. They've telephoned from the Fifteenth District that you're wanted right away. A house has fallen down and a lot of people are hurt. Do hurry up. Where are your clothes?" Then seeing that he was partly dressed, she understood and put an arm about his shoulders. "How could I forget?" she said contritely. "You were out all night and you're dead tired. Are you able to go?"

"Of course," he answered, in a voice he intended should be confident. "I *was* tired, but I'll be all right now. 'Phone them, won't you, that I'll start in five minutes? And get me a cup of coffee, please."

NO WARNING which they could understand had been given the family in that rickety little three-story brick house on a side street far uptown when, on this Sunday morning, with a rumbling crash its walls, floors, and roof folded themselves together, as if a giant hand had laid hold of the foundations and snatched them from under it. It was while the man slept upstairs and the old woman and her married daughter watched the children at play on the kitchen floor that the time of the house came; and so, when Selfridge turned the corner and crept under the police rope which crossed the street, there gaped at the pavement's edge a great hole, and in this hole was piled a ruin of bricks and mortar and beams, the jagged fragment of a gaily-papered wall still bearing its multi-colored and gilt-framed motto, "God Bless Our Home," rising in the rear. From the ruins came the sound of ripping wood where the men from two fire-trucks swarmed and burrowed into the pile, breaking a path with axes where shattered masonry and the tangled beams could not be dislodged and dragged away. From the summit of the pile a fire chief shouted orders. Over the hole hung a veil of dust, thickening with each fresh attack, dwindling as it rose above the surrounding roofs. And pressed against the police ropes at either end of the street, filling every window and door near by, lining every house-top, was the crowd, gaping at the wreck, telling over and over again what had been happening, who had been saved, who was yet underneath the walls.

Tad Matthews stood on the curb, and to him Selfridge reported at once. He fancied that behind Matthews's ready smile there lurked a satisfaction at his tardy arrival; but the grip of his hand was prompt and hearty, and he offered Selfridge a cigar, explaining while he relighted his own. The man of the house, the wife, and their children had been taken out of the house alive, though the woman was badly hurt and had been sent to the hospital. As far as known, only one person remained in the ruins—the old grandmother. She had not been found, but as many of the truckmen as could get at the place were tunneling a way into the cellar, where they thought they had heard a cry from her a little while before. No more could be done. It [illegible] away swiftly without stop, but always [illegible] not to loosen whatever supported the pile [illegible] and for the rest, hope that they would [illegible]

Selfridge went over and got down on his [illegible] to where the men, choking with dust, [illegible] reddened, half-closed eyes, were delving into the [illegible] age. Now they backed out, dragging after them a broken piece of floor-beam, a lump of brick and mortar, a cake of lath and plaster, now dived back into the hole for more that had been detached from the mass. From the depths of the excavation their voices came, muffled, unintelligible. Then, while Selfridge still knelt and peered, one of them, working his way out swiftly, stood up and let out a yell: "We've found the woman. But she's jammed tight."

From the top of the ruins the fire chief started, scrambling over projecting beams, sliding down the slope of part of the roof. A roar of joy and excitement went up from the crowd. Selfridge's pulses leaped. Matthews ran to the spot. The fire chief dove into the tunnel after the man who had yelled. Ten minutes went by, and from the depths of the pile came only the indistinguishable orders of the chief, the blows of an ax, the ripping of timber. Then these ceased, and for five minutes more there was silence. Even the men who had been working on the outside of the ruin clustered about the mouth of the hole and stood waiting. Abruptly the figure of the chief appeared, scrambling out of the hole. After him came his men. The last man, in his hurry, fell over the one in front of him. He had a bad cut on his temple, his cap was gone. The chief looked back as if to see that they were all there. Then he began to speak to Matthews: "The old woman in there is sitting in a rocking-chair. There's a beam across her lap, and it's smashed her arm and pinned her down. She's very near all in. Ain't there something you can give her to boost her up till we can get her out?"

"A hypodermic would do the job, I guess," said Matthews. "Can you get near enough her for that?"

"Yes," said the chief, "you can get near her all right. The trouble is whether you can get out, once you're in. It's this way—" He stopped. "Well—it's about an even chance whether the next fellow that goes in there ever comes out. There's a big section of that brick wall right over her head. It's wedged up by a lot of stuff that rests on that beam. We can't get her out without cutting the beam or moving it, and maybe it won't wait even for that. It nearly came down when we tried to loosen the beam just now. That's why we got out in such a hurry. If it does—it's good day to whoever's in there."

He was sweating, despite the cold north wind, and to Selfridge, who knew some of the things the man had done, this was evidence of the danger more positive than anything he had said. Matthews was shaking his head.

The chief, drawing a hand from his eyes, saw this. "Hold on!" he cried. "Don't you get in wrong on this. We're going to bring the old woman out. I'm going back myself in a minute. There ain't one of the boys'll back down on it. But it'll take time—maybe an hour, maybe two, and she won't last that long the way she is. It's up to you, Doc, to keep her going while we work. And I had to tell you it wasn't any picnic in there, but— Well, that's all."

Matthews crouched again and looked into the hole. Jagged ends of wood thrust themselves out from its top and sides. Half a dozen feet from its mouth all was blackness. He stood up and surveyed the ruin of timber and brick above. There were tons of it, tangled and crushed together, here and there an opening where some beam suspended the mass, threatening collapse at the first jar. From the depths something snapped, there was a splintering of wood, the grinding of brick against brick; a part of the wreckage settled slowly.

Matthews sprang back and called to the chief. His face was turned toward Selfridge. It was pale, his lips quivered. Selfridge heard his low spoken words. "That's no fit place to send a man. I can't stop you, but I won't let anybody under me go in. They'd only be killed and I'd be blamed. The old woman's probably dead, anyhow." He shook his head, mumbling: "No, I won't let anybody under me go in."

Selfridge could not see the chief's face, he could not hear what he said. But he knew he was arguing, begging. Then, abruptly, the man threw up one shoulder. It was the shoulder turned toward Matthews. It might have been the beginning of a blow, checked at the start; it might have been a gesture of disgust. From it Matthews shrank away, still muttering. And the chief, swinging on his heel, for an instant looked Selfridge in the face. His lips were tight, but there was a question in his eyes which Selfridge read clearly.

It came to Selfridge all in an instant what he, Selfridge, was going to do. When he heard that some one must go in there and minister to the old woman he had never thought of any one but Matthews. It was Matthews's place, because he was chief surgeon, but more because he was strong, healthy, brave, and this was a risk he would welcome. He was the man for the job. Even now, when Selfridge knew that Matthews had refused to go, what contempt for him he might have felt was swallowed up in surprise at his own position. Could this all be real and not one of those dreams? Was he going to do it in flesh and blood? He was horribly afraid, and his fingers shook as he felt at his breast and found the case which held the hypodermic needle. But

(Concluded on page 26)



From his mouth he took the hypodermic needle. . . . "I'm going to stay here and have a little talk with grandmother"



The Niagara River in Winter's Grip

Ice piled up at the foot of the Falls. The annual carnival of ice has made the past season a memorable one to the dwellers in the Falls country. The ice-jam was tremendous at different points along the river and did great damage to public and private property on the water-front The Ontario power plant on the Canadian side was flooded with water driven over its window-sills by the great pressure of river ice; along the lower rapids below the whirlpool the tracks of the "Great Gorge Route" were completely destroyed, and the ice in the stretch of still water running into Lake Ontario was covered with a solid mass of ice that piled up on the banks on either side to the height of fifty feet



The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, riding through Constantinople, and cheered by crowds soon after the new Constitution of last summer had been granted. It is his plotting against the Young Turks who won that Constitution for their country that has brought on the present uprising

The Sultan's Last Stand

THE Sultan is a man of many wiles, and ill they jest who omit him or forget him. When the Young Turks swept all before them last summer it was too sudden and easy—too good to be uninterruptedly true. And now playing on the unfailing string of bigotry, Abdul Hamid II, after almost a year of plotting, has made reprisal on the young hosts of progress. A sure way of impeding and sometimes blocking reform is to spread the report that it is unreligious. This the Sultan did among the common soldiers. As in all absolute monarchies, the army is the key to the situation; so in turning their edge against the Young Turks, the Sultan was able to depose the Ministry and the Committee of Union and Progress. On April 13 mutinous Turkish troops surrounded the Parliament Houses in Constantinople and ousted the Cabinet of Hilmi Pasha, forced the appointment of Tewfik Pasha as Grand Vizier, and put into power the League of Mohammed. "Sultan and Koran!" was the cry of the mutineers, twenty thousand in number, who surged through the streets, drinking heavily, and discharging their rifles at random.

Promptly on the announcement of this overthrow of the bands of progress, and the restoration of the reactionary order of things, revolt spread throughout the Ottoman Empire. Turkish Armenia, Arabia, and even Macedonia were scenes of uprising within three days of the coup. As we go to press, word comes that the Young Turks are marching on the Yildiz Kiosk, demanding the Sultan's abdication and the reestablishment of the Liberal-Radical program. It is one of life's larger ironies that the Sultan should end his rule and endanger his head by his own plotting. If he had let well enough alone, and cooperated with the Young Turks, he would still be peacefully reigning by the Golden Horn.





Mr. Roosevelt at Rest

(1) The ex-President joins the judiciary—acting as judge in the apple-bobbing contest between Kermit Roosevelt and Lester Bonwit on board the "Hamburg." (2) He presides over the Gymkana, where his son defeats Captain Foran of the British Army in a cock-fight

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Resurrection of the Chinese Army

FROM an army that repeated medieval and impotent tactics, permitting its soldiers to be mowed down in squadrons, the Chinese are making themselves into first-class fighting men. The photographs on pages 16 and 17 tell the story. The old habits of drill, the obsolete uniforms and marching equipment, all the anachronisms in active service, tenting and fighting, have undergone a bloodless revolution, and a new army is springing up from the shell of the old. Like Pallas, it emerges fully equipped, when the other nations had not suspected so much as the germ. What was once a rather queer chaos, and on the field of battle as futile as it was brave, has quietly become a fighting unit. Since 1900 the tacticians and leaders have been busy with the men. In 1905 and 1906 Yuan Shi Kai placed troops on the maneuver fields who showed a flexibility and alertness that Chinese battalions had been lacking for a few centuries. Various sections of the empire are giving thought to the army, and recently a maneuver campaign was held in the center of the Yangtse region. It was hilly, inland country in the Anhui Province where two army corps, calling themselves the Army of the North and the Army of the South, collided in mimic battle.

Joe Petrosino

JOE PETROSINO was a lieutenant in the Detective Bureau of New York City, and was head of the Italian secret service branch of the bureau. He was fearless, popular, and clever. Threatening letters to well-to-do persons and murderous quarrels had increased in number in the Italian colonies of the city. Believing that this was the work of certain gangs, the roots of whose organization were in Italy, he went to Palermo, Sicily, to search out the ringleaders. He was shot down and killed in the streets of Palermo on March 12.

His body was returned to New York. Because of his loyal service as a police officer, and his high courage, proved in many episodes throughout his life, his funeral on April 12 was a civic event. Police and firemen, sixty Italian societies, and bands playing dirge music through the five miles of streets, made up a line of over seven thousand men in funeral procession. It was unusual in the presence of several thousand Italians, many of them ill-clad, and some of them gaunt and toil-worn, who by their act were expressing their affection for a fellow countryman, and, more, their loyalty to the United States and their abhorrence of the crime by which their friend had fallen.

A misunderstanding of the immigration situation and public clamor were, in part, to blame for the death of Petrosino. Several of the excitable newspapers and some ill-informed public opinions have put the police force, and particularly the detective force, into a state of panic in the matter of Italian crime. They feel that the public are watching them and criticizing them, demanding results. To make good, they must have a show of arrests, capture somebody and exploit his lurid "record," along with a hint of a syndicate of crime.

Any detective whose advent was as liberally advertised as that of Petrosino—plunging into the underworld of any modern city for the widely-heralded purpose of plucking out certain members of a criminal gang—would be in danger of assassination. If a detective from Naples crossed the water and began to dragnet the Bowery amid a blare of newspaper publicity, it is conceivable that he would be killed. It would be unfair to charge the Sinn Fein with the murder, even if an irate Irish saloon-keeper had handled the gun. Still more unfair and irritating it would be to haul the honest Irish laborers of Naples—if we may suppose an Irish colony there—from their work into Police Headquarters and treat them as a band of conspirators in league with the liquor-dealer of Avenue A, New York.

What is needed is wise public opinion that will aid the police in these international problems.

The push-cart men are at times unnecessarily harried by some of the police. The rake-off that some of the policemen on beat exact is at times excessive and almost cruel on a man whose earnings at best average rather less than half of those received by the officers of the law. The physical abuse, rarely maiming in its results and perhaps never fatal, to which certain policemen of the East Side and Bowery districts subject the Italian venders is annoying. It is a constant irritant, and tends to breed a sense of injustice in the victim. These bits of race dislike are among the determining factors in the so-called "Black-Hand" situation.

Kinetoscope for Lepers

SHUT in with their own misery, the lepers of the Molokai settlement in the Hawaiian Islands lead almost the loneliest life of human beings anywhere. It was in this leper colony that Father Damien lived in his last years. In the month of March of this year, the lepers were suddenly made aware of the outside world by the coming of a moving-picture machine. In Beretania Hall, their meeting-place, they saw the spectacle of healthy normal life and the unglimpsed wonders of sky-scrapers and great crowds. Many of them had never seen a city, fire-engines, or police. The machine has been permanently set up in the colony and will be operated by some of the lepers themselves.

Hadley, Hughes, and Unlimited Liquor

GOVERNOR HADLEY of Missouri is a keen analyst on the liquor problem. In a special message to the Legislature, on April 7, he said:

"When the brewer, the distiller, or the wholesaler of intoxicating liquors is permitted, directly or indirectly, to own, operate, or control dramshops, then there exists a necessary combine of power that results in the injury of the business itself and inevitably tends to pernicious and dangerous political activity and influence. The other evils incident to this condition are so many and so manifest that it is unnecessary for me to mention them here. It is, in my opinion, clearly advisable that another law should be passed which will enforce the complete separation of the brewery and the saloon, the wholesaler and the retailer."

That tie-in of the brewer with his saloons is fundamental in the problem. But it will be a difficult task to draft legislation to separate wholesaler and retailer without invading many kinds of innocent business. It is a common practise to-day for the wholesaler to own a chain of retailers. The chattel-mortgage system is the method of controlling channels of distribution. The modern wholesaler has to know with some precision the volume of business that the retailers will do.

Jewelry stores make a brave little window display. Those jewels and that gold aren't owned by the retailer. The big manufacturing jewelers simply loan these front-window goods. So with the big druggists and the multitude of retail dealers, who are their men.

In New York State, Governor Hughes has not committed himself on the liquor question. He has made a study of the evils of the unrestrained saloon, but he is hesitant about taking action, as he is far from sure of the way out of our manifold liquor troubles. He was very close to suggesting a saloon commission, a few months ago, to report on facts observed and make recommendations, looking to our relief from police blackmail, vice, and other ills of the brewer-controlled saloon.

Dr. John P. Peters, chairman of the Committee of Fourteen, and other citizens were able to avert this piece of careful investigation and to substitute a bill which, lacking the presentation of massed facts and the consequent education and arousal of public opinion, was sure to go down in committee, however wise and well considered its main provisions might be—and they were wise and well considered. So New York City is at present back in its chronic condition of vice tempered by blackmail. Whatever slight gain has been made in lessening the number and the enthusiasm of Raines Law hotels—and the most potent factor in this decrease is the financial ebb tide—has been amply compensated for by the furtive prostitution at present in our tenement houses—prostitution in the close and constant intercourse of enforced neighborhood with decent men, decent women, and children of both sexes and all ages.

It is still possible to agree with Samuel Bowles of the Springfield "Republican" and Edward T. Devine of "The Survey" and with clean brewers, that a Saloon Commission is the next step toward our redemption.

The Sick Man of the Caribbean

THE end—if it is the end—of Cipriano Castro fails in a somewhat melancholy way to continue one of the most cherished Caribbean traditions. Deposed dictators, like good Americans when they die, are supposed to go to Paris. The throne totters at just about the time that a satisfactory balance has been deposited in the Credit Lyonnais. And the ex-President, with others of his kind, with dusky exiles from the French West Indies, with all that curious variegated crew which finds a haven in Paris, is supposed to live out in easy luxury the rest of his untroubled days.

When Castro left for Europe, ostensibly to consult physicians, the many who thought that they knew the inside of Latin-American politics quietly winked the other eye. But, as a matter of fact, he was ill, and, contrary to romantic tradition, he had the strange taste to attempt to return—only to be refused admittance to his own country, denied hospitality in the usually hospitable Martinique, and, bullied by foreign warships, dragged from his hotel on a stretcher and sent back to Europe like a deported immigrant.

The little Andino was a very real person—a great one in a way. He came out of the western mountains, a mere nothing at all, and made himself king, as it were, and it is not at all easy to say that he ruled badly. Although the monopolies he created in the later years of his rule were undoubtedly the most flagrant sort of graft, it should nevertheless not be forgotten that in all these Caribbean countries, with their Indian and Negro populations, a certain amount of dictatorial government is necessary.

Egret Killing

EVERY "aigret" sold in the open market means the shooting of a useful bird and the starving to death of a little brood. The "aigret" of commerce—the snow-white plume that crowns a woman's hat—is obtained by shooting parent birds at nesting time. New York State is the chief market for the plume hunters who are devastating the bird colonies of Florida. A bill has passed the Assembly at Albany to prohibit the sale of the plumage of wild birds in all parts of New York State, irrespective of whether



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To buy and use one tire of **any other make.** Particularly, let the man who **never used** any but Diamond Tires, check up his **experience**—get **first hand** knowledge.

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ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

the feathers are from birds killed in the State or elsewhere. If the bill becomes law, the traffic in "aigrets" ceases. The bill is being fought by plumage dealers, and has met the approval of Liberty H. Bailey, director of the New York State College of Agriculture, and Gifford Pinchot, chairman of the National Conservation Commission.

Dr. Pritchett on Education

HENRY SMITH PRITCHETT, formerly president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and now head of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, is strategically placed to know the tendencies and direction of present-day education. He says:

There have been four distinct tendencies in education this last year:

1. The standardization of college entrance requirements. This is not an attempt to fix the means by which a certain intellectual attainment shall be reached. But it is an attempt to have entrance requirements rest on a basis of four high-school years and represent an intellectual attainment uniform in amount, though not in method.

2. The movement toward high-school education in the South. This has been so definite as to admit of being expressed numerically. In eight or ten States there has been an increase in number of high schools of an average of one hundred and fifty a State (in round numbers).

This is the result of general agitation in conventions, teachers' meetings, and the Southern Education Committee. Public interest has thus been awakened, and this has expressed itself in the action of the various State Legislatures, granting State help in high-school appropriations. This movement is of special interest to the whites, though some negroes reach the high schools.

3. The sharpening of the distinction between the "college" and the "university."

4. The movement toward industrial education, inchoate as yet, and not much further advanced than the feeling that we must have it.

Belief in the efficacy of industrial education is based on the conviction that there are many ways to reach intellectual attainment, and that it is the function of the school to fit for the life vocation as well as to train the mind.

Industrial education is being urged in a campaign of education—through speeches, articles, and conventions—and by experimental schools, conducted by manufacturers, municipalities, and institutions of learning. The Manhattan Trade School and the Hebrew Technical Institutes in New York are examples of successful experimental schools. So is a Cincinnati school, where there is an alternation of work among the pupils, so that half are in school and half in a practising group.

There are many things already in successful practise abroad, in Germany in particular, that could be usefully transferred here. It is probable that the Prussian system of education could not be imported, but the Charlottenburg Laboratory could be, to the advantage of the people. We have no laboratory in this country to which general physical, chemical, and biological problems can be brought for solution.

It was only recently that an engineer was in with a question about converting the sun's heat into energy. That is the sort of problem that every day presents.

"The Transcript"

THE time has come to turn over William C. Jones of 35 Frankfort Street, New York, and his weekly paper, "The Transcript," to the crime prosecutor of the county. He has been flourishing and waxing fat in recent years by publishing a pink weekly paper, on sale and eagerly purchased at most of the outdoor news-stands and some of the indoor counters throughout New York. Six of its eight pages are tame reading, being used as a blind for the two pages of criminal advertising. Page one sings the praises of local productions in vaudeville and drama. Pages two and three give news items and jokes, along with two columns of real-estate advertisements. Page four is double-leaded with editorial paragraphs thoroughly harmless, on horses in cities, suffragettes, Edgar Allan Poe. Page five is devoted to a short and moral story. Page eight contains one of T. C. McClure's syndicated departments. It is the weekly outpourings of M. Quad on "The Bowsers."

Pages six and seven are the spearhead of the paper. They contain a directory to the disorderly flats of New York City. The paper is being universally used as a guide by men in search of evil. It is a New York edition of Tom Anderson's New Orleans Blue Book. And it is openly published and entered at the Brooklyn post-office as second-class matter. Names, addresses, and telephone numbers are here given of the places of prostitution. Each advertisement is apparently disguised under the heading of "Massage Given," and yet so bold has this rank sheet become that it will go on to tell of "Miss Ray Sterling assisted by Mariam and Rose." One advertisement tells of a "mother's care given infants and children." A few of the advertisements are unspeakable in what they offer. But most of them are plain bawdy-house

"The Transcript" has a large weekly sale at the leading news-stands of New York, including the Astor House news-stand, the Registrar's Office, City Hall, in the Produce Exchange, in the Hudson Building, and so on in every crowded corner of the greater city.

That out-of-town visitors may be well-informed as to New York's vilest resorts, "The Transcript" is advertised in its own columns as on sale at Clark's Hotel in Boston, Green's and the Continental in Philadelphia, the National Hotel news-stand in Washington, the Eutaw House news-stand in Baltimore. Outlying towns that see the commercial traveler in profusion find a ready market for "The Transcript." Such is South Norwalk, Connecticut, with the sales made by T. J. Magner.

The Can That Can't Be Opened

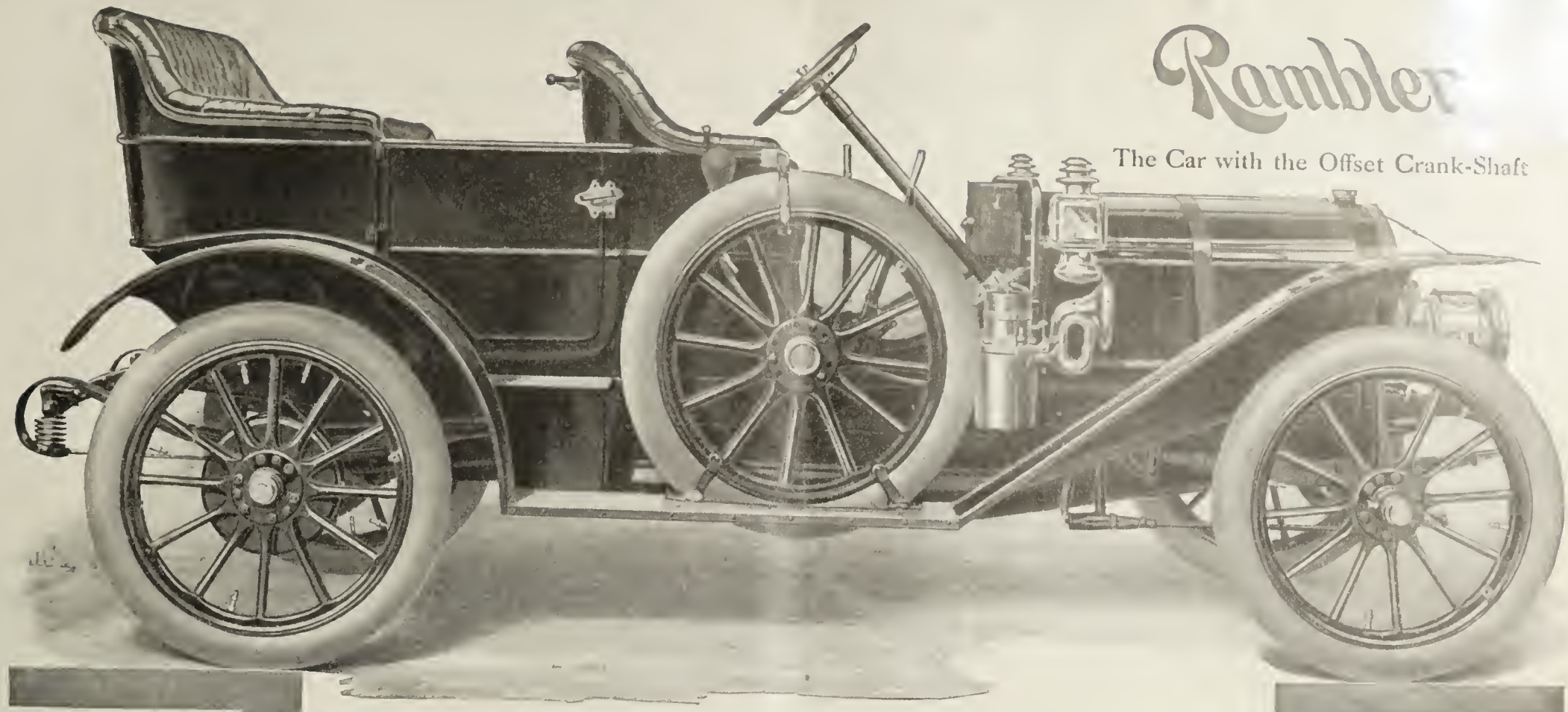
A MILK CAN has been devised that can't be tampered with. It is a can with a hermetical seal and an apparatus for drawing off the contents in composite samples of uniform quality by means of sterilized compressed air. Its avowed purpose is "to prevent adulteration and contamination of the contents during transportation and sale."

The can will be filled, sealed, and locked at the dairy where the milk is produced, and will not be unlocked or opened until its return to the same dairy for cleaning and sterilization. The fittings, provided to permit removal of the contents of the can at the places of sale, are light brass piping tinned inside and outside. There are check valves that prevent removal of the contents except at the proper exit, and that prevent adding liquid or other materials to the can ahead of its return to the dairy. If, for instance, water is forced in, the can will refuse to work. It is emptied without opening. Sterilized air under moderate pressure forces out the milk when it is needed. And the application of this air gives a thorough mixture of the milk before any sample is drawn, so that the samples in each part of the can are of uniform quality.

Copenhagen has had a similar system of locked cans, but the method of extracting the milk was clumsy and made widespread use and popularity improbable. It remains to be seen how well the cans will stand the hard wear of railway travel and how low the price of the can may be brought. Whatever the durability and the cost, these cans make it impossible to "water" milk.

Lessening Disease Among Immigrants

EFFICIENCY and good-will at Ellis Island touch the welfare of 867,364 persons a year. It is doubtful if anywhere else on this planet a definite act will throw out a series of such immense and widening vibrations. To be human and cleanly at Ellis Island is to preach brotherhood and sanitation. A little more than eleven months ago Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration, remodeled the dormitories in which immigrants are detained for further examination. He put clean white tiling on the floors and lower wall-sides. Light and air were let in. The beds and bedding were so constructed, sterilized, and boiled as to eliminate bugs and microbes. The remodeled dormitories are flushed daily with a hose. They smell sweet and look clean. This is an esthetic change from the days of the long, dark, and dirty dormitories. But it is more than a pleasurable reform in the nose of the casual visitor. It has affected the health of the newcomers. In those old days of dirt and unventilated overcrowding, the three maladies of measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria marked out three cases a week from among the immigrants held in detention. That was the steady average of sickness before cleanliness, ventilation, and sanitation received a fair trial. In the eleven months of their régime, no case of the three diseases has manifested itself among those immigrants who on entering the dormitories were not already infected. That is concrete proof of the value of sunlight, ventilation, clean bedding, and the disinfectant properties of hot-water flushing in handling crowded humanity. Public institutions dealing with the problem of lodging immense careless masses of people are learning the lesson that contagious disease is largely unnecessary.



Model Forty-four, 34 H. P., $2,250.
Spare Wheel, with Inflated Tire, Brackets, and Tools, $74. Magneto, $150.

Quality in the Rambler

That quality of refinement in workmanship and material which dominates every detail of the new Rambler is most apparent when it is compared, part for part, with cars costing hundreds and thousands of dollars more.

The perfection of every detail in the making of this automobile can be attributed to that infinite care and pride in his work which every Rambler mechanic brings to his individual task. The selection, indifferent to cost, of the materials used and the finished skill applied to fashioning each part stamps the Rambler as a car of character.

The Rambler Spare Wheel, Offset Crank-Shaft, and other exclusive Rambler features are but evidences of our constant effort to provide for the comfort and satisfaction of Rambler owners.

May we send you the new Rambler catalog or a free copy of the Rambler Magazine, a monthly publication for owners? Rambler automobiles, $1,150 to $2,500.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

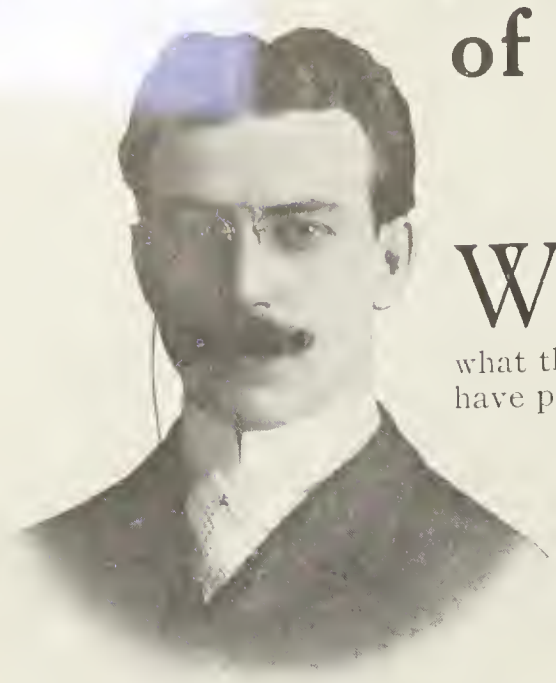
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches and Distributing Agencies

Chicago Milwaukee Boston Cleveland New York
San Francisco. Representatives in all leading cities.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

The SWOBODA System of Physiological Exercise



Without medicine or apparatus whatever, I am building vigorous brains and superb human bodies, capable of overcoming and resisting disease,—and establishing great nervous force.

WHEN I say that I teach a different kind of exercise, something new, more scientific, more rational, more effective and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised, I am repeating what thousands of prominent **men** and **women** are saying for me who have profited by my instructions.

My instruction embodies the ideal principles of attaining and preserving perfect health. It is not a problematical theory, but a system of physiological exercise based upon absolutely correct, scientific facts. If you will follow my instructions for a few weeks, I will promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort.

Medicines Are Inadequate

No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin or assist nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your arteries with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy.

Brain Is Weakened By a Poor Body

I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable.

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. My pupils range from 18 to 86 years, and include both men and women.

When a man's health fails, it seems inherent by nature to look for some magic cure, something he can take into his stomach that will do the work of his digestive organs, bowels, liver or kidneys. The first dose may afford him some relief, but with each succeeding one he finds the effect of the medicine lessened, until he is eventually in a worse condition, for he has allowed a stimulant to perform the work of his vital organs.

Successively he wends his way through various treatments, but his reason finally prevails and teaches him that he must look for a natural method, one that will build up the organs themselves and make them perform their functions naturally. Such a method I offer, so why waste time and money in these futile attempts when you can take the reliable road to health and strength?



Here Are Some Quotations From Letters Received From a Few of My Pupils

"Effect was almost beyond belief."
"Chest increases 5½ inches in 60 days."
"All your promises have been fulfilled."
"Swoboda System is an intense pleasure."
"All run down; built up in a month."
"Muscles developed to a remarkable degree."
"Thought it impossible to get such results."
"10 minutes of your system better than hours of any other."
"Almost a skeleton; increased weight 65 pounds."
"Just the thing for professional men."

The Swoboda System is taught by mail with perfect success; no medicine or apparatus used; requires but a few minutes, at your most convenient time, in your own room. I will send you detailed information about the Swoboda System, free. Write for it today.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 445 Union Trust Building Washington, D. C.

The Line of Courage

(*Concluded from page 21*)

he dissolved the morphia tablet and filled the syringe quickly. The instrument he slipped between his teeth. Once in that forbidding tunnel, his hands, he knew, would be busy with something else.

He had said nothing, but the chief understood. He put a hand on Selfridge's shoulder. "You'll have to go first," he said. "It's close quarters. If I'm ahead, you can't get at her." Selfridge nodded, and started in.

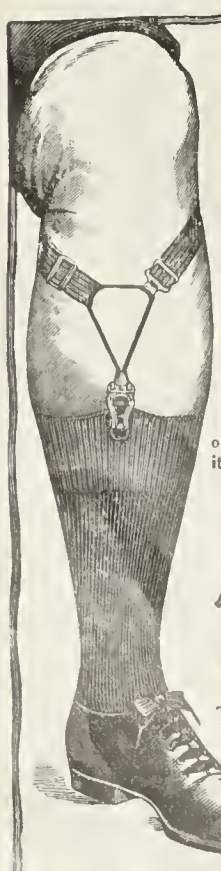
On his hands and knees he advanced a dozen feet into the blackness, his chest constricted, his heart leaping at his throat. Then, all at once, he could go no farther. Something held him fast and panic seized him. He thrust out with a leg in a frenzy of terror, and felt it gripped. The chief's voice steadied him. "Take it easy; it's only a splinter's stuck in your coat." He was released, and, for a moment, his arms gave way and he lay on his stomach, the sweat of fear bathing his body. His muscles seemed to be jelly, as he did his best to make them lift him, and he began repeating to himself: "God, God, take care of me." The chief's hand pressed on him, and he dragged himself forward until the cracking of wood and a fall of powdered brick upon his head crumpled him up once more alongside of a timber. Behind him he could hear the chief urging him on; but, for a minute, he could not move. His lips worked mutely with the words: "God, God, take care of me."

But gradually he became aware of a pencil of light filtering from above. It made the blackness blacker, yet, as if it were the open road to sunshine and air, he regarded it and from it gained the strength to go on. Abruptly he felt that the mass above him was not so close, the darkness not so dense. He reached out a hand, and it rested on something which yielded. He knew this instantly for what it was, and, with the recognition, fear dropped from him as it were a cloak. *This* was flesh. *This* was a woman. He raised himself to his knees and spoke: "You're all right now," he said, and he was speaking, not to himself, but to her. "I'm the doctor. I'm going to give you something to take away all the pain. And then we'll get you out of here in a jiffy."

From his mouth he took the hypodermic needle and, over his shoulder, he said to the chief: "You'd better go back now and start your men. I'm going to stay here and have a little talk with grandmother."

THEY say that for two days after the collapse of that little house, Jim Matthews, for the first time in his life, kept to his home and denied himself to every one. To every one but the fire chief who had been in charge at the ruins. He was sent for by Matthews, and came away from the house swearing that he wouldn't stand for being called a liar, and that if he wasn't "fired" he'd resign. But neither of these things happened, though something else did happen. Chief Surgeon Matthews, it became known, was in a bad way physically and was ordered by his physician to go West and stay there. City Hall chuckled—behind its hand; for somehow the story had leaked, and to confirm it, was the spectacle of Giant Jim, the lines of his heavy face deepened, his eyes dull, of a sudden the presentment of an old man. An old man who, according to his creed, had set him up an idol, only to have it fail him in the hour of trial. But also an old man whose grip had not yet loosened and who was bigger than he knew. One morning in his mail Selfridge found his appointment as chief surgeon. No reason was given for his selection, and memories which he kept to himself forbade him to guess. After all, as he was acutely conscious, it was but a hair-breadth's edge which courage traversed, and it was very easy to slip. If others knew—? But they, it seemed, did not know, or, again, perhaps the world was more generous than Selfridge believed.

And so, walking out of his office at City Hall one day, he came upon Jim Matthews. He had never met him, and instinctively he turned away. But Matthews called him by name and stopped him. His arm was extended, there was something in his face that Selfridge wondered he had never noticed before. "I hear that was a tight squeeze you had getting at the old lady the other day, Doctor," he said. "And I—just wanted to shake hands with you."



STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER

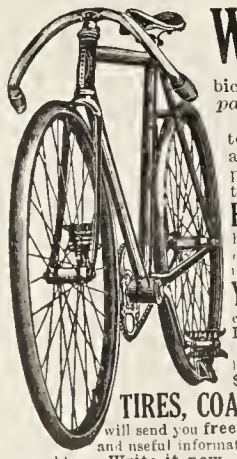
The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS
Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES



WANTED---A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a 1909 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to **rider agents.**

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make for 1909. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, **single wheels, imported roller chains** and **pedals,** parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.* **DO NOT WAIT,** but write today and we will send you **free** by return mail our **large catalogue,** beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information; also a *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY **DEPT. L-54** **CHICAGO, ILL.**

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

"A LITTLE HIGHER IN PRICE, PERHAPS, THAN WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTES, BUT A REASON FOR IT."

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

(A GIFT A MAN APPRECIATES)

7 SCARF PINS IN 1



Change the Stone to Fit the Occasion and to Harmonize with the Shade of Your Scarf

A set of SEVEN beautiful Scarf Pins in ONE and for the *price of one*—7 dignified, *high-tone* scarf pins fit for the best dressed gentleman. Strongly built and heavily GOLD FILLED to wear for years. Set **A,** 7 stones, all different, **$1.** Set **B,** with 3 stones, **50c** (name stones wanted). Set **F,** 3 GOLD-FILLED HEADS, **$1.** Set **K,** 3 stones set in *gold-filled* heads, **$1.** Each set postpaid in a classy plush box and guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Catalogue FREE. Agents and Dealers write.

PAUL C. LEHMAN CO. 10-12 E. 23d St., NEW YORK

PURE MILK FOR BABY

Sanitary milk production was first started by Gail Borden in the early '50's. The best systems to-day are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has proved its claim as the best food for infants.—*Adv.*

White Frost Refrigerators



Safeguard **the health of the family.** More than 50% of disease can be traced to unwholesome wooden Refrigerators, which cannot be kept clean. The **"White Frost" is all metal,** not a splinter of wood about it, can't rust, warp, leak, decay. Enameled spotless white, inside and outside. No nasty corners for dirt or germs to lodge. Has revolving, Removable Shelves. May be washed out in a minute. It is always clean. **Keeps food pure and sweet,** by natural refrigeration. Economical of ice. **Money back if not satisfied.** Send for free book telling about the most **perfect sanitary Refrigerator in the world.**

We will sell you one at trade discount, freight prepaid to your station if your dealer does not handle them.



Dear Bob, buy me a White Frost Refrigerator

METAL STAMPING CO.
547 Mechanic St., JACKSON, MICH.

Two Year Guarantee

WITH EVERY MURRAY VEHICLE



Price $67.50

FREE—Our Illustrated catalog No. 122 free for the asking shows our complete line of Buggies, Road Wagons, Stanhopes, Concords, Phaetons, Traps, Surreys, Carriages, Pony Vehicles, Grocery Wagons, Laundry Wagons, Passenger and Farm Wagons, Busses, Harness and Saddles.

WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

AUTOMOBILE TOPS

covered with materials having cloth exposed to the sun are bound to fade and will retain grease or other stains in spite of all the cleaning methods known. Hence a car of shabby appearance. The surface of

GENUINE

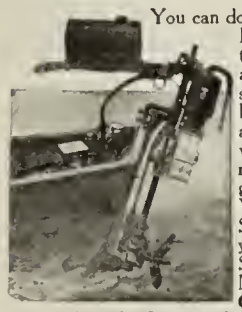
Pantasote

LEATHER is absolutely fast and easily cleaned. See that only the genuine is furnished or you will get a cheap, inferior substitute offered by the dealer to increase his profits at your expense.

A postal will bring samples and booklet of advice.

The Pantasote Co., *1533 Bowling Green Building,* **New York**

Make a Motor Boat of Any Boat in Five Minutes



You can do it with the Waterman Outboard Motor, which you can quickly attach (and detach) to the stern of any skiff, row boat, dinghy, punt, sail boat, and have a good motor boat. It is not a toy, but a reliable 2 H. P. Marine Motor that will drive an 18-foot row boat 7 miles an hour, 4 hours on gallon gasoline. Simplest motor made. Weight 40 lbs. Equipped with **Schebler Carburetor.** Four years' successful results behind it. Send for **Catalog C.** Canoe Motors, 1, 2, 3, 4 Cylinders **Catalog K.** Standard Type Motors, 1 to 30 H. P.—**Catalog A.**

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.
1510 Fort Street, West, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

FREE BOOK

ON DEVELOPERS WITH EVERY ORDER OF **ENSIGN FILMS**

HAUFF DEVELOPERS
IMPERIAL PLATES ENSIGN FILMS
SUSSEX PAPER
FREE CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

G. GENNERT Dept. 8
NEW YORK, 24-26 EAST 13th ST. CHICAGO, 20-24 STATE ST.

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

TELEGRAPH LANGUAGE

THE telegram occupies a unique place in business, entirely aside from the quick transmission of intelligence. The brief language that has been universally adopted as appropriate for telegraphing enables a business man to put his case to another in a way that he could not do by letter or telephone.

In writing a letter to a manufacturer to ship a duplicate order by a certain date you would almost naturally allow your own mind to question his ability to meet your schedule, and you would think it proper to let him say whether he could do it or not. Your own plans would be altered to suit his convenience, whereas if you had known that in the first place you might have made other arrangements all around. If you telephoned it might work the same way.

But when you telegraph him you think it all out, estimate the time necessary to execute the order, and then send this message:

"Ship Friday—duplicate last order; if can't fill, cancel, and wire at once."

The effect is far different than it might be from the use of a letter. The manufacturer must either fill the order or cancel it. If he fills it he will accept your schedules, or if he cancels it he will doubtless tell you the nearest he could come to it.

You could write a letter in the same wording you would use in a telegram. But it wouldn't come with the same effect, because it isn't customary, and it would sound curt and out of place, and in nine cases out of ten you wouldn't really do it. The recipient knows that you don't pay for your letters by the word, and that extreme brevity would be affectation.

It is in the common acceptance of the briefly worded vernacular of telegraphic communication that the telegraph holds a peculiar point of advantage which will not be usurped by quicker mail service or cheaper telephone rates.

The possibilities of public education on the unique utility of telegraphic brevity are very great, and doubtless constitute a line of development which will some day greatly augment the popularity of the telegraph not only for business but for social communications.

LESS NOISE

SOME of the world's inventive geniuses should turn their attention to the problem of eliminating noise in factories. For hundreds of men and women to work day after day in a factory room where the noise is so deafening that a man can't hear another shouting into his ear through both hands is a condition worse than any human being ought to be required to endure.

From an economic point of view, the waste of human energy and the deadening of faculties that normally would grow more acute would be appalling if it could be measured and appreciated. In many places even ordinary precautions against noise are not taken, but in others the machinery is so constructed that nothing but some mechanical device designed to suppress noise could make any noticeable difference. The principle of confining the noisy parts in metal shells, such as are used on noiseless automobiles, may be the possible line of development, or it may be some new principle not now in use.

Until the economic claims can be urged as a reason for giving definite attention to this problem, public sentiment should bring what pressure it can to bear upon manufacturers and others who might at least direct the attention of inventive genius to the matter, and at least afford the amelioration of right effort. Trace down one hundred varieties of noise and you will find that in ninety-nine cases no real effort has ever been made to eliminate the noise, and ninety-eight of the owners solve the problem for themselves by getting far enough away from their own plants



The Garland Way



The Old Way

Madame, don't stoop

You do not stoop if you use a Garland Elevated or Cabinet Gas Range.

You stand erect, do all your baking or broiling in the natural, easy way.

Think of the pleasure and comfort you can have when cooking—no more back breaking—no more stooping.

This Elevated Range is an *original* Garland innovation. But there are scores of imitations—none so good as Garlands.

A **Garland** costs you no more than inferior grades.

Safety Lighters

Garland Gas Ranges have the only perfect safety lighting attachment.

When the oven door closes or opens, automatically, a shutter over the lighter closes or opens with it.

So you see it's absolutely safe, for no gas can escape—or reach the flame. The oven burners cannot be lighted until the oven doors have been opened. Any gas that may accumulate flows out—and no flash or explosion could occur.

Safety Latch

On every oven door of a Garland Elevated Gas Range is our patented Safety Latch—another safety feature found only on the **"Garlands."** If any gas should leak into the oven and ignite while oven door is closed, the force alone opens the door slowly—just enough for it all to escape.

The whole oven is aluminized, making it absolutely clean and sanitary.

Garland Gas Ranges with proper care will last a lifetime. Over 50 styles to choose from.

Garland Copper Coil Water Heaters

Most efficient, satisfactory and economical.

No rusty water. No leaky joints.

A luxurious bath for 2 cents.

37 Years

We have been making "Garlands" continually since 1872. They command the largest sale of any stove made. Their popularity has made us the "largest makers of stoves and ranges in the world."

Using only the costliest materials, employing the most skilled mechanics, and combined with our 37 years' experience, has made the "Garland" known the world over as the "world's best."

Garland

Elevated Gas Range

Write us for booklet and choice recipes.

The Michigan Stove Company

Detroit Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World **Chicago**

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES "The World's Best"

Jim Heddon's Favorite Casting Rod



Here is my own Casting Rod. I am having it made for all fishermen who want it, at my factory for the first time this season. It has my own pet ideas. That's why you can make a longer and more accurate cast with it.

There's my patent locking reel band which locks and releases the reel by a slight hand movement. This is a two-piece rod with the resilience of a one-piece rod and almost the carrying convenience of a three-piece. I use only select imported bamboo and only the butt cuts (first 6 feet). These are air dried for months.

Of course I guarantee this rod—guarantee it against any breakage from reasonable use. It will outlast any other style of rod made—wood or steel.

Send for My Free Pamphlet on Bait Casting

I've just got out a new catalog with several pages on "The Art of Bait Casting"—the best points of my own experience, and my articles for the outing publications. If you are a bait caster, or want to be one, it will give you some valuable tips. It has a lot of colored illustrations, and it shows my Dowagiac Split Bamboo Bait Casting Rods—some of finer detail and finish than others, but all guaranteed. Write me.

Jim Heddon

James Heddon & Sons, Box 38, Dowagiac, Mich.
Manufacturers of the famous Dowagiac Minnows —Sold all over the country.

MODERN METHODS

Is a monthly magazine for business managers, office, factory and sales managers, department heads, buyers, head bookkeepers and young men ambitious to get to such positions. Five years old, nearly 35,000 such men are paid subscribers and more are coming all the time. Not a give-away magazine, no premiums.

Subscription Price 50c a Year

You can't afford to miss another number. Address

MODERN METHODS MAGAZINE, Detroit, Mich.

Safeguard Your Figuring

and save 1/2 your time on addition, 3/4 to 5/6 on multiplication and division. No mental strain.

There is no surer way of protecting yourself against loss than by doing your figuring with the

ADDS MULTIPLIES **Comptometer** DIVIDES SUBTRACTS
"In A Class By Itself"



A large wholesale grocery house prevented $165 in small mistakes in one week—even after the bills had been checked by mental process.

Another customer purchased four more Comptometers after making such a test.

"Your Comptometer is the best piece of office furniture I have. I think it saves me hundreds of dollars each year in preventing mistakes. I would not be without it at any cost. It also has some advantages over other machines; you can add a whole column or several columns by simply touching the keys while on the other machines you can only add one item at a time and must pull a lever."

H. B. STANZ, Milwaukee, Wis.

Make a test and find out what your losses are.

Sent prepaid on free trial, U.S. or Canada. Write for Rapid Mechanical Calculation. It's interesting.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 835 No. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

I TEACH **Penmanship** BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.



C. W. RANSOM
289 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

so they forget how much noise their machinery makes. But millions of human beings can not get away. They must stand over the throbbing and buzzing machinery hour after hour and day after day and year after year. The blessings of many generations will fall upon the head of whoever can silence the noises that make unendurable the din of the world.

Whatever measures any one has found effective in the suppression of noise should be given the widest possible publicity.

SPECIALIZED WORK

WHATEVER may be said of the soul-warping aspects of the minute subdivision of labor, it must be admitted that certain universal ends are gained by it which otherwise would be impossible. It makes possible the employment of millions of persons whose intelligence and skill might not be such as to enable them to earn a living if more executive ability were required of them. It develops the economy of specialized skill, in which every user of manufactured products ultimately shares. It makes it possible for a genius to multiply his abilities a thousandfold, and bring the results of his work to a vastly larger circle of users. It lifts the load of trouble from many whose minds are so organized that the necessity of doing a variety of things and making them fit together would be a severe nervous strain. It has its faults—this system of making one man do one little process all his life. It limits the horizon of many a mind that is worthy of greater things. But it may be working out lessons in character which could not be learned by a larger freedom. The whole test of universal worth is not whether or not a certain form of work is pleasant. Millions do not know what is good for them, and would, if they could, overthrow the very influences that are alternately leading and driving them higher in the scale of usefulness. One of these universal influences is the subdivision of labor. It may have its unpleasant side, but the world can not do without it, and perhaps never will; and the very man who rebels against the system, and sighs for the old days when one man made the whole pair of shoes, or the whole chair, may be the man who most needs the process of being fitted to some useful groove in the work the world needs to have done.

PENCILS

OF THE millions of people who use pencils, perhaps only a few hundreds, aside from the factory people, ever saw them made. It is an interesting process, involving some fifty different steps, a great deal of specially constructed machinery, and a number of interesting forms of specialized skill. Owing to the time required for certain processes, such as boiling and drying the cedar, it takes eight weeks to make a pencil—perhaps five times as long as it might take to make an automobile. There are many varieties of pencils—upward of one hundred—each fitted to certain uses. In order to have the right pencil reach the right man, it is necessary for the pencil-maker to educate the public as to the advantages of using certain pencils for certain work. The man who thinks of pencils as hard, soft, and medium, and supposes that is all there is to the science of pencil selection, has much to learn as to the satisfying response of a pencil that is scientifically attuned to a certain kind of work.

TOUCH-BUTTONS

The best of yesterday may be the mediocre of to-day and the worst of to-morrow.

Beyond the high ideal is another ideal—the part of the dream that can be built on the earth.

The solution of every problem requires chiefly the receptivity of available wisdom and the utilization of accessible opportunity.

Seek the work that you can love; where the heart is there the head is also, and even the arms need the head and heart.

The successful flash of genius after years of fruitless effort may attest the humility of self-assurance after repeated failure.

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Their presence is a positive guarantee against the shabby shoe appearance caused by brassy eyelets. All really high grade shoes should have them. This matter of eyelets is well worth remembering when you purchase shoes.

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Fancy Wing Tip and Perforation

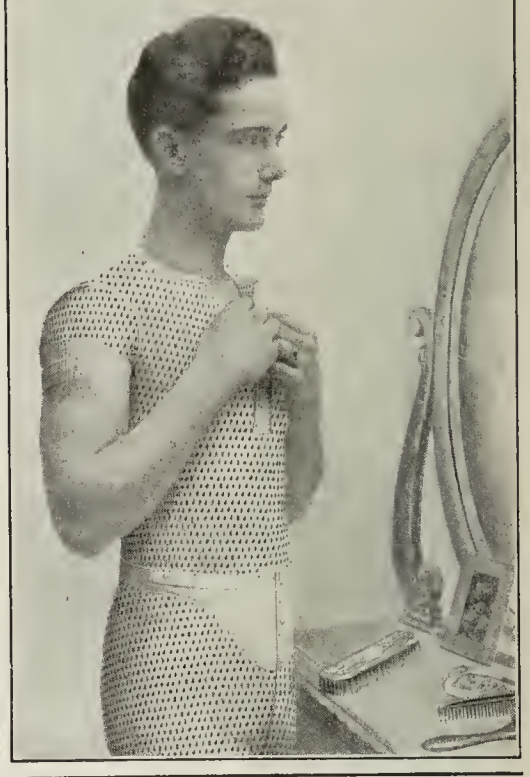
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"Perforated" Leather Garter

Perspiration and odor proof fabric lined. No metal or leather comes in contact with the skin. Made of one solid piece of leather. Either garter fits either leg. The perforation allows the pores of the skin to breathe.

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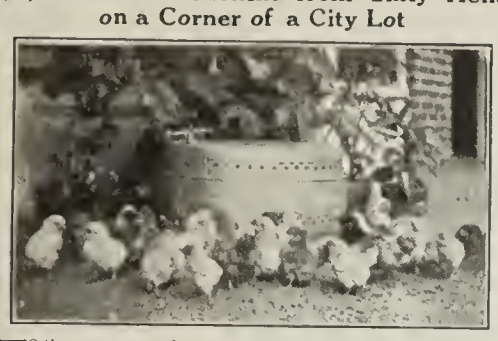
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$1,500 in Ten Months from Sixty Hens on a Corner of a City Lot



TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible and when we tell you we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with sixty hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. IT WOULD NOT SEEM POSSIBLE TO GET SUCH RETURNS by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new PHILO SYSTEM is adopted.

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Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply, any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

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Send $1.00 and a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System will be sent by return mail. The latest edition has many pages of additional reading matter, and by ordering direct you are sure to get the latest and most approved book.

A TESTIMONIAL

VALLEY FALLS, N. Y., October 22, 1908.

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"After receiving COLLIER'S, I have come to the conclusion that it is hardly worth while reading, much less waste my time on it. A. DEYOUNG."

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The *Daily Tribune*, of Goldfield, Nevada, recently contained the following news item under the heading, "A Watch with a History Among the Indians:"

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'Long ago pale faces come Death Valley: too hot, no water, they die, Injun get watch, put in ground many moons, now swap.'

"The watch," continues the *Tribune*, "is forty years old; it has an E. Howard movement of the date of 1868, and in spite of its years of service, burial in the ground and handling by the Indians, is still a marvel as a time-keeper." The price of each HOWARD watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00, to the 23-jewel in a 14-K. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory and a a printed ticket attached.

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No artificial bait ever invented so quickly attracts bass, pickerel and all game fish as our

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which in the water has an eccentric wobbling motion much more effective than spinning, and in combination with the beautiful colors of the pearl attracts and catches fish where everything else fails.



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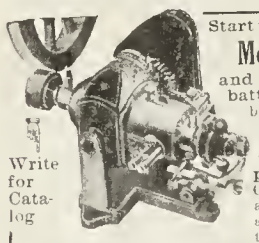
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If your jobber doesn't keep it, send us $7.00 for machine and 720 boxes of matches, freight prepaid. Repeat orders for matches at $3.00 per case (720 boxes) f. o. b. St. Louis. Wholesale Prices furnished on application



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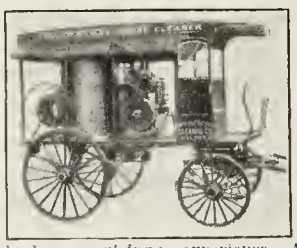
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"COLLIER'S criticisms are quite often idiotic rather than unfair.

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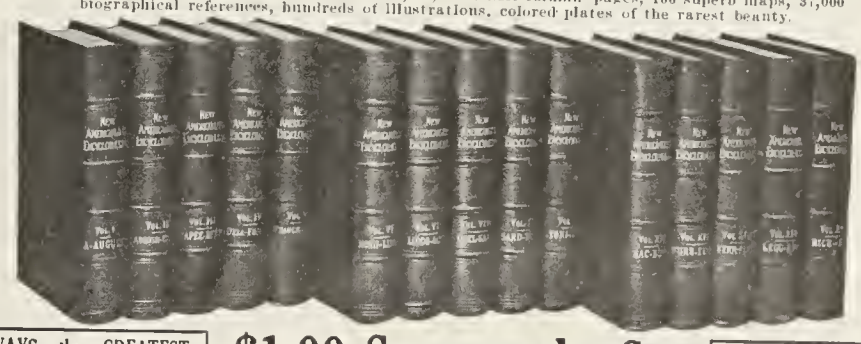
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VOL XLIII NO 7

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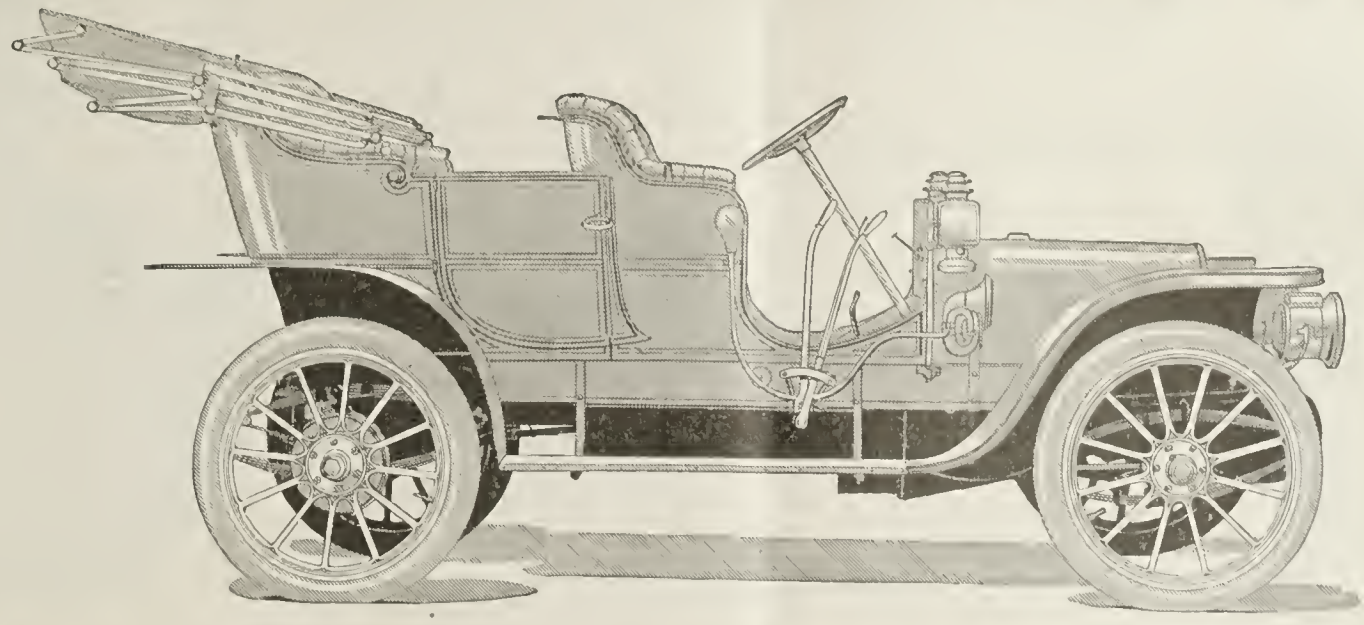
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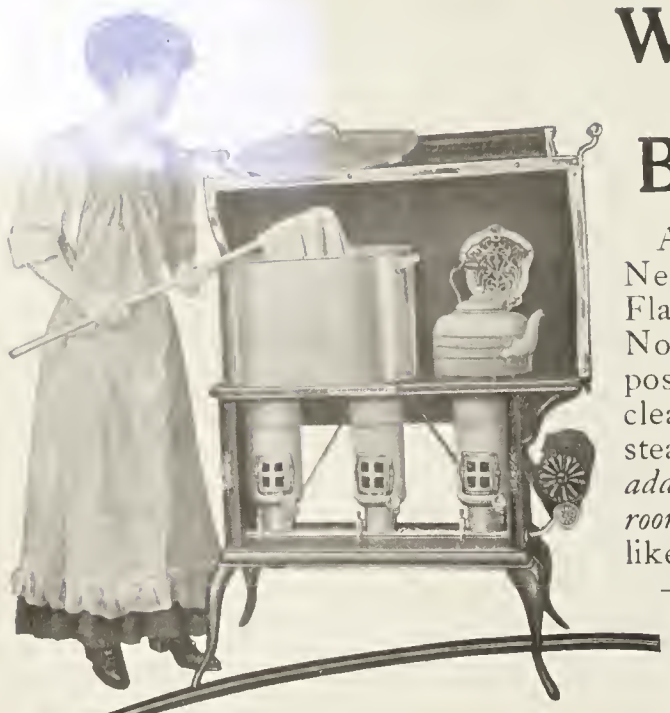
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* **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

* **"The Montclair"** On The Mountain Top

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

PALMER LAKE, COLO.

⁂ **Pine Crest** Colorado's newest and most modern resort, 7,200 feet above the sea. Handsome booklet sent free on request. Pine Crest Realty Co.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (⁂) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (⁂) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

Collier's

Saturday, May 8, 1909

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. *Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son.* *Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.*

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THERE are two good reasons why Collier's does not carry the advertisements of quite a few national advertisers. First: there are some who are not as yet convinced that Collier's would be a practical medium—or their appropriation is not large enough—or they have used Collier's and did not receive profitable returns. Second: there are many advertisers that are not permitted to use Collier's.

In the first class are found advertisers who do not believe that Collier's reaches the clientele they most desire—such as women's goods, corsets, and so forth; and another class who are prejudiced against Collier's for reasons best known to themselves, and there are advertisers who can not use all the good mediums that appeal to them, so we have to wait our turn.

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Now, a word about the advertisers who are not permitted to use Collier's. There are some who are not honest, but these we will dismiss without further thought, they can not use any decent publication. We do not admit to our publication advertisements of beer, whisky, or any alcoholic liquors, nor any advertisements of patent medicines or those making claim for medical effect. No investment advertising promising extraordinary returns, such as stocks in mining or rubber companies, is admitted. We reserve the right to and do exclude advertisements which we consider extravagant or offensive to good taste. There are not more than two or three publications printed that live up to such a standard. It cost Collier's over $100,000 last year. *The advertisers in Collier's endorse this policy, and we believe you do.*

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The May 15th Issue"

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL TOURS

Information regarding tours to [illegible] world will be furnished upon request by
COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
420 W. 13th Street, New York

Miss Weeks Will Chaperone a limited number of young girls on an ideal summer trip through
Germany, Switzerland, Italy & France
Subsequent arrangements could be made to winter in Paris—for the Purpose of Study.
For itinerary, cost, credentials, etc., address
MISS WEEKS, Care of Collier's Travel Dept., 416 W. 13th St., New York

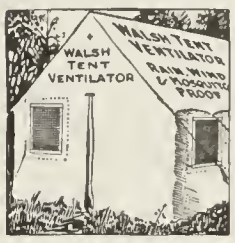
New Zealand and Australia New Service via Tahiti. Delightful South Sea Tours for rest, health and pleasure. S. S. Mariposa sails from San Francisco May 21, July 1, etc., connecting at Tahiti with Union Line for Wellington. The only passenger line from U. S. to New Zealand. Only $260 1st class to Wellington and back. Tahiti and back, 1st class only $125
OCEANIC LINE, 673 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO

Yellowstone Park Camping Out
If you plan a trip to Yellowstone Park this Summer be sure to learn about THE BRYANT CAMPS. The ideal way to see Nature's Wonderland. Write for illustrated booklet.
BRYANT TOURS, 425 Monadnock Block, Chicago

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE
By S. S. ARABIC, 16,000 tons, Oct. 16—$650 up
30 TOURS TO EUROPE, $270.00 UP.
FRANK C. CLARK Times Bldg., New York

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost.
J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa.
THE IDEAL WAY

Walsh Camping-Tent Window

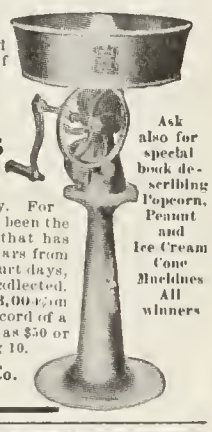


ventilates a tent and is rain, storm and mosquito proof. It allows of observation from the inside and has a curtain to insure privacy.
The window can be put in or taken out instantly. It is mounted so that it may be easily sewn into the wall of any tent, old or new, and cannot be broken. It is made of the highest quality ducking, spring steel, copper screen and celluloid. No tent is complete without it. Price, $2.50, delivered in any part of the United States. Write for free booklets to
Walsh Window Tent Co., 1001 Franklin St., Morris, Illinois

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25 CENTS

"THE ETERNAL QUESTION" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 25 cents. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, die-stamped and richly tinted, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14 x 18 inches. Sent postpaid. It is the best picture on the market for 25 cents.
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Plant Pennies *and* Grow Dollars



Pennies spent in common, ordinary, corner store sugar are stretched into dollars and lots of them, in a few minutes, if you have an
EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE
The wonder of a wonderful century. For the past five years this EMPIRE has been the cynosure of all eyes—the magnet that has pulled the nickels, dimes and dollars from the crowds at fairs, race courses, court days, picnics or anywhere a crowd has collected. And Profit? You can't help but make 3,000% on every pound of sugar used. The record of a large number of users show as high as $50 or $60 a day profits. Ask for catalog 10.
Ask also for special book describing Popcorn, Peanut and Ice Cream Cone Machines All winners
Empire Candy Floss Machine Co.
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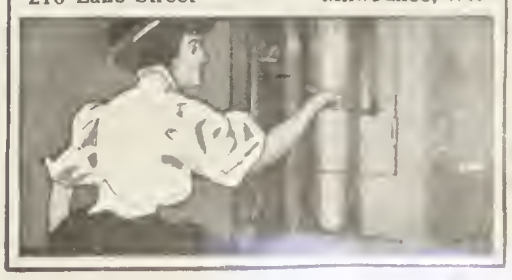
are tough, wear-resisting, colored varnishes, hard enough to stand the constant rubbing of footwear. For putting new life into old furniture they are just the thing. If you have an old chair or table that is scratched or marred, refinish it with Sole-Proof. Use Sole-Proof on linoleum.

And then with the Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even an amateur can get natural wood effects with ease

Sole-Proof Coatings are sold in ten colors by reputable dealers whose business existence depends upon the quality of their wares.

FREE SAMPLE—Write for beautiful color card and booklet and if you enclose 10c to cover packing and postage, we will send a free sample can—enough to finish a chair.

PATTON PAINT CO.
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The KNABE PIANO

An Asset of Enduring Worth

SO unapproachable is THE WORLD'S BEST PIANO in quality of material, in character of workmanship, in finesse of assembling and in tonal quintessence, that it is practically impossible to find a possessor willing to part with it or exchange it for any other make.

¶ Time and association but increase its service of satisfaction, for the durability of THE KNABE PIANO is not a matter of years and decades, but of life-times and generations.

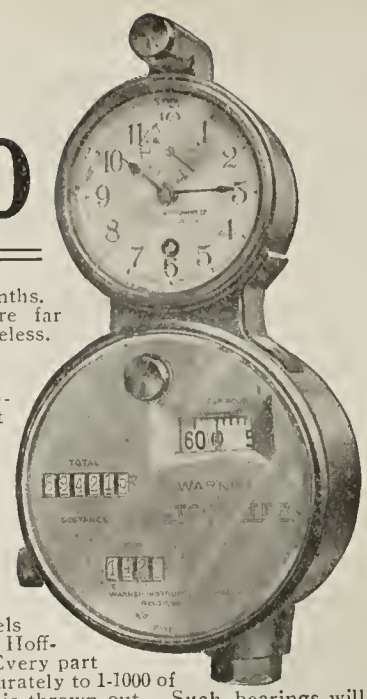
Style J, "upright" Grand $500.—Mignan "horizontal" Grand $750.—Knabe-Angelus $1050.

Knabe Pianos may be bought of any Knabe representative at New York prices with added cost of freight and delivery.

WM. KNABE & CO.

BALTIMORE NEW YORK WASHINGTON

Accurate— at 1 mile or 100



The Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicating instrument you can buy—no matter what price you may pay—which is *accurate at all speeds* when you get it, and which will *remain accurate* as long as you have a car to use it on.

The Auto-Meter correctly indicates the slightest forward movement of the car, and with equal accuracy *every range of speed* up to as fast as you dare to drive.

All other "speed indicators" show no indication of speed whatever under 5 to 10 miles per hour. Watch them in use.

The Auto-Meter, because perfectly balanced in all its parts, works without internal vibration. Therefore the indicating dial is always steady and readable. No jar or jolt of the car can affect it. *Speed alone* moves it.

On all other "speed indicators" the indicating hand continually flutters over a space on the speed dial representing 5 to 10 miles. The supposed speed is somewhere between these points. You must guess where.

The Auto-Meter, because of the Magnetic Induction principle on which it works, can be and is made so sturdy and strong, and with such refinements of construction, that practical tests have shown that it will withstand a MILLION MILES of the hardest kind of driving, without appreciable wear or departing from absolute accuracy more than *10 feet to the mile.*

All other instruments are made on the centrifugal principle. All contain weights, which occupy so much space that the remaining parts must be small and weak. Cams, small pins and delicate coiled springs are used. There is sliding friction everywhere. After a few months' use, wear of these delicate parts, and weakening of coiled springs when multiplied dozens of times through the indicating hand, renders centrifugal instruments so grossly inaccurate that they are worse than useless.

The Auto-Meter alone can be adjusted at the factory in a few minutes to correct the slightest inaccuracy—though this has never yet been necessary except in instruments injured by accidents.

In centrifugal instruments no provision is made or can be made for adjustments or corrections. When inaccurate they must be thrown away. Their accuracy at the best is limited by a few weeks or months. Then they are far worse than useless.

* * *

The Auto-Meter is built like an expensive Chronometer. It has but two moving parts. These revolve. There is no sliding friction. The bearings are sapphire jewels and imported Hoffman Balls. Every part must test accurately to 1-1000 of an inch or it is thrown out. Such bearings will practically last a lifetime without wear.

The Auto-Meter, because made on the only correct principle, is unvaryingly accurate and so durable that it will outlast a dozen cars.

No centrifugal instrument—though the price may be the same—can be considered in the same class, any more than a $1 watch can be classed with a $200 Chronometer.

* * *

The Odometer used in connection with the Auto-Meter is our own construction. It is as strongly and durably built as the Auto-Meter itself. Season dial registers 100,000 miles. Other odometers register 10,000 miles only. This is often insufficient for a *single season.* Future mileage has been lost. The trip dial registers 1,000 miles and repeat. Other odometers register 100 miles only. A single turn of a button resets to zero. It is the only self-contained odometer on which the figures are not partly concealed by the speed indicating hand.

* * *

We want every automobile owner to know the comparative tests which will enable him to prove the truth of every claim we have made. We have put these in a book which will be sent to anyone for the asking. In your own interest, buy no speed indicator of any kind until you know. To buy the wrong instrument is to waste your money.

The Warner Auto-Meter

Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate

The Warner Instrument Co., 453 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wis.

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Pittsburg, 3432 Forbes St.
Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Ave.
Detroit, 239 Jefferson Ave.
St. Louis, 3923 Olive St.
Boston, 925 Boylston St.
Buffalo, 722 Main St.
Chicago, 1502 Michigan Ave.
Cincinnati, 122 E. Seventh St.
Indianapolis, 330½ N. Illinois St.
Philadelphia, 302 North Broad St.
San Francisco, 550 Golden Gate Ave.
Los Angeles, 1212 S. Main St.
Seattle, 914 E. Pike St.

Housecleaning this Spring is Different



THE OLD WAY

GET ONE FOR YOUR SPRING CLEANING BEFORE TOO LATE

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

It Eats Up the Dirt



THE NEW WAY

You Don't Have to Pound the Dust Out

The terrors of the old primitive way of housecleaning—of ripping up and tearing down, of carrying to and fro and out and in, of endless confusion and toil and drudgery—all are now abolished.

Keep Your Carpets and Rugs on the Floor!
Keep Your Wall Decorations Hanging!
Keep Your Upholstered Furniture in its Place!

Right where they are, the ***IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER*** will lift out of them, by its suction force, every particle of dirt and dust and every germ, moth and egg of vermin. It will renovate everything in your home. It will make everything clean, wholesome, sanitary and sweet—outside and in and through and through.

Everybody Can Afford It

Completely equipped for hand operation, the ***IDEAL*** Vacuum Cleaner ***COSTS ONLY $25.*** Equipped with electric motor for direct current, $55; for alternating current, $60. The motor is of the best standard type. It uses only about two cents' worth of electricity an hour. All you have to do is to attach it to your electric light fixture.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the ***IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER*** in time, labor, health and actual money that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

Anybody Can Operate It

Operated either by hand or electric motor, the ***IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER*** does the work of power plants costing a thousand dollars and upwards, and does it better and with more convenience. No skill needed either to use or maintain it.

The hand machine puts no tax on the strength—your 8-year-old boy might well scorn the task as too easy—compared with sweeping, it is play. The electric motor is not a necessity, but a luxury.



THE OLD WAY

CHANGE IN PRICE—
After June first next, the price of each motor equipped cleaner will be increased $5.00.

Why pound the life out of your carpets and rugs under the mistaken notion that you are pounding the dirt out of them? Or why send your valuable fabrics away to be treated you don't know how?

The
Ideal Vacuum Cleaner
renovates every time it cleans. Its cost is less than what is ordinarily paid a professional renovator for just one cleaning. And it remains to serve you all the year 'round.

Send your order for one of these valuable machines at once. Our Free Illustrated Booklet tells a story that will mean *a new era* in your home. Write for it today.



THE NEW WAY

***The* AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER CO., 225 Fifth Ave., New York**

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL Summer Resorts

In America Are To Be Found in the ROCKY MOUNTAIN Region



DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, MANITOU, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, WAGON WHEEL GAP, PAGOSA SPRINGS, OURAY, SANTA FE, SALT LAKE CITY

Are Located Directly on the Line of the

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Registered in U.S. Pat Office



of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. — **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting — **Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home

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Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 51, Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the **Fine-Form Maternity Skirt** is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.



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Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

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(*Illustrated*)

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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., Dept. W—PHILA., PA.

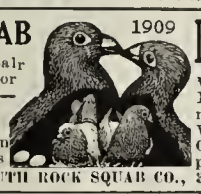
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Write for our handsome 1909 Free Book, telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were first, the originators. Cloth-bound book now 303 pages, 114 Illus. It's great.

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Mail me your address and I will forward to you twenty 10-cent packages of Straw-Hat-Cleaner. Sell them quick, then mail me one Dollar and keep the other.

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6% NET Paid to our Customers for 34 Years. First Mortgage Loans of $200 and up always on hand. $25 CERTIFICATES of Deposit. **PERKINS & CO. FINANCIAL BROKERS** Lawrence, Kansas

AN ENDLESS CHAIN

Send me your name and P. O. Address and that of one of your friends and I will mail to each a copy of my illustrated booklet "Southern Mississippi" Everybody wants it and I want to give it to everybody. IT'S FREE.

Ask Geo. H. Heafford, 279 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.



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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 8, 1909

A Revival of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy

¶ *The old question is up again. The question that caused the writing of nearly three hundred books, pamphlets, and essays, during the last half of the nineteenth century, is once more to the front.*

"Did Bacon write the works attributed to Shakespeare?"

This question, like a certain noted volcano that sometimes sleeps for years and then breaks out again, has been showing new signs of life—signs so ominous as to disturb the inhabitants of Stratford and all those dwelling in the satisfied conclusion of Shakespearian authorship of the immortal plays.

The controversy, once so prominent, quieted down not so much because of the failure of the Baconians to furnish a preponderance of evidence in support of their contention as on account of the wave of puerile sentiment that swept in from the shallows of pedantic conservatism and made scholarly investigations on the subject unpopular.

The present awakening of the controversy has been occasioned by the discovery of facts which, if they be not accounted for on the theory of Bacon's authorship, at once raise a question even more perplexing as to what disposition a rational mind is to make of these facts.

In next week's issue we shall give conspicuous place to the new evidences in an article by William L. Stoddard, entitled "Facts About Francis Bacon and Some About Shakespeare."

This article is based on the recent discoveries of William Stone Booth of Cambridge, Massachusetts (not of Harvard), and set forth in his recent book, "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon."

The "fact" which is set forth is the evidence, open to any one who will study it out, that in hundreds of places in the plays the signature of Francis Bacon is cunningly, and with mathematical uniformity, interwoven with the text. That similar acrostics are to be found in writings that openly bear the name of Bacon on the title-page adds peculiar interest to the acrostics in the plays.

More About Baseball

¶ *Will Irwin's second article on Baseball, "Working Out the Game," takes up the subject where it ends in the present issue, and gives many interesting pictures of the game in evolution—when they first began to pitch curves, how they used to substitute balls of a different weight, the introduction of gloves, the gradual revision of the rules, and many such matters. The amateur teams did much to spread abroad the popularity of the game, especially during the Civil War, but it remained for the professionals to reduce the game to a science. Playing for gate receipts, with the added necessity of furnishing a quick-action game that would please the public, did much to inspire endeavor that brought the standards of the game quite beyond amateur skill.*

Gibson on Baseball

¶ *A double-page drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, entitled "The Baseball Season Opens," will appear in next week's issue.*



Murphy Knew

Suppose your employer sent for YOU to solve some knotty point. —COULD YOU DO IT?

Yes—If you had the special training such as the International Correspondence Schools can impart to you *in your spare time*. Such a training will make you invaluable—will ensure promotion—*will raise your salary.*

And the way is easy. To learn what it is mark the attached coupon opposite your *chosen* occupation. Besides putting you to no expense and under no obligation, marking the coupon entitles you to six months' free subscription to the I. C. S. illustrated monthly, "Ambition."

On an average, 300 students every month VOLUNTARILY report salary increases due to I. C. S. help. During March the number was 335. *YOU* join these men by marking the coupon. *DO IT NOW.*

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Please send me, absolutely free, "Ambition" Magazine for six months, and also explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

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Stenographer	Telephone Eng'eer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Build'g Contractor
Chemist	Architec'l Draftsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Banking
	Mining Engineer

Name _____
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An overhead jungle of clothing—The family wash of Logan Court, in the Capital City of Washington, N. W.

Snapshots of a Race

These are character bits, some vivid and some depressing, and pieces of scenery picked from the negro settlements of Washington, D C. They show what the alleys, byways, mean streets, tenements, roofs, doorways, and shanties of the National Capital are producing in the way of a race

Photographs by LEWIS W. HINE



A woman, once a slave, who opposed the education of her grandson because the schooling of her own children, counteracted by the influence of the slums, had sent them all to the workhouse or penitentiary



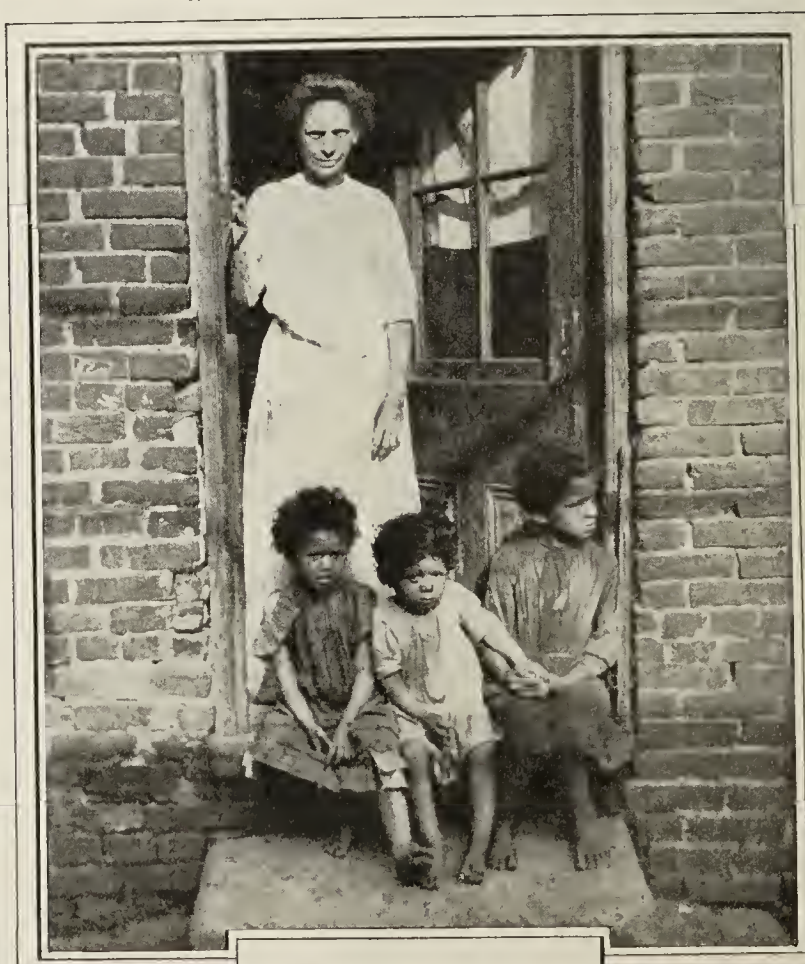
An old white-haired negro, once a slave



One of the buxom young colored women whose lives are wasted in pleasure and idleness—in such sections of the colored settlement as "Louse Alley"



w Tree Alley, in the southwestern part of the city. The Capitol dome is in the background, and in the right foreground is one of the characteristic alley streets of this labyrinth



A family group in Cow Alley

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416 430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

May 8, 1909

Mr. Collier

THERE IS NO BLACK around this editorial. The trappings and the suits of grief are gone. Formalities are ended, the daily labors taken up. Only the reality of loss remains, to be greater month by month. We speak calmly, as one who tells an outside world the truth. There was much in Mr. COLLIER worthy of notice on this earth which he has left. A little of it, in sorrow and humility, is written here.

He was a man of faith. More than most men, he *believed in life*. Never was he known to hint that the struggle did not repay the effort, that the goal was unworthy of the race. No man ever heard from his lips a syllable of discouragement or of fundamental doubt. The stumbling of denial he never knew. He never looked aside because the path seemed difficult to climb. In youth he turned with fury on every simple task presented. In prosperity a complex world could never dim the hunger of his mind. In sickness and in health he sped right onward. The faltering heart was strange to him. It seemed as if that initial healthfulness of temper would have carried him through a century, filled with ambition and ideals, had not the fast-driven bodily machine broken in the middle of his course. At a hundred his eye would have sparkled in response, his heart would have answered to the call.

This almost furious speed of life was harnessed to Fidelity. His business was personal. He had made it, he loved it, he knew it to be good. Of poetry, of history, of high fiction he had sent millions of volumes among the people, and he was glad. His own favorites, in a wide, persistent reading, had been SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, BALZAC. He had won his right to noble friends, and he drove his soul, that millions through him might also have such friends at hand. He knew what a good book meant in a humble home. He knew, indeed, what it had meant to him. On the last morning of his life he talked of "Tom Sawyer," of which he happened to be only then making the acquaintance. His body bent forward, his eyes snapped, as he talked of his new-found Tom and Huck, of boyhood and the everlasting spirit of adventure. And to those beings, also, who had helped him in his race along this path of light, he was ever faithful. Before his own publishing house was started he was selling Bibles for another. He had tramped all day and none had bought. Bibles were expensive then. One scrubwoman had said: "No, me boy, I have not that much money. I will give ye a dollar now and fifty cents iviry week till it is paid." He had no authority for such a sale, but he went home, slept upon the Irishwoman's wish, explained it eloquently to his employer, and on the morrow he sold fifty Bibles, and thus the sale of books upon instalment was begun. Later for that widow he built a home, and watched over her, and watched over her son when she was gone. Bibles are cheaper now, in no small degree because PETER COLLIER worked and thought. It was among the realest sorrows of his life that the cost of books is being driven again upward, by forces beyond his ability to stem.

Related to fidelity is ever Courage. He was proud that this newspaper is not a meaningless piece of merchandise, even as he took righteous pride in the excellence of his books. When the weekly started on some perilous course, where the penalties were to fall on him, all he asked was to be assured that the step was necessary and right. When we undertook to lessen the power of a certain publication, which blackmails men and soils the lives of women, he knew, and we knew, that the vengeance of the viper-sheet must be concentrated on him; but, even in the moment of fully realizing the price, he urged us forward, with Godspeed to the cause. Can you wonder, then, that the tears crowd forward? We had intended not to let them come. He himself, in similar straits, after the first break of feeling, would have brushed them hurriedly away. They are forced by memories of battles fought together, with him unswerving in the breach.

Fancy not this abounding force was only strenuous in the mood which it inspired. Often it was delightful in picturesque surprise. Mr. COLLIER, according to the almanac, was approaching sixty when, one evening, as he was hurrying along a Jersey road, a bottle, flung by a boy, crashed against his car. Immediately he told the chauffeur to stop. The boy fled. Mr. COLLIER flew after him. The boy was fast. His pursuer was still more fast. The boy thought he saw a haven. Under a neighboring barn was sufficient space for him to crawl, and he made his way painfully between earth and floor. Under the barn also went Mr. COLLIER, who emerged dragging the culprit by a foot. Having administered punishment according to the need, he proceeded on his way. Behind him there remained a youth who had learned that not every gray-haired citizen lacks energy to deal with situations promptly as they come.

He lies upon a hill, in a grove of trees. For miles in each direction stretches the country over which he rode. It is dotted with the homes of farmers whom he knew. In a pasture stand a group of horses gazing at the scenes of triumphs now no more. There is heard the distant baying of a hunting dog. The buds are breaking into leaf. Yonder pasture is white with youth, promising fruit when summer comes. Dying winter retires before the spring. Everywhere is peace. Everywhere is life. Everywhere the heart of nature beats. There, upon the hill, one heart forever rests, one burning soul has flickered, and left to other men the load which he bore so bravely up.

A Step Ahead

NOW, FRIENDS, to the world's daily work again. As good one place as another to begin. Here is something of value which men are beginning in Missouri. Let us have a look at that. Forty years ago six or eight steamboats came into Kansas City every day, from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Omaha, Fort Benton. Finally this traffic on the Missouri River died. The steamers failed to keep pace with the railways. To understand why, it is requisite only to glance at the steamboat used on the inland rivers now. Apparently there is little difference between the boat of 1909 and the one of 1869—same three-story white frame house, same old type of engine and boilers up to the crowned smokestack, with the gold trotting hoss or spread-eagle suspended between them. Nor have their methods of freight-handling changed—the same irresponsible negro roustabouts, toting freight across a shaky plank to an unprotected levee. The trucks to haul it to the warehouses, also, are the same. Think what state the railways would be in were they using the equipment and methods of forty years ago! Kansas City has recalled the fact that it has a big, idle river waiting to be put to work. A company has been formed to install light-draft freight boats, with nothing above deck except pilot-house and quarters for crew; compound engines, forced draft; modern loading and unloading devices; warehouses with freight-handling machinery; 1909 equipment and 1909 methods; the system used in Germany's shallow streams, to be applied with modifications to the Missouri. This company does not plan to buy a million dollars worth of boats and terminals and do all the river business for Kansas City. It intends to prove that with modern equipment river navigation is profitable to a company with six boats, or to an individual with one boat. It proposes to make the Missouri River a traffic highway. It is not a "hurrah" movement. The men behind it are moving as carefully as if it were the sole affair of each of them. They are not looking to the Federal Government to do a few million dollars' worth of preliminary work. They have set out to show the Southwest that it has water transportation at its front door—and to make the proof by their own strength, their own money, and their own understanding.

The Lord of Wheat

THE HEBREW PROPHETS make excellent reading in these days of so-called peace. They often strike sharp spiritual notes, which the adaptable mind can readily turn into modern symbols and apply to our own problems of every day. To JAMES A. PATTEN of Chicago we suggest Amos, v. 11, wherein to certain froward men, "forasmuch . . . as your treading is upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat," future discomfort is foretold.

Gambling

INVESTIGATING Wall Street, Governor HUGHES'S committee found plenty of difference of opinion about remedies, and even about facts, but some of the testimony to which they listened has a decided general interest for the country. A Stock Exchange member of forty years' standing stated that every one who enters Wall Street, except as a broker, loses. In a partnership contract to preclude a junior's speculating, this man made a bona-fide offer of $5,000 for the name and address of every verified winning customer of any Wall Street house—provided only that the customer had so traded for two years as to make his account an "active" one. Another, for twelve years a member of a prominent brokerage house, stated that in all this time, after very broad operations, not a single customer ever took out a dollar of net winnings. An ex-broker stated that a ten-year search, covering scores of trading friends and acquaintances, as well as the records of five brokerage houses and one bucket-shop, failed to find a single net winner. Most brokers estimate that between ninety and ninety-eight per cent of customers lose. As practically every marginal trader loses, every bucket-shop and Wall Street house has a complete new list of customers in from three to five years. If you intend to begin risking your savings, we recommend the following steps:

(*a*) Ask your broker for figures about his customers.

(*b*) Ask your trading friends for their net balance.

(*c*) If you have gambled before, ask yourself. Balance your own account.

Few do.

Boa-constrictors

THE GUGGENHEIM SMELTER TRUST has been one of the most exacting and unscrupulous monopolies that have fastened on the industrial harvests of the West. It was to feed the American Smelting and Refining Company that Colorado engaged in a civil war which brought misery to thousands, made exiles of hundreds, and dragged the courts of that State through public contempt. The country will watch with interest, although not with pity, the events which are about to succeed the widely advertised announcement of the covert purpose of Standard Oil, through the Cole-Ryan syndicate, to bankrupt the GUGGENHEIMS—for such is the palpable meaning of the announcement of the formation of the International Smelting Company. There is an erroneous public impression, by the way, that the RYAN of the Cole-Ryan syndicate is TOM RYAN. He is JOHN D. RYAN, the managing director of the Amalgamated Copper Company in Montana. COLE is a Michigan man. Both RYAN and COLE have been organizing for years a lot of mining companies for the Amalgamated crowd, so that the "crowd" could skim the cream of the new ventures, instead of putting them into Amalgamated and giving Amalgamated stockholders at large the benefit of the properties. When the Standard Oil financiers look covetously upon a railroad, a mine, an oil well, or a politician, the object is as helpless as the coon commonly, although erroneously, connected with DAVY CROCKETT. Whether the organization of the International Smelting Company is a "bluff" to bring the GUGGENHEIMS to terms, or whether it is the initial step in one of those crushing Standard Oil campaigns, matters not. It behooves the GUGGENHEIMS to put their affairs in order. The lesson the Standard Oil will teach them has been taught by the GUGGENHEIMS to others. The GUGGENHEIMS may observe the higher and more exquisite art of destroying an enemy without subsidizing State troops. It is their turn to salute Cæsar and to pass from the stage without vulgar emotion.

Opinion of a President

A GENERAL REACTION regarding industrial matters seems very likely to set in. Successfully arguing against harmful noise, the possessors of snaps are likely also successfully to stop progress. Who knows? At any rate, read this:

> "I hope very much that a new spirit is growing in the West about railway agitation, and think the various chambers of commerce could do a great deal of good, if they, before the next meeting of the State Legislatures, would pass resolutions directed to the Representatives, stating that they do not want any more laws at present, but want development."

This opinion was written by HOWARD ELLIOTT. Mr. ELLIOTT is president of the Northern Pacific. It was written to a Montana chamber of commerce. The Northern Pacific might first voluntarily return to the State of Montana, and to the miners whose courage made possible the building of its road, the vast domains of mineral land which it filched from them by a wrong second only to the attempted looting of Alaska. It might voluntarily, for another thing, go out of the business of owning land offices and officials, whose salaries and office-rent the Government pays. It might voluntarily stop subscribing the money of its stockholders to purchase the election of its candidates for the Federal Senate.

A Beginning

WHAT MAKES TURKEY interesting at the present moment is less the immediate drama than the suggested stretches of internal change ahead. Of course, the possibility of intervention and sudden conflagration all over Europe has been the most serious worry to the world, but it is difficult to believe, in spite of hysteria and "An Eng[illegible] man's [illegible]me," that the financiers of England, France, and Germany will allow humanity to set itself so far backward in loss of substance and of bread-winning, able-bodied men, to say nothing of the bloody destruction of slowly acquired ideals of reason, sympathy, and peace. What it is legitimate to hope is, that Turkey has started on a new régime, which means not merely a change in forms of government, but in the welfare of a whole people. Probably it means that the government of that country is no longer to be an outworn form, unintelligently pandering to the desires of a few, but an effort to do the best that may be done for the millions of ordinary inhabitants.

Superiority

OF RUSKIN COLLEGE, Oxford, that attempt to give young artisans and laborers an education, the London "Standard" says that the students devote themselves to political economy, political philosophy, sociology, "and the other things which are not matters of knowledge but of opinion." The paper is very broad-minded. "We do not say that the universities should be barred to promising lads of the industrial classes. As a matter of fact, they are not. The ladder is down to the gutter now and the slope is not too steep." What is knowledge? Not, evidently, the minimum of expense required to provide decent food, light, and air for a family in a given locality. Nothing is knowledge which directly allies itself with life. Teachers, physicians, and health boards should not face the conditions of modern industrialism. Knowledge is not knowledge if it affects conduct or tempers legislation. Sociology has the same difficult task in justifying itself to the playful Philistines of modern journalism as astronomy, medicine, or the evolutionary theory. For nearly half a century we had the "monkey" joke. We are living through a probationary term with the patient but buffeted figure of the "Sociologist," tinkering, investigating, legislating, and intruding where the wise and the witty practise indifference and spin the merry jest.

Something Done

A PITTSBURG DRUGGIST has obtained a verdict for $40,000 against the estimable WILLIAM D'ALTON MANN. The judge did credit to the bench:

> "These damages," he said, "are highly punitive, and I think that punitive damages were highly justified in this case. On the merits I may say that I never tried a case in which the evidence more thoroughly warranted a verdict."

It was a typical bit of "Town Topics" scandal, including an attack on a woman's reputation. What was not so typical was the courage of the plaintiff. He did not go whining around. He faced all the mud in the possession of Colonel MANN and hit him a blow worthy of a citizen and a man. If one-twentieth of the persons libeled by MANN'S blackmailing publication had the courage to begin and conduct a libel suit, this king of scandal-sellers would speedily seek some less injurious occupation. He battens on the general cowardice, or, to be more lenient, on the general unwillingness to drag one's whole private life into the public glare, even in order to put an end to such a dirty and vicious nuisance as Colonel MANN. It is a case where nothing is needed for victory except determination.

Enthusiasm

CERTAIN REMARKS partake so profoundly of the qualities of slop that they seem hopelessly to lower a man of good record, heretofore admired. What did Senator CUMMINS seek when he asserted that ROOSEVELT was a stronger man than GEORGE WASHINGTON? Has he any adequate conception of what WASHINGTON endured and did? If not, better had he hold his peace. He added that when he finishes his term TAFT will be the greatest man America has produced. Does he get anything for this? It is enough to sicken even a patriot with public life. Doubtless when the time comes to please TAFT'S successor CUMMINS will find him surpassing WASHINGTON in strength, LINCOLN in wisdom, FRANKLIN in shrewdness, WEBSTER in eloquence, JEFFERSON in philosophy, HAMILTON in finance. Let us hope the Senator from Iowa will gain much. For any small advantage such degradation of one's intelligence would be granted at too high a price.

Summing It Up

THOSE WHO FAVOR direct nominations and those who oppose are moved by definite principles easily understood. Such nominations are favored because:

1. They make the participation of the general public in politics easy instead of difficult.
2. They cause public servants to be more often responsive to general opinion and less often subservient to bosses and to special money interests.

Direct nominations are opposed because:

1. In the words of one distinguished Senator, they are un-American, socialistic, and anarchistic.
2. They are unnecessary, because once in a long time, in times of special stress, the popular will is listened to even in spite of the obstructive convention system.
3. Because direct nominations have proved popular in the West, and any man who comes from Kansas resembles the Missing Link.

Comment About Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

IS THERE a Democratic Party? And if there is, who will set down the body of common principles behind which a majority of its members are willing to unite? On this page there has already been printed a list of twenty-three Democrats who broke away from their party and voted with the Republicans in the fight on the rules when the House was organized. There has been printed, also, a list of thirty-eight Democrats who voted for a tariff on lumber, although the Democratic national platform calls for free lumber. Below is printed a list of twenty-nine Democrats who—the Republicans having put hides on the free list of the Payne bill—voted in favor of an amendment to put a duty of ten per cent on hides. Together, these three groups make more than a majority of all the Democrats in Congress. Those who voted to put a duty on hides are:

From Texas: MORRIS SHEPPARD of Texarkana, MARTIN DIES of Beaumont, CHOICE BOSWELL RANDELL of Sherman, JACK BEALL of Waxahachie, RUFUS HARDY of Corsicana, ALEXANDER WHITE GREGG of Palestine, JOHN MATTHEW MOORE of Richmond, GEORGE FARMER BURGESS of Gonzales, ROBERT LEE HENRY of Waco, JOHN HALL STEPHENS of Vernon, JAMES L. SLAYDEN of San Antonio, JOHN NANCE GARNER of Uvalde, WILLIAM ROBERT SMITH of Colorado, ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON of Austin.

From Louisiana: ROBERT F. BROUSSARD of New Iberia, ARSÈNE PAULIN PUJO of Lake Charles.

From Missouri: WILLIAM PATTERSON BORLAND of Kansas City, COURTNEY WALKER HAMLIN of Springfield.

From Colorado: EDWARD THOMAS TAYLOR of Glenwood Springs, ATTERSON WALDEN RUCKER of Fort Logan, JOHN A. MARTIN of Pueblo.

From Alabama: GEORGE WASHINGTON TAYLOR of Demopolis, JOHN LAWSON BURNETT of Gadsden.

From Indiana: WILLIAM ELIJAH COX of Jasper, JOHN A. M. ADAIR of Portland.

From Nevada: GEORGE A. BARTLETT of Tonopah.

From Tennessee: GEORGE WASHINGTON GORDON of Memphis.

From Georgia: WILLIAM GORDON BRANTLEY of Brunswick.

From Illinois: JAMES THOMAS MCDERMOTT of Chicago.

The position of a Democrat who has an industry in his own district that clamors for protection is difficult. When William Jennings Bryan was in Congress it was proposed to put a duty on beet sugar. This dialogue occurs in the Congressional Record for 1892:

"MR. PERKINS: Are you to be understood as opposed to a State or National protection to be extended to the beet-sugar industry?

"MR. BRYAN: I am, most assuredly. [Loud applause on the Democratic side.] And when it is necessary to come down to Congress and ask for a protection or a bounty for an industry in my own State, which I should refuse, as wrong to an industry in another State, I shall cease to represent Nebraska in Congress. [Great applause on the Democratic side.]"

Champ Clark, in the present Congress, has taken the same point of view. He was put in a difficult position by the demand, on the part of his constituents, for a tariff on zinc. Clark was outspoken:

"I want to repeat, and we might as well settle it and be through with it, I am not going to help any man plunder the American people because he happens to live in Missouri. I will go out of public life before I do it."

If Mr. Clark and Mr. Bryan are right, these twenty-nine Democrats who voted for a tariff on hides, and the thirty-eight who voted for a tariff on lumber, belong in another party. Senator Bailey of Texas has tried to straddle this situation by saying:

"It is not an abandonment of the principles of the Democratic Party for a Senator to insist that the same principles which apply to other constituencies shall likewise be applied to his. . . . That these principles shall be applied without discrimination does not signify that we are in favor of applying them."

What it all emphasizes is the extent to which the words "Democrat" and "Republican" have become meaningless. Maybe we shall in time change the party labels to "Conservative" and "Progressive"—with Aldrich, Cannon, and the sugar Democrats of Louisiana, "Fingy" Conners, Penrose, and the Tammany friends of the corporations lined up on one side, while Republicans like Murdock, Cooper, and Bristow stand side by side with Democrats like Folk and Johnson of Minnesota.

Four Good Speeches

THE best four speeches delivered in the tariff debate up to the date of this writing are those of Sereno E. Payne of New York, Champ Clark of Missouri, Francis W. Cushman of Washington, and Claude Kitchin of North Carolina. Practically every member of Congress has made a long set speech on the Payne bill. For the most part they are dreary and of little value. The Southern members run to poetical quotations and fervid outbursts in the manner of the orators of a generation ago. The speeches of the Northern members, as a rule, are dull beyond endurance, the bulk of them made up of pages of undigested statistics and long newspaper extracts. But the speeches of the four men mentioned are genuinely worth while. Payne's speech, of course, is the exposition of his own bill. And Chairman Payne does know his subject. The Democratic opposition leader, Champ Clark, in opening his formal attack on Payne's bill, said:

"I want to be fair. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee [Mr. Payne] knows more about tariff schedules than any other man on top of the ground—I think his conclusions are frequently erroneous, but he knows more about exports and imports, and he knows more about what the tariff rates have been."

The speech of Mr. Clark himself is not only well-informed as to tariff facts, but is richly touched with humor. It has the flavor of a racy personality and abounds in qualities which make even a tariff speech readable. For humor, though, the speech beyond comparison is that of Francis W. Cushman of Washington. Cushman could make a better living as a professional humorist than as a member of Congress, and the country would be his debtor for the change. The judicial temper of his views on public affairs is indicated by this quotation from his tariff speech:

"I am a protectionist, without any qualifying adjectives. I am not only a protectionist, but a high protectionist. . . . I believe in it like the heathen believes in his idol."

But as a teller of stories which are at once funny and apt, Cushman is decidedly the best in Congress, and the distinction is sufficiently rare in a somber world to deserve well of his fellow men. The speech of Claude Kitchin is scholarly and interesting in its discussion of those Democrats who have voted with the Republicans for partial protection. It is interspersed with debate and repartee brought about by interruptions from Mr. Fordney and other Republicans. Any person interested in the tariff, or, in a broader way, interested in public speaking and debate, would do well to get these four speeches. Reprints of them, as well as of any other speech delivered in Congress, can be had by a request to the member who delivered it.

Enable the President to See the People

THE President of the United States gets $75,000 a year. The necessary exactions which make holes in this are many. A single evening's entertainment, of the kind of which rigid custom makes him give several each winter, costs upward of $1,000. As the law is now, he must pay his own traveling expenses. He can not travel like a private citizen. It is not merely a matter of dignity or personal comfort—that he must take a whole car for himself and his party is so obvious as to be beyond argument. A single trip from Washington to New York and back costs him upward of $250. President Taft is fond of traveling. He likes to meet the people. Of his own choice, he would cover the country once each year, touching the Pacific Coast four times during his term, compared to the once each term that Roosevelt and McKinley visited California. Unquestionably, the people wish this. An allowance of $25,000 a year for traveling expenses would make it possible. The matter is pressing now, for probably the possibility of a trip to Seattle and Alaska late this summer must depend upon it. Congress should make this appropriation.

The Effect of High Protection

DURING the debate in the House on the Payne bill, Congressman Longworth of Cincinnati read a letter from one of his constituents, which said in part:

"As a manufacturer of clothing for a period of almost fifty years, I can truthfully state that I never handled cloth of so inferior a quality for the price as I do now. The masses, consisting of laborers, mechanics, and farmers, the real users of ready-made clothing, are receiving practically no value for their money."

The Payne bill does not substantially change the tariff on woolen goods.

340 Days

IT IS 340 days from the date of this paper until any member of the present Congress comes up for reelection. The chief issue in the election of the next Congress will be Cannon. Every one of the 218 Republicans now in Congress knows that, as he turns back to his constituents, he carries the burden of Cannon. Cannon knows that just so many Republicans—perhaps twenty, possibly fifty—will fail of reelection because of him. Will Cannon let this happen? If he is unwilling to save his fellow Republicans, direct primaries will do the work. Of the thirty-one Republican "insurgents," all but five came to Congress from direct-primary districts.

Books for an Old Man

WE HAVE assumed a task which we conceive to be not only a private kindness, but also not without dignity as a public service—the pointing out of those quiet pleasures which would make—we use the potential mood with care—which would make a serene old age in a substantial home on the outskirts of Danville, Illinois, preferable to the tumult and hurly-burly which are inevitable in an assemblage of 391 somewhat boisterous men in a single room on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. President Eliot of Harvard University is at the present time engaged in compiling a set which he aptly calls "five feet of books," a compilation of those 100 volumes which, among all printed books, are of most worth. The idea is full of subtle appeal. We wish Dr. Eliot would now address himself to a more limited task. We would like to have from him a list of, say, fifty books best adapted to a man of seventy-four who has passed his years in arduous political life, but now sees an opportunity for escape to quiet retirement and indulgence in those pleasures of taste to which he has long denied himself. We should like a list which would appeal powerfully to such a man, which would cause him to recall long-forgotten aspirations for the charm of cultivation and learning—a list, the contemplation of which would help such a man to make decision between the clamor and strife of politics on the one hand, and, on the other, the fender and the book—a list so alluring that it would brace him to resist the demand of the public that he continue to serve them. As a start toward such a list, we suggest these (the titles of acceptable additions to the list will be welcomed):

Cicero: "De Senectute" (in the original).
Emerson: "The Over-Soul."
Wordsworth: "An Evening Walk."

These books and slippered immunity from the exactions of public life, long days of quiet in Danville, Illinois—these would appeal to us; we wish they would appeal to him.



Baseball as It Was.—*The second championship game between the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia, 1866. Score 33 to 33—game called on account of darkness at the end of the seventh inning. Notice the underhand pitcher, the gloveless catcher keeping a respectful distance behind the bat, the wide swing of the batsman, the basemen playing frozen to their bags. The gentleman sitting with his feet on a box on the first base line is the umpire. The men at the table are scorers. The gamblers waving bills, the pickpocket caught in the act, the drunkards, in the foreground, illustrate the tendencies which were creeping into the game*

FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF T. H. MURNANE

Baseball Reporting in 1856

THE JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH STYLE

"THIS *noble American game, which all the seductions of the scientific game of cricket have not been able to undermine, is growing more and more in favor every day. No less than three matches were played last week, and the attendance at each was not only very large, but made brilliant by great gatherings of ladies, whose interest in the sport seemed to be not at all short of that experienced by the most occupied observer of the other sex. We are inclined to think, too, that this feature of these occasions has no little effect in inspiring the players in the game, and that the last energy of every contestant is taxed by the consciousness that he must win or lose in the minds of an exceedingly keen and scrutinizing class of lookers-on. We are much pleased to see the beautiful and fair of this city lend the charm of their presence to the healthful out-of-doors sports and exercises, and we have a shrewd opinion that more than one of them attends the grounds with a view of sharply measuring among the players the qualities of what might make a serviceable future husband. Among the matches we allude to, the return game between the Baltic Club of this city and the Union Club of Morrisania may be mentioned as the most prominent, from the great attendance that was present. It was played Wednesday of last week, but was suspended in consequence of being overtaken by the shades of night. At the time of the adjournment the score stood 15 runs in favor of the Union and 12 runs for the Baltic. The matter is to stand thus till the resumption of the game, but no day was named.*" —Porter's "Spirit of the Times," September 6, 1856.

BASEBALL

I—Before the Professionals Came

By WILL IRWIN

"We got our language from the English and most of our institutions from the Dagos and the Dutch. But there are two things, I tell the boys, that are all American. One's the good old flag and one's baseball." —*Remarks of Tim Murnane.*

FOR the first seventy-five years of our national existence we worried along without a national game. We were a hardy people, but not an athletic one. Our lusty young men were employing their strength, their agility, and their fortitude on the work of taming a continent. If there was an American sport in that period it was probably wrestling —the game at which Washington and Lincoln were adepts—a rough kind of catch-as-catch-can. In Philadelphia and other Eastern centers a very few played cricket; the "sporty," a limited class in those times, followed the prize-ring or drove fast horses.

All the time, however, the boys of America, unhonored and unsung, were quietly making the national game. As far back as the Colonial period they were playing, on the commons of the East, the clearings of the frontier, and the vacant lots of new towns, a crude game of ball. It is easy to establish the connection of this game with "rounders," an English schoolboy game which may be traced back as far as the age of Elizabeth. Indeed, there is evidence leading to the belief that rounders was once called "baseball" in certain parts of England, notably Suffolk. In America the corresponding game generally went under the name of "round-ball" and, because it was played at the time of town [illegible], "town-ball." But as far back as the thirties of the last century—probably even farther back—they called it, in certain localities, "baseball." When, in the forties, the modern game, originating in New York, made its conquering advance, the boys called this old game the "Boston game," or the "Massachusetts game," to distinguish it from the newfangled "New York game." It was played in various ways in various parts of the country. (Those boys' games, having no written rules, tend always to local variations.) Its first cousin, "rounders," is to-day as many games as there are counties in England and Ireland. But let a description of "Massachusetts baseball," as played on Boston Common during the thirties, stand for the rest.

Baseball Reporting in 1908

THE GEORGE M. COHAN STYLE

"SUMMON *up that second set, fellows, and we will pass judgment. Who is that leading off? Little Anathema Evers, no less. We remember you very well, little Evers. Where are you going? To first? Oh! very well; but look you, Herzog, be a bit more accurate in your throws after this. This may prove costly. And here is Steinfeldt—Steinfeldt who fanned at a critical period of Monday's game, and you know how Steinfeldt—well, what is it this time, Steinfeldt? A double, and it please you. And there is Evers crossing the plate. And now what? Simply that Howard is safe on Devlin's bad throw, and he and Tinker, who follows him, run into a double play while Steinfeldt scores. It is two runs and it is disgusting, and many thousands of us say as much . . . but there is Pfeister. And if we do hit him, there is Pfeister's fielding support to make a mock of us, and so it goes until the sixth inning, by which time all the fans are wet and McGraw poutful and Chance is bragging and everybody is peevish at everybody else, and it's a mighty poor time to attempt a pleasantry; and, of course, it must be this pestiferous Evers who again is first to bat, and, of course, he must single to center. Ah, well! Make a good job of it, Cubfellows!*"—W. W. Aulick in New York "Times," August 12, 1908.

The number of players on a side might vary from six to twenty; but eight was the regulation number. The field, as shown in the illustration, was an irregular polygon. There were really five bases, for the home base and the batter's base were not coincident. The ball was made of any soft and elastic material, such as wound yarn, a sturgeon's nose, and, later, hollow rubber. The pitcher—known as the "thrower" or "giver" —stood midway of the polygon. The catcher stood up close behind the bat; but he had a "scout" to assist him, since this game, like cricket, made no distinction between fair and foul balls—anything off the bat was a hit. There were no basemen, for a runner off base was put out—just as in rounders—by being *hit* with the ball. Five scouts assisted in fielding balls and "soaking" the runner. Hence the soft ball. A ball caught off the bat, or on first bound, was out. Even after real baseball came, this game had a long survival; I myself played it on the Colorado frontier in the early eighties.

Then, as suddenly and as unaccountably as a "mutation" in evolution, real baseball, the crude form of the modern game, sprang into existence in New York.

The present site of Madison Square Garden was, in

the late thirties and the early forties, a level, vacant lot. There, on summer afternoons, the boys and young men used to kick footballs, run races, toss balls, and "bat flies." According to the best information I have, "town" or "round" ball was never played in or about New York; but the boys *did* play "one-two-and-three-old-cat." In the seasons of 1840-42, "one-old-cat" became a fad. In 1842 the railroad took that field for freight yards. The boys moved on to the Murray Hill grounds, east of Fourth Avenue and north of Thirty-fourth Street. One fine afternoon Alex. J. Cartwright came among them and said:

"Boys, I'll show you a better game than that!"

"Show us," they said.

And Cartwright, scratching with a stick in the dust, marked off the diagram of a baseball diamond.

They listened to him; and they laid off the field according to his directions, using stones for the bases and the plate. He set a man on each base and three "scouts" in the outfield; and so, with eight men on a side, the boys of New York played their first game of real baseball.

Magna Charta of Baseball

THE details, the score, even the exact date of that historical event, are lost. We know, however, that they pruned here and added there for two or three years, and that by the end of their first season they founded the Knickerbocker Club. From the first they perceived that it was difficult to hit a ball thrown full arm; further, such a ball was fearfully hard on a barehanded catcher. So they invented an artificial delivery for the pitcher. He must "pitch" the ball—deliver it underhand without "throw" or "jerk." It was like the motion of a tenpin bowler. That limitation on the game was not fully removed until 1883. At some time in the first season the Knickerbockers learned that the outfielders, taking a long grounder, could hardly field it to the plate without assistance. So they added a loose fielder, and named him "short-stop." He was the scrub of the team; he was not expected to help with the infield plays, but only to assist the outfielders. It was a matter of ten years before "Dicky" Pearce, a scrub shortstop who developed unexpected ability, took to fielding infield hits ahead of the basemen, and made a real position out of shortstop. The yarn ball which they used in 1842 gave place to a ball larger and heavier than the one we use at present, and covered with sheepskin. This cover was sewed on in four sections by a shoemaker; and a complete ball cost about $2—a big sum for the boys of that time.

Within a few years the Knickerbockers had a rival—the Gotham Club. Before that—in 1845—they published the first set of fourteen rules. Of those rules only three have been wholly changed. The dimensions of the field, with the sole exception of the pitcher's position, remain to-day as they were then. We have amplified them to meet new inventions, but we have altered them but little. Here is that Magna Charta of baseball:

Section 1—The bases shall be from "home" to second base forty-two paces; from first to third base forty-two paces equidistant.

Section 2—The game to consist of twenty-one counts or aces, but at the conclusion an equal number of hands must be played.

Section 3—The ball must be pitched and not thrown for the bat.

Section 4—A ball knocked outside the range of the first or third base is foul.

Section 5—Three balls being struck at and missed, and the last one caught, is a hand out; if not caught is considered fair, and the striker bound to run.

Section 6.—A ball being struck or tipped, and caught either flying or on the first bound, is a hand out.

Section 7—A player, running the bases, shall be out if the ball is in the hands of an adversary on the base, or the runner is touched by it before he makes his base—it being understood, however, that in no instance is a ball to be thrown *at him*.

Section 8—A player running who shall prevent an adversary from catching or getting the ball before making his base is a hand out.

Section 9—If two hands are already out, a player running home at the time a ball is struck can not make an ace if the striker is caught out.

Section 10—Three hands out, all out.

Section 11—Players must take their strike in regular turn.

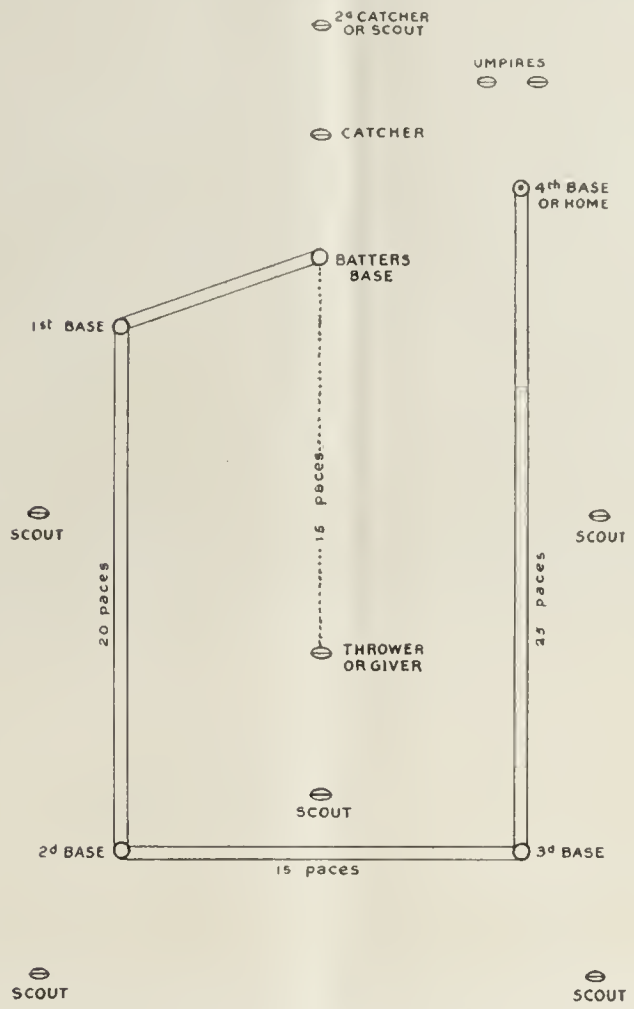
Section 12—No ace or base can be made on a foul strike.

Section 13—A runner can not be put out in making one base when a balk is made by the pitcher.

Section 14—But one base allowed when the ball bounds out of the field when struck.

Just a word, before I go further, about the controversy over the "rounders origin" of baseball, than which no question before the sporting public has stirred up more human ire. That Mr. Cartwright came among the New York boys with a full-fledged game, a novelty to them, is pretty well established. Nothing further is known about the life of Mr. Cartwright; and it seems a little strange to one of this generation that he should have invented "out of his head" a thing so like the old Massachusetts game. Further, it was called "baseball" from the very first; and the name "baseball" for rounders and its modifications goes back to England. Notice, also, in Section 7, that *at him* is italicized, indicating knowledge of a game in which the runner was put out by being hit with the ball—which was the rule in both rounders and townball. Again, they scored the game in that day by twenty-one points; *and twenty-one points is the method of scoring rounders in many parts of England and Ireland to this day.* So it seems likely, to one studying the data in this age of baseball, that Mr. Cartwright had seen a game of townball, roundball or rounders, and that he worked the game out from his recollections or else modified it consciously. That very thing happened when the American colleges tried to play Rugby football from books; did we not know its history so well, there might be a controversy over the "Rugby origin" of American football.

Two other things bear on the question. A special committee of the Baseball Commission has lately declared against the "rounders" theory. They present among their data a letter from Abner Graves, an old mining engineer of Denver. Mr. Graves says that in 1839, while a student at Green's Select School in Cooperstown, New York, General Abner Doubleday invented the modern game, named it "baseball," and set two teams of boys to playing it. General Doubleday certainly did not invent the name "baseball"; and in 1839 he was at



"Roundball," "Townball," or "Boston Baseball."—*As played on Boston Common in the last century. The scouts resembled our basemen, but they put the runner out by hitting him with the ball while he was off the base*

West Point. However, Mr. Cartwright may have got his game from Cooperstown and not out of his head. Again, old members of the Knickerbocker Club have told John Montgomery Ward, the star shortstop of the eighties, that when they began playing baseball in 1842-43 they were reviving a game which they had played in their childhood. These are the contradictory data in a controversy which has rent clubs and estranged friends.

The game was now fairly launched; before 1855 it was the local sport of Manhattan. At about that time the English residents and Anglomaniacs imported cricket. At first cricket seemed likely to swamp baseball. But the factor which makes baseball so peculiarly fitted to the American temperament—its quick action—gave it the advantage. By 1856, when the sporting papers first began to notice the game, baseball and cricket drew about equal space. The Murray Hill grounds had vanished by that time; the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, just across the river from New York, came to be the Polo Grounds of that period. There a dozen odd [illegible] from Manhattan, Brooklyn, Hoboken, and other [illegible] about New York Bay played home-and-home matches. Says Porter's "Spirit of the Times": "This noble American game, which all the seductions of the scientific game of cricket have not been able to undermine, is growing more and more in favor every day. No less than three matches were played last week."

The spirit and practise of the game were purely amateur. These young fellows, many of them members of old Knickerbocker families, played for fun. Challenges were formal affairs. A committee met to arrange the details, and to choose two umpires and a referee—"positions of great dignity," says the "Spirit of the Times." The teams played in open fields before their plighted ladies and the delighted small boys of the Jersey shore. When the game was over they adjourned, usually, to the Red Wing Tavern in Harlem, where the vanquished dined the victors; then home in a carryall by moonlight.

It was a crude game, but merry. In theory, the pitcher was there only to give the boys a chance to "soak the ball." "First bound" was still out. The unfortunate catcher, handling a heavy, lively ball without mask, glove, or protector, stood up near the bat when men were on bases if he had the skill and courage; the early guides recommend him "to do so when he can." Had not the pitcher been restricted to an artificial throw, scarce a catcher would have lived to tell the tale. Many catchers took everything "on first bounce," and managed at that to prevent much base-stealing—base-running also was in its infancy. "Smith," says the "Spirit of the Times," "caught a remarkable game, having but five passed balls scored against him." Here and there we get a glimpse which shows how crude it all was—what a matter of hit-and-miss natural force. In the fifties, Dicky Pearce shone without a peer as an infielder: he used to stop grounders with his hand and foot!

Waiting for a "Good One"

THE theory of bases on balls was not as yet. When it began to dawn on the pitchers that they could puzzle the batters and so hold down hitting, the game promised to become as long-drawn-out as cricket. The pitcher could deliver wild balls in every direction; it mattered not; the batter simply waited patiently for a good one—waited, sometimes, for a quarter of an hour. The umpires and referee, standing crowned with tall hats on the sidelines, had at first no power to make the pitcher behave. So, also, the batter did not need to strike at "good ones" if they did not suit his fancy. He just waited until he had what he wanted.

Yet a few "first things" did appear. In 1848 they changed the method of putting a man out on bases to the present rule—"catch him out at first, touch him out at second, third, and home." When that happened, certain hardy souls took to sliding bases—feet first. The accepted uniform being firemen's shirts and long trousers without padding, they did it but gingerly. The batsmen learned that a steady series of short hits paid better in the long run than a perpetual attempt at home runs. "Muffin" is a piece of baseball slang of that time, now lost to the language; its meaning stood half-way between "lemon" and "dub." And "muffin hitters" they termed those who knew nothing but to slug. The basemen learned that they could cover more territory by playing a little off the sack. Harry Chadwick, called, a little fulsomely, "The Father of Baseball," began to write the game for the sporting papers.

By the late fifties, baseball was spreading out from New York. E. G. Saltzman, a member of the Knickerbockers, moved to Boston and took the game with him. The Tri-Mountains of Boston had just organized themselves to play the old Massachusetts game on the Common. Saltzman came among them with his own game. The boys saw New York baseball in action—"and there was nothing to it." The Boston game dwindled and died. Portland formed a club in 1858. Buffalo and Rochester caught the fever. The Chicago boys had played townball—which they called *(Continued on page 32)*



Site of the old Murray Hill grounds, New York, to-day. It is uncertain whether the Knickerbockers played their first baseball here or on the present site of Madison Square Garden. The best authority favors the Murray Hill grounds



The World's Storm Center.—*The City of Constantinople, now in the hands of the Young Turks. Set back from the Bosphorus in a great park (at the left of the photograph) is the Yildiz Kiosk, the palace of the Sultan*

The Turk

Characteristics of the People Who Deposed Abdul Hamid II and Put His Brother on the Throne—as Seen by a Byzantine Greek

By NICHOLAS C. ADOSSIDES

THE author's father, a Byzantine Greek, was a high official under four sultans, being successively Governor of Crete, Prince of Samos, Minister of Interior, Imperial Commissioner of Rumania, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Dalmatian Provinces. Because of his liberal views he and his family were subjected by Abdul Hamid to seven years of espionage. Mr. Adossides himself, while connected with the Foreign Office, was forced to flee because of his liberal sympathies.

THE Turk is a fatalist. "Each nation has its term," says the Koran. With a mind schooled in resignation, he endures without a murmur the greatest privations, while in good fortune he is neither arrogant nor unduly elated. Proud of his race and content with his religion, he venerates the memory of his ancestors and lies becalmed at the wharfs of custom while other nations leave their ancient moorings for the unknown sea.

Endowed with a remarkable physique and of a strong constitution, the Turk is temperate, hospitable, and generous. In many places in Asia Minor, bargains and sales are made without accounts, contracts, or receipts. This could not be so if avarice were prevalent. And, as the Turk has been taught that wealth is only passing, it is not often that he will commit a crime for money.

Turks, however, are of two kinds—the Government official and the man of the people—and of these the one is the very antithesis of the other. Just as the former is false, cruel, servile, arrogant, and unjust, so is the latter simple, honorable, and hospitable. Hospitality, indeed, is the Turk's greatest virtue. Should you travel among the true Turks in Asia Minor you will find, instead of inns and hotels, a warm welcome in every house. The chief men of the village will dispute with each other for the honor of being your host, and he who has won that privilege is envied by his neighbors. If not rich enough to afford a "moussafir odassi," or guest-chamber, he will place his own room at your disposal; but wherever you may lodge you will always find in large Turkish lettters this traditional inscription: "Here is received the Stranger! In the name of God! the Compassionate! the Merciful!"

Nor are introductions necessary. Whatever your creed or condition, your rank or your country, whether Christian or Moslem, wealthy or poor, you will be lodged and entertained as long as you choose to remain. While a guest you are not only not allowed to expend a penny, but are not even permitted to offer a "tip" to the servants, for this would be considered a great insult to your host. Nor must it be supposed that this is true only of the rich or the well-to-do; it is characteristic also of the poorest peasants. They do not wait simply to receive you; they will go out to find you. In many villages a guest-chamber is kept at the public expense.

An ordinary Turkish interior is the mirror of the national character. Though the harem is usually more or less luxurious, the selamlik, or apartment for the men, is simple to bareness. Of carpets, curtains, chairs, tables, pictures, books, and bookcases, not a sign. You will see instead only a whitewashed wall, a mat on the floor, one or two divans, and a frame holding a verse of the Koran, letters of gold on a ground of blue or vermilion; for the Turk, having a natural dislike of furniture, loves to see a room empty and bare. All he wishes is air and light. Hence you will observe many windows, and these, moreover, are usually without blinds.

In the mansions of the great, as in those of the pa[illegible] it is [illegible]wise. Here one can find luxury in ev[illegible]orm: Damascens tables inlaid with ivory, Persian carpets, Kutahieh vases, panels of Oriental faience, and modern marvels of every description.

Should you dine with a Turk, you will observe many peculiarities, to some of which you will find it hard to accustom yourself. The host and his guests, squatted upon little mats, await the servants who, bringing a tray, place it before the company upon a low stool. On this tray, in several hollow bowls with round covers, are the viands. Forks and spoons being dispensed with, each man, stretching out his right hand, deeply scoops up, with thumb, first finger, and middle finger held together, one or two mouthfuls from each bowl. At the conclusion of the dinner the guests file out one by one, to make their ablutions at the fountain.

As a Turk always invites himself to dinner, it often happens that a guest is unknown to his host. All the better, indeed, if he be a stranger; and thus at the houses of the rich pashas one often meets a motley crowd: high functionaries of state, officers, merchants, and tradesmen.

Once at the palace of the Grand Vizier, Hatil-Rifaat Pasha, while at dinner I found myself sitting next to a charcoal-burner. He had simply asked himself to dinner. I must hasten to add that, as for myself, I had been invited by the pasha's son. You must not think that by staying to a late hour you will inconvenience your host. The latter simply sends you a night-robe, a pair of babooshes (slippers), and a brief good night; and then on a rug, stretched on the floor of the selamlik, you are expected to sleep till dawn. Often a visitor remains two or three days without informing his family where he is.

The Turk still keeps to the patriarchal form of the early ages. He is never happy except when under his own roof. There are thousands of people in Constantinople who know no other part of the city than their own immediate vicinage. Balls, concerts, and theaters are absolutely unknown. Their only two forms of public entertainment are: one the karagnes, the Turkish clowns who, accompanied by drums and cymbals, or by couplets of poetry and some wild musical air, act in booths on the street; and the popular pehlivans, or wrestlers, who are seen in squares and on the outskirts.

These are the only diversions of the common people. As for the dance, a Turk once asked me: "How is it that you Christians do the dancing yourselves when you are rich enough to get others to do it for you?"

Being a lover of light, the Turk is an early riser. Clothed in a long caftan, he leaves the harem at an early hour, and going to the selamlik (the quarters of the men) in his bare feet covered with light slippers, he remains there, hour after hour, reclining on a divan, smoking. It is thus that he prepares himself for the arduous duties of the day, which consist, as a rule, of meditating upon the "vanity of human wishes."

The higher his rank the more numerous his visitors. All who come are welcome, though the politeness of the master of the house varies according to the station of his guest. If the caller be of his own rank, the host rises to meet him, and then the two salaam interminably.

The conversation is laborious. Between grave question and weighty reply there is silence so heavy that one might expect the birth of an epic. One might imagine that he was about to hear two philosophers, so wrapped is each in a mist of profundity. But when at last they condescend to speak, one hears only time-worn platitudes, which, however, are delivered with the solemnity of a Solon. The voices, though soft and subdued, are monotonous to weariness; the conversation, usually pointless, is at its best a réchauffé of old proverbs. Nothing is ever said to surprise or to amuse; nothing, moreover, about politics, religion, philosophy, science, literature, or concerning any of the great problems which elsewhere absorb the mind of man. Instead of this you will hear little except the constant repetition of those pompous phrases which Oriental etiquette demands. "Your exalted Highness," "May your health be increased," "I am your unworthy slave," "The dust of your mighty feet"—such are the ponderous expressions one hears in a Turkish drawing-room.

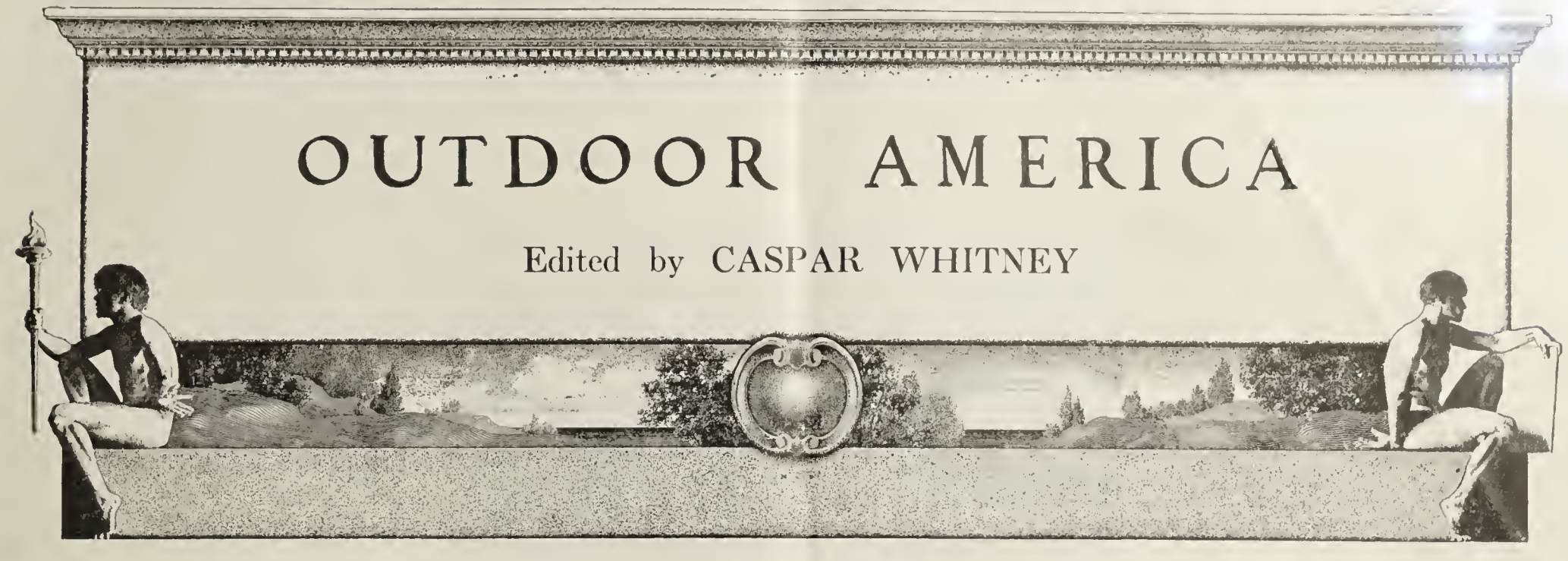
The Dogs Came Back

THE dogs of Constantinople constitute, as it were, a second population. They are everywhere a republic of vagabonds, seeming to be a mixture of dog, fox, wolf, and jackal. Of their origin little is known save that they are descendants of the dogs brought in by the suite of Mohammed II, the Conqueror, when he wrested Constantinople from the Grecks. The Turks protect them with tender care, for they rely upon them to help them, not only against the Christians, but even against the Government itself. They are the seavengers of the city, devouring every scrap of refuse, and they live always in the streets; for, as, according to the Koran, the dog is an impure animal, no Turk will allow one to enter his house. Notwithstanding this, the Turk is almost as jealous of the dogs, which are all owned collectively, as of his religion, and for this reason they have been left masters of the situation, free to multiply themselves without limit. That great reformer, the Sultan Mahmoud II, who was not troubled by scruples, once, it is true, undertook to banish them. Though he had not hesitated to exterminate the janizaries, yet, knowing the prejudices of his countrymen, he dared not kill the dogs. Accordingly he expelled the whole canine population to an island in the Sea of Marmora. To this banishment, however, the dogs were not reconciled, and they howled so dismally that the sympathizing Turks were on the point of starting an insurrection in their behalf when, by an imperial edict, the exiles were recalled. On their return they were received by the populace with demonstrations of enthusiasm, and the day was celebrated throughout the whole city.

In the streets of Constantinople, except in the Pera, Galata, and the Christian quarters, one sees neither impromptu gatherings nor drunken brawls. For the Turk is sparing of word and gesture. This grave and contemplative air does not denote a depth of thought. Far from it; it is but the cloak of unillumined dulness.

The whole philosophy of the Turk, his whole history,

(*Continued on page 30*)



OUTDOOR AMERICA

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

A Work Only Women Can Do

WOMEN ought to have some interest beyond their household—it's broadening as well as becoming. The most ravishing sight in the world is a woman with her cheeks aglow and her eyes sparkling with the spirit of contest. And when the interest is a worth-while one, she's a winner every time. Often she wastes her forces, as we men do, phantom chasing. Now if those gentle creatures who are giving mental and physical energy ('ware wrinkles, ladies!) so generously to the unraveling of psychic, sociologic, and other mental phenomena, would only organize against the wearing of wild bird plumage on their hats, what a splendid and a real practical service they would be doing a cause certain to return results for their efforts! The only way to stop the slaughter of birds for plumage is to stop the demand for their sale; and the only way to put an end to the demand for their sale is for women to refuse to buy hats trimmed with wild bird plumage.

To make plumaged-trimmed hats unfashionable—that would, indeed, be a real practical, a needed, and a magnificent achievement.

One live bird in the bush is worth three dead ones on a hat.

I suppose, as a matter of fact, it is too practical to invite that class of restless women who mostly dabble in new though convulsions and other vibrations; but if only a portion of the women would organize in such an effort, results would follow. Certainly the slaughter of birds of plumage for millinery purposes has reached a fearsome state, despite the continued and unsparing efforts of the Audubon Society. If women do not get together in such an organized effort to save the birds, the cause is doomed; for only by such a method may the birds be saved. Here is a glorious chance for some intelligent woman of kindly impulse, who lives in New York, to do a great work by organizing such a club or society. And if a group of prominent women would so organize and send out the decree, "No wild bird plumage on hats," the campaign would sweep over the country like wildfire; for the majority of women are really in sympathy with the protection of these birds, only none singly, or no town alone, dares fly in the face of fashion.

The Audubon Society has spent thousands of dollars in Florida, and lost two of its wardens by murder, in the effort to prevent the slaughter of these plumage birds; and thousands of dollars are still being spent to create a sentiment in Florida among the people themselves to save their egrets, herons, pelicans, spoonbills, and others from the market butcher, but little is accomplished, because this is not the right end of the problem. The real people to labor with are the women, for whose adornment these birds are killed. Are there not some public-spirited women who can put aside suffrage discussion long enough to unite on this question of saving the rapidly disappearing birds of plumage from our extreme Southern States?

If women will agree not to wear a hat trimmed with feathers of these Florida birds, the question of their protection instantly becomes a dead issue.

'Tis better to restrain plume-hunting than to suffragette.

Canned Baseball

THE only unhappy incident of the spring season is Yale's return to professional coaching for her baseball. The reason for doing so, as frankly stated by the captain of the team, is an extra effort "to win a baseball championship at New Haven, or to at least defeat Harvard." That's the curse of college athletics; that placing of the mere winning above all other considerations:—and the gate receipts and the professional coach are its abettors. When our college faculties and committees teach (and insist) that just as much fun and benefit and glory comes out of baseball that isn't developed to the ultimate degree of excellence, then they will evince some comprehension of undergraduate athletic-physical requirements, and we shall have play on the amateur basis of sport for sport's sake. College teams do not reach the standard of professionals, and they never will, no matter how much professional coaching they receive. It isn't that I inveigh against the professional in his own legitimate field; it is that the employment of a professional coach at once changes the spirit of the men and the atmosphere of college ball; it puts the desire to win as the sole *raison d'être* of the team's life; it introduces unsportsmanly tricks—and it establishes no sporting traditions for the university. Yale can hardly be criticized for returning to professional coaching, since her chief rivals also employ them, and it's asking a great deal of boys to stand steady for a principle in the face of defeat by rivals who are violating that very principle with no reprimand.

And yet without the principle the play is valueless. Believe me, young gentlemen, sticking to principle, "in spite of hell and high water," is worth more to you than mere winning of a game; sticking to principle, fighting for it, is a game—the greatest game man plays. Try it.

Some day somebody in the college world will have the nerve to step forth and fight for a principle, even if he fights the fight alone. Meanwhile, we are developing canned baseball at our colleges. If you don't believe it, watch the next Yale game and see every batter as he goes to the plate take his instructions from Lush, the professional coach. The professional coach in college baseball is destroying the initiative of the batter.

And speaking of men who fight for a principle reminds me of the George A. Adee boat-house, for which Julian Curtiss is endeavoring to raise money. His appeal ought to secure ready response from every Yale man. This is more than a boat-house; it is a memorial to George A. Adee, than whom no man did more for Yale, and who had the principle and the courage to fight for a worthy object, regardless of cost.

Broaden Out

GOLFING circles seem to be agog over the time-honored question of government without representation. The Western golfers want a fairly representative voice in the legislation of the United States Golf Association, and, in my opinion, they are quite right. If an organization pretends to national government, it must have national representation among its legislators. No sectional body can rightfully aspire to national influence. As my acquaintance goes among Western golfers, this desire is no mere insurgent movement; there is a deep feeling that the present association should reorganize on wider and more fairly representative lines. As a matter of fact, it seems to me it would be an excellent idea for the United States Golf Association either to broaden its lines according to the need or join with the Western Golf Association in organizing an American Golf Association. The Atlantic Coast isn't the whole country; often we of the East forget that.

Turning to the Open

IT SEEMS to me that the failure of the recent six days' go-as-you-please pedestrian match in the Madison Square Garden, coming immediately after the remarkably popular successes of the Automobile, Sportsman's, and the Motor Boat shows, is a most significant demonstration of the turning of the popular mind to the open and to healthier activities. There was a time some years ago, I remember, when the six-day pedestrian matches set the town afire and crowded the old Garden. But people have been getting into the fields and the woods since those days, and I think the frost which visited the recent six-day match is about as concrete evidence of the new trend as has come under my notice. When you consider that as many as ten thousand people visited the Motor Boat Show in a single night, you realize that this country movement is not all on paper, nor even the fond speculation of the editor.

Pocket-book Sentiment

EVEN from the viewpoint of the idealist, there is virtue in the commercial spirit which some affect to look upon with contempt; at least it leaves open a vulnerable point of attack.

One touch of pocket makes the whole world kin.

Last year, when devouring hosts of the gipsy moth were ravaging New England, the pleadings of the—"sentimentalists," shall I say?—for protection of the insectivorous birds fell upon ears deaf to argument based on economic grounds, and thousands of dollars were spent without avail in efforts of one kind and another, scientific and otherwise, to stay the devastating army. The loss to those regions where the gipsy and the brown-tailed destroyers made their way is reckoned by the millions of dollars. And now, finally, some precocious legislator has bethought him to try Nature's remedy, which the "sentimentalists" have been imploring him to recognize. New York is the first in the field with a bill not only to protect insectivorous birds, but to recruit an additional force of them. From the cross-roads' grocery-store on through the ranks of the milkman, the baker, and even the peregrinating and intensely practical-minded butcher, has the virtue of bird protection manifested itself in town and country through study of the 1908 profit and loss account left by the retreating moth. And thus it comes to pass that when "little Willie" this spring exhibits to "pa" the robin he has slung-shotted to death he will be surprised to receive a warm smack—you know where, son—instead of the indifference or the amused half-interest "pa" has hitherto accorded his like predatory excursions.

Could a more convincing illustration of the practical value of bird protection be placed before you? Take a leaf from the experience of New England with its ravished foliage, you doubting residents of the West and the South. The certain way to insure yourself against insect invasion is to employ bird defenders, and if you would be guaranteed such defenders, you must protect them—and now. That is only *quid pro quo*, isn't it, and entirely fair? And these defending bird regiments are composed of robins, woodpeckers, orioles, grosbeaks, and all other kind that prey upon insects.

The Francis bill, recently introduced into New York, marks a notable and a new era of enlightenment, because it asks for the protection of these birds "in the interest of commerce." Do you hear that, you tried friends of bird protection?—"in the interest of commerce"—and you may be sure there is no sentiment above the pocket in the New York Legislature. By the light of this action in New York, the conspiracy disclosed during the last session of Congress among Representatives Mondell of Wyoming, Macon of Arkansas, Bartlett of Georgia, and Foster of Vermont to defeat an appropriation for the protection of water fowl on two reservations in North Dakota which Mr. Roosevelt had set aside, becomes rather an interesting example of both ignorance and selfishness.

What Washington needs, it seems to me, is an information bureau for the enlightenment of the "people's choice."

Cut Out the Graft

I NOTE with pleasure that the several erstwhile warring automobile associations have settled their differences and agreed upon a reorganization to control racing. It is quite right the automobile manufacturers should have an important, if not a controlling voice in such government, because it is the racing and the endurance tests which mark the progress of the American manufacturer's product. While offering my congratulations, I wish also to add that if the manufacturers would get together and stop the graft of the dealers in sundries, of the garage shops, and of the chauffeurs they would do as much for the sale of their machine as, through the racing agreement, they have done for its trying out. At present the owner of an automobile is buncoed and robbed from the moment he installs a chauffeur and his car enters the garage. It is the supply shops who seduce the chauffeur, and the manufacturers can stop the temptations which are used to his undoing, in the way of commissions, etc., quite as easily as they have handled the racing situation, and with much credit to themselves.

Marathon Mania

IF THE Marathon craze continues we shall have to inoculate the A. A. U. with an English bacillus. As usual, we are running the thing into the ground. What is at best a "freak" event, only justified on sentimental grounds at Olympic games, for instance, has been made an every-day amusement. No boy under eighteen should be permitted to enter one of these races, and not then unless he has undergone a physical examination. To allow schoolboys to enter these long-distance races is criminal.

Racquets

IT WAS Young Lochinvar (Harold F.) McCormick who came out of the West this year to carry off the Racquet Championship and the Tuxedo Gold Cup. Eastern experts have played better than [illegible] showed; but that is not saying they can beat McCormick. Harold

Baseball from the Bleachers

Sidelights on the Diamond

By AN EX-YALE CAPTAIN

YOU are a man—or, maybe, a boy—on the bleacher of the baseball field who is a novice in the sport. If so, sit with some critic of the game to catch—on the fly—from his lips those nicer points of the game that come in too slowly from the written word. You are, *per contra*, a veteran of the game. If so, you may even give points to the critic who writes. But much more likely you are a kind of middleman of the bleacher and typical of that great mass of spectators, young and old, who see the game in a kind of landscape view, unwitting of subtle detail, watching for its dramatics rather than for its nicer factors, appreciative enough of the long hit and brilliant catch, but with utter vacuity of eye for team play, taking in the sport as a composite whole rather than by analysis. For such a bleacher man, mainly, these words are penned, that in his sight the inner beauties of the sport may blend with outward pleasures and make both intensive.

You have seen both professional and college nines on the field, perhaps one pitted against the other! Mark, at the outset, one of the basic differences of play which, in nine cases out of ten, gives the professionals the leading score. It is not merely harder hitting and more precise field play, but a difference of action rooted in experience. The college player is not only nervous, but he never knows exactly what to do. He plays a little too far in or a little too far out. Once in three or four times at the bat he "bunts" when he should strike or the reverse. The pitcher, nowadays overmuch the king-pin of the field, on the college nine rarely studies his man at the bat; and at a critical point a little flaw of team play lets in a couple of runs and "rattles" the nine. How different the whole action and playing form of the professional! His long habit of play has crystallized into a quick instinct. He does the right thing and at the right time and place without having to think what the right thing is, and he does it instantly, gaining that foot or two of distance which the amateur loses in his half-second of thinking. In the psychology of the game it is a case of automatic impulse *versus* slower reason; and in the scientific baseball game of to-day, made up of an aggregate of small things, it is the former, the trained intuition, that wins. This fundamental variance between amateur and professional applies in almost equal terms alike to the individual and to team play.

Next take up briefly and in their order the positions of the players, though here only a few pointers out of many are cited: There is, first, the catcher. He may otherwise be skilled, but falls to the second class if he lacks either one of two traits—stopping the wild ball and making the quick, accurate throw to second base. To compass these he must be what we may call "the straight line" catcher, who, firm on foot, wastes no motion, whose limbs and whole body act mechanically along those straight lines which economize space and distance. In the pitcher, with his other qualities, good or bad, whatever they may be, watch for two bed-rock traits—variety, plus degree of curve, and control of the ball. The radical test of the first baseman is his handling, as against the swift runner, the slow ball dribbled between himself and pitcher, and—a point constantly overlooked—the quickness with which, when the runner is at his base, he retakes his proper fielding position after the delivery of the ball by pitcher. Second baseman and shortstop may be bracketed in two essential tests, the sharp fielding of slow balls and the running catch of the ball thrown to second base by catcher. The third baseman, holding perhaps the hardest position on the nine, is measured best by his fielding of slow balls—including the bunt—and the pace and accuracy with which he delivers it to first base. And, finally, the three outfielders have their two essentials, the long throw home on the first bound and "marking down" the fly ball. Of the two the last is first. The crack outfielder judges the drop of the ball just before the apex of the curve. He never staggers, twists, or hesitates. The ball may fly overhead for a home run, but even then he has pointed straight for its drop as well as in his running catch. Next to the catcher, the crack outfielder symbolizes that "straight-line" principle which is a keynote of baseball efficiency.

Allurements of the Game

TURN from such vital technique to the broader allurements of the game! For just an instant, when the long sky hit is made, forget whether or not the outfielder is to capture it in your study of the beauty of its curve and its curved variants—for no sky hit or line hit or any other hit has ever been like any other. The ball hit just a little above its center drops sharply; hit a little below it falls slowly; hit a little sidewise and on the quarter it has the picturesque "hook" at its fall which so often tricks the green fielder. Nine men out of ten on the bleacher, after their first glance at the sky ball, instead of following it, drop the eye to the fielder and miss the prime beauties of the hit itself with its graces—[illegible] of curve! Better seen, yet seldom justly appreciated, is the charm of the throw which, for example, made by the good third baseman well in territory beyond his bag, delivers the ball like a bullet to first base so evenly that its curve is all but invisible to the eye. Such a ball hardly rises after it leaves the hand. It may catch the swift runner or it may not, but the charm of the throw itself is there. In vulgar baseball esteem the long hit outclasses such a fine line throw and draws the cheers of bleacher and grand stand, yet the hit may be but accidental, while the perfect line throw betokens always intrinsic and normal merit.



"Ay—you McCarthy—Run!"

The Bleacher Critic

AND in a still broader and more general way it is for a habit of just such an equitable measure of merit and demerit in the plays that the young critic of the bleacher should strive. Such a habit is the index of his sportsmanlike spirit—and in other things than baseball. He sees, for example, the difference between the player's error of judgment and his error of execution. He has severe judgment for the one, charity for the other. He holds that the mental error far outranks in bad eminence the mechanical error—that the player who uncovers his base at the wrong time or fails to "back up" his mate is far more culpable than is he who fumbles a grounder or misses an easy fly—for the best of fielders must now and then slip in his play as a handcraft. It is the same spirit of sporting justice which looks behind the noise of the partizan bleacher; gives the presumption of right to the ruling of the umpire; cherishes the amateur temper; sets recreation before winning; and marks down with abiding personal stigma the tricky player who obstructs an opponent or cuts a base in his run. The critic who is also the true sportsman often indeed must also be a partizan in feeling and sympathies. But his is a partizanship which is ever in abeyance both to fair play and to honest judgment.

Would you view the game in yet wider aspects and from the more esthetic viewpoint? Not much of poetry of scene, one would say offhand, pertains to the big league game of the great city. Its background of murky building and its skyline, broken only by the angles of street and roof, are not the elements of an artistic perspective. But it has its natural charms all the same and accented by contrast. It has its carpet of greensward, refreshing to the city dweller's eye. Its mere openness and horizon have a stimulating breadth and breeziness compared with the pent-up cañons of the skyscraper. There are over it the real clouds, and, even though dimmed by the city's smoke, there are genuine cloud shadows which float over the field. And, finally but not least, there is the dignity and intensity of multitude, that subtle but strong current of "human interest" which any great gathering centered on the rivalry of men awakens. Those long lines of faces gleaming in the sun seem indeed a single great organism when stirred by an exciting play. Or is the game a match of country nines on the rural sward? Pause for a while between innings to study the background of the field, its edgings of waving tree-top and distant hill, its cloudlands of the sky. And then, last, but best, there is that baseball climacteric, the great college game, when to nature's setting is added the noise-spectacle and academic color schemes expressed in badge and banner.

Yet again there are technical side lights of the game in minor flashes. Do you wish to study it racially? Look over the surnames on the score-card and note how many of them are of foreign extraction as distinguished from the pure Anglo-Saxon and native breed—and, especially, how the Hibernian strain persists in baseball as it does in urban politics. Do you wish to analyze and measure certain factors of the sport? Keep, for an example, on a separate score-card the figures for "bases on balls" with the runs directly resulting and, after, say, twenty games, ratio such runs to the total. In college games, at least, the outcome will usually be found surprising as an index of wild pitching and its deadly sequels—only less deadly because the base on balls of one side is apt to offset that of the other. It is even more interesting to keep a score based rigidly upon your own private judgment and later compare it with the score official and published.

But on the ball field there are back lights as well as side lights. The veteran of the diamond has his far-away looks as well as present vision. He can suggest to the young critic points of the game, enlarge his technique, urge his high ideals, impart a bit of fresh judgment, and maybe clarify his atmosphere of the game, and hint at its qualities, artistic or scenic. But he can not impart the memories that at each new match light up before the old ball player's eye. Again he sees the old sunlit diamonds, the frontal line of crowded bleacher and stand, and, as through mist, the familiar forms of old mates of the field. Whither have they gone?

What You Can't Buy

Melons from Your Own Garden

By JULIAN BURROUGHS

SOME morning in May when you go out to the garden, a wren, the first you have seen since last summer, will dart along the ground, flying to a fence-post top, and gaily begin to sing. In the North this always marks the beginning of the time for summer gardening, the time for planting or transplanting the fruits and vegetables that can not resist frost—the lima beans, the main corn crop, the melons, cucumbers, and so on. Among these, let us give the muskmelon first place. Though you may buy as good corn or beans as you can grow, you can not buy a really good muskmelon. We have tried to buy them, getting from all sources, from the country pedler to the wholesale commission-houses of the big cities, without ever getting anything that could compare with those I grow in my own garden. Aside from the expense of buying melons, which is considerable if you have what you really want to eat, the joy of the triumph of growing them yourself is worth much.

Three things are necessary for an abundance of sweet and aromatic melons: first, a foliage that is healthy; second, a properly prepared soil; third, a more or less sheltered and sunny location. Besides, the melon itself must be picked at the right time. Though second in importance, the requirement of soil must come first in point of operations. I have tried both making hills, with much labor and time, and just planting the seed anyway as you would beets or corn, and I find that the first way pays. The commercial growers plow open a big furrow, which they fill partly with manure, ground bone, cotton-seed meal, etc. In the garden the plow can not be used at this time of year—or but seldom—and hand-work is necessary. I get best results by marking off the places for the hills, and then, with a shovel, digging a good-sized hole down into the yellow subsoil, filling this hole half-full of well-rotted stable manure, then the remainder with the top soil mixed with hen manure, fertilizer, and wood ashes. Where the soil is sandy the problem is much easier; where it is heavy or clayey some sand, muck, or sifted coal ashes must be used to lighten and warm it. Where manure can not be had, sod, mixed or sprinkled with a commercial fertilizer rich in nitrogen or ammonia, should be put in the bottom of the hill. A complete commercial fertilizer can take the place of everything else unless the soil is sour, in which case plenty of wood ashes or lime is necessary. Also it is absolutely necessary to lighten a heavy soil. Where manure is used, especially hen manure, the commercial fertilizer should be rich in phosphoric acid and potash, otherwise the melons may run too much to vine and lack sweetness. Good hardwood ashes are often difficult to get; they are ideal for making sweet melons, however.

Be Generous with the Water

WHERE one is so fortunate as to have water, some provision should be made for watering at the time of making the hills. This will prevent trampling or dragging hose and baking or puddling the top of the ground later on in the drought. This year I hope to have time to rig up some old leader-pipe, or, at least, to make a wooden trough with a gate at each hill. Under this I will make a hole filled with loose manure, into which the water can pour, and so seep away slowly without loss or caking the ground. If you water at all, put on abundance. A little water, like learning, is dangerous. If a building stands near the garden, the water from its eaves could be run in the end of the melon trough, thus getting some good from those light showers that so often wet the top of the ground without reaching the roots of the plants. This water would be warm and have those subtle virtues of rain-water which well or spring water seem to lack. Of course a gate should be so placed that heavy rains can be shut off.

When the soil is thus properly prepared and fertilized, it is only necessary to guard against blight and insects

to have healthy foliage, the prime requisite for sweet melons. For the first of these use Bordeaux mixture. Be sure to have plenty of good lime in the mixture, keep it constantly shaken up or stirred while using, or the lime may quickly settle and so burn the leaves with the part that lacks it, and try to get it on the under side of the foliage. Spray early, as soon as the vines begin to run nicely, and follow it up at least every two weeks, covering them "head and ears," as the hired man says, every time. This is not only the best blight remedy, but it helps to make life unbearable for the insects that cluster about the melon hill.

Get After Insects Early

OF THE many insect enemies of muskmelons, a volume might be written, so many are the remedies or, rather, preventives for them. On one point all agree: they must be forestalled in time. I have found that it is really a simple matter to defeat the half-dozen or so bugs that eat melons provided I got into the game with the kick-off. Like a fire that is easily snuffed out at the start, once under way it is beyond control. First come the yellow and black cucumber beetles that sit round on the hills waiting for the melons to come up, then the "Johnny-jumpers," then the aphides or black plant-lice, then the wireworms, cutworms, and squash-bugs. Seldom are all these creatures troublesome in one locality. If possible, let a flock of hens scratch over the garden in spring before planting. Later, several broods of little chickens, with the mother hen securely cooped up, are a great help in the melon-patch. The next best thing is hand-frames of boards and glass, or simply two half barrel-hoops covered with cheese-cloth; these both protect the young plants from the cold nights as well as insect pests. When the vines begin to run, remove these little shelters and put them away for next year. Failing or lacking these, plant a great many seed, with radish seed mixed with the melons and squash trap-vines near by. Then dust with insect powder, black death, bug death, etc., while the dew is on. Put moth-balls, tobacco stems, lime sprinkled with turpentine, whichever is at hand, about the vines, especially where they come out of the ground. This last is to keep the beetle from going down to lay her eggs on the roots. It will also keep wire and cut worms away. The squash trap-vines will collect most of the bugs, where they can be killed with kerosene or Paris green. Watch for the appearance of the aphides or black plant-lice, and pick them off as fast as they come. This is important, and unless it is done the lice will spread with incredible rapidity, whereupon it will be necessary to pull up the vines, sadly vowing to do better next year, or else spray with kerosene emulsion or fumigate with tobacco dust under a cover or tent of paper put over each hill in turn. Wherever you see a leaf curling, look on the under side and destroy all eggs found there. Kill all wire and cut worms found in the soil when making the hills. Boards or shingles lain on the ground so that there is a slight space under them will collect most of the bugs at night, where they can be killed.

Melons and Ripe Melons

IN PICKING the melons, wait until they crack loose from the stem—they should drop off at a touch. Then put them at once in a cool place.

After trying every kind of melon, I have settled down to the Emerald Gem. This melon is not grown for market because it is not hard and tough enough to stand shipping. I may add that the trouble with melons in market is either from picking them while green—never buy a muskmelon with the stem hanging to it or one which looks as if the stem had been cut or pulled off instead of ripening loose or from blight-struck foliage. Squash and cucumbers planted near have no effect on the flavor of melons. Have your ground sweet and your vines green; let the melons ripen on the vine and they will be heavy for their size, aromatic, juicy, and delicious; or, in the words of the seed-catalogue man, "melting and luscious." Further, in trying other or newer varieties, remember that the heavily ribbed melons are apt to split open in wet seasons and that, as a rule, the larger kinds are both less prolific and harder to ripen in our short summers.

The melon-patch should have the sunniest place, free from any noontime shade of trees or buildings. A hedge or fence on the north is good.

When possible, it is a good plan to start the melons in paper boxes, paper-lined quart cups, pots, etc., in a hot-bed, greenhouse, or sunny window. Set them in the open ground about May 15, planning to hit the beginning of a warm spell, if possible. I was able to make some hand-frames of old boxes and photo plates from which the films had been removed. Cheese-cloth can take the place of the glass, or oiled muslin, to keep off the early cold rains. By such methods two [illegible] gained.

And what a satisfaction it is to have really sweet, delicious muskmelons! Not once in a while one, but a whole trayful at a time, cold from the ice-box—before breakfast, at dinner, between times, four or five to each person, so plentiful and good that eating them is "like the finish of a tub race."

New Whale Discoveries

The Highest Peak on Earth

By CYRUS C. ADAMS

IF WE had visited the extreme south Atlantic in its summer just ended, we might have observed remarkable activity on the island of South Georgia. Most of the world does not yet know that the whaleries on the edge of the Antarctic Ocean, dead for a century or more, have had a wonderful revival; and South Georgia, one hundred and thirty miles long, with its backbone of high mountains and its deep bays and fiords, is revealed, even before it comes into view, by clouds of black smoke rising from huge kettles in which whale oil is extracted from blubber.

Five hundred men are living there in the summer, stripping blubber from whales that are towed to the island, trying out the oil, and running boarding-houses, bakeries, and laundries. About twenty vessels are now engaged in the industry, and the eager quest for wealth threatens, in a few years, to deplete the new-found whalery, just as the whaling grounds of the Arctic have been nearly ruined by overfishing.

Captain Larsen Finds Whales

THESE new enterprises in the lonely waters of the far south originated by a Norwegian and four Dundee whaling vessels being sent in 1892 to discover if, in that region, the prosperity of the whaling industry might not be revived. East, west, and south they cruised all summer over the comparatively shallow waters of the southern sea, but they met few whales, and these were not of commercial varieties. The Dundee vessels went home empty-handed, and the prize which Captain Larsen, the Norwegian skipper, took home brought no joy to his employers. In his quest he sailed far south to West Antarctica and skirted for many miles a coast that no one had seen before. His discoveries along the shores of Graham Land brought him one of the honors of the Royal Geographical Society; but not a drop of whale oil rewarded the men who had paid for the expedition.

Every one thought these investigations settled the question of the supposed southern whaleries and that it would be futile to look farther. So it happened, ten years later, when Larsen commanded the steamer *Antarctic*, which took the Nordenskjöld party to Graham Land in 1903, that he had no idea of keeping an eye out for whales. He was to land the explorers and then cruise north for the purpose of making oceanographical researches till time to return for Nordenskjöld. It was while the scientific men on his ship were engaged in their labors that Larsen suddenly began to take notes of his own. As he crossed the waters far and wide around South Georgia, he found he was in a region teeming with whales. Here was plenty of the food on which whales thrive, and in this shallow sea, on the southern edge of Atlantic depths, whales had found a refuge where the hunter never came and the leviathan might breed in peace. South Georgia, far from the ocean highways, has been nearly as isolated as any polar land.

The old whaling captain did not tell all he knew, and his comrades had time to forget much they had learned in the terrible days that followed; for while steaming southward to find the explorers and take them home, the *Antarctic* was crushed in the ice off the east coast of West Antarctica, and the large party, reaching an island, nearly perished in the months before rescued in summer. Explorers and castaways were taken to Buenos Ayres by an Argentine relief vessel, and there Larsen told what he had discovered and became a member of a company organized to carry on whaling in the waters around South Georgia.

Height of Mount Everest

THOUSANDS of barrels of whale oil are now landed at Buenos Ayres every season. Two Dundee companies are already engaged in the South Georgia industry and two more were organized last fall and are equipping vessels for the next season. The largest center of the whaling interest is now in waters bordering the Antarctic; and the curious fact is that the ships sent out by two nations to find whales in the far south had their trouble for their pains, while explorers who had no thought of this great sea industry dropped accidentally upon rich whaling grounds.

The near departure of the Duke of Abruzzi for the Himalayas gives new interest to the fact that Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is now found to be higher than the figures heretofore assigned to it. It is over fifty years since the height given to this eminence was fixed at 29,002 feet. Many have thought it ridiculous to tack on those two final feet over the even thousands, but the facts show that it was proper to do so. While the Indian Government was making its surveys within sight of the great mountain it took six trigonometrical measurements to the highest point of Everest from six different stations, and the mean of these values gave the height of 29,002 feet. Recently six other determinations of its height have been made at five stations, all but one of which are nearer the mountain than any of the earlier stations. The average of these latest determinations give a mean value of 29,141 feet, which is nearer the truth than the figures so long accepted. The survey reports that the mountain is undoubtedly of this height and probably higher, for there are still sources of error which can not be eliminated till problems of refraction and of deviation of gravity are more satisfactorily solved. It is intended to keep the old figure of the height on the maps of the survey until the very best determination is made by more accurate means than are now available.

Argentina's Skyscraper

IT WAS long thought that a mountain might yet be discovered on the Tibetan side of the Himalayas which would overtop Everest, but this idea is no longer tenable, for the entire range of high summits has now been seen from the northern side, and there is nothing in view that is comparable in height with the peak that has so long been reputed to hold its head higher than any other in the world. No doubt now remains that Everest will continue to bear the palm.

The difficulty of ascertaining the exact height of mountains is well illustrated by this latest report of the Indian Survey. Mount Aconcagua, in Argentina, is believed to be the crowning summit of the western world, but there are still plenty of unmeasured high peaks in the Andes, and Aconcagua may yet be compelled to take second or third place. The latest determination of its height was made by Mr. Schrader, the French geographer. His work gives a value of 22,812 feet, which is 56 feet lower than the results obtained by any of his predecessors.



"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea"



Inspecting her young



An error in identification



First step in the confidence game

"Little Brothers of the Air"

Winning a Bird's Confidence

By CLINTON G. ABBOTT

Photographs by the Author

TO THE average person birds suggest themselves as the retiring inhabitants of tall trees or unfrequented fields. Occasionally they please the eye with a glimpse of brilliant plumage; more often they are the unseen source of delightful music; but, beyond this, they are regarded by most people as timid and elusive beings, suspicious of man and all his contrivances.

On the other hand, there are the fortunate few who, by their more intimate communion with wild nature, are enabled to enter into closer acquaintance with the birds—to make real friends of them, so to speak. For them, birds exist not merely as animated fluff and feathers, but as individual entities, each with its own characteristics and peculiarities—"little brothers of the air," one sympathetic writer has expressed it.

Blessed with an inborn love of birds, it has ever been my delight to follow them in their wild haunts, and my trips afield have led me into many an out-of-the-way spot; but no more interesting experience have I enjoyed than the close friendship I was able to strike up one summer with a family of field sparrows at Montclair, New Jersey. The field sparrow, as its name indicates, is a bird of the open country. It loves scrubby and overgrown pastures, but never makes its home close to the residences of men, and hence is less accustomed to association with human beings than many other kinds of birds. My first advances were certainly not indicative of much success, for the birds would fly from the neighborhood of their nest almost as soon as I appeared above the horizon. However, I made it a point to visit them frequently, at the same time gradually cutting for myself a little pathway into the clump of bay bushes, amid which the nest was situated. After a while, from scolding at a distance, the birds came to waiting close at hand, and soon the female merely slipped from her nest at my approach, returning to it as soon as I retired. Already they seemed to be learning that I intended them no harm. This was the opportunity to bring the camera into play, and, by stealing up to the nest just before dusk, I was able to secure a photograph of the brooding bird. Apart from the general subject, the picture I obtained was interesting in showing the ruffled condition of the field sparrow's plumage. In the popular conception, all birds are sleek and neat creatures, with never a feather misplaced; but the camera has here revealed to us that even in the bird world the careworn housewife occasionally permits herself to lapse into untidiness of dress.

When the time came for the little ones to be hatched, I was still allowed within the sacred precincts. I must by this time have come to be regarded almost as a family friend, for I was permitted to stand close by and to watch just how bird babies should be properly reared. I followed the process with interest from the time that the naked and blind nestlings could assimilate only regurgitated and macerated food, until, fully feathered, they were able to rise with shouts of delight to greet the full-sized grubs and caterpillars that were thrust into their gaping craws. Incidentally I was able myself to be of some slight assistance in the field sparrows' domestic economy, both by occasionally feeding the young birds and chiefly by shielding them from the heat of the sun's direct rays, to which the little pruning necessary for photography had exposed the nest during certain hours of the day. For this purpose I held an improvised screen over the nest, under the cooling shadow of which the faithful mother soon learned to come unhesitatingly. The male bird, however, was much more wary, and spent most of his time uttering his note of anxiety—the monotonous monosyllable *chip*—at the average rate (by actual count) of forty-five times a minute! Now and again he would seem suddenly to awaken to his duty as father and husband, and disappear in an industrious search for food, returning in a short time with a luscious grub in his bill. Much more lengthy *chipping* would ensue, at the end of which, unable to resist the temptation longer, he would invariably swallow the grub himself, vigorously wipe his bill on a twig, and start off in search of more! Not once did he ever go to the nest while I was standing near. The female bird, on the contrary, came and went with the utmost freedom. She even had a habit, after she had fed the youngsters and attended to the sanitary conditions of the nest, of lingering over her babies, almost as though gazing upon them in love and admiration.

As soon as the little fellows were old enough I removed them from their nest and placed them on a convenient branch, near which the camera was arranged in focus. At once they set up the periodic chirp which nature has provided as a sort of automatic annunciator of the whereabouts of young birds that are out of their nest. The parents, attracted by the sound, soon appeared and were evidently astonished at the early peregrination of their precocious offspring. In fact, at first they were quite unable to comprehend the situation, and frequently returned, by force of habit, to the empty nest. In the mean time the youngsters, so long unvisited, became drowsy and dozed on their perch. Occasionally they would wake up with one accord, and each evidently mistaking his brother for a parent arriving with food, the most ludicrous strainings and *chee-cheeings* would result, which only subsided with sheer exhaustion.

Getting Acquainted with the Camera

FOR the old birds, however, it was no dozing time. With marked solicitude they fretted about the spot, and, having definitely located their babies, they tried to pluck up courage enough to deliver the food they carried. But, faced by so many new conditions at once, it was plainly a difficult problem for them to accommodate themselves to the circumstances. Not only did they miss the friendly shelter of the bay bush, but the very camera itself, now standing tall and gaunt in the open, was to their timid minds doubtless twice as awe-inspiring as before—a veritable three-legged Cyclops! Strangely enough, it was the father bird who was the first to muster strength of mind enough to settle on the branch with his children—and I snapped him. The picture I secured well illustrates his uneasiness at the time. His eye is large and startled-looking, his body is attenuated and his feathers depressed, as he stretches forward in his haste to feed one of the babies and be off again in a twinkling. Nevertheless, his admirable show of courage evidently had the effect of shaming his naturally bolder wife into action, and upon observing the safe return of her gallant spouse, she made up for lost time by feeding her young four or five times in quick succession. I was thus able to obtain several more photographs before sundown, at the same time making it a point to render my own person gradually more and more conspicuous. When I put the patient babies back to bed I felt well satisfied with the progress of my wild-bird taming, and left the place with great visions of what might be accomplished on the morrow.

Alas! The day following broke overcast and gloomy. Instantaneous photography was out of the question. But that I might not lose the ground I had gained, I spent much time with my little sparrow friends, accustoming them still more to my presence and addressing to them gentle words of reassurance, as I had from the start. Would the youngsters remain in the nest still another day?

Difficulties of the Bird-Photographer

YES, there they were when the next morning's sun found me early at the nest-side; though already they were standing on the rim of their home, and stretching their tiny wings in contemplation of a real start into the broad world. My plan of action was quickly completed: crouching unseen among the bushes near the nest, I extended my hand into the sunlight and placed the baby field sparrows on it; in my fingers I held a convenient twig for the parent to alight upon. The camera was focussed on my hand with the aid of a nine-year-old lad, who then withdrew into hiding. His duty thereafter was to appear at my call and replace upon my hand, without disturbing the focus, such of the youngsters as should take into its head to launch forth from its artificial perch. For the little fellows' wings were already well developed, and at first they did not at all relish the narrow limit placed upon their activity. But after many a tumble they became more contented, and then for me it was simply a case of wait. Motionless as a log of wood, I crouched in my hiding-place, one hand held aloft supporting its living load, the other in readiness grasping the camera bulb. Even my cap was drawn low over my eyes, to hide what evidences of animation might unavoidably emanate from that source. For a tiresomely long period I listened to the anxious *chip-chipping* of the parent birds, and amused myself trying to distinguish the more muffled sound that was uttered through a bill full of food from the freer tone of an empty mouth. By degrees the radius of the sound became more restricted, until I could feel the vibration of the twigs against my body as the birds hopped uneasily about close at hand. Breathlessly I waited and watched through half-closed eyes while the faithful mother made her way anxiously to the edge of the bush, where, mustering all her courage, she flitted across to my twig, and presto! she was immortalized! Incidentally the children were wild with joy at the sight of their mother—and food!

The ice once broken, my opportunities for snapshots became more frequent. Cramped by my uncomfortable posture, I began to straighten myself up; my cap was thrown back from my eyes; the branches that had been arranged to conceal my body were allowed to fall away. And still the birds came. Now I felt that the time had come to attempt to accomplish the highest ambition of the bird-photographer, namely, to have a wild bird settle actually upon my hand. Placing the young sparrows farther back upon my wrist, I discarded altogether the twig I had been holding, and extended my forefinger as a prospective perch for the parent. The bird soon returned, and I was sanguine of quick success. But no sooner had her feet touched my finger than she recoiled, as though from an electric shock, leaving a mere blur on my plate, and her babies unfed. Never before, doubt-



Fast overcoming her fear of me



Mustering her courage, she came across the twig



Jumping in alarm at the touch of my finger

less, had her toes felt the contact of so warm, soft, and unnatural a perch! Fearful to venture there again, both birds now did their utmost to entice the youngsters into more agreeable surroundings. Even a few hours' growth had had its effect upon the development of their wings, and there was many a call for my boy assistant to swoop down from his place of hiding and replace a refractory fledgling upon my wrist. The old birds occasionally uttered a certain note which apparently had a particularly alluring effect upon the young—a sort of little twitter—and every time I heard it I knew that one of my little lads (or both) would soon be off! Once on the ground, it was a pretty sight to watch the mother bird try to coax her baby to a place of safety by pretending to offer food, then running a few feet, turning again, and so on till her little stratagem was interrupted by the rude hands of the truant officer!

If ever, at this time, the parent ventured to my hand, mindful of her previous fright, she would not settle on my finger, but, poising herself in the air, she would deliver the food on the wing, quite baffling, by the rapidity of her movements, the capabilities of my camera shutter. At such times the youngsters, in their eagerness to obtain the uncertain morsel, would usually overbalance themselves and fall fluttering to the ground—altogether a decidedly exasperating state of affairs as the day sped on and I had no photographs of the bird on my hand. But my stock of patience was not yet exhausted (let him who has not patience leave untried the photography of birds!) and I was destined to be rewarded. Gradually reassured by the inoffensiveness of my personality, the field sparrow at last alighted firmly upon my finger and, stepping forward, fed her young. Had a fairy settled there it could not have sent a greater tingle of delight through my veins than the patter of that little bird's feet upon my hand.

More visits soon followed, and I was particularly pleased to observe that the male was coming almost as frequently as his mate. From an attitude of evident fear, and an invariable start at the click of the shutter, my subjects increased in assurance until I felt that the climax of confidence had been reached when one of the birds, after feeding the young, calmly lingered to wipe its bill by rubbing it against my finger! Was ever victory more decisive? From a motionless, hidden figure, I had emerged into the obviousness of a kneeling man, but still my little friends retained sufficient trust to settle fearlessly upon my outstretched hand. My fondest hopes had been realized, but still half an hour of sunlight remained.

Then I conceived an idea which I thought surely would be impossible of realization, namely, of having the bird feed her young upon my very shoulder. [illegible] the boy posthaste for a chair, I seated myself in full view, placed the nestlings on my shoulder, and waited. Surely this was asking too much! The youngsters, now well-fed and becoming sleepy, were satisfied to remain where they were, and heeded not their mother's seductive appeals. Nearer and nearer she would come, and then her heart would fail her. It was really pathetic to observe this bird's mental struggle between the instincts of self-protection and of love for her offspring. Meanwhile I was anxiously watching the sun sink lower, till it rested on the tree-tops. Once behind that hill and my photographic aspirations would be doomed. Tense and motionless I sat there, my right hand clutching the bulb and ready for immediate action. Now the sun's last rays are shining through the trees; in a moment it will be too late! Suddenly my cheek is fanned by vibrating wings as my bird hovers hesitatingly above her young, then a gentle touch upon my shoulder, a click from the camera, and the conquest is achieved!

Next day the cradle was empty, my birds flown. Though I shall never see them again, they are friends of a lifetime; though free to live out their own lives, they are mine forever! What gunner can recall an expedition half so exciting in its consummation, half so satisfying in its outcome?



At last the old bird settled on my finger



Stepping forward, she fed her young



As comfortable as on the branch of a tree

The Wood-Butchers

A Concrete Example of the Nation's Problem

ERNEST RUSSELL

IT HAS been said that communities, no less than individuals, manifest their true character outwardly. Accepting this view of the matter, the little mountain-walled, yellow-and-white town of Lincoln, New Hampshire, appears to doze, comfortably conscious of innocence and purity, in the valley of the Pemigewasset. In reality, however, Lincoln is an abattoir, a slaughter-house of the spruce forests of the White Mountains. Also it is the citadel of "the Henrys."

The Henrys—that is to say, Jim Henry and his three sons—literally own the town—land, houses, stores, mills, its one hotel—everything but the Catholic church and a little flagman's shanty of a public library. Even the Boston and Maine, which its enemies will tell you "stops at nothing," stops at Lincoln, before the upraised finger of the Henrys. Beyond, as the Lincoln and East Branch Railroad, it becomes their servant. They built it. For twenty miles it twists among the Franconia Mountains, spreads like a many-toed bird's foot to the lumber camps and the "landings," is taken up here and relaid there, but, ever pushing on, it penetrates deeper and deeper into the uncut spruce. "Wherever we can lay a track," say the Henrys, "we can bring out the timber." Well, they have been doing that, in the White Mountains, for just thirty-five years—seventeen years of it in the East Branch country—and in their story, the story of the fortune they have made and the wreck that rises behind it, lies, in epitome, the genesis of a great American problem.

Somewhat apart from the closely clustered village, in a little white-painted house which overlooks the valley and faces the huge rampart of Loon Pond Mountain, lives—if you can call it that—Jim Henry. Sightless, feeble with his eighty years, relinquishing to his sons, because he must, an industry that has been the very core of his existence, he frets away his few remaining years. He looks back on a boyhood of bitter poverty, of scanty meals, and the hardest labor. He remembers yet the taunts of other lads who stepped on his bare toes, blue and cracked with the cold. "I fought an' licked 'em when I could," he says, "an' when I couldn't, I set my teeth an' said, 'You ain't agoin' to step on my toes always,' an', by God, they hain't." Now he has his millions—perhaps the Lord knows how many, the assessors don't—and that is all.

Jim Henry's instincts were the primitive instincts of the fighter—but he had brains—and he has mixed them with his fighting just as he has mixed them with his bartering and his money-making. Moreover, he has never been hampered by any consideration of generosity or obligation to his fellow man. Lumbering has been his trade, the White Mountains his field. "I never see the tree yit," he has said with a frankness and an unction that would have fairly warmed the heart of Uncle Joe Cannon, "that didn't mean a damned sight more to me goin' under the saw than it did standin' on a mountain." Desolated Nature lies in his wake, but of this he cares not. His only regret is that he can not go on bargaining shrewdly for the forests, cutting and hauling the great spruce logs, working out, to the very end, his fighting destiny.

When Jim Henry's father died in 1851 the chief item in the little estate was a timber lot in Littleton. The boy Jim—he was only nineteen then—promptly bought out the shares of the other children—on credit of course—and "logged" it himself. He cleared fifteen hundred dollars in this first operation of his life, and it must have hit him pretty hard to lose, as he did, every dollar of it in his very next venture. But "the bark had got into his hair," as they say in the lumber camps, and he went back to his work as determinedly as a "game" fighter goes to the center of the ring after a round that has gone against him. There was no hint of the "quitter" in Jim Henry of that or any other day.

If any proof be needed of Jim Henry's genius for his calling it may be found in the rare instances when he deserted it. Whenever he is found scheming in oil or in horses, disaster lies just ahead; he turns to timber and everything comes his way. Moreover he fares best when unrestrained by partnerships or agents. His shrewd, intriguing mind and tight-closed lips permitted no confidences, delegated nothing of importance to subordinates. All his life he has dominated everything and everybody that touched his own activities—and the ledgers tell the story.

A Vast Cemetery

ZEALAND VALLEY was Jim Henry's first expedition into the field of "big lumbering." He had come to Fabyans in 1874, facing hard times with insignificant capital and no credit. In seven years, and by small operations, he largely increased the one and firmly established the other. Then came Zealand. His long-range vision had foreseen the opportunity and his stubborn will had won the way to its undertaking.

In the fall of 1881—it was "Henry and VanDyke" then—Jim Henry flung himself upon the Zealand forest, the finest in the valley of the Ammonoosuc. For eleven years he ravaged it, building his mills and his railways, creeping up the valley, scaling the steep slopes and tearing from their foothold the giant spruce. Little he heeded the slash that marked his course and invited that crowning destruction of all—a big "burn." Money was all he saw, all he labored for.

But seventeen years have passed since Jim Henry hacked his way through the forest of virgin spruce which clothed not only the broad intervale of Zealand Valley but rose to the summits of the surrounding peaks. To-day, however, it is a dull-brown waste of lifeless, fire-eaten soil and stark white boulders. All about lie the great blackened stumps and tangled roots of what were once majestic trees. It is as if the contents of some vast cemetery had been unearthed in that little valley.

It is in pathetic testimony to this destruction of natural beauty and to this waste of a great national resource that Edward Everett Hale has exclaimed: "It makes a man cry to see it." With reference to the mountain named after himself Dr. Hale may well have thus expressed his sorrow. Had he, however, penetrated farther up the valley, as I did in the autumn of 1908, tears would hardly have paid sufficient tribute to the wreck. Here, on the mountainsides, the ready axes of Jim Henry's men have felled a mighty growth of primeval forest. Fires—the last was in 1903—have followed. The soil that covered the rocks and filled the interstices between has been eaten away, and the roots that bound the rocks together have lost the grip that Nature gave them. Heavy rains have fallen, and, with all retentive agencies gone, the slides—you can count a score of them in the space of a mile's walk—gash the slopes with their hideous scars. "Nature, unaided," says Dr. Thomas E. Wills of the American Forestry Association, "must work and wait a thousand years to repair the wreck wrought in this landslide region by one man and his sons in the quest for gold."

The Henrys' Invasion

EVEN as he laid waste Zealand Valley, however, the keen mind of Henry reached beyond and grasped the possibilities of the great wilderness of the East Branch. By adroit planning and the employment of every possible resource he secured a foothold of fifteen thousand acres. Later he added forty thousand more. And then in May, 1892, a troop of thirty hard-visaged horsemen and a long line of laden wagons left behind the wreck of Zealand and, at two in the morning, filed southward through the Franconia Notch to raise their tents in a little clearing near the Pemigewasset. It was the vanguard of the army of occupation. It was Jim Henry and his men invading the East Branch country. This was the beginning of the Lincoln of to-day.

When I reached Lincoln, one evening in February of the present year, and frankly declared to George Henry, Jim Henry's eldest son, my mission of investigation on behalf of OUTDOOR AMERICA, it was not without some misgivings as to my reception. Solicitous friends had prophesied trouble. "They're bulldogs—those Henrys," they said. "You'll be kicked out of Lincoln in short order." It was therefore something of a surprise, and not a little of a relief, to find myself comfortably seated in the company's office and to hear the eldest representative of the firm say in a quiet, expressionless voice: "We don't mind just criticism—it's the other kind that hurts. There's no secret about this business of ours; we own the land and the timber and we're making every dollar out of it we can. You're welcome to watch us at it and tell the people how we do it. If you'd like to go into the woods with me to-morrow and see that end of it, you're welcome." I accepted the invitation on the spot.

Next morning, at seven o'clock, as I stood beside George Henry, on a flat-car of the logging train, it was not without a considerable personal interest that I watched this rough-clad, silent man of the woods, this millionaire in the rough, as he stood there, snow-shoes in hand, watching the make-up of his train. He has had the benefit of little of what we term education, but it has been sufficient for this purpose that he was pupil to his father in a rigorous school of experience which began back in Zealand and has continued ever since. It is so with all the Henry boys, with Charles the superintendent of the mills, John, the financier, and George

the woods-boss. They have, it is true, their "walking bosses," their "superintendents," and their "foremen," but practically it is the Henrys themselves who exercise those functions. They put in their sixteen hours of vigilance each day—these millionaires—and keep it up the year round—a trinity of brains and hard work. Small wonder that, under this triple reincarnation of their father's spirit, their mills run twenty-four hours a day through good times and bad, that the forest fades before them, and that their fortune mounts ever to higher figures.

A few spasmodic coughs from the engine behind us and the long train of empty logging trucks moved northward toward the mountain wall. Ahead loomed the sharp peaks of Big Coolidge and Potash, and beyond lay Flume and Liberty.

As we turned and twisted onward I could look down to where the Pemigewasset lisped and gurgled over the boulders. It roared once—and men drove logs upon it in a bygone day. Now, one might fancy it sobbed at the transformations it had witnessed in that valley. George Henry tapped me on the shoulder. "We can't show you spruce where there isn't any," he shouted above the rattle of the cars, "but here's where some of the best of it stood." He pointed at the open valley, where the brush was coming up, sparsely, in poplar and wild cherry. "That's Black Mountain over there," he continued, indicating a great denuded ridge across the river. "It's nearer white than black now," I commented. "Well, it was black enough when *we* came here," was the rejoinder. Small need to say it. Now it was clean-shaven to its crest.

We pushed on to the "cuttings." Here it was indeed the tragic story of Zealand repeated. The snow-covered wilderness rang with the regular "chock, chock, chock," of the axes and the rasp of the big saws. Trees crashed down everywhere, were stripped of their wonderful plumes, were dragged away to the landings. It is desperately clean work that is going on in the East Branch wilderness. There was little talk—simply concentrated effort and energy, and through it all a perfectly apparent genius of direction.

I looked about me for some sign of the modern forestry idea of "culling" the reservation of young trees. There was no hint of it. Everything was coming down before those merciless axes, and the "slash"—the prelude to the fire that some day will sweep up the valley as it did over Liberty two years ago—lay in great heaps, black against the snow.

Later, I stood on the top of a car loaded high with spruce logs, outward bound. Behind me stretched the long line of cars—twenty-six of them I counted—going to the slaughter-pen at Lincoln. "Pete," I said to the French-Canadian brakeman who stood beside me, "that's pretty small stuff. I thought you had a six-inch limit up here." Pete's grimy, gnome-like face wrinkled in a grotesque smile. "Ah, tink dey hain't been no limeet," he answered; "she all mak' paper—dose log—small ones jus' lak de big ones." Twice a day—every working day in the year—those long trains of empty trucks go clanking and rattling up the valley to the landings. Twice a day they come down again, loaded as I saw them, with the pitiful remnant of a forest's beauty. Fifty million feet of spruce last year were swept into the yawning mouth of a mill that knows no rest, that grinds out paper—a million dollars' worth of it a year—and more than that value in lumber, for three men who dream only of a big cut and a big fortune.

In the paper-mill—the big saw-mill is not running now because, as Charles Henry puts it, "there's more money in paper"—I watched the logs come whirling up to the saws in endless succession. Stripped of their bark and sawed into short pieces, they went into the grinders, came out in gray, fluffy flakes, and vanished into the great, twenty-cord-capacity boilers. A bit further on it seemed something of a miracle to see the soft slushy mixture of the pulp pass from the great metal rollers and stand up-ended on the storeroom floor in huge rolls of "manila" paper. Here again was silence, and method, and effort. Here, also, was that almost tangible atmosphere of economy. "I always imagined there was considerable waste in this paper-making business," I remarked to Charles Henry as we stood where a group of three stokers were feeding seven furnaces with refuse chips and bark and sawdust. A little snort of contempt broke from the thick-set, mackinaw-jacketed man at my side. "It's something like the stockyards pig here in this mill," he answered with a grim smile; "you'll find there's nothing left but the squeal." It was as fit a characterization as could well be made.

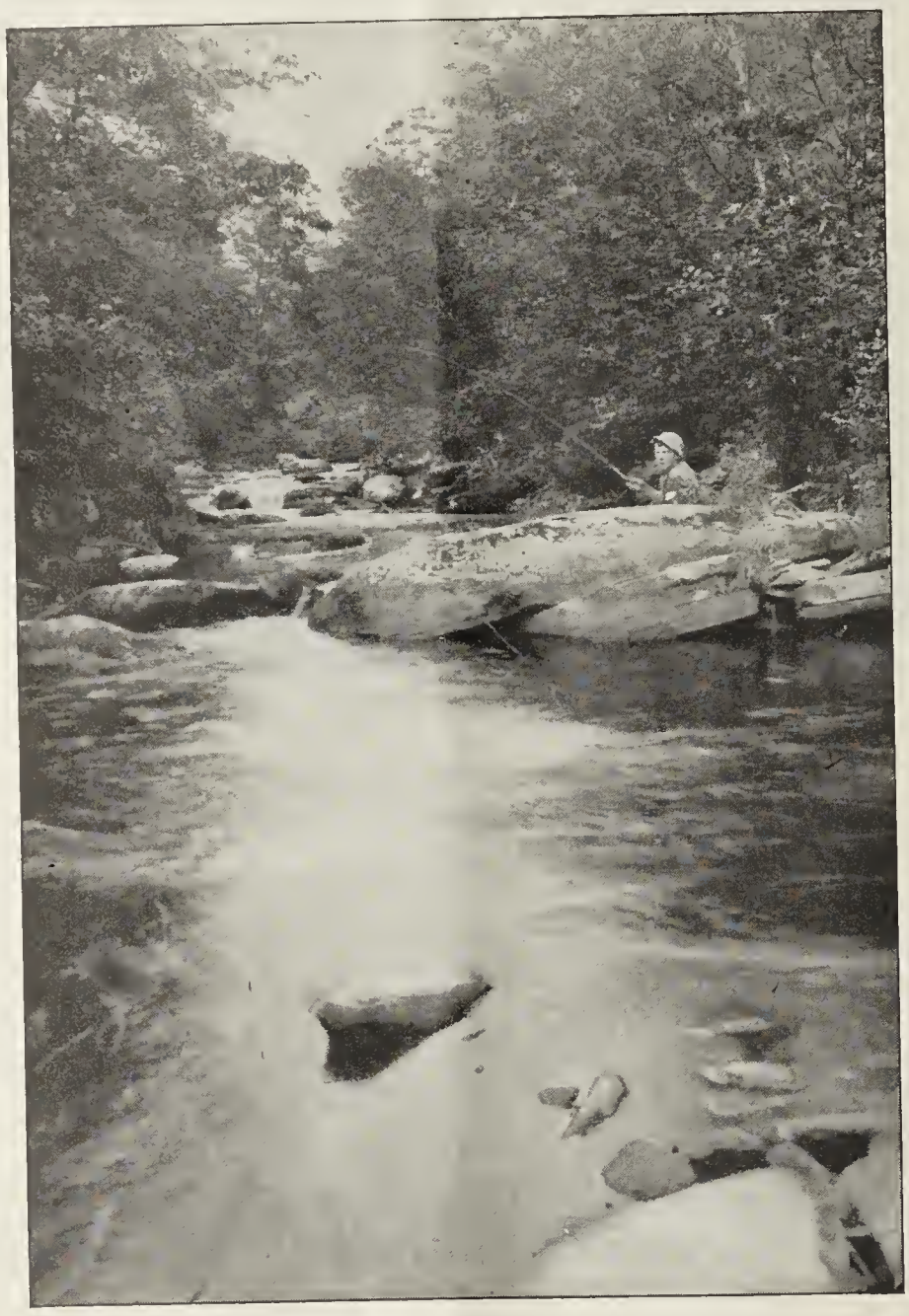
I have cited Jim Henry and his sons as examples, as type-specimens of the forest wreckers of the White Mountains. They merit that prominence by reason of the extent and character of their operations, and the spirit which has actuated them. They are big men in a bad business. But they are not criminals. They pay their men well, feed them well, deal fairly with them. In the little community dominated by their influence they are as charitable as it is possible for men to be who are more concerned with "the difficult art of getting" than with any other human activity or interest.

Wood butchers the Henrys are, beyond a doubt—Zealand and the East Branch have clinched their claim to that unsavory title—but they are not the only ones operating in the White Mountains; indeed, I doubt if they are even the worst.

Until a few years ago the finest stand of virgin spruce in New England clothed the north slope of the Presidential Range and spread almost to the summits of Mts. Jefferson and Adams and Madison. Only a small portion of it now remains. Where it stood lies a great tangle of slash and débris and the ruins of deserted lumber camps.

Seven miles west of North Woodstock, under the eastern flank of Moosilauke lies the Lost River. Here, in a little valley, the river disappears and reappears, flows through picturesque caverns, falls in beautiful cascades in the dim twilight, and in countless ways forms one of the most interesting of the natural wonders of the region. Between six and seven hundred men are at work there as I write, butchering the beautiful forest of that valley and doing the most reckless lumbering I have seen in the mountains. Do not lay this at the Henrys' door but at the door of the great paper company that sold the stumpage of that tract to a worse than ignorant contractor.

In the region about the beautiful Glen Ellis Falls, the highest cascade in the mountains, and in picturesque Carter Notch, large areas of magnificent forest have been hacked and slashed beyond the power of nature to repair it in a dozen generations.



The acme of trout fishing—May time at the old reliable pool

All of the instances of destructive lumbering cited in this brief paper have taken place within the proposed National Forest Reservation in the heart of the White Mountains. Ask who is doing it and you will be told a name, the name of a "Company," familiar enough perhaps, but as vague and inconclusive, in the impression it leaves behind as the traditionally elusive "They." There are men, however, at the head of those companies—Brown of the Berlin Mills Company, Burbank of the International, Thorne of the Publishers', might head the list—"men of affairs" indeed, with an equipment of education and manners, and even culture, beside which the ill-clothed, blunt-spoken, and unlettered sons of old Jim Henry make strange comparison. On common ground, however—the common ground and common interest of the Wood-Butcher—they shall stand when future generations shall appraise the havoe wrought in the White Mountain forests.

Whose Concern Is It?

TIMES without number, since the beginning of this great movement for forest conservation, have the senseless, age-worn inquiries been made: "Whose concern is it? Can't these men who own the land and the timber do as they like with them?" The answer is brief, but direct. It is *our* concern. We have arrived at a period of National Responsibility. The man in the gutter, throwing his money into the catch-basin, faces pauperism. The money is his—but your taxes must support him when it is gone. He is your—our—responsibility. So with the Wood-Butcher. Though you may not have to support him—he has seen well to that part of it—you will have to pay for his wastefulness. He is our responsibility, a responsibility of To-day—and To-morrow.

The Dollars and Cents Side of It

WEST of the Mississippi are a hundred and sixty million acres of the National Forest Reserves. They are more than self-sustaining; they yield an annual revenue of more than a million and a half dollars to the Government. There is none in the East; yet, in that little thirty-mile-square tract in New Hampshire, and two adjoining counties of Maine, rise the five great rivers which give New England water-power for her industries, and important aid to navigation. The forests are their safeguard.

Exit the Spruce

STILL another consideration. Standing timber in New Hampshire has increased in value more than sixty per cent in five years. That means that it is going—going fast. The value of spruce, in paper products alone—products that are national in their utility—increased in New Hampshire from one million dollars in 1890 to nine million dollars in 1905. Continue that per cent of increase until to-day. And when you consider that the spruce growth of this country is practically limited to a few New England States—New Hampshire near the head—and that it takes about one hundred and twenty-five years for spruce to reach a six-inch diameter at a three-thousand-foot level, you begin to get an idea—just a vague hint—of the economic value of the White Mountain forests, and the vital need of conserving them.

The Economic Value of Sentiment

THEN there is the "sentimentalist's" side of the matter—and this has an economic aspect also. Doesn't it mean something that seven or eight millions of dollars are invested in "summer property" in the White Mountains alone? Doesn't it mean something that more than a million people, from all over the country, visit this region annually? Doesn't it mean something that last summer over three millions of dollars were left in the White Mountains by the "sentimentalists" who were glad of the chance to pay for looking at the brave old mountains, and inhaling the odor of their forests? That great obstructionist, Uncle Joe Cannon, asserts that the whole movement for an Appalachian Forest Reserve is pure sentiment. There are too many dollar signs in the equation for that statement to appear anything less than pure, stiff-whiskered buncombe—yet, even if it were true, when, if not now, are we Americans to learn *the economic value of pure sentiment?* Let us not forget the influence of the White Mountains upon the creative genius of Emerson, Hawthorne, Saint-Gaudens, Stedman, McDowell, Cleveland, and a hundred others no less notable. Let us not ignore the stimulus to intellectual vigor and inspiration, the mental and physical regeneration, which lie nowhere more potently than in "the mountains clothed with trees!"

A Hint for Those in Washington

WHAT is to be the outcome of it all? Are the tragedies of Zealand and Lost River and King's Ravine and the East Branch to be indefinitely repeated until that little tract, thirty miles square, the natural sanatorium and recreation-ground of the East, is finally and irrevocably marred by deforested and fire-swept areas? Or, is the remnant of it, still beautiful, to be saved for the people? While the war of theories goes on in Washington, the axes and saws are at work, the loaded cars are clanking down-grade to the mills, and the mills are grinding the forests into pulp, twenty-four hours in the day. Ten years hence the last stand of a thousand acres of virgin spruce will be only a memory. Shall the Government wait for that day, and in the end buy a "cow milked dry"? Nothing would better please the lumbermen. Five or six years more and they will welcome the opportunity to sell the denuded areas, *on which they still must pay taxes*, to a "paternal" government, which has awakened—just a bit too late—to its duty.

The Best of Trouting

The Open-Minded Angler on the Stream

By CLARENCE DEMING

MAY is the heyday of the sport of the trout stream. Nature on the banks and the trout in the dashing waters between them join in a kind of climax of vital energy. The trout of April has lost in May much of his darker tint, exchanging his lines of jet for silver or old gold, varying with the bottoms where he feeds. He has left the deeper pools and hunts his prey in ripple and rapid, alert for fly or worm. If he wintered in a mill-pond, by early May he has worked his sinuous way up stream, taking his toll of insect life *en route*. In physical shape he has shifted, too. No longer is he thin, narrow-backed, big-headed. He has been at Nature's training table of strong food, going with active play. His flesh has thickened, his muscles grown hard, he is blunter, stronger in fight, fiercer on the hook. He is armed and equipped for the unequal battle with man that comes to him so unwelcome.

And Nature on the slopes and banks of the stream, measured in the scale of bud and bloom, has, like the trout, reached a May zenith. There is green where were the April drabs. Dogwood, cowslip, arbutus, and the tas-

seled alders are gone, but the bud of the trees has expanded in the half-leaf. The apple blossoms—sure token of the height of the trouting season—are at their pink and white fulness, and painted-cup is reddening meadow and pasture. In the still reaches of the stream the lily-pads that began in early April as knotted whorls at the mud bottom are half-way up toward the top water, where they are to rest till next winter knells their death; and the "skunk's cabbage," persistent neighbor of the trout stream and March's first harbinger of the spring, has in May swelled into tropical leaf—a plant scorned of man, yet, like not a few of human-kind, only offensive and resentful if disturbed.

The Wise Angler

IN APRIL the wise angler sought the trout as a kind of fishy recluse, whipping still waters, the smooth reach below the ripple, or the glooms where the slow current swirls below the knotted tree roots. But in May seek the fish rather as a free cosmopolite of the stream. Often *salmo fontinalis* is in the swift shallows, more often still by the side of the wavy rapids, now and then right in the rapid itself; but he may be anywhere or everywhere. In particular, mark down for the cast of fly or worm the little corner eddies of the upper pool just where the rapid begins; or again—a point not often fairly appraised by anglers—drop bait just at the outside sheet of foam at foot or edge of the pool, a favored haunt of the trout, especially in bright sunshine. How many anglers skip the smaller or swifter runs between pools and fish the pools alone! Yet it may be in just those middle runs, unpromising to the eye, that the trout will be found oftenest—partly because of his whimsical taste of a day, partly because "the man ahead," a careless angler bent on quick fishing, has skipped the mid-runs.

The same rule fits bush fishing. In April such angling may be wisely omitted, for the early spring trout seems to dread the overhanging shades; but in the warmer waters of the May stream, especially in the later days of the month and in early June, he is apt to welcome the brush or tree that breaks the sun. Hence the angler, patient enough to push, crawl and tumble through the brushwood, and challenge the vexation of tangled line and of the hook that ever catches twig, branch, and rootlet, will take many a fish where the opens of the stream, much whipped of other anglers, fail. It is not ideal fishing. It lacks swing and the breezy freedoms of the wide east. It tries temper, it is slow, and the fish must be "derricked" and not played. But bush fishing has its high merits as a mental discipline, and in actual skill of fisheraft, with its short but accurate casts and nice judgment of distances, it leaves the easier open fishing far behind. Use for it the short stiff rod, the small red worm quickly gorged, and the slightly heavier lead that spells greater precision in the east. If the bushy stream is mud-bottomed, wade as little as you can, lest you make the waters too turbid down-stream. But on pebbly or rock bottom, wade freely, for the down-stream trout is apt to herald the little mud cloud as the signal of a rise of the water and of oncoming food—a kind of "chum" for the fish—and a trouty trait which few anglers have observed.

Flexibility of judgment, the skill tipped and trained by experience, is one of the keynotes of the angling success so often miscalled "luck," which in May time has its widest range. There is the angler, hidebound by prejudice, who varies little or not at all his tackle, his style of fishing, his few *dicta* of the sport. And there is the other angler who studies conditions and fits his craft to them.

In May the stream now runs clear, now thickens and fills after rains. For the first is the variation of flies, the long cast far back from the stream, the small worm with its minimum of splash; for the latter, the larger worm and heavier lead, fitting the fact that the trout—whether he is actually hunting food or not—has for the time lost much of his normal timidity. It is the open-minded angler who absorbs, crystallizes, and makes profit of such small points of the game. He notes every sign of the spring hole, or, what is its equivalent, the runlet whose cooler waters seep to the bed of the larger stream; studies the direction of the wind; watches out for the overhanging branch which last week caught his hook and broke up the fishing of a good pool or ripple; bethinks himself of the size of the biting fish and whether his No. 3 or No. 4 Sproat hook is best; finds out the best direction of approach for each pool or run, and that not merely for the cast but for landing the fish; and analyzes the moods and tenses of the stream as a parent would those of his child.

If a rounded sportsman, he will also blend with his recreation, or, rather, own, as an elemental part of it, the joys of the naturalist; noting how each stream has its major or minor variants in its trout types; how those acids of the trout stomach that on a warm day so quickly eat the tissues and kill flavor of the fish are eradicated by the simple dressing of his fish every hour or two; how the same stomach in the post mortem—especially in early or belated May—gives up what seem little rough pebbles that, broken, have their insect larvæ inside—these not seldom, along with actual pebbles which, stirred by the current into semblance of life, the trout has swallowed by mistake. Such an angler, moreover, studies the trout temperamentally as well as anatomically, noting how the fish is ever an arch conservative of that human type that loves the motto *in medio tutissimus ibis*, and, aquatically, hates alike extreme cold of winter and the ultra warmth of the summer tide—a trait that even in May accents the value of the spring hole. And need it be added that with this scientific zest goes in the true sportsman the amateur spirit—the spirit that abides by law, that crucifies, so far as it can, jealous rivalry and that magnifying of the verb "to win," which deadens other sports than fishing, the spirit that makes of sport not merely a thing of the brain and hand, but of the *heart?*

Trout Worship

HOW happens it that trouting, notably at its May time acme, holds its charm and will ever hold it as against what some anglers misname "bigger" fishing? The trout is a small fish. He is not the match pound for pound in fight of the black bass; he is lovely to the eye, but other fish rival him in tints and far outpass him in weight; and the catching connotes effort, the long fatigue of tramp, the tumble over rock, the stress of ensnaring underbrush, toil, sweat, and the discomfort of wetness. No Goddess of Ease sanctifies the temple in which so many devotees of trouting worship. But there is another and more potent goddess—Variety—whose realm is that of the ever-changing stream, the shift of rock, pool, rapid, and bank, the variation of N[illegible] expressed in an endless succession and diversity of sc[illegible] It is not all of fishing to fish, and he distils the very essence of trouting who in his May sport joins the fervor of the angler with the more exquisite emotion of the nature lover.

As you turn that corner of the stream where two years ago you hooked and lost that big fellow, mark what a rich gleam of purple on the waters comes where the sunbeam seems to wed with the blue sky. On the next pool study, if only for a moment before you make the cast, how gorgeously the stream mottles the old gold of the outreaching oaks that still hold their dry leaves—and will hold them until the new life crowds them out and off. Note, too, the changes of color as you glance down the vista of a long pool when it steals the hues of the wooded banks. And in contrast of detail with these short landscape views, mark how in advancing May each tree, bush, and shrub owns its wealth of form and flower.

The Final Word

YET the final word to be spoken to the angler is one of precaution against the accident which may turn the joy of the most philosophic and esthetic fisher to bitterness. Forethought in testing tackle is the key-word of what we call luck on the stream. If the angler is wise, a dozen times in the season he will overrun his silk line from end to end for the little dent which marks the flaw sure to wax as it rasps on the rod guides. He will watch his rod and test carefully the upper ferrules that join the stouter lengths with the tip; see that snell and leader have not frayed; look more keenly still to the little screws of the reel and tighten them firm; above all, be sure that the rod, turned in the hand, hangs always with even curve—for the slightest elbow spells an indefinite but certain break! Look, too, for any infirmity in the clasp of bait-box, and creel, remembering that on such small caution hangs, perchance, a whole day's sport; and to the zestful fisher such care of tackle is never prose—punctuation marks, rather, in the poetry of anticipation.

As the old angler looks back under gray brows upon the trout fishers whom he has met they divide, in his mental vision, into three groups: There is, first, the mere fish-killer, who, with all his familiar and odious type, may be dismissed with short shrift. There is the angler who follows the stream with a kind of subconscious glimpse of those open or mystic phases of nature that are thick around him. And there is, finally, the conscious and complete angler whose sport is but one corner of God's picture and who looks far beyond the quiver of rod-tip and the vibrant line. Old Izaak Walton, poet-fisher, has told of him in his lines of the "Angler's Song":

> *"All other pastimes do no less*
> *Than mind and body both possess.*
> *My hand alone my work can do,*
> *So I can fish and study too."*

It is in such an angler, under the spell of his May tramp on the trout brook, who "can fish and study too," nature-searcher and outdoor seer, that the Waltonian ideal is incarnate. He will almost always be a good angler. He will always be a good man.



PHOTOGRAPH BY C. J. BLANCHARD

The land of lost races

Seasonable and Helpful Reminders

Lawn and Garden

VINE-VEILS.—Put vine-veils over the bare spots in the lawn too deeply shaded for grass to grow. Creeping myrtle, known otherwise as box-vine, is a very present help for such places of trouble. It grows quickly and certainly, is perfectly hardy, makes a beautiful flat mat of the glossiest green leaves, and, in the early spring, puts forth a wealth of bright blue blossoms. English ivy, planted in very rich earth and allowed to trail or sprawl at will, also grows luxuriantly and thrives better than if climbing on a wall. Take care not to let water stand around the roots or over the ground shoots—this upon pain of winter killing. Where there is tree shade, as from evergreens or even under tall-growing shrubs, it is well to plant the ivy in a barrel sunk flush in the earth and filled with the richest earth. Bore holes in the barrel half-way up the sides before planting it, and put at least six inches of broken stone or brickbats in the bottom. Pack fifteen inches of manure solidly over the drain-stuff, then fill up heaping full with fine earth, set the plant in it, and pack the earth firmly about the roots. As the manure decays and sinks, fill up the barrel with fresh earth. By coating the barrel inside and out with coal-tar, it will save the ivy from robber-roots for a good many years.

The need of such saving is shown by this experience. A thrifty young ivy was planted at the base of a chimney in a hole three feet square and two feet deep, filled with wood soil, mixed with its own bulk of rotted manure. Further, the plant was watered and tended carefully, and throughout the first six months throve as by magic. There was no other rooted thing within twenty feet of it, but by and by it began to peak and pine. By the next spring it had a starveling look. Investigation then showed that a silver poplar had sent two roots straight to the rich earth, and, once they reached it, had provided them with innumerable fine branchy fibers, to suck and devour the ivy's sustenance.

Wild Plants for Shaded Spots

IF THE bare spots are rich and damp, fill them with wild things—hardy native ferns, once planted, remain for years. There is an almost infinite variety of them, but beware transplanting the tall brake, as it demands the moist airs of damp woodland. The white-flowered, cut-leafed plant known variously as rattleweed, or cohosh, thrives wonderfully in shade. So do the lady's slippers, yellow and pink, if the earth is rich enough—they will live in poor soil, but never bloom. Blue flags, once well established, bloom for many seasons. So do the tall white lilies, with star-like cups and long slender sepals, known to the countryside as "devil's onions." They are none so plenty but may be found in rich deep woods. Along with them should grow always the splendid red cardinal flower, which has the same season of bloom, likes the same seat, and, though an annual, resows itself steadily. Not one of these sylvan exiles will thrive in a sunny border or a set garden bed, but under the trees, in moist light black earth, they ask hardly more than to be let alone to grow in strength and beauty. And wherever May apples raise their fairy umbrellas in the woods, they should have room and to spare in the wild border. The infrequent wax-white blossoms have a rich, almost a cloying, fragrance, something between the odors of a ripe apple and a gardenia.

Mark down all these in May and leave them to be transplanted in the autumn, unless by such waiting there is a risk of losing them. In that case, transplant at once, but make haste slowly. That is to say, never begin until prepared and ready. Choose a cloudy morning or late afternoon for the work; use a sharp trowel and a broad-bladed knife in the digging up; work carefully, cutting roots rather than bruising them, trim away broken roots with clean cuts, and shorten in tops until they are little more than snippets. Have baskets for carrying, and take along with each plant a good ball of its native earth, tying earth and roots firmly in a bit of cloth. Better take home three good specimens than a basketful crushed and mussy.

Close Culture: The Lessons of Dry Farming

DROUGHT from May forward is the garden bugaboo. Dry farming shows how the bugaboo may be put to rout. Men who make paying crops with less than eight inches of yearly rainfall have certainly something to teach us who rejoice in an average climate. And they say, these dry farmers, that a dust-mulch is the only witchcraft they use. First they make their ground light, so it may store each drop of rain that falls, then keep it light by constant stirrings on top, so the water may not evaporate. There is a philosophical explanation. Water rises to the surface through capillary attraction. In baked earth it rises steadily and exhales, but underneath a dust-mulch, three to four inches thick, evaporation ceases.

The lesson is plain and easy. Work all manner of growing things as soon as possible after rain, and keep working them, especially if the weather turns dry. Beware, though, of working the ground while too wet. It takes a winter's freezes, sometimes those of two winters, to undo the mischief. Never stir land when it is so wet as to cake and stick to the hoe, unless between showers in a long rainy spell, when the stirred earth is certain to be wetter before it dries out. Cultivation then will do no harm, rather help by uprooting and checking the growth of grass and weeds. It is nearly as unwise to mow turf when the earth beneath it is soft and soggy.

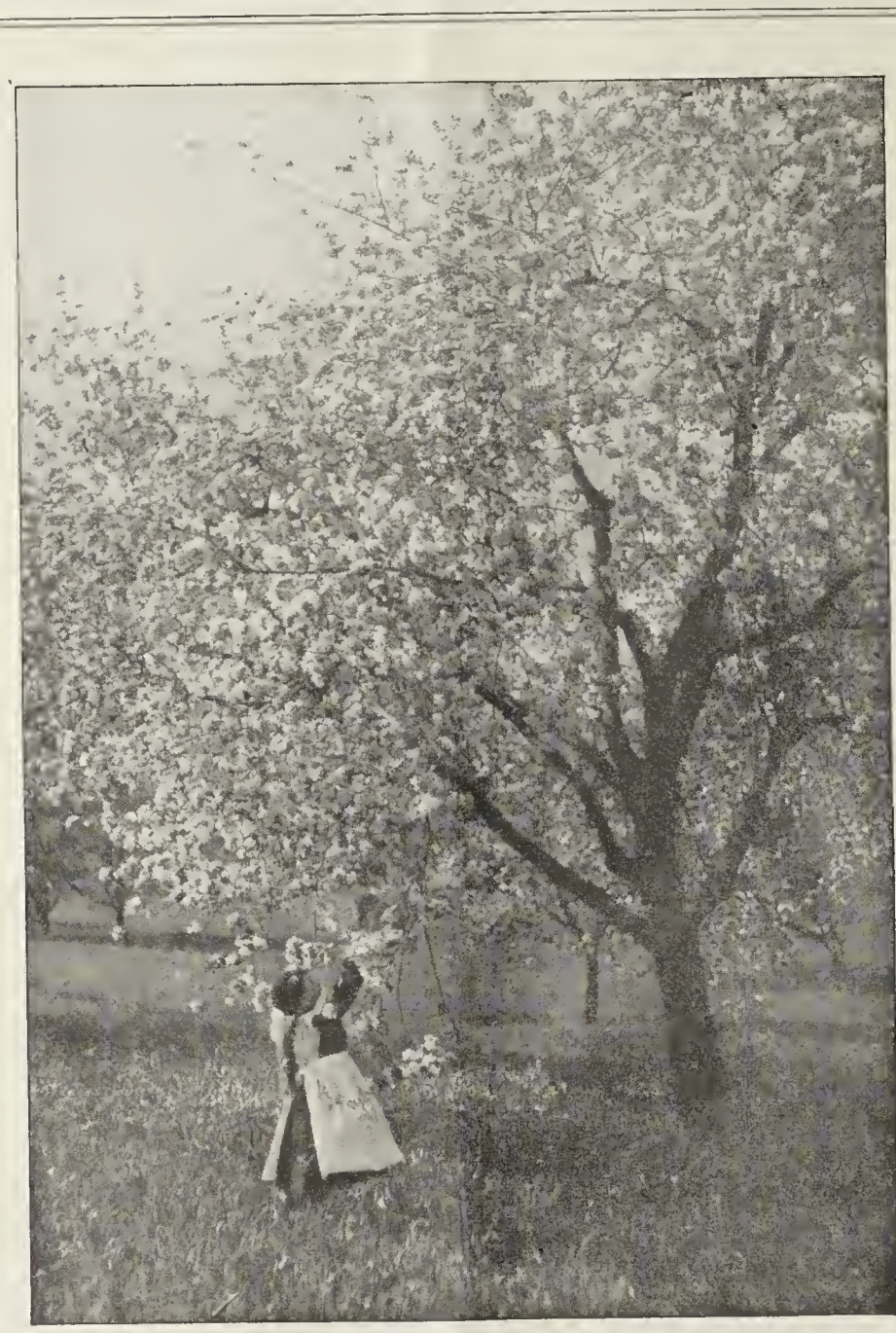
Clean, close culture, from mid-May forward, is the corner-stone of success in gardening. Plant, plant, and plant again to the end of June—a vacant row is the nursery of weeds and insects. Dry and burn spent plants putting the ashes back on the ground. Burn rids the garden of potential blights and harbored pests. Burn pea-brush along with the vines—it is a favorite lurking-place for insects. Bean-poles that are used from year to year ought to be whitewashed each season, and will be all the better if a handful of bluestone is dissolved in the whitewash. They will last longer, besides keeping clean and sweet. Palings should likewise be whitewashed, and weeds cut away from them.

Watering Plants

WATER garden plants thoroughly or not at all. If the water supply is scant, give it all to a chosen few plants rather than barely sprinkle many. Soak the ground toward sundown or after it, then in the morning begin cultivation. Water a row at a time, unless you can wet the whole plot as a good rain would do it. Spring-planted trees and shrubs need to have the earth kept clean and light for at least a foot around the crown of the root, and should be watered plentifully, but so gently every drop soaks in, at least once a week. Spraying trunk and foliage helps them greatly.

Shelter Tents

SHELTER tents help wonderfully in transplanting. To make them, cut yard-squares of sleazy muslin diagonally in two, sew the straight sides of the cut pieces together, hem the bias ones, then run in heavy wire, bending it to a hoop. Tie the pointed tip fast to a slender garden stake, letting the stake come inside. In use, stick the stake down beside a newly set plant, letting the wire ring rest on the ground. The tent can be lifted at night, or in the daytime to give air if needed, and hung up on top of the stake. Such tents protect equally from sun heat and insects; they also materially help the plant beneath to make roots and hasten growth.



At their pink and white fulness

Choosing and Planting Flowers

SOIL AND FLOWER.—Choice and planting are the opposite poles of successful gardening. Right choice is impossible without something of knowledge—as, for instance, that there are flowers and shrubs which luxuriate in sunshine and even thrive in moist sand, as there are other flowers and shrubs that demand cool peaty loam and partial shade. Rhododendrons and azaleas, for example, require a soil and seat at least approximating their native forest haunts. They will live, it is true, in sunlight and thirsty ground, but quickly become ugly and straggling, with scant, almost abortive, blossoms and imperfect foliage. Roses likewise, though they "abhor wet feet"—that is, refuse to thrive with stagnant water below their roots, will not grow or bloom, hardly indeed live, in light, drifty sand.

It is the same with seeds, with bulbs, with bedding plants. For beds and borders lying in full sunshine, of friable and rather sandy earth, choose the sun-lovers. Phlox for low beds of single color. It runs the whole color gamut between dazzling white and black-crimson; it has, further, the crowning mercy of blooming the whole summer. Portulaca is like unto it, with the disadvantage of shutting its flowers upon cloudy days. Verbenas riot in sunshine; petunias do the same. At least the single ones do. The double ones, which are rather *tours de force* than actual lovable flowers, do better if shielded from the hottest sunshine.

Salvia — scarlet sage — might have been bred betwixt fire and water, it loves the sun so, yet flourishes so greatly in beds kept constantly wet. It is the same with the flowering geraniums—white, pink, and scarlet. The banded ones, however—bronze, silver, and golden—whose chief beauty is in their foliage, lose bandings and beauty if planted so as to have too much sun. Heliotrope is actually, no less etymologically, a "turner to the sunlight." To plant it in shade is to invite disappointment. Pansies, on the other hand, demand shade and moisture and coolness—witness the fact that they shrink and lose color and texture as summer strengthens. Myosotis—the forget-me-not family—also does best in moist shade. Fuchsias, though they thrive fairly if the sun is kept from their roots, reach perfection only when they get but an hour or two daily of sunshine.

Among strict bedding plants, the hardier sorts of coleus may be depended on to keep color the summer through. Others are apt to bleach out, lose their markings, and become either all of one color, and that rather an unsuccessful one, or else turn blotchy and streaky, also something ragged. It is wise to eschew, therefore, carpet or ribbon planting until after a test season with scattered single plants. The flowering wax geraniums, so called, are excellent bedders for sunshine. They require cutting back now and then, but both the white and red sorts make a brave show the season through. Moreover, they endure dust and a measure of smoke.

Nasturtiums paradoxically require sunshine and shelter. Give them morning sunshine, if possible, and beds of deep rich moist loam. For trellis growth choose the climbing sorts, and plant in a trench at least twelve inches deep, filled to the brim with the richest possible soil. If early shade is desirable, plant the seed in thumb-pots—the smallest size—putting two seeds to the pot and start them in a hotbed or cold frame, setting them in the trench as soon as true leaves appear above the seed leaves. For open-air sowing, make holes an inch deep and two inches apart, drop in seeds singly, then pack the earth down firmly over them. With the proper earth there is no danger of baking from the hardest rain. If, however, there is too much clay in the bed, rake the crusted top of it very lightly as soon after rain as it is dry enough.

Give the Seed Air

THE seedsmen, small blame to them, try hard to help amateur gardeners; they are at the pains to say in their catalogues of every flower whether it "bears transplanting" or "must be sown where it is to stand." Heed to the catalogue's admonitions will often save bitter disappointment. There is a further caution: "requires greenhouse culture"—that is all too often overlooked. While it is true that one born with the garden instinct, the garden touch, can make anything grow almost anywhere, not one in a thousand of us has that instinct, wherefore it is wise to walk by the light and leading of experience.

It is a garden axiom that seeds should not be covered deeper than twice their own diameter. Where seed are as fine as powder, this means that they should not be covered at all—that is to say, no earth should be sprinkled over them after sowing. Instead, firm the bed surface by pressing it hard all over with a smooth, flat board, then sprinkle it or spray it very gently, and cover it. Leafless brush full of fine twigs will answer—evergreen boughs are too heavy. But the best thing is a frame of light deal, with chicken-wire tacked to the upper edge and cheesecloth stretched over the wire. Cheesecloth alone will answer, the wire merely prevents sagging on the bed face in beating rains. A set of such frames is a handy garden adjunct, being better than glass in mild weather for anything needing shelter. As soon as the seedlings appear above ground the frame should be lifted between nine o'clock and four, so as to give them air. When the true leaves appear, thin out the plants, but leave them closer than the catalogue distance. Accidents will happen, and it is much easier to pull out a plant than to set one in place. With choice or costly seed it is worth while to watch closely, and as soon as they peep up lift superfluous ones on the point of a broad steel pen and set them in thumb-pots ready prepared with the finest earth. This sort of transplanting sets the young plants back much less than if they had struck deeper root. The pots can be left under the frame until the plants in them are big enough to go in other beds. In planting them make holes a little bigger and deeper than the pot, set the ball of pot-earth in them, and pack earth firmly around and over it, taking care not to bruise nor smother the seedling.

Clay and Sand

NOTHING, not the hardiest root, will thrive in packed clay, any more than in shifty sand. Remember that, all ye who covet ivied walls or chimneys, embowered porches or rose trees swinging blossom censers beneath your open windows. Setting any sort of foundation means commonly either the throwing up and trampling of clay or the heaping of sand. It is sinful to set healthy plants in either, and idle to expect from them growth and blowth. Before planting anything, even annuals or bedders, have the earth dug out to a depth of three feet, put a layer of broken stone a foot thick at the bottom, over that the top-soil for six inches, no more, then fill heaping full of rich earth. Pack it lightly, then open holes of proper size, fill them with water, let it sink in, sprinkle fine dry earth over the wet surface, put in the plant, spreading the roots well out, fill earth in around it, packing it firm as you fill, and leaving it at least two inches higher around the stalk than at the edges. If a rose has been planted, drive a light stake firmly down six inches away, and tie the stalk to it. Leave it there until the rose is fully established—say for two years. Even after roots are plenty, whipping about in winter winds breaks the finest of them, and by such breaking makes the spring bloom poor and scrawny.

Most vines are gross feeders, given to robbery of all weaker things. Set a stout board, a foot wide and well tarred, on edge, the upper edge a little below the surface of the ground, eighteen inches out from the vine-stem if you wish to have flower or bulb beds close at hand. The board will check robbery throughout a summer and longer if, in spring and fall, a sharp spade is thrust down its full depth to cut stealing roots. The cutting ought to be down on the side next the vine. In line with this is planting other garden robbers, as dahlias, golden glow, or even peonies, in tarred boxes or half-barrels sunk well in the ground and filled with earth that is half-rotted manure. The boxes or half-barrels should have holes bored in the bottom, but nowhere else. By their use smaller and slighter things have a chance of bloom. But where space is plenty, it is best to give the rioters room and to spare—their own special borders where they may wanton as they will.

Intelligence

THE soul of wise choice is understanding. If you have space for only a dwarf evergreen, do not be tempted into planting one beautifully small, but certain to reach a height of twenty, even thirty, feet. Take instead the fixed dwarf, which, the same year by year, becomes a familiar friend. Are your winters polar? Let alone roses with tea-blood. They are never hardy, and even with cellar-wintering and all imaginable pains there will be no fully perfect bloom. But there are hardy roses—roses from far Siberia, also the choice few that brave all weathers. Restricted choice makes perfection in the possible things imperative. Content yourself with what is possible, or move to a lower latitude.

All the wise men are against setting a new stock exactly in the place where another of the same sort has died, but often a shift of even a yard spoils the whole effect of planting. In such a case try burning out the old seat, first, of course, removing the dead stock and the earth for a distance about it. Throw all that is removed far away, then build a fire in the hole, and keep it going steadily for six hours. If it bakes the earth around to the hardness of brick, all the better. Leave ashes and charcoal in the bottom, and dig them well into the ground. Beat the baked earth to fine powder and mix it with the bottom soil, then put in fresh earth, a foot of it say, and set the new plant on top of it. Water it freely, but give no fertilizer until it is in healthy growth. Overfeeding is as bad for plants as for people—on the whole, rather more deadly than underfeeding. Starving, at most, only checks growth or stunts it; too rich a soil, too much fertilizer, spells weakness, disease, and, finally, death. Wherefore, it is best in gardening, as in so many other things, to aim at what the Irishman called: "the middle extreme."



Mrs. S. P. Decker of Denver, brought up to do tatting and now makes speeches



Mrs. Susa Young Gates of Salt Lake City, a forceful speaker on political themes



Mrs. Anna M. Scott, a particularly active politician of Denver



Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford of Denver, an unusually persuasive orator



Mrs. Harry Crain of Cheyenne, who believes in mixing bread with politics



Mrs. Emmeline Wells and Mrs. Bathsheba Smith, prominent suffragists of Salt Lake City



Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne of Salt Lake City and her family. When Mrs. Horne was in the Utah Legislature she introduced a bill to create an art institute

The Woman Who Votes

III—What She Says About It

By SARAH COMSTOCK

¶ This is the third of a series of three articles on the Western woman voter. The first appeared in the issue of April 17 and the second in the issue of May 1

THE Woman Who Wants to Vote has long been classified as of one species. Her name has, until recently at least, called up a vision of drab cheeks, of extension soles, of hats without plumage. These garments have been accepted as the outward and visible sign of an inward temperament. When upon occasion she has donned a trifle of chiffon and applied a Marcel iron, she has gravely and thoroughly explained the duty of woman to be as charming as possible—the explanation successfully destroying any charm which might otherwise have inhered in the chiffon and the waves.

But the Woman Who Votes can not be thus simply classified. Only partially has she sought suffrage; for the most, suffrage has sought her. The law once passed, it could not be applied only to those women who had fought for it. Suffrage went not only to clubs and to lecture platforms; it invaded kitchens, nurseries, drawing-rooms, factories, department stores. It sought out every woman of every type, dragged her forth, willy-nilly, to the polls. Therefore it is that in her variety the Woman Who Votes is exceedingly like the Woman Who Doesn't, and is no simpler a matter to sum up.

In her variety, however, Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker finds at least one unity.

"What has suffrage done?" said Mrs. Decker. "It has educated the women of these four States—that's what it has done. You'll find them far better informed on current issues and all matters of government than the women who can't vote."

Mrs. Decker was quite a part of that brittle Denver morning, as crisp as its altitude and as stimulating.

"You Eastern people all come out here and ask: 'What has suffrage done for the State?' Practically nothing, from the standpoint of working sensational reforms. It's not what it has done for the State that proves its right to be; it's what it has done for woman. It has educated her.

"Oh, I was brought up in New England to do tatting and embroidery," she went on. "I'd rather not think what my grandmother would say if she knew I made speeches.

"People used to think those things were inconsistent—that a woman had to neglect womanly home duties if she voted. Have you found many neglected homes in your travels?"

I admitted that I had not, and Mrs. Decker's own agreeably well-groomed residence appeared no exception to the rule.

"Our women don't desert the biscuits for the polls—far from it. Occasionally, though, they reverse the matter. A thing no greater than a pan of biscuits has kept women from casting a vote more than once.

"That's a question for the future to settle. Housework is going to be systematized some day—so well systematized that a woman will be the mistress, not the slave, of her house. When she can spare more time for outside interests, she'll do more with her ballot.

"There was a meeting once which was a rare event in the country town where it was given. Afterward I met a woman who had not been present, and she told me how starved she was for a broader life, for some outside interest.

"'Why didn't you come to the meeting?' I asked her.

"'I wanted to so much!' she exclaimed. 'If only it hadn't been on Friday. I always wash windows on Friday.'

"And that meeting was the event of the year in her town. But her window-washing had her under its thumb."

Everywhere I found much the same opinion among the women who vote—that suffrage has by no means driven them from their home duties, but that home duties often prevent them from exercising their privilege to its fullest extent. At this point the Servant-Problem line of thought intersects the Emancipation-of-Woman-Problem line.

"The patent bread-mixer affects national politics," says Mrs. Harry Crain.

Mrs. Crain was attending to an exceedingly domestic duty when I called at her Cheyenne home, and she went on with it while we discussed what some consider larger matters. A little black Dutch-cut head had just come up out of a shampoo with as much delight and as many shakes as a shaggy little dog goes through when it comes up from the creek; and Mrs. Crain was drying and brushing and patting the funny little wet head very much as a non-voting mother might have done.

"We women don't do all we ought to do," she said. "We don't organize here in Wyoming as I wish we did. Housework seems to bind us so; but when we understand better how to lighten it, then you'll see that our influence will be felt more in politics. The bread-mixer, the carpet-sweeper, all those labor-saving devices, are emancipating us from drudgery."

She put the shaggy little head closer to the register and was absorbed in the drying process for seconds.

Reform, Not Revolution

"WOMEN want moral men in office," she resumed at last. "And to some extent they effect this; but they might do more than they do. A man who once pried off the door of a chicken-house and stole chickens would not have gone to the Senate afterward if the women were more awake, or had more time to attend to such matters."

Again there was a lapse, and more brushing; then:

"If women only knew that a mixture of one cake of soap, three tablespoonfuls of gasoline, and three buckets of water will save them from rubbing clothes on wash-day, we'd feel their influence more in government," she said with emphasis.

Many seem of the opinion that woman's influence is very much felt. Mrs. Theresa Jenkins of Cheyenne, who has lectured in other States on suffrage, says that the men no longer put up a candidate they know the women won't vote for—which means a man of low moral standards. "Suffrage doesn't work revolutions, but it does work reforms," she says. Mrs. Bartlett, prominent in club work in the same city, says much the same.

"Women's influence should be especially felt in laws that affect women and children," said Mrs. Bartlett.

"Have you regulated child labor in Wyoming?" I asked her.

"No, because we haven't any child labor in the State—there's no demand for it in mines and on ranches," she replied. "But we're taking up the matter in our clubs. We're studying it, so that if it ever does come we'll be prepared."

Which at first seemed rather humorous, but somewhat more practical at second glance.

Indifference of the Working Girl

THE interests of children have appealed to women everywhere. In Salt Lake City one is startled in the early peacefulness of its nine-o'clock hour by a stentorian blast; one learns that the curfew does not ring, according to tradition, but that it sternly blows juvenility in from the streets. What the women of Colorado did in electing a juvenile court judge is a well-known fact. Cheyenne women are working for a juvenile court, too. "We have been slow in this, but we are going to have that court before we get through," Mrs. Gibson Clark told me. I heard Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, who seems to be generally considered the woman orator of Denver, address the great Auditorium at the woman's rally: "The children, the children!" she cried, with a hand-to-heart gesture which recalled days when elocutionary methods were more in fashion than they are to-day. And despite the gestures the appeal must have rung true; for I saw her called back when her speech was done, heard her demanded again, clamored for by that great hall full—a thing which I saw happen in the case of no other speaker, man or woman, in a single one of those campaign meetings.

As for the working woman, who, it is generally assumed, will be the one most benefited by suffrage, the frankest seem inclined to own that not much has been done about her so far. Colorado women are responsible for a measure providing that no woman shall work more than eight hours a day at work requiring her to be on her feet; that seats for saleswomen be provided in the shops, and so on, a few similar items. But the fact is that the working woman is not so important a problem out there as she is in the East. Factories and shops are few, and from what I saw of the shop girl's condition it seemed not especially in need of "measures." In Denver I was told that the average girl-behind-the-counter, the one who receives five dollars a week in New York, is paid from six to eight; in Salt Lake City, from seven to ten.

And another fact is, she has not taken up the battle for herself. The average working woman is a fairly youthful and joyous creature despite all the long faces drawn over her condition. She is not much aware that she has a condition. She is aware of the peach-basket hat being in, of who is playing at the theaters, and of what the latest song hit is. She is not concerned about legislative measures.

"That's merely a question of youth, not sex," Mrs. Decker says. "Boys of that age are not concerned, either."

But it is a handicap to the would-be reformer. The matron of the Girls' Friendly, a Denver boarding club for working women, told me that the girls are indifferent to politics.

"But on election day the club women come in their autos and take them to the polls," she added.

I dropped in at one of the little coffee-and-waffle restaurants where such girls flock and engaged some of them in conversation.

"Are you interested in the election?" I asked one.

"I won't be old enough to vote till next January," she replied. "I don't feel like I'd ever care much about it, either. But my sister's old enough and she's tickled to death, so maybe I will be when the [illegible]."

"Do the girls study up much on the [illegible]?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said reflect[illegible] they don't hurt themselves thinking [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

Collier's

The Problem of the Hungry Stomach

The Patten Movement in Wheat Points the Moral of a New Era In American Industry

THE Patten "corner" in wheat, in the midst of which prices have risen to a point unprecedented in this generation, appears to be broken. At the date of writing, Patten is in process of unloading with profit to himself, and prices are falling. The smaller speculators who followed in the wake of his bull movement are winning or losing according as they "came in" early or late. This Patten movement was never a corner in the strict sense of the word. Leiter's famous bull operation of several years ago was a conscious attempt to control and manipulate the visible supply. It failed, as all other attempts to corner the wheat market have failed. Patten, a shrewd speculator who looks farther into the future than his fellows, took advantage of the natural conditions and made a heavy plunge on futures. Whether or no he directed conditions to his own advantage by manipulation is a question of veracity between him and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. In its essence it was not a manipulative movement.

While the newspapers have been raging against Patten, while the State legislatures have been considering bills to prevent speculation in foodstuffs, the public in general has begun to perceive the significance of the conditions upon which Patten built his little operation in wheat. Briefly, the United States, once the granary of Europe, and especially of England, is nearing the point of actual scarcity of domestic supply. Our exports, which have been shrinking steadily year by year, are now shrinking month by month. The time must come when we will cease to export wheat, basis of all foodstuffs, and begin to import it. That time, the Patten movement warns us, is not very far away. As it is with wheat, so it may be later with other foodstuffs, notably meat. When that time comes, the whole economic attitude of the United States must inevitably change. England, in her transition from a farming nation to a manufacturing one, turned that corner in the first half of the nineteenth century; the United States will probably turn it in the first half of the twentieth.

England was the first nation of Europe to accomplish that transformation; France and Germany followed. Only Russia, the undeveloped nation of Europe, continued to produce more wheat than she could use. But the Russian supply did not make up for the shortage of Europe. England first, and afterward the whole continent of Europe, looked mainly to the United States to supply from its surplus the deficit. From the time of the Civil War on we steadily increased our acreage and our exports. Wheat production in the territory east of the Mississippi dwindled with the coming of a manufacturing era; but that deficit was more than supplied by the opening of the immense fields of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, and, later, California and Oklahoma.

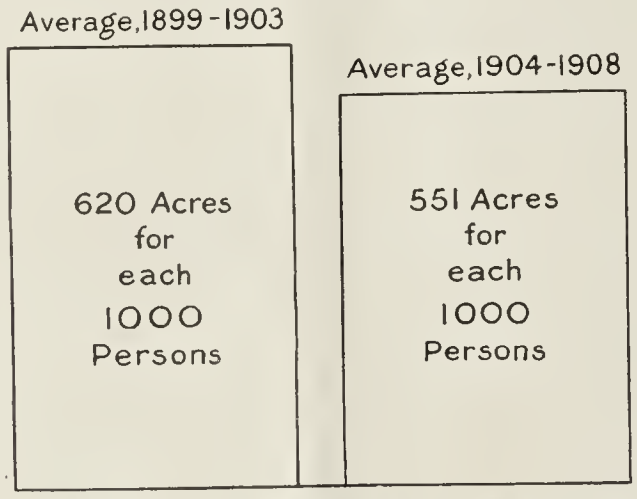
All this time the counter tendency was going on. The discovery of vast American fields of coal, iron, and copper, the influx of immigration, the encouragement of the protective tariff to "infant industries," were changing the United States from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation—following exactly in the wake of England. The great change did not make itself apparent until the industrial boom which followed the Spanish war. In 1898 our exports of foodstuffs amounted to $590,000,000; of manufactures to $323,000,000. Agricultural exports rose but slowly and manufacturing exports rapidly rose from that time forth. In 1904 the corner was turned—agricultural exports, $444,000,000; manufacturing exports, $523,000,000. And last year, with extra good crops, the balance showed: foodstuffs, $520,000,000; manufactures, $750,000,000. In twenty years the American exports of foodstuffs have increased 100 per cent, what with the general development of the country and the cumulative demand from European populations: but the exports of manufactures have increased 320 per cent. Crop and produce experts declare unanimously that the increase in food production has practically stopped. The United States may expect constantly diminishing agricultural returns from abroad. Indeed, the growth in recent years has lain not in the staple products by which the international economic relations are governed, but in certain special and "fancy" products, like raisins, wines, and oranges.

First product of all to be affected by this movement is wheat, primary food of the western nations, no less than gold the measure of economic conditions. An agricultural nation must first feed itself; the surplus only is for exportation. The population of the United States increases between fifteen and twenty per cent every decade. Further, the per capita consumption has increased. Once the Englishman was the greatest wheat-bread-eater in the world, the Frenchman second, the American third. The American lingered in the van, not so much because he did not need that packing which is a demand of the Occidental stomach, as because he supplemented his wheat bread by that humble Indian meal for which the European could never acquire a taste. In this era of prosperity and luxury, the individual American has been eating more wheat every year.

Not only has the planting of wheat lingered behind the increase of population and demand, but it has practically decreased in the absolute. Acreage—while that varies a little with the fluctuations of the market—is probably a better guide than total crop production, which is affected by epidemics and the weather. In the five-year period between 1899 and 1903, inclusive, the wheat acreage of the United States averaged 48,129,000 a year; in the five-year period just passed it averaged 46,400,000 a year. It is true that the total crop raised on this acreage in the latter period was greater than the total for the period of 1899-1903. Better methods of farming, a succession of better crop years, and the retirement of certain worn-out areas in favor of virgin soils account for this.

Figures Which Point a Moral

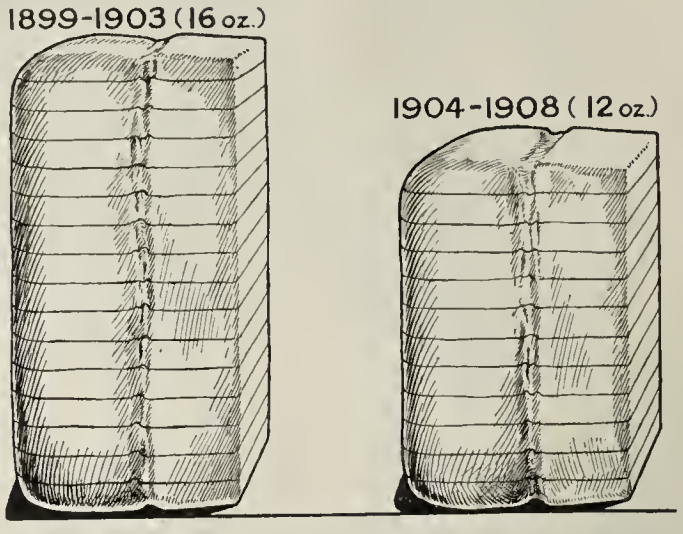
WHEN we come to exports, we reach the cream of the statistics, the figures which point the moral. The export was already falling in the five-year period between 1899 and 1903. Yet the average in bulk wheat, exclusive of flour, was 128,500,000 bushels. The export for the last five-year period averaged only 52,000,000 bushels. Still more significant are the exports to Great Britain, whose granary the United States has been in years past. In the five-year period, 1899-1903, she took from the United States a yearly average of 68,000,000 bushels of bulk wheat; in the last five-year period only 22,000,000 bushels a year. In the squeezed year of 1905 it went down to less than 4,000,000 bushels.



Yearly average acres in wheat on the basis of population. The yearly average acreage in wheat for the five years 1899-1903, inclusive, was 48,129,000 acres. For the five years 1904-1908, inclusive, was 46,400,000 acres. Meantime (taking the central years—1901 and 1906) the population had increased from 77,600,000 to 84,200,000—giving the results shown in the two diagrams.

That proportionate decrease of exports to Great Britain is significant not only because the diplomatic and commercial relations of the United States and Great Britain are closer than those of any other two nations, but because of the factor which has brought about that reduction. The United States has on its northern border an active competitor for the English market—a competitor which will one day become a helper. Canada, which formerly looked south of the border for her wheat, has been planting steadily on the rich virgin lands along the line of her new railroads. In 1899 she exported only 10,000,000 bushels of bulk wheat; in 1908 her export was 43,000,000 bushels. She has come to the point of surplus; and that surplus, following the flag, is going to Great Britain. Not large enough yet to become a great factor, it is on the increase; the time approaches when Great Britain will depend upon this part of her own empire to feed the vitals of the empire, as she once depended upon the United States. The time must come, later, when the United States will want Canadian wheat to supply her own deficit. That will mean the reduction or removal of our tariff—at present twenty-five cents a bushel. There are those in the produce business who believe that the reduction can not come too soon.

Indeed, the spread of the Canadian area is intimately connected with the shrinkage areas south of the border. The Americans as a people are still given to bonanza enterprises with quick returns. Wheat is not a crop which pays for intensive fertilization, at least under the conditions in which the western continent lives and farms. The first few years of a wheat area, while the soil is still strong with its virgin strength, is the period of great profits; the whole history of American wheat has been a history of the abandonment of farms which have lost that virgin strength. Now the wheat farmers of the Northwest are handing over to intensive cultivation and diversified farming the acres which have been longest planted in wheat, and are moving on to take the cream from the new Canadian fields. That the wheat area of Canada will increase steadily in the next decade no one doubts; there is little more doubt that the area of the Northwestern States will shrink, as the areas of Kansas, of California, and of Texas have shrunk with the increase of population, the working out of virgin lands, and the discovery of greater profits in diversified crops.



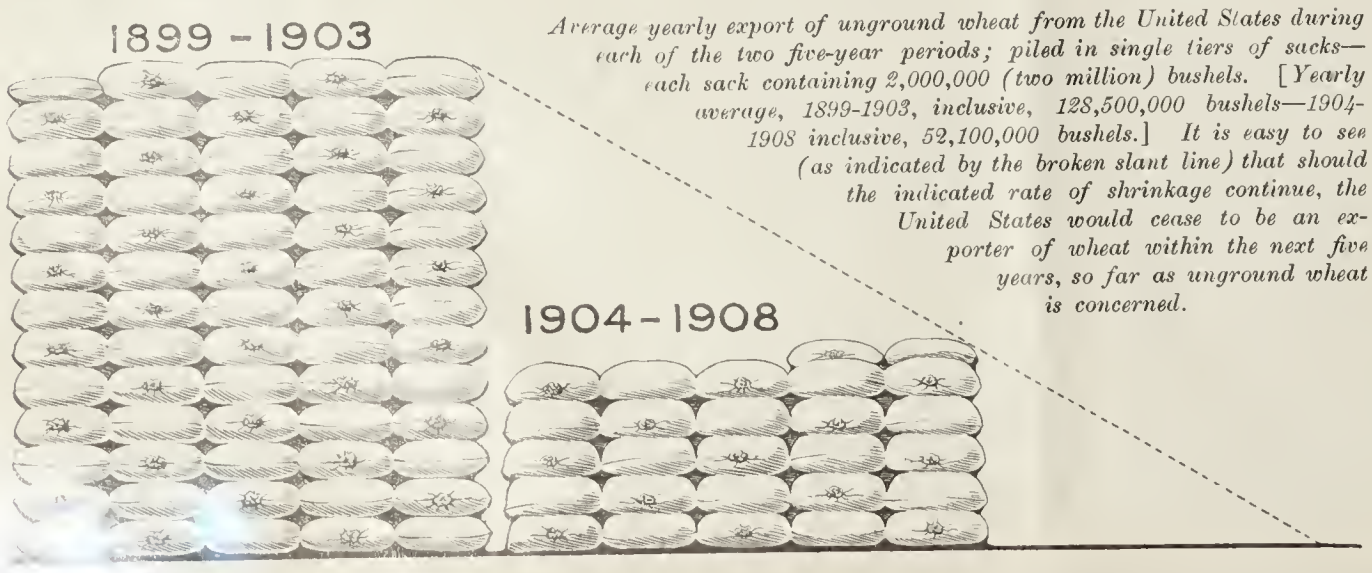
If the baker could furnish a full pound loaf (16 slices of one ounce each) under the average farm price of wheat at 63 cents per bushel during the five years 1899-1903, he could not afford as large a loaf when he had to pay the average of 82.8 cents during the next five years (1904-1908). Therefore, one of three things evidently happened: (1) a reduced cost of manufacture, through improved machinery and improved methods; or (2) a smaller loaf (12 ounces), as shown in diagram; or (3) an inferior grade of bread. There is little question that it was No. 1 that actually happened; for it is certain that the baker's bread of to-day is superior to that of five years ago in quality and weighs as many ounces to the loaf. How long improved methods can hold against increased cost of wheat is a problem for to-morrow—to-day the score is a "tie."

A British Bugaboo

NOW as to the international aspects of the case. The fear of famine, through the stoppage of her far-brought food supply, has been a bugaboo of British diplomacy and British politics for a century long. At any time in the last half-century an effective blockade of the English coast by a combination of navies would have beaten Great Britain in three months through famine. Parliament, in all its debates on foreign relations and the increase of navies, has baldly faced this fact. It had a powerful effect upon the attitude of the empire toward the United States. Once, indeed, the stoppage of the American wheat supply could have caused a famine in the British Isles; even now it would make infinite trouble for the empire. Ten years hence England will be looking to a part of her own empire as she looked once to the United States—a guarantee of security in case of war.

That is, if the United States does not wholly absorb the Canadian surplus. For when we come to consider the future, we run into many complicated things. With the removal of the tariff on wheat, as much of the Canadian surplus as the United States needed would flow to the near market south of the border instead of to the far market across the sea. If that should prove insufficient, the United States would have to look to South America. Mexico yields now only eight or nine million bushels a year, or not enough to feed her own people and those of Central America; and the climate makes it unlikely that she will ever have a surplus. The Argentine, with her great, new farms along the Rio Plata, doubtless will continue to send her surplus to feed the craving maw of

(*Concluded on page 30*)



Average yearly export of unground wheat from the United States during each of the two five-year periods; piled in single tiers of sacks—each sack containing 2,000,000 (two million) bushels. [Yearly average, 1899-1903, inclusive, 128,500,000 bushels—1904-1908 inclusive, 52,100,000 bushels.] It is easy to see (as indicated by the broken slant line) that should the indicated rate of shrinkage continue, the United States would cease to be an exporter of wheat within the next five years, so far as unground wheat is concerned.





Asia Minor Aflame.—*The Kurds, who for the last four weeks have been slaying Armenians in rapid sorties from their mountain home. These ignorant, brave tribesmen are one of the myriad tribal units—"infinitely repellent particles"—which compose the Ottoman Empire. It will be the problem of the Young Turks to harmonize these warring elements. Their attempt to win over the Kurds in March, 1909, failed. The left-hand picture shows the Agha on horseback leading his clan*

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Troubles of the Turks

THE position of the Young Turks is very similar to that of the three Turkish ladies described in Pierre Loti's novel, "The Disenchanted." The three "black phantoms" in that sentimental story were disenchanted because they had been awakened from the placid Oriental sleep of the harem and were yet made to live outwardly like western Europeans. They were familiar with German music and philosophy, English essays and French novels, yet were compelled to veil their faces and order their material existence as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers had done. The progressive party may depose Abdul Hamid II and put his long-imprisoned brother in his place, as it did on April 27, but the great fundamental barrier to any sweeping social change still remains. The Sultan is still the head of the Mohammedan Church, and to a Mohammedan his religion comes before almost everything else. To do violence to the Sultan, and thus to attempt suddenly to deflect the glacier-like movement of Mohammedan fatalism, is a far from simple proposition. Any extensive violence would bring interference from the Christian Powers, who, of course, can permit nothing to interfere with trade. And although the progressive Turks may want to take their place with others in the march of progress, a great mass of their countrymen remain, and must long remain, fatalists and followers of the Prophet rather than overseâ adventurers and hustling modern business men. And to-day business is business. A capable commercial agent may have more to do with international diplomacy than an accredited ambassador. Massacres and a fatalistic lethargy are alike out of date. And this the Turks must learn before the reformers have a fair chance.

Under the stimulus of the April revolution the wholly unauthorized hordes of Asia Minor rose and began to slay. Their religious frenzy spread over several districts in Asia Minor. It is estimated that ten thousand or more Christians, Armenians mainly, were killed by roving bands of Moslem fanatics. At Antioch and Adana the looting, burning, and murder were unusually cruel, and the towns were almost emptied by massacre of their men.

The Sultan's Dersim Kurds

THE Ottoman Empire is like a wholesale department of gunpowder—with samples in every grade and shape of combustible, but all bearing the common quality of high explosiveness. The races, religions, sects, and cults of the Sultan's dominion are in packets of various size, but most of them are ripe for uprising, and many of them have already begun to massacre. The Kurds are one of those most troublesome tribes who had been antagonized and driven into rebellion by the oppression of the old régime. For the last four weeks they have been massacring their neighbors, the Armenians, acting under the vague excitement of the Second Revolution.

The Kurdish tribes of that wild mountain region called the Dersim, at the forks of the Euphrates River, have never come into full subjection to the Turkish Government. The elusive tactics of these tribesmen have eventually worn down the strength of every army sent against them for the past three-quarters of a century. The Governor-General of the province has been trying to get the hostile Kurds to make terms and lay down their arms, and at last, early in March, 1909, it was reported that the Dersim Kurds were coming to the capital. The rumor spread terror in the hearts of the people, for these wild mountaineers had been in Harpoot before, and it was to plunder and burn at the time of the massacres of 1895. On the appointed day the Kurds appeared. They were marshaled by clans, the head of each clan on horseback, followed by his men on foot, in double file, with long flintlock rifles on shoulders.

The next day the city was early astir. With band playing and banners flying the great procession, now swelled to many thousands, with the Kurdish warriors at its center, swept down the road to Mezireh. At the head were the clan leaders, or Aghas, with long beards and eagle faces. In the midst of this group rode a man with green turban and jet-black beard and deep, fiery eye. On his head, covered by a black and gold cloth, he carried reverently what appeared to be a long book or scroll. This was their sacred book—not the Koran, for these tribes are not orthodox Moslems, but the book in which is recorded the genealogy of the sacred family of Ali, the great Prophet of these Kuzulbash tribes, from whom they boast descent.

They entered the town and swept through the center to the Government building. In a few minutes the Vali appeared on the steps, and was greeted with renewed cheering. He spoke to the marshal, who instantly laid his sword at the Vali's feet, and passed the word to his followers. First the Aghas and then their followers filed into the Government building; as each man passed the Vali, he stooped to kiss his hand, and the Vali threw his arms about the greasy necks of all those sunburned brigands and kissed each as though he were his long-lost brother. But it won the hearts of the suspicious, half-frightened rebels, who were thus received into the fraternity of the new national life.

It was reported that the visitors were to remain in town three days; but when the third day arrived, and special demonstrations and farewell processions were expected, not a Kurd was to be seen. They had vanished in a night. Gradually the reason leaked out. Some of the enemies of the Vali had been talking here and there about the folly of forgiving and forgetting the accumulated sins of these marauders for years past. Feeling had been aroused. It was at this juncture that some one passed the word around that trouble was brewing, and the mountaineers noiselessly took flight, to watch at a safe distance the ponderous machinery of the Government take what action it would.

It was the real effort of ignorant mountaineers to put themselves into a practicable relationship with a power whom they had never understood.

Patten and His Hunger Tower

THE man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo is always spoken of admiringly. He set himself a stern task, and carried it through. Not so James A. Patten, King (for a fortnight) of the Wheat Pit, who has abdicated his rocking throne, sold his non-existent wheat, and gone to a New Mexican ranch. He started to play the grimmest of jokes in the big black Book of Jobs—to corner the wheat of the world. If he had been as "nervy" as he was adroit, and had played his hand through till the last card dropped, he might have caught the "general public" as they have rarely been caught since air was at a premium in the Black Hole of Calcutta. No wonder the jest tickled his midriff for a few days at least, and that he traveled with a bodyguard, while the small bakers went out of business.

Mr. Patten had been able in a quiet way to obtain options on 23,000,000 bushels of Duluth and Minneapolis wheat. That gave him a cinch grip on the market, because it was one-sixth of the supply in the United States.

One of the results of that speculation in wheat superimposed on the general wheat situation was to drive up the price of spring wheat flour to seven dollars and over a barrel in large cities, and by forcing the bakers to reduce the size of a loaf of bread to advance the actual price of a loaf from five to six and a half cents.

At the height of the speculative flurry, when mass-meetings of bakers were passing resolutions and when the Ghettos of the great cities were buying less bread for more money, a cash grain dealer said:

"If wheat continues to go up and rye stands still, the poor people of this country will have to come to eating black bread like the peasants of Europe."

It was at this time that Mr. Patten was quoted as saying:

"All I have done is to foresee the condition of supply and demand, and take advantage of it. Wheat has advanced twenty cents a bushel, which is equivalent to an increase of one dollar a barrel on flour, but I am not to blame. Blame the farmer, who has not made his production equal to the demand for home consumption."

During the panic week a bill to prohibit dealing in the futures of wheat, corn, and other staples was introduced in Congress by Charles F. Scott, a Representative from Kansas.

The bull market began to slump on April 22, May wheat in Chicago selling at $1.21 instead of the $1.29¼ of April 15, and July wheat descending to $1.09⅝ from the $1.18⅞ of the week before. Promptly the situation for baker and consumer was eased.

If Mr. Patten's corner had remained intact and held back its supplies till the people starved and the prices soared, he would have brought to pass the dream of Dante, and made of the wheat elevator and its black shaft a veritable Hunger Tower.

The Beatification of Joan

THE beatification and canonization which the Roman Catholic Church confers on the best and wisest of the race answer to an element in human nature—loyalty to the dead. Before thirty thousand French pilgrims the beatification ceremonial of Joan of Arc was held in St. Peter's, Rome, on April 18.

The Basilica was hung with red velvet draperies, played upon by electric bulbs.

"Huge pictures, representing the miracles of Joan of Arc, and her statue, were placed over the high altar, but they were veiled. The ceremony began by the reading of the brief, at the last word of which the veils fell. The statue appeared framed with electric bulbs; the bells pealed forth and the massed choirs intoned the Te Deum, which was taken up by the vast throng. Many of the pilgrims, overcome, burst into frantic cheers, which were immediately suppressed."

So one more act closed in her progress toward canonization, which is expected in time for the five hundredth anniversary of her birth, the feast of [illegible] January 6, 1912. Then the world wil[illegible]

WINCHESTER



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and scarcely one among the sanctified will be more popular with the eommon people. and none more richly deserving of a tardy honor.

The eeremony just carried through establishes the quality of beatus or blessed. and allows invocation in specially authorized localities. For fifteen years Joan has been on trial of beatification and has been judged as woman, warrior, spirit. and saint. Among the suceessive tests whieh she has met at the investigation of the Church are those of reputation for sanctity, the heroicity of virtues, and for miracles. "Not only had it to be proved that Joan practised Christian virtues, but practised them to a heroie degree, and that no isolated fact of her life was of a nature to infirm her heroieity." Then, finally, the proeess of miracles—"at least two miraeles are required to prove that God allows the venerable to intervene as a saint." It was established to the satisfaction of the investigators that Joan in high heaven had healed one siek of the caneer. no longer ago than 1900, and two other glorious answers to prayer were proven in like manner.

In this year of her exaltation one of the fiereest of critieal battles has raged about her fragile person between Anatole Franee and Andrew Lang. France has found her largely a victim of delusions, good but simple and uminspired. With no such indeeency of attack as Voltaire lavished, France has played around her sad little life with an irony hardly the less insulting. Never did champion enter the lists more doughtily than Andrew Lang in lacing his helmet and setting his spear for the Maiden Knight. His voice, which we have eome to know as tired and languid, shakes with zeal, and the nonchalance of that lily among authors is engulfed in a rush of hot words. Pretty Fanny is at last in earnest. Pretty Fanny is a good deal of a man.

With two of the most gifted authors here below and the great Pope intent upon the life and works and tragic child's death, it is probable that the fame of the Virgin of Domremy is secure beyond that of most heroes and saints—even of those who, like her, died in agony.

"Plastic Surgery"

IN THE laboratories of the Roekefeller Institute for Medical Research certain very important things have been accomplished—notably, the discovery of a meningitis serum which has been tried thoroughly and has reduced the mortality from this disease, whieh dealt such appalling blows when it was epidemic a few years ago—more than fifty per cent. Dr. Carrel's demonstrations of the direet transfusion of blood by joining blood vessels, instead of using a glass tube as a eonduit, have been impressive and of real praetical result. His marvelous technique in such surgery. his ability to take a seemingly impossible number of stitches in a tiny circumference, are of course especially adapted to such operations. The obvious advantage of this method is the avoidanee of the danger of a elot forming in the tube and being carried on into the patient's blood, a thing which might in itself prove fatal. The life of a baby daughter of a well-known New York surgeon was saved by this operation last spring. The child developed *melæna neonatorum*, a disease of the first few weeks of life, whose mortality is from fifty to eighty per eent. A large vein back of the knee in the child's right leg was opened, an incision was made in the radial artery of her father's left wrist and the two sewed together. In a few minutes the baby's hemorrhages ceased, and to-day it is a strong, healthy ehild. It was proved, moreover, that instead of the cause of the disease being due, as had been supposed, to some defieiencies in the walls of the blood vessels, it was due to some deficiency in the blood itself.

"It is proved," says Dr. Carrel, "that the remote result of the transplantation of fresh vessels can be perfect and that arteries kept for several days or weeks outside of the body can be transplanted suceessfully, and that after more than one year the results remain excellent. It has been shown, also, for the first time, that transplanted kidneys functionate: that an animal, having undergone a double nephrectomy and the transplantation of both kidneys from another animal, can live normally for a few weeks, and that an animal which has undergone a double nephrectomy and the graft of one of his kidneys can recover completely and live in perfeet health for eight months at least. Finally, it has been demonstrated that a leg extirpated from a dog and substituted for the corresponding leg of another dog heals normally."

Experiments of this latter sort have scarcely yet demonstrated a practical application to the human body which can

Don't Throw Dull Blades Away-Strop 'Em!

NOT ONE MAN IN FIFTY

Strops his Razor properly. Not one in a thousand knows how to Hone a Razor. The almost invariable result is a "rounded edge" instead of the keen, sharp edge so necessary to a clean and satisfactory shave.

Shaving troubles are not caused by a poor Razor, but by the poor condition of the Razor.

A keen edge for a clean shave in a minute if you Strop and Hone with the



FLEMING RAZOR STROPPER AND HONER

IT STROPS AND HONES ALL RAZORS AND BLADES, OLD-STYLE AND SAFETY.

The Fleming Stropper and Honer firmly grips the blade of the Razor and lays it **flat** on the strop or hone. By an automatic reversing action, both sides of the edge are Stropped or Honed uniformly, without removing the Stropper from the strop or hone. You cannot press too hard, you cannot strop at the wrong angle, you cannot "round" the edge of your blade. It requires no skill or experience.

Purchase a **Fleming Razor Stropper and Honer** and *stop the everlasting expense of new blades!* The **Fleming** will last forever, and it will make your present blades last almost as long, and give you a clean, easy, satisfactory shave every time.

$2

Ask your dealer for the **Fleming.** If he cannot supply you, we will send it prepaid, on receipt of $2—cash, money-order or bank draft.

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Cornell Portable Houses are built in sections of first-class materials, painted inside and outside. Quickly and easily erected; only labor necessary being to bolt sections together. They are far better than what local contractors build and cost much less.

We build Cottages, Garages, Churches, Studios, Stores, Playhouses, etc., in many styles and sizes. We have the largest and best equipped portable house factory in America and employ only skilled workmen. Catalog upon request.

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They are lighter, stronger ond easier to row. Built of steel, fitted with large air chambers like life boats—absolutely safe—never leak crack—dry out—warp—or sink—last a lifetime. The ideal boat for families—hunting—fishing—summer resorts—boat liveries, etc. Our catalog of row boats, hunting boats, fishing boats, launches, motor boats and marine engines tells you all about our 1909 Models and their low cost.

Better write for a copy today.

The greatest launch borgoin ever offered is Mullins "1909 Special" $110. Ask us obout it.

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2 H.P. Detroit Engine $29.50

Other sizes at proportionate prices in stock ready to ship. Single cylinder engines, ½ to 8 h.p.; double cylinders 8 to 20 h. p.; Four cylinder 50 h. p. Engines start without cranking. No cams, no sprockets, only three moving parts. All engines counterbalanced. No vibration. Special fuel injector burns gasoline, kerosene, coal oil, alcohol, naphtha, distillate. Plastic white bronze bearings throughout. Crank shaft drop forged cheap babbitt). Crank ... ing surface ground.

Adjustable steel connecting rod. Waterproof ignition system. For your launch, sailboat, rowboat, stern wheel boat, or railroad track car. 20,000 satisfied users, free catalog and testimonials. **Demonstrator Agents wanted in every hunting community.** Special wholesale price on first outfit sold.

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The 18-power in this glass gives a field of view 607 feet in diameter at a distance of a mile, with the whole field as brightly illuminated as an old-style opera-glass. Sharp, plastic definition never possible heretofore. Light weight and well proportioned, hence steady in the hand.

Mechanically perfect, and impossible to misalign. Prisms easily removable for cleaning.

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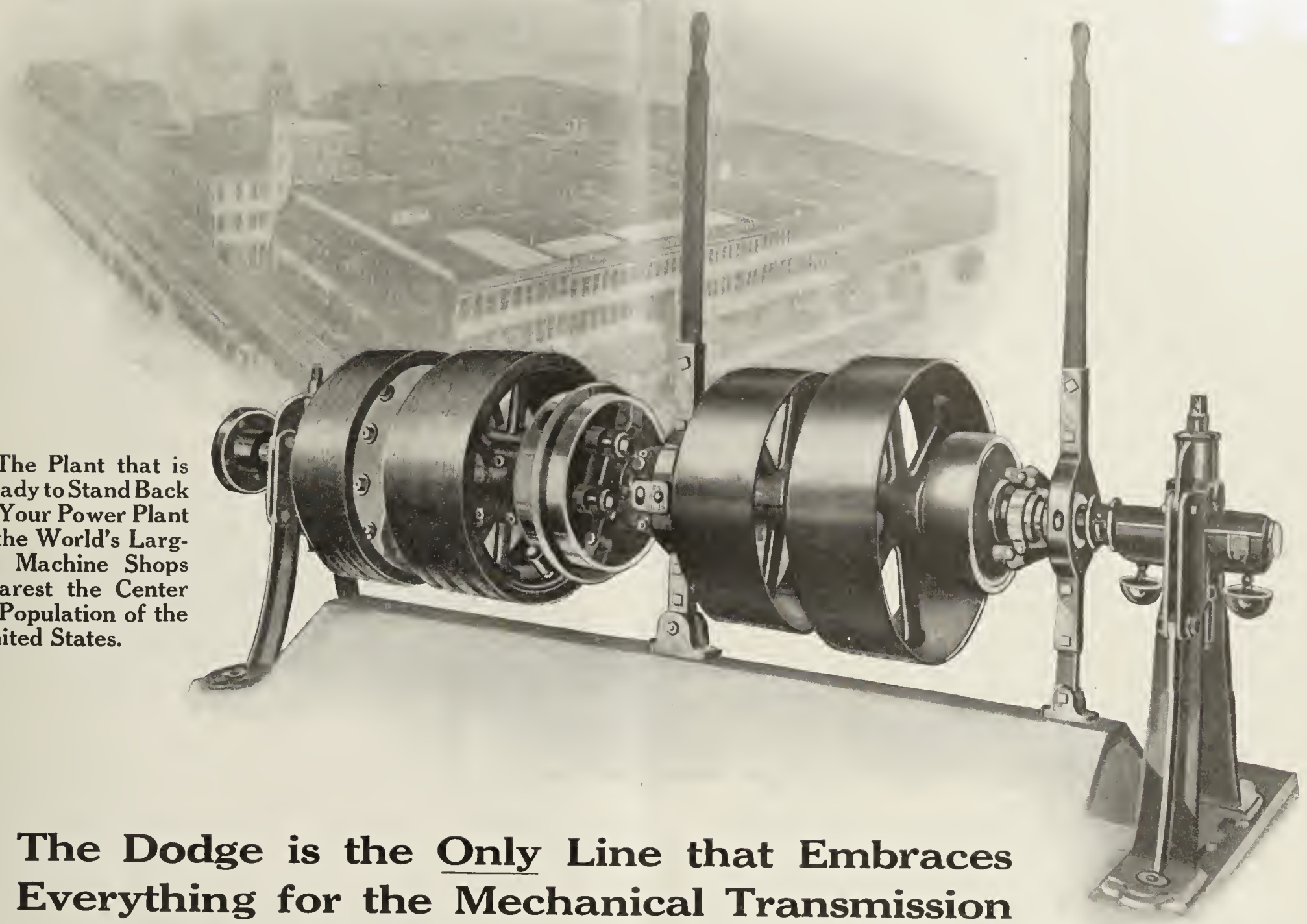
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Explains and illustrates construction in detail, and gives prices of the several powers—write for it.

AMERICAN THERMO-WARE COMPANY

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The Plant that is Ready to Stand Back of Your Power Plant—the World's Largest Machine Shops Nearest the Center of Population of the United States.

The Dodge is the Only Line that Embraces Everything for the Mechanical Transmission of Power. All Made in One Plant.

THINK what it means to you, Mr. Manufacturer or Mill Owner, to have one shop standard in your power transmission machinery and that the best.

There is only one line which offers you this—only one line which is standardized—only one line which is interchangeable wherever feasible—

And that is the Dodge line.

That means that you can secure from your local dealer's stock, replacements on immediate order which in any other line could not be had except by special construction.

Dodge pioneered the Wood Split Pulley—the Continuous Rope, Multi-Wrap System of rope transmission—the standardized Split Friction Clutches with detachable extended sleeves—development of the Automatic Lubricating Shaft Bearings.

The development of a complete line of high grade appliances—interchangeable—standardized for the dealer.

The Dodge line is the product of organized engineering brains.

These brains—the correct advice of our corps of engineering experts—is yours to command free of all obligation. Whatever your transmission difficulties may be, write us about them.

We will not only suggest the proper appliances, but can give you valuable help and hints regarding installation, space economy, maintenance, etc.

THE Dodge line includes the famous Dodge "Independence" Wood Split Pulleys (perfect balancing 100% gripping efficiency). The Dodge "Standard" Iron Split Pulleys with interchangeable bushings to fit all shaft sizes. Dodge Adjustable, Shaft Hanging Pillow Blocks, etc.—with self-oiling bearings. Dodge Split Friction Clutches to control departments, independently.

The split feature means that Dodge appliances can be mounted on the shaft in 15 minutes, removed in five without disturbing other equipment already in place.

Dodge Power Transmission Machinery means the greatest efficiency—friction reduced to a minimum.

And eliminating friction means added profit just as actually as an increased selling price.

Write to us for advice on all transmission troubles.

Send for our catalog E-2 *and our special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods giving you an exact price on transmission machinery complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you want this information, be sure to mention the fact when you write.*

Free for 6 Months—"The Dodge Idea"—A Magazine of Help

If you are even remotely interested in engineering and the general transmission of power, send this coupon for a free 6 months' subscription to "The Dodge Idea."

A live, interesting journal, covering all the principal features of shafting, journals, bearings, clutches, belt and rope transmission, driving gears, etc. Bright, understandable and interesting from cover to cover.

Dodge Mfg. Company
E-2, Mishawaka, Ind.

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Branches and District Warehouses: Boston; New York; Brooklyn; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Cincinnati; Chicago; St. Louis, and London, England, And Agencies in Nearly Every City in the United States.

We carry large complete Stocks at all Branches for immediate delivery. For quick service, communicate by long distance telephone with agency nearest you.

Will you accept $5 a day for your services?



You can earn more than $5.00 a day at the start, and as **much more** as you care to make. You can establish yourself in a **pleasant, profitable** and **permanent** business that makes you independent.

You Take No Risk

You do not invest one cent in this business until you prove you make the money at it. You risk nothing, and are paid well for what you do.

You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner business, and how it has made housecleaning the work of **hours** instead of **days.**

What I want to prove to you is that you can make a fine income with the most **perfect** and **convenient** vacuum cleaner. The

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner

embodies **every principle** and improvement known to the big wagon cleaners, and costly installed plants, yet it weighs only about 50 lbs.

You can take one of these machines into a house and remove **every** particle of dust and dirt from **every room** without taking up the carpets and without moving furniture, and do it **ten times as thoroughly** and **in one-tenth the time.**

The Duntley Portable Cleaner sucks the dirt **out** of the house. It does **all** and **more** than the big wagon cleaners can possibly do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and less to operate. This means **bigger profits** to you.

How The Business Increases

Every housewife who has a rug or room cleaned by the Duntley Cleaner, is so **thoroughly satisfied** that she wants a Duntley Cleaner for her own use—which **you** sell to her at a **handsome profit.** She tells **her friends** about you. You get **their** orders. **Their** friends give you **more** orders, both for cleaning and for machines. The more customers **you** get, the more customers **they** will get you.

My "Pay From Profit" Plan

I want one good, honest, active man or woman in every city or town—**no matter how small,** where houses are lighted by electricity, to write for my "Pay from Profit" plan. I **establish** you in business, show you **how** it is done, and assure you an **income** of at least **$5.00 a day** while learning.

Make me **prove** what I say. Don't spend one cent until you prove the **truth** of everything I say. Whether you want to go into the business for **yourself,** or whether you want to prove the **economy** and **satisfaction** of the Duntley Portable Cleaner in your own home, take advantage of my offer.

Write Me for the Plan Today

The offer is made to **you—now—today.** It is your **great** opportunity to start in a **new** business—in a **coming** business—in a **profitable** business—in a business of **your own** that will grow **bigger** each year. You simply write me and ask for my "Pay from Profit Plan." Do it **now—at once**

J. W. Duntley, Pres., Duntley Mfg. Co., Chicago

Fill out and mail this coupon today

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 402 Plymouth Bldg., Chicago.

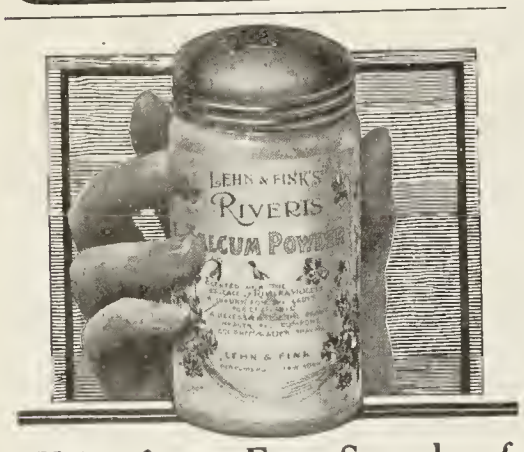
Dear Sir:—Tell me how I can earn $5.00 or more a day with a Duntley Cleaner, on your "Pay from Profit Plan."

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town.....*State*.....

Occupation.....



Write for a Free Sample of LEHN & FINK'S Riveris Talcum

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail to us. We will send you free a generous sample of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder that will be a revelation to you of how fine, "fluffy" and delicately perfumed a talcum powder may be made. Large glass jars as shown above are sold by all druggists at 25c.

LEHN & FINK, 119 William Street, NEW YORK

Which Price Do You Pay? $15 or $7.50?



This Morris Chair in Quartered White Oak costs you the high price at any store—you save half or more buying direct from our factory "in sections" ready to fasten and stain. Choice of seven finishes.

"COME-PACKT" SECTIONAL FURNITURE

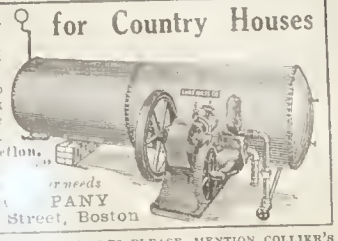
OVER ONE HUNDRED other handsome pieces in our new catalog. Write for it today.

$7.50 with cushions.

International Mfg. Co., 513 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Water Supply for Country Houses

THE PROBLEM SOLVED



No elevated tank to freeze or leak. Tank [illegible] cellar. Any pressure up to 60 lbs. The ideal fire protection. [illegible] Illustrated Cata[illegible]

[illegible] P. MOSS [illegible] PANY

[illegible] Market Street, Boston

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Roof Space

IT WAS in 1905 that the New York Public Library found itself cramped in quarters in its East Side branches. There were more readers than square feet of floor space. So Arthur E. Bostwick, head of the circulating library system, in finishing off the then new Rivington Street branch in the summer of 1905, erected enough coping around the roof to keep all classes of persons from falling off. The roof was then made into an open-air reading-room. This easy device added a floor to the reading capacity of the library, and it gave fresh air to the readers in addition to a certain wonder-sense at the open-air elevation. It was a little like reading a novel on deck in mid-ocean. This roof reading-room was so richly patronized that the experiment was repeated at the St. Gabriel branch. This time a roof was built, but the sides left open. Three new branches are now under construction, and in each of them the roof is being made ready for summer use. Awnings will be hauled over the roof space by day to prevent the sun from storing up heat inside the tin. In the evening the awning will be rolled back. These three branches are each in a crowded section—one is at Seward Park, one at Hamilton Fish Park, and one at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. This is an idea that other cities dealing with crowded areas will be sure to adopt. Already for several years Los Angeles, California, has had a library whose roof is used eleven months of the year. That is where climate cooperates with inclination.

Revivals

GIPSY SMITH, the evangelist, has recently added four hundred "souls" to the membership of the churches in Kansas City, Missouri.

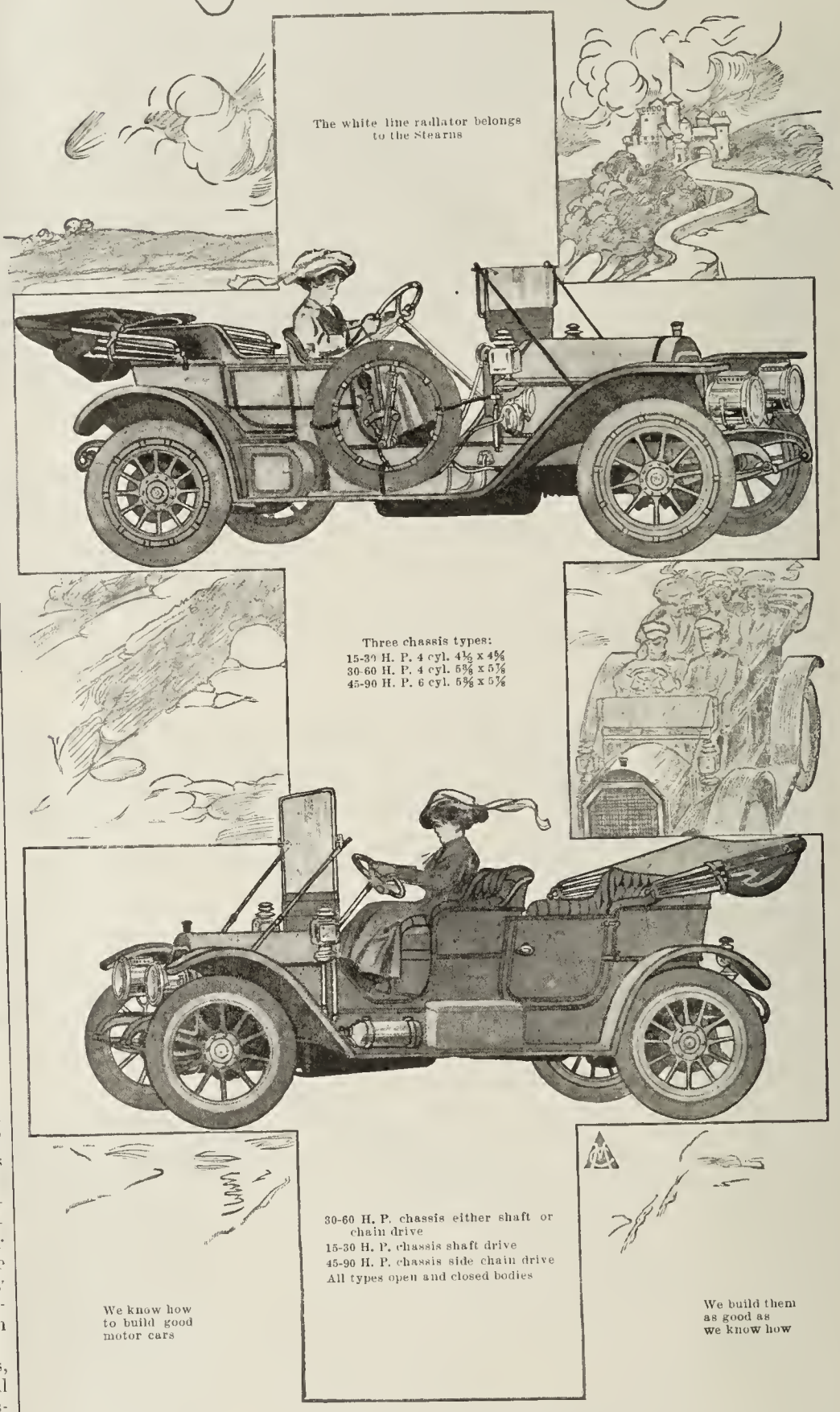
Do revivals permanently revive the prostrate church? Do the crowds and the fervor mark a real gain in righteousness for the community? A statistician in the Springfield "Republican" has made a study of the Moody revival of 1877 in Massachusetts. He gives exact figures, and then says:

"Together Baptists, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians for the whole State, and Methodists for the Boston and Lynn districts, made a net loss in the four years, 1877-1881, over the preceding five years of 4,469, or over ten per cent. It would seem to be an open question whether on the whole the revival work of 1877 was much of a success in increasing the numbers of the members of these churches permanently, and whether they would not all have been better off if the Moody meetings had not been held. An examination of the statistics of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts and Connecticut points to a similar condition following the greater revival of 1758. Ten or twelve years after the 'Great Awakening' which added three hundred to his church in Northampton in a single year, Jonathan Edwards lamented that he had not received a single member in four years. These facts tend to show a social law of reaction with grave results."

In estimating Moody and his work, it would be fair to remember the public buildings with which he strewed the land—Y. M. C. A. buildings, churches, and the like—not by gifts of money from the outside, but by rousing the community to a concrete expression of their enthusiasm. Then, too, it might fairly be argued that joyous excitement is an excellent thing for a village or city.

The two admirable schools at Northfield and Mt. Hermon, founded by Mr. Moody,

Stearns



Three chassis types:
15-30 H. P. 4 cyl. 4½ x 4⅝
30-60 H. P. 4 cyl. 5⅝ x 5⅞
45-90 H. P. 6 cyl. 5⅝ x 5⅞

30-60 H. P. chassis either shaft or chain drive
15-30 H. P. chassis shaft drive
45-90 H. P. chassis side chain drive
All types open and closed bodies

We know how to build good motor cars

We build them as good as we know how

THE F. B. STEARNS CO.
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Here Is Something New From Kalamazoo

Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not.

Send for Catalog No. 176 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others

Cash Or Time Payments

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on **easy time payments** or pay cash if you like. Either way—you save $10 to $20 on any stove in the catalog. We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"



16 FOOT STEEL LAUNCH $96
With 2 H.P. Engine Complete

18-21-25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine made; starts without cranking, has only 3 moving parts. Steel rowboats, $20.00. All boats fitted with water-tight compartments; cannot sink, need no boat house. We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled the day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middle-men's profits. **Free Catalogue.**

Michigan Steel Boat Co., 1298 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



TASTE THE TASTE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

—the smackish, piquant taste of Underwood Deviled Ham! It's the delicious ham taste of salt and sugar and hickory smoke, mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of 42 spices—a highly seasoned taste that arouses the keen edge of hunger.

Makes sandwiches delicate and delicious, deviled eggs, omelets, toasts, souffles, canapes, hors d'ouvres, croquettes, rarebits, salads, hashes, turnovers, scallops — all kinds of "choice morsel" cookery. And for stuffing chicken and turkey — just try it once.

OUR RECIPE BOOK, FREE, tells you how to make all these things in simple, easy ways.

Handy for picnicing, fishing, hunting, camping and all outdooring. Still handier for luncheons, teas, meal emergencies, and all in-dooring.

Nothing but tender, juicy ham, ground with spices. No preservatives. Made in a white, clean, sunlit New England kitchen—visitors always welcome.

Very economical. For example: A small can makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches. Put up in 15c., also 25c. cans.

If your grocer doesn't keep it, send his name and 15c. to WM. UNDERWOOD CO., Dept. I, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass., and you will receive, by return mail, a full size can of

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

should not be forgotten by the social scientists in estimating the permanence of his activities. Still another contribution is often made by the evangelist, reformer, crusader, and poet. And that is the conveyance to other men of a certain continuing fervor. Thus Mr. Moody gave Dr. Grenfell his first and most powerful impulse, which has resulted in excellent and enduring medical and social betterment work on the coast of Labrador. He taught King of Boston the methods which attract sailormen in port and hold them in a decent place instead of the river-front brothels. Mr. Moody raised Campbell Morgan from the semi-obscurity of a North-of-London suburban church to an international fame among church-going folk. These communications of personality, by which the next man is raised to an energizing level, which formerly was out of his reach, belong in any fair-minded estimate of a man's work.

Murder by Motor-Car

THERE has been an epidemic of motor-car murders in the last month. From many parts of the country come reports of women, old men, and children run down and maimed or killed by speeding, irresponsible chauffeurs. Little by little, laws and judges are beginning to deal with this menace to a quiet life. On April 15, in the Supreme Court of New York State, the jury held that the owner of a car is responsible for the chauffeur's acts, and must pay the damages incurred in such of the chauffeur's bursts of speed as cripple pedestrians.

Swinburne, the Improvisatore

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, who for several years had been indisputably the world's greatest living poet, died at the Pines in Putney, England, on April 10. In person he was small and fragile, five feet two inches in height. He was a son of Admiral Swinburne, and was born in 1837. He received his education at Balliol College, Oxford. For all his days he was a writer. He had early mastered the Latin and Greek tongues. His classical drama of "Atalanta in Calydon" in 1865, and his "Poems and Ballads" of 1866, established his fame, though awakening bitter criticism.

By cable from London has come the fitting word on his strange gifts that were so often a puzzle to sober-hued readers and all a wonder and a wild delight to the ecstatic among his admirers. George Meredith is equipped both lyrically and critically to tell where the truth lies. He said of the funeral on the Isle of Wight:

"Then the earth will take to her bosom the most spontaneous singer of all her English children. As far as our language would submit to him, he was an improvisatore. Had Italy been native to him he would have borne the renown of a poet fired on the instant to deliver himself orally."

His gift, then, was in a flow of beautiful words, unfailing for a half century, that ravish the emotions but rarely reach the intelligence.

Certain of his moods were noble. In the presence of the sea, he reprodneed its thunders and immensity. Always he could convey vastness. Revolution, rebellion, the struggle for liberty anywhere on the earth, moved him to a large vague mood, out of which flowed rich tones and chords.

"I, last least voice of her voices,
Give thanks that were mute in me long
To the soul in my soul that rejoices
For the song that is over my song.
Time gives what he gains for the giving,
Or takes for his tribute of me;
My dreams to the wind ever-living,
My song to the sea."

No such swift mastery over musical words had been previously known in English literature whose artists had wrestled and groaned in beating their music out.

Of the qualities that gave him so early, immense, and continuing a fame, these are perhaps the dominant: In his political and religious beliefs he was a highly talented rebel. He recreated a sense of very pagan Rome with its decay, its satiety, and its tired beauty. In his handling of the love theme, he was daring for a North of Europe man. He had the gift of rendering again the classical themes, and as these possess inherently more of the stuff on which poetry is made than any other, it followed as the night the day that his supremely easy versitieation would recreate some at least of that ancient beauty.

As a critic, he was defective in cool judgment. His brain chambers ran hot and frenzied when either friend or foe among the immortals was named. He lauded and denounced like a revivalist. It was stimulating reading, and always his rare and splendid acquaintance with great literature shone out—but all too little at-

Real Ventilation

Desk and ceiling fans do not *ventilate*; they simply stir up the stagnant air and make you feel a little cooler because of the local air currents. Window ventilation is not effective unless a good breeze is blowing. The only *real ventilation* is that which actually *forces* the vitiated air and disease germs out of doors. There is but one way to do this effectively at reasonable cost—get a

STURTEVANT Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set

This little device can be run wherever there are electric lights. Simply screw the plug into a light socket, put the discharge pipe out a window or other opening, and turn on the current. The average size room can be completely ventilated in 10 to 15 minutes at a cost of 1 to 3 cents' worth of electricity, according to the size of the Ventilating Set.

Easily carried from room to room. Noiseless in operation. Mechanically and electrically perfect, as is evidenced by the fact that this Ventilating Set is built to meet the specifications and severe tests of the U. S. Government, for whom we have recently built 56 sets.

The **STURTEVANT Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set** is indispensable in the up-to-date home for driving odors and hot air from the kitchen; ventilating a room where "that man" has been smoking; in the cellar for forcing the draft of the heater, or ventilating and drying out some damp corner.

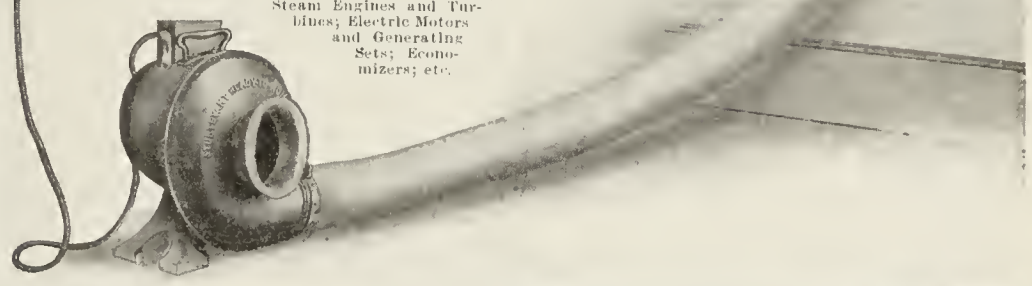
Useful for ventilating offices, sick rooms, toilets, photographic dark rooms, smoking rooms, ticket offices, telephone booths, motor boat cabins and scores of other places; for blowing dust out of machinery, etc.

Every up-to-date home, hospital, hotel, office and shop should have a **STURTEVANT Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set.**

Write today for Bulletin No. 106-C.

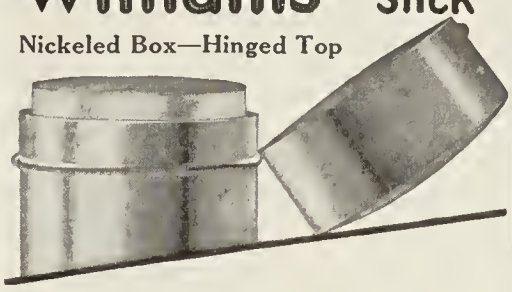
B. F. STURTEVANT CO., BOSTON, MASS.
General Offices and Factory, Hyde Park, Mass.

Designers and Builders of Heating and Ventilating Apparatus; Blowers and Exhausters; Steam Engines and Turbines; Electric Motors and Generating Sets; Economizers; etc.



Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickeled Box—Hinged Top



The fashions in beards may change, but the creamy, refreshing lather of Williams' Shaving Stick is always the same.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.
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tempt was made to enter into the being of the author under examination. A page of Sainte-Beuve makes Swinburne in critical guise seem exclamatory and unveracious, and even superficial. His attaek was like that of a prairie fire, scorehing and terrifying, but hardly a eontribution to the harvesting of erops.

Other of his famous works are: "Songs Before Sunrise," 1871; "Songs of Two Nations," 1875; two other series of "Poems and Ballads"; "Tristram of Lyonesse," 1882; and a trilogy of Mary Stuart.

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The Problem of the Hungry Stomach

(*Concluded from page 24*)

Europe. Of late, the western countries of South America have been going into the wheat business: with the eompletion of the Panama Canal, the United States may draw some of the surplus from those lands. Still another factor, remote, uneertain, enters into the future caleulation. Years ago the Chinaman tasted wheat bread and liked it. The European residents of China, together with the Chinese who can afford the white man's food, have been getting most of their supply from the Paeific Coast of Ameriea. China, on her part, may raise wheat if she wills. She has, in spite of her large population, vast waste areas admirably adapted to this crop. What she lacks in virgin quality of soil she makes up in cheap labor. Lately, the Imperial Government and European entrepreneurs have been sending to the United States for samples and instruetions, that they may experiment with wheat. Should North China and Manchuria ever come to the point of a wheat surplus, it will more profoundly affeet the relations of China with the rest of the world than all the international agreements and treaties ever hatched. If that time of surplus ever arrives, the movement of grain trade will flow back toward the Paeific Coast; the United States in her time of need will take from China, as China now takes from the United States. That is remote and problematical; the new wheat surplus of Canada and the coming wheat surplus of the west eoast of South America are present and tangible. The world's wheat supply is a unit, an industrial faetor whieh rises above eonsiderations of boundaries and politieal divisions: no nation ean consider its own supply out of relation to the world's supply. Sir William Crookes prophesied fifteen years ago that the world would begin to feel a permanent wheat shortage in 1931. He was more aeeurate or more lucky than most prophets, it seems. The increase of populations and the spread of the bread-eating habit have gone faster than produetion. The permanent shortage, wheat experts believe, will arrive in the next twenty years; and by that time the United States will be an importing nation. Then Ameriea, drawn together in a solidarity of hunger with Continental Europe, must face the question whieh has been a keystone of British polities ever since the corn agitation of 1845—the question of the hungry stomach.

\+ \+ \+

The Turk

(*Continued from page 14*)

nature, and life ean be eondensed into a single word. The word is "*Kief*." "Kief" means seorn of the past, indifference to the present, and unconeern about the future. If you speak to a Turk about any danger, fear, or evil presentiment, he will merely reply: "Allah kerim"—"God is great"—which is to say: "Eat, drink, and dream, and leave the rest to Kismet (destiny). Trust Allah; the thing is all settled, and as I ean't ehange it, I won't give myself belas (headaehes)."

War is the one thing that ean rouse the Turk from his apathy. When the fight is over, the Mussulman returns at once to his "Kief." Why get exeited about polities, science, philosophy, and literature? Is not everything foreordained? Leave it to Allah. With a whole nation in this frame of mind, it is not strange that the Turk has neither thirst for knowledge nor any great passion. It is not strange that he has but little curiosity and no desire to travel, and that officials display such ignorance in regard to the most elementary things.

About fifty years ago a Turkish man-of-war received orders to go to Malta. A storm drove it far into the Mediterranean. A month elapsed, but not a word of news. After two months more friends began to

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Today automobile troubles are largely tire troubles. Eighty per cent of up-keep expense is tire expense. When you are tied up on a lonesome road 20 miles from nowhere—nine cases out of ten it's TIRES.

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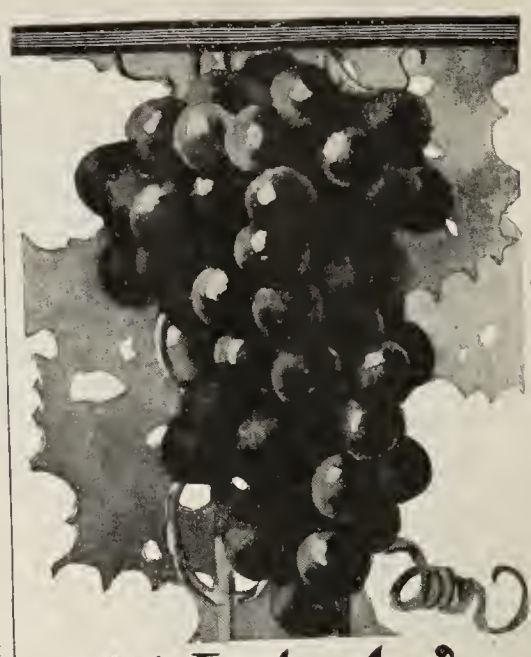
Every bit of material in the car you drive has a "margin of safety" of 5 to 7—it must be capable of bearing a strain 5 to 7 times greater than *it will ever be subjected to*. Tires alone are expected to work to the *limit of their resistance*. When you overload them there is no "margin of safety." It has been exceeded. You are taking chances every minute you drive.

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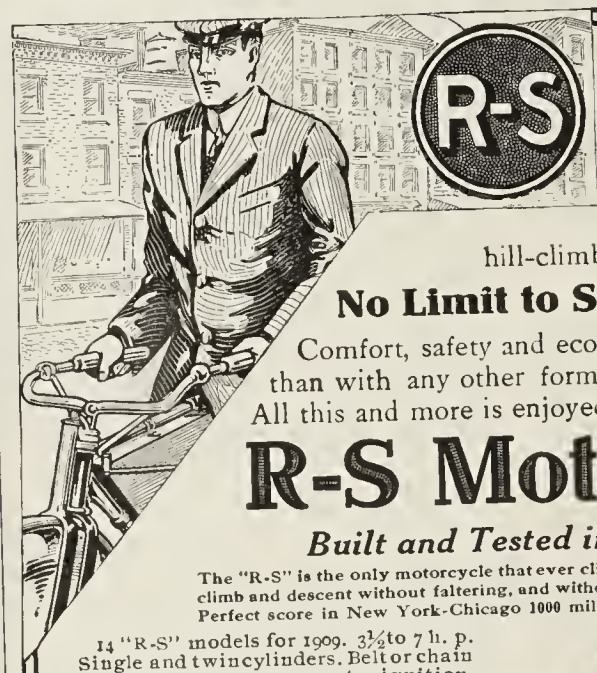
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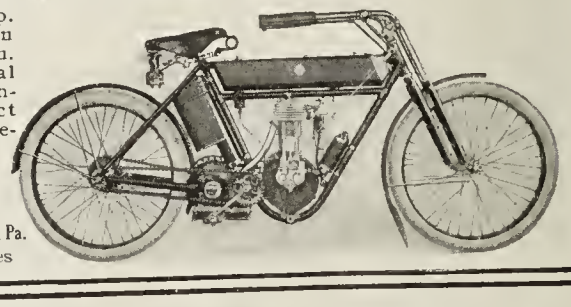
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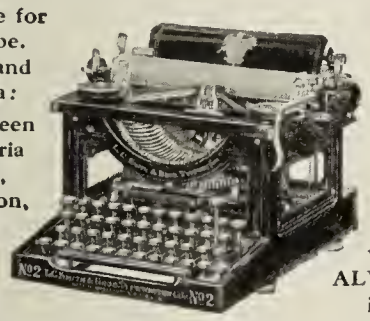
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besiege the War Office for information. Finally the Minister of Marine was ordered to send out another boat. Just as this second expedition was ready to sail they beheld on the far horizon the ship that all had believed to be lost.

After the wanderer was safely anchored, the captain presented himself at the Ministry of Marine, where he was eagerly awaited by the Minister, who inquired:

"Well, Captain, what have you been doing these months? How was it we never heard from you?"

"Ah! my Pasha, we were very unfortunate. We were surprised by a terrible tempest and driven out to sea. When it was calm again we continued on our voyage, and since we traversed the Mediterranean from one end to the other, I must tell you that Malta does not exist, for we have not found it. We discovered Crete and Corsica, but Malta, no—there is no Malta."

The Turk is no Traveler

THE Turk has no love for travel. It is natural, therefore, that he should consider the Christian traveler stark mad. Once when I was journeying with a friend of mine on the coast of Asia Minor, we stopped one night at a village where we met an old Turk, who offered us hospitality. He was a splendid-looking chap, but, try as we would, we could never make him understand why the giaours left their own country to visit strange lands and peoples.

"Have you then no father, mother, brother, or sister?" asked Ali.

"Oh, yes," we replied.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed. "You have a family and yet you have left them to come so far, so far." And he left us with indulgent pity.

As a rule, however, the European inspires in the true Turk only a feeling of contempt. He appears to the Ottoman eye only a frivolous and conceited being. Our mighty labors of mind and body are to them trivial and childish beyond words. To our civilization they are, therefore, always hostile, for they regard it as the influence of the evil one, forever on the alert to destroy them.

To change themselves, to accommodate their customs to the character of the Christians, is an appalling abomination. Indolence, pride, religion, contempt, all oppose it.

Likeable—When Not Cutting Off Heads

WHAT I have said here of the Turk does not, of course, apply to the more progressive element, and while some of these attempt to combine the virtues of two civilizations, yet it must be confessed that often the new Turk, despising the customs and traditions of his forefathers, apes the manners, imitates the graces, and, too often, copies the vices of the Christians.

Take it all in all, the Turk, with his sense of loyalty, his domestic affections, his kindness to animals, his reverence for his ancestors and for the dead, his unfailing courtesy and inclusive hospitality, his honesty and dignity, merits our admiration. He has his faults, but these are the defects of his qualities. Of him also it might be said: "To know him, when he does not cut people's heads off, is to love him."

* * *

The Woman Who Votes

(*Continued from page 23*)

me they just vote like they take a notion—or like somebody talks them into voting."

THERE is a great disposition on the part of the woman voter to deny that she votes with her husband. This is no doubt the outcome of much scoffing and the frequent masculine remark that suffrage only doubles each vote. I could not see, however, why these denials should be so indignant; I should think it would be quite as pleasant to agree across the table concerning who the next mayor ought to be as concerning how much the ducks should be uncooked. But it is interesting to know that there are many independent convictions in all classes. I heard of one scrub lady who, for the sake of these convictions, faced a daily wife-beating and stood by her ballot.

"Let him bate me as much as he pleases," she said. "Oi'll cast me own vote."

THERE is a general feeling, even among those who claim that women have accomplished results through the ballot, that they have not by any means taken advan-



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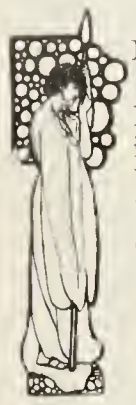
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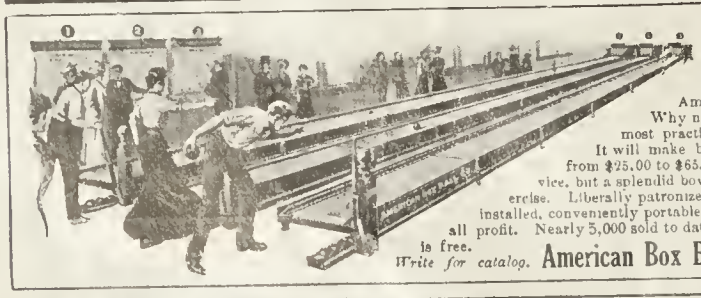
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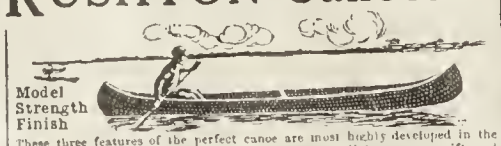


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tage of it to the full. "But woman has been bound hand and foot for generations," a Salt Lake lawyer said. "She can't step forth into full powers all at once." In Colorado women are organized in energetic political clubs; in Salt Lake they have clubs, but less energetic; in Wyoming they have done private and personal work for certain favored candidates.

There is in Denver a very old house whose interior wood was brought across the plains by ox team. Here I found Mrs. John Pierce, who is the vice-president of the Woman's Equal Suffrage Association of Colorado.

"I came by stage in '62," she told me, "and we lived at first in a two-room wooden shack. Pioneer men had a hard time, but there wasn't a trial of pioneering the women didn't share. Seems to me," she said slowly, looking out over the bustling street that she remembered as a treeless wilderness; "seems to me, when we went through all that, side by side with the men, we ought to have the right to vote side by side with them, too."

"Do you think it unsexes women?" I asked her.

She laughed. "My dear, no more than education," she said. "Nothing can ever make us anything but women."

"But if woman is not unsexed—is still the same—what about man?" a Pennsylvania woman now transplanted to Colorado said to me one day. "Dear, dear! His bloom is off, his glamour's gone. It's right, and just, and advanced—I know all that—but alas for that fascinating veil of political mystery in which man once shrouded himself!"

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Baseball

(Continued from page 13)

"baseball"—since frontier times. In 1856 some late arrivals from New York brought their own game and formed the "Atlantics," stealing the name of a club already grown famous in Brooklyn. When they picked two teams to play their first game, they were short one catcher. John O'Neil—now "Uncle John," pensioned fireman—was a mighty catcher at the old game. They explained the rules and persuaded him to try. The first man up struck out, and John dropped the third strike. In the emergency he reverted by instinct to the game he knew. He picked up the ball and "soaked" the runner in the back of the head. That unfortunate, whose name is lost to history, lay for four days between life and death. It was the life of Chicago's favorite game which hung in the balance with him; but he recovered, and the boys played on. Next year they had a rival club; and by 1858 Milwaukee had learned the game from Chicago. Until the war the two cities played home-and-home matches every year. In 1859 New York pioneers organized a club, the Eagles, in San Francisco. The Red Rovers followed; the two clubs played their first game to a tie—33 to 33. The professional gamblers who infested San Francisco in those days bet heavily on this game; and it is recorded that "interested" spectators shot off their revolvers in unison whenever the first baseman was about to take a throw. Finally New York boys and "Beadle's Dime Baseball Guide" arrived in New Orleans in 1860 and brought the craze there. The boys founded a club, "ten cents entrance fee and ten cents a week dues to buy balls." It was spreading, but slowly. It might have remained a New York game for several decades had it not been for the war.

Meantime baseball was flourishing mightily in its birthplace. In 1857 the clubs had become so many and the problem of interpretation so puzzling that the Knickerbockers, still leaders in the sport of their invention, called a convention—sixteen clubs represented. Among those which shone preeminent then, or rose to future fame, were the Knickerbockers and Eagles of New York, the Putnams of Williamsburgh, the Eckfords of Greenpoint, the Unions of Morrisania, the Atlantics of Bedford, and the Stars of South Brooklyn. The Atlantics and the Unions later became national champions, and in the Stars was worked out the principle of curve pitching. In 1859, with forty-nine clubs represented, the baseball convention became the National Association of Baseball Players.

The first convention introduced many changes; the first meeting of the association added many more and elaborated them all in a code of rules, for a perplexing thing had arisen. They did not know what to do with the pitchers. Those mere feeders of the batters were beginning to copy the cricket bowlers and find a skill of their own. Even restricted as they were to an artificial delivery, certain pitchers had be-

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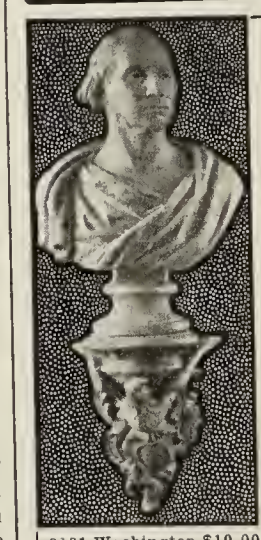
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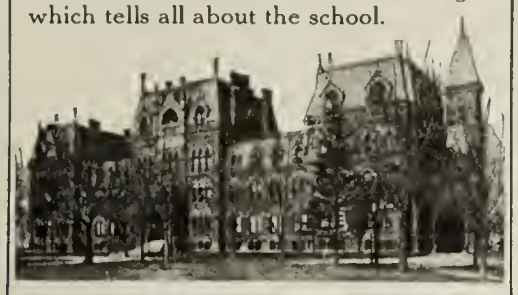


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gun to develop speed. That was not so bad; but others had the rudiments of puzzling delivery. Having no "called-ball" rule to hamper them, they tried to work the batter by sending balls to right and left of the plate. They would trifle thus for a quarter of an hour could they but persuade the batter to strike at a bad one. Already Harry Wright, a made-over cricketer, had mastered "change of pace"—practically the only artificial ruse the pitcher had before the curve came in. Under the rules as they stood, the first side making twenty-one points won the game. A weak team, seeing itself outclassed, could delay the game by refusing to strike at good balls until night made it a draw—"no contest." They stopped this last evil by a radical amendment. They changed the system of scoring to the present one—greatest number of runs in nine innings, one inning for each man. Immediately scores bounded up to three digits.

Pitcher *vs.* Batter

STILL—they must have felt dimly—this was not enough. Something should be done to stop all that fiddling between pitchers and batters. Handling it gingerly, they ruled that a batter who refused good balls persistently "should be warned by the umpire, and, if he persisted, the umpire should call a strike on him as though he had hit at the ball." Indeed, it would have been impracticable to enforce strict "strike and ball" rules then, for the umpire stood on the sidelines between home and first, and was, therefore, in no position to judge at the plate. By this time, notice, the two umpires and a referee had dwindled to one umpire. It was still "a position of great dignity." He usually sat on a camp chair near the first-base line with his feet disposed comfortably on a box.

The association recognized another feature which had crept gradually into the game, and which we of this generation know not. The batter had a right to call for a "high" or a "low" ball, and the pitcher was supposed to deliver according to his request. There was as yet no way of enforcing this rule; it was custom and nothing more. This, as much as anything else, shows what a hit-and-miss affair early-day baseball was. The younger and hardier delegates advocated the repeal of the "first-bound" rule, contending that it was a baby's game. The fogies, mindful of their crippled hands, rallied to preserve the good old way. Finally the two wings compromised. A fair-hit ball caught either on the fly or on first bound was out; but the base-runners could run as they pleased on a "first-bound" catch, while they must return to their original bases on a "fly" catch.

The association further reduced the size of the ball to 10¼ inches in circumference and 6¼ ounces in weight. The regulation ball of 1909 is 9 inches in circumference and weighs 5 ounces. Its composition was stated only hazily. As a matter of fact, those old balls were very lively. "If you dropped one of them from a house," says Will Rankin, oldest living baseball reporter, "it would bound back to you." Ross of Brooklyn and Van Horne of New York, shoemakers both, were the baseball manufacturers of the time. They sewed on the covers in four sections, shaped like the petals of a tulip. The seams were always splitting and "bunching"; this, the taboo on gloves, and the size and weight of the ball, made the hands of those early-day baseball players look like claws. And the New York "Herald," taking lofty notice of this new game, denounced it as "barbarous and injurious."

From Bat to Gun

THEN came the Civil War, and the place of the athletic New York and Boston boys was the ranks. The number of clubs in and about New York City dwindled from sixty-two in 1860 to twenty-eight in 1863. But the enlisted players took their game with them into the camps of Virginia and Tennessee. Whenever, in summer or fall, the Federal armies rested for a week, some one was sure to take a baseball out of his haversack and start a game. They played it on the Peninsula while the army of the Potomac waited for the latest incompetent general to replace the last incompetent general. They played it before Fort Fisher, dropping one game mid-innings to fall in and run to the firing-line. They played it in Confederate prisons, where they taught it to their captors. The Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana regiments turned out to watch, and remained to learn. A young cricketer from Amsterdam, New York, who had enlisted in the ranks, saw the Eighth New York, recruited from Manhattan, playing a new game. It looked like the cricket for which his soul thirsted; he "begged into" the game. It was Nicholas Young, for a quarter of a century secretary or president of the National League. A volunteer private returned invalided to Rockford, Illinois, in 1863. He saw the boys

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1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in *open air*. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our **Tutorial** system. Standards and traditions high. Academy forty-nine years old. New $100,000 barrack[illegible] equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $360.
Handsome catalogue free. Address,
CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A.M., Principal, Staunton, Va.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

batting up flies, and he told them that he knew a better game. He had learned it in the army. One tall, wiry boy took a special interest. It was Al Spalding, great pitcher, great manager, great organizer—prime figure in baseball from that day to this. On Roanoke Island, Hawkins's Zouaves formed two scrub teams. A young volunteer pitcher won for his side by a weak, puzzling delivery which baffled the batsmen. It was Alphonse Martin, first man consciously to put a "spin" on a pitched baseball, first in the line of great American pitchers.

The same leaven was working in the Confederate ranks. The New Orleans boys also carried baseballs in their knapsacks. A group of them found themselves in a Federal prison stockade on the Mississippi. They formed a club. Confederate prisoners from Georgia and South Carolina watched them, "got the hang of it," and organized for rivalry. In the "East and West" series which followed, the West won triumphantly by unrecorded scores.

The "Professional" Appears

SO, WHEN the Civil War was over, the whole country was playing baseball. From the "National Game of the Manhattanese," it had become the national game of these United States. It had been going on, though with reduced strength, in New York all during the war; in 1864 the association formally abolished the "first-bound" rule for fair balls, so that to catch a runner out on a fair hit the fielder must take it on the fly. When, in 1866, the association issued its call for a convention, 202 clubs, for every part of the East and Middle West, responded. The South was preparing to come in. As soon as the guns of war were clean, the same Saltzman who introduced the "New York Game" into Boston went to Charleston, South Carolina. Baseball, it appears, had but to be seen by Americans to be loved; Charleston adopted it, and Savannah followed. In 1867 Savannah came up with many rooters and a band to play Charleston for the championship of the South. That was in the "reconstruction" period of negro domination. The big, buck black men gathered on the lines and openly scorned the white man's sport. The players, dropping their game, brandished their bats and charged them. It took a company of soldiers to quell the riot and get the Savannah team to its boat alive. In 1865 Harvard, combining with the town boys of Cambridge, formed the first college team; Tufts and then Yale followed. Baseball had arrived.

Then a slow tendency which suddenly crystallized itself, and a sudden event, changed the whole history and tendency of baseball. The professional baseball player, open or masked, sprang up in every corner of the country; and a young pitcher named Arthur Cummings, in a game between the Excelsiors of Brooklyn and the "Harvards of Cambridge," pitched the first recognized, controllable curve ball. Definitely and abruptly these two factors put an end to one period of the national game.

\+ \+ \+

Fact and Fancy

COLLIER'S published in the issue of March 13 an article by Will Irwin entitled "Tainted News Methods of the Larger Liquor Interests." He mentioned at length the "Modern View," a Jewish weekly published in St. Louis, from under whose wing proceeded a fake periodical used in the late prohibition campaign in Shreveport, Louisiana. We have since received the following letter, which we commend to all college instructors in logic as a model for sophistry:

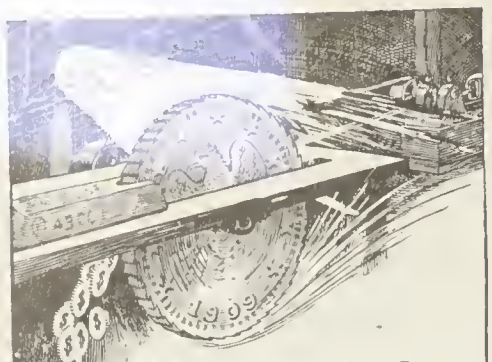
"EDITOR COLLIER'S.

"*Dear Sir*—In explanation of the article in your issue of March 13 concerning the 'Modern View,' I desire to inform you that the anti-prohibition matter printed by us under the title of the 'Caddo Adviser' was published as a printing job by the mechanical department of the 'Modern View' Printing and Publishing Company. The only relation of the 'Modern View' as a journal to this publication was that the latter contained articles from the 'Modern View' indicating the fallacy of the prohibition movement as seen from the other side.

"We fail to see the enormity of the crime of having printed some anti-prohibition literature for those who do not coincide in the prohibition movement.

"The 'Modern View' should not be held responsible for any unauthorized statements which Mr. J. K. Baer, whom you mention, may have made without our sanction.

"The 'Modern View' is not 'backed by



Money Works Long Hours

YOU should have some money at interest working for you. It works long hours—night and day, Sundays and Holidays. By our savings plan—once every month, once every week, or every day, just as you please, you can start $10 working for you. New York City Guaranteed first mortgages are the security.

Our mortgages are a by-product of our title and loan business. Its volume and standing is shown by the fact that we have placed with our customers more than $600,000,000 in mortgages—enough, if the dollar bills were placed end to end, to go twice around the world and from New York to Pekin and back again, in addition.

Send postal or coupon below for our booklet "THE SAFE WAY TO SAVE." It tells the whole story and is a financial education in itself.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST Co
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Please send "The Safe Way to Save," advertised in Colliers (4), to

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175 Remsen St., Bklyn. | 350 Fulton St., Jamaica | Capital & Surplus $12,000,000

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Cut or Tear Out this Advertisement and Send Your Name and Address

Don't delay to investigate. Don't confuse this with ordinary land offers or speculative propositions.

"No crops—no pay." If you can't come at once we will start operations on your farm under contract to break, cultivate and seed such parts of your lands as you wish and start the crops so that by the time you wish to come here your crop will be ready to be harvested so that you will get the profits. Or you can buy for cash and lease your land to others on crop shares. You would then own your farm outright and benefit by the rapidly increasing values per acre.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
290 9th Ave., West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada
Send me your free books, Also Present Low Prices of Rich Farm Lands in Sunny Southern Alberta, and all facts on your new Crop-Payment Plan.

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Town..... State.....

$1.50 to $2.00 Per Acre Down the Balance To Be Paid For Out of Your Crops

Sunny Southern Alberta harvested the largest wheat crops on the Continent this year. Climate ideal for homes. Splendid transportation facilities. Good roads. Quick cash markets. Good schools, churches and neighbors, and permanent water supply, making good crops a certainty. On our new plan you practically become a partner of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. We've got to stand by you under our agreement, and that's what we want to do. Pay out of your crops for your land—"*No crops No pay*"—and more easily and quickly own clear title to a farm which will earn you more money for life than in any place else on this continent and make you independent. Write to-day for all facts, prices and Free Books to

J. S. DENNIS, Asst. to 2d Vice-President
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT
29 Avenue, West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada

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Camp Guide SENT FREE

Our new 1909 catalogue and camp guide brings to your home the entire line of Tents and Canvas Specialties of the largest manufacturers of canvas goods in the country. Everything you could want is listed and it is the most elaborate and complete catalogue ever issued.

It protects you absolutely against frauds which now exist so extensively in canvas goods.

If you will study this catalogue you will never again buy a "market grade" tent (made only to sell) or other canvas goods from the small stock of a small dealer.

This catalogue will convince you **at once** of the great advantage of buying—not from the retailer or even the wholesaler, but from the **largest manufacturer with unequaled equipment**, whose stamp on any article means merit and perfection.

THIS CATALOGUE WILL SAVE YOU MONEY ON ANY CANVAS ARTICLE. Hammocks—Beds for out-door sleeping—lawn comforts—all at rock-bottom prices.

Our catalogue, besides being an authority on buying, contains the most valuable collection of **CAMP SECRETS** ever published in any catalogue. Highly interesting chapters on everything pertaining to camp life, hunting, fishing, trapping, etc.

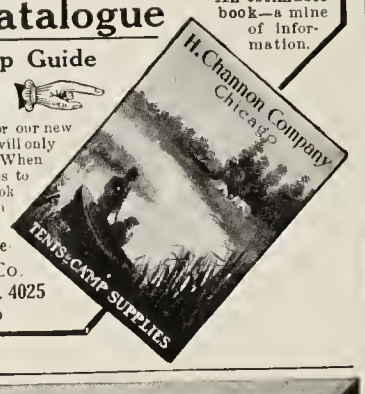
This Catalogue

An estimable book—a mine of information.

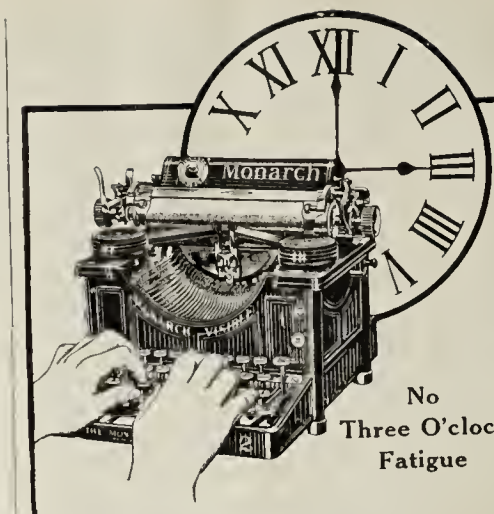
A Camp Guide is FREE

Just drop postal for our new tent catalogue—it will only take a few seconds. When your request comes to us—we send the book to you postpaid—on the same day. Stop reading now and write

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CALOX
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder
Prevents Decay
Dentists advise its use.
All Druggists, 25 Cents.
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No Three O'clock Fatigue

The Value of the

Monarch *Light Touch*

Monarch Light Touch lightens the operator's load—draws less on her energy *per folio*. The result is that the operator is able to maintain full speed right up to closing time, finishing fresh and strong. Her efficiency is increased, the output of her machine is enlarged, and consequently the per folio cost of typewriting to her employer is reduced.

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Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building
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Swim Safely, Easily, Rapidly

With either of the **MEEKS SWIMMERS.** Beginners swim at once, with confidence and safety. Experienced swimmers obtain high speed from every position. Weighs but a few ounces, water-proof and indestructible. Glove sizes from No. 4 to No. 8. In ordering, give size or age. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money order or coin. Booklet and liberal terms to agents for stamp.

MEEKS MFG. CO., 505 Ohio St., South Bend, Ind.





We have just gotten out the handsomest automobile glove catalog ever published. It shows our entire line of these gloves in their natural colors. There is a free copy of it for you. Send for it today—a study of it is almost as good as an examination of the line. Of course you know that

PRICE AUTO GLOVES

Are the best that money can buy—no matter what style of glove you like best that glove is shown in this exclusively automobile glove catalog. Send for it today.

Price Auto Gloves are for sale by all first-class dealers. They can be had in either ventilated or non-ventilated style, as illustrated here.

FRIED-OSTERMANN CO.
Succeeding Henry W. Price Co.
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Eastwood Sandal

Children's
Sizes 4 to 8
$1.00



An Ideal "Play Shoe"

All the fun of **"going barefoot"** without the scratches and bruises

Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

The Eastwood Sandals are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching is all outside, no wrinkled linings, waxed thread or tacks—just clean, smooth, oak-tanned leather next to the feet.

MADE OVER THE FAMOUS EASTWOOD LAST

FOR SALE AT YOUR DEALERS

or shipped to any address in the U. S., upon receipt of price as follows: Children's sizes 4 to 8, $1.00 per pair; 9 to 11, $1.25; 12 to 2, $1.50. Larger sizes made for women and boys, 3 to 5, $2.00. Men's 6 to 10, $2.50.

Our illustrated catalogue of latest styles in shoes and stockings for men, women and children on request.

TRADE W&S CO. MARK ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Look for imprint on sole of sandal

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 225 Main St. Rochester, N. Y.

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR MUSICAL FRIEND
KNOWS that Chiclets keep the throat clear and moist

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

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Make that Boy Happy With A STEVENS



It will create in him a desire for nature and the out of doors. It will be for him a continual incentive to manliness and self reliance.

It will afford him clean wholesome sport and exercise that will not only make him sturdy in body but will train his eye—make him definite in his judgments and quick in action—faculties he'll find most useful when he's grown up.

A Stevens is true to the mark, accurately finished and adjusted and thoroughly tested.

Your boy will enjoy this book—

DAN BEARD'S "Guns and Gunning"

Beautifully Illustrated by Bellmore H. Browne

An interesting and valuable volume on camping, woodcraft, habits of game birds; which animals are pests and which are not, etc. Sent postpaid for 20c, paper cover; or 30c, cloth cover, stamped in gilt.

Send for Stevens Catalog of Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols—learn how well made they are and how moderate in price. 6 cents for postage brings it. Ask your dealer and insist on Stevens—there are no substitutes; if you can't obtain it, we'll ship direct, express prepaid, on receipt of catalog price.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., 820 Grove St., Chicopee Falls, Mass., U.S.A.

THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"



There is a sense of satisfaction in using the best

Old Hampshire Bond is used by men who have pride in themselves and their business. As nearly as paper can, it gives to their written message the weight of their own personality.

Send for book of specimens, showing the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, and presenting striking ideas for letterheads and other business forms. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company
Only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

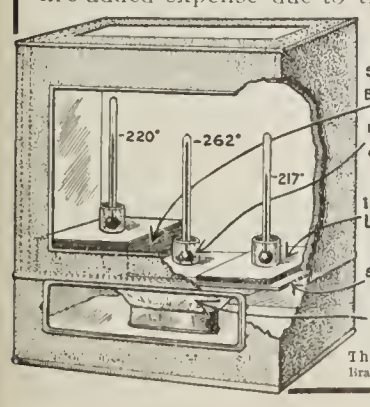
MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

LINOFELT

Linen Felt made from Flax Fibre

costs you nothing, if you build a modern house

HOW? We answer: When Building, you can reduce the size of your Heating Plant so that the saving will pay the entire added expense due to the use of LINOFELT; besides saving in fuel every year while the house stands.



38 Times as Effective as Standard Building Paper

This is proved by practical use and laboratory tests, which we will send if you write us. LINOFELT is put on with the same labor as ordinary Building Paper; and costs very much less than Plaster.

AS SOUND DEADENER IT IS UNEQUALLED

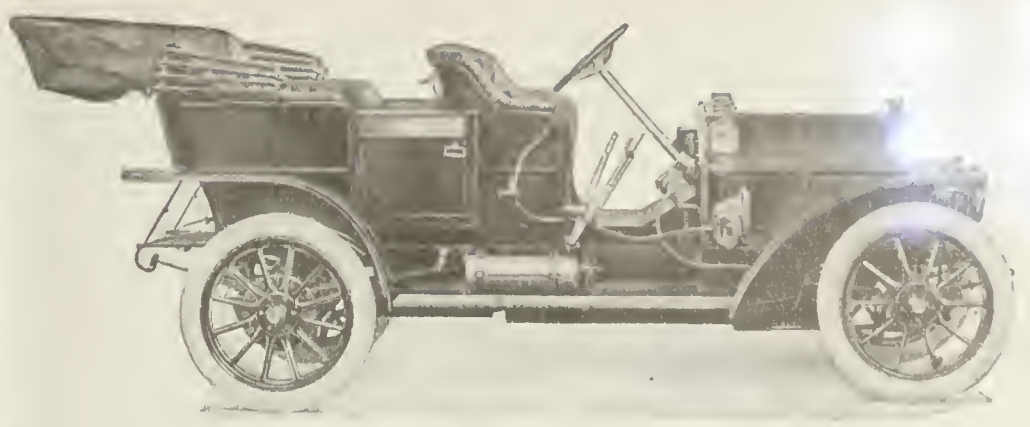
Are you going to build? You owe it to yourself to send for our **free book.**

Just the information you want to make your **house warmer in winter—cooler in summer—protected against noises.**

Write UNION FIBRE CO.
215 Fibre Ave. Winona, Minn.



The PHILIP CAREY COMPANY, Distributors, Cincinnati
Branches and warehouses in all large Cities in the U. S., Canada and Mexico



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750

Made as Touring Car, Toy Tonneau and Roadster

These Men Know

These are some of the buyers of Chalmers-Detroit cars.

They are men who investigate—men not easily deceived.

They are men whose special training, special ability, best fits them to judge a car.

They are men whose judgment other men prize on matters pertaining to mechanical things.

Each of these men, with the whole field to choose from, bought a Chalmers-Detroit car.

Mr. Geo. H. Helvey, the designer of the Corliss engine.

Mr. John B. Herreshoff, the famous designer of the several yachts which have successfully defended the America Cup.

Mr. Joseph Boyer, president of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., one of the ablest business men in the country.

Mr. J. G. Vincent, head of the Inventions Department of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

Mr. L. H. Perlman, president Welch Motor Car Co., New York.

Mr. N. Platt, president Baker Electric Vehicle Co.

Mr. A. R. Shattuck, ex-president of the Automobile Club of America.

Mr. John F. O'Rourke, builder of the New York Subway and the Hudson River Tunnel.

Mr. Ezra A. Fitch, of the firm which furnished most of Mr. Roosevelt's African outfit.

Dr. Lee DeForrest, of Wireless Telegraphy fame.

Here Are Others

Here are some other buyers. Men who know motor cars unusually well from the standpoint of experience.

Men to whom price is the last thing to be considered, but men whose experience enables them to know values.

Men who have owned many cars, perhaps, and who know what owners want.

Men who demand the utmost in a car, both in style and service.

Each of these men has this year bought a Chalmers-Detroit car.

Mr. John S. Huyler, the world's best-known candy maker.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the editor.

Mr. Douglas Robinson.

Mr. Percy Rockefeller.

Mr. Craig Colgate.

Mr. Wm. Sittenham.

Mr. O. J. Gude.

Mr. W. S. Banta.

Mr. W. E. Harmon.

Mr. Chas. Hathaway.

Are They Wrong?

These men of inventive genius—these experts in mechanical things—do you think that they bought the wrong car?

These men of experience and men of wealth—do you think that they made a mistake?

They did not buy the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" because it is medium-priced.

They did not buy the Chalmers-Detroit "30" because it cost $1500.

They bought them because, knowing cars as they do, they found no other cars to compare with them.

There are more than 2,000 others who have bought these cars this year.

Hundreds of them are men who know cars better than the average man.

Hundreds of others have employed engineers to investigate, and to compare them with other cars.

If you will thus go into the heart of the matter, you are bound to do as they did.

Please send us this coupon for full information, and name of nearest dealer.

A Memo to
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Please send catalog to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

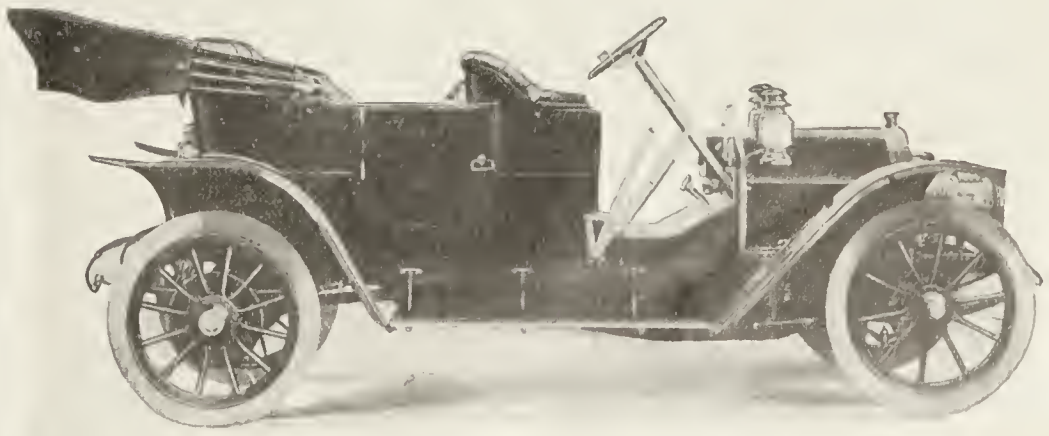
County .....

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Collier's, New York

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1500

Made as Touring Car, Tourabout, Roadster

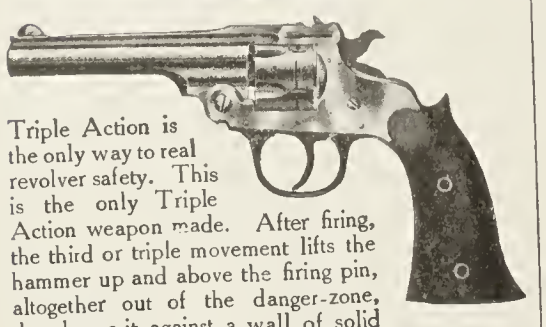
You are insured against accident and positively protected with the

HOPKINS & ALLEN

TRIPLE ACTION (Trade Mark) SAFETY POLICE REVOLVER

$9.50 (Nickel Finish)





Triple Action is the only way to real revolver safety. This is the only Triple Action weapon made. After firing, the third or triple movement lifts the hammer up and above the firing pin, altogether out of the danger-zone, then keeps it against a wall of solid steel. Before you buy a revolver, have your dealer show you this one. You can see the safety-principle at a glance. If you're looking for an absolutely safe revolver—a weapon that shoots straight and hard when you want it to, and that positively cannot be discharged unless you actually pull the trigger—the Hopkins & Allen Triple Action Safety Police, is the revolver that you need.

The Walnut Army Grip gives a strong, firm handhold, and adds greatly to the weapon's effectiveness. 22, 32, and 38 calibre, nickel or blued. 4 inch barrel, blued, $10.00.

At all good hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer doesn't sell it, send us price; we will supply you direct, and guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction.

Our new 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog, shows the most extensive line of high-grade, low-price firearms made—revolvers, rifles and shotguns. Send for your copy of this TODAY. It's free.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.

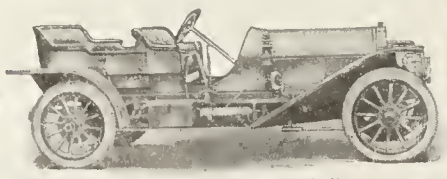
14 Chestnut Street, Norwich, Conn.

PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA CARS are made for critical buyers—people who know and appreciate real motor car worth. From start to finish, each step in construction is marked by careful, painstaking attention to details. As a result, the finished product has made the name "Pennsylvania" famous.

Pennsylvania Cars are satisfying cars, because of their extraordinary ability and unfailing dependability.

There has never been an unsuccessful Pennsylvania Model.



Type F 6 Cylinder 75 H. P.

7 passenger Touring Car or Roadster. $4500

Guaranteed Speed 75 miles

Type D.	Runabout - - - -	$2000
Type D.	Touring or Baby Tonneau -	$2100
Type C.	" " " "	$3000
Type E.	" Quinby Equipment	$3800

Magneto and gas tank on all models

Pennsylvania Auto Motor Co.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

J. M. Quinby & Co., Newark, N. J., distributors for New York, Philadelphia and New Jersey

NOTE: If there is no "Pennsylvania" representative in your territory, we shall be pleased to supply you direct from the factory.

School Information Free catalogues and advice of all Boarding Schools. (State whether girls' or boys'.)

AMERICAN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

935 Broadway, New York, or 1517 Masonic Temple, Chicago

SCHOLARSHIPS One in a leading Girls' Preparatory School and a scholarship for both deserving girls

ber of a boys. Sch

gency. 527-41 Park Row, New York.

the brewers.' Both the publishing and the printing departments are owned and conducted exclusively by the undersigned.

"The use of the portrait of Christ, to which reference was made, was not intended in any way as a reflection on the Christian Saviour, who was Jew as much as Christian by all the facts of history, and who is to-day regarded by the enlightened Jewish element as a great Jew who was in the completest sympathy with the highest ideals of Jewish thought and teaching.

"We are sure that it still remains the privilege of an American, be he Jew or non-Jew, to conscientiously differ from you and all good prohibition people on the logic and advisability of their arguments, efforts, and ideas.

"You have evidently been misinformed as to the standing of our journal. A closer investigation may prove to you that the 'Modern View' *does* represent the best thought and leading element of this community.

"Furthermore, it may be of interest to you to investigate the exact viewpoint of the rabbis and Jewish journals in the United States on the question of prohibition. You will learn that they are a unit in opposition to prohibition as a remedy for the liquor evil.

"Respectfully,

"A ROSENTHAL,

"Editor the 'Modern View,'

"St. Louis, Missouri."

✣

This is what the Modern View Printing and Publishing Company did:

During the local-option campaign in Shreveport nearly every voter received something which looked like a weekly periodical. It was called the "Caddo Adviser." Caddo is the parish in which Shreveport is located. It bore in large type the acknowledgment: "Modern View Printing and Publishing Company." In type, in "makeup," in size of page, in everything, it was a twin brother to the "Modern View." Its contents were half-argument against "the folly of prohibition" and half reprinted matter from the "Modern View." Mr. Irwin was in Shreveport that night, and he met J. K. Baer in the hotel. Mr. Baer introduced himself as assistant editor of the "Modern View," and presented his card with the legend "Modern View Publishing Company." He said that his periodical, under his direction, had published the "Caddo Adviser," and he seemed rather proud of it as a piece of work. In fact, Mr. Baer was eager to have COLLIER'S publish some notice of it. Later Mr. Baer wrote us, on behalf of the "Modern View," to enclose a folder picturing and describing the hellish effects of prohibition in Kansas City, Kansas. That also bore an unduly prominent signature of the "Modern View Printing and Publishing Company." He who runs may read how deeply the repudiated Mr. Baer must have betrayed the wronged Mr. Rosenthal.

In March, 1908, two trusted agents of COLLIER'S visited Mr. Rosenthal to inquire into prices and terms of publication for a paper like the "Caddo Adviser." Naturally, since our stand on the liquor question was well known, they did not state that they came from COLLIER'S. They were inquirers simply. Mr. Rosenthal accepted responsibility for the "Caddo Adviser." He seemed eager to get orders for it; he explained that he could "tool" the word "Caddo" out of the plate and substitute the name of any town or county in which the inquirers might wish to circulate it, and wrote out a schedule of prices per thousand copies, which schedule COLLIER'S has in its possession now. Further, he handed out a circular, headed "Modern View Printing and Publishing Company," which advertised the "Caddo Adviser" and recommended it to all liquor men in danger of prohibition.

When our representatives asked about the financial responsibility of his paper, Mr. Rosenthal made in German substantially this statement: "We have the backing of the brewers and we expect soon to be much more prosperous than we are now." Perhaps Mr. Rosenthal but boasted.

As for the picture of Christ decorating a liquor pamphlet, that is a matter of taste. It was not, as the result showed, to the taste of Caddo Parish, for the opinion of newspaper men on both sides of the question was that this feature of the "Caddo Adviser" turned the election for prohibition in Shreveport.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.—*Adv.*

PEOPLE IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE OF ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES

Should Wear Heels of Live Rubber on Their Shoes

This Article is Supplementary to Editorial in

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

The Multitudes of Young and Old People

Suffering From Weak Insteps and Flat Foot Acquired the Trouble Wearing Leather Heel Shoes That Run Down at the Side.

Prevention of diseases is the sublimest function of present-day medicine. Heels made of Live Rubber and of correct shape on your children's shoes will save much trouble.

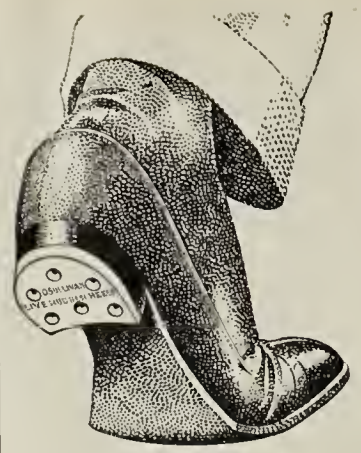
It is good medical opinion that heels of Live Rubber help to prevent falling of the keystone of the instep arch and therefore aid in curing those symptoms, some of them most obscure, that are to-day known to be caused by the giving away of that little keystone.

Consult an exact drawing or an X-ray photograph of the foot, showing the normal arch and the keystone. The arch is supported and the keystone kept in place by the strong muscles on the back and front of the leg. The moment these muscles commence to suffer from fatigue and lose their tone the first stage of trouble begins. People whose occupations are such as to cause to become fatigued are almost sure to develop some degree of falling of the arch, unless they properly support the keystone by some substance that is springy and elastic and thus prevent overfatigue of the leg muscles.

This is all accomplished by using the heels of Live Rubber. The formation of this heel is such that it exactly supports the keystone, and by making walking easy prevents fatigue of the leg muscles.

When you cannot walk as far as you used without a feeling of fatigue, or your back aches, or you have an ache at the base of your brain; or a pain in your knees, ankles, or across the top of your feet, don't commence buying some patent medicine for rheumatism, but buy a good, substantial shoe that is straight on the inside and wide enough at the toes—that comes well up into the arch of the foot—then have a pair of Live Rubber Heels put on and save yourself all the pain and trouble that are bound to accompany a case of advanced falling of the arch of the foot.

On account of piracy in advertising, this short talk applies to the heels of Live Rubber made by O'Sullivan Rubber Company of Lowell, Mass., Orthopedic Dept.



The first heeled shoes your children wear should be equipped with long, low heels of Live Rubber instead of leather, because they are better than leather in every way.

1st, they make the child's play noiseless.

2d, they help to support the inner or weaker side of the foot.

3d, they cause the child or adult to step straight and normally.

4th, they prevent toeing out in walking, which is abnormal.

Leather heels won't do this. If they did, young people would not be afflicted with weak insteps as they are. Hospital statistics prove that the percentage of weak ankles is greater among young people than among middle-aged people and old people.

On the first heeled shoes that children wear a No. 2 thickness of heel, which is 11-32 in. thick, should be used. For people of mature age the one-half inch heel of Live Rubber should be used, because it has more wear and more elasticity.

The value of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels to people in active life is now an admitted fact; and the reason why the great leading magazines recommend them is because they eliminate the jar in walking and give a noiseless, easy stride.

The great value of Heels of Live Rubber is more than this—**They encourage walking, making it healthful, fascinating and delightful.**

The name "O'SULLIVAN" on rubber is like "STERLING" on silver

If your dealer can't supply you, send diagram of heel and 35c. to the makers, O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEEL CO., Lowell, Mass.

If you have not worn rubber heels, invest 50 cents in a pair, but be sure that you get "O'Sullivan's;" they are the only kind made of **Live Rubber.** Substitutes are not made of Live Rubber; they are partly old ground-up rubber and partly rags. Heels of Live Rubber have the endorsement of all thoughtful people; they fit in anywhere where noise is a nuisance, where people are afflicted with weak insteps, where one has a disinclination to walk, and where the daily grind is a thing to be met and overcome.

If every bit of delicate machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball bearings, shock absorbers, and such like to lessen the wear and tear, why should mankind place a piece of hard leather paved with iron nails beneath his heel and stamp his way along rough walks with never a thought for his own well-balanced self? To be consistent, if you put a shock absorber on your automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body.

When you order Rubber Heels insist upon getting "O'Sullivan's," as they are the only heels made of Live Rubber. The price of O'Sullivan's heels is 50 cents of all dealers. Substitutes cost the same but give the dealer 8 cents more profit—that's why he tells they are just as good.

STERLING TIRES

Each Sterling tire is built as an individual job. Each layer of fabric and rubber is inspected before the next one goes on. Each tire is inspected from 8 to 12 times before it goes into stock. Each tire maker gets a premium for perfect work. Each tire is guaranteed.

STERLING BLUE TUBES

are absolutely superior to any other, and we say that, and back it, without reservation.

"Ask us why they are blue."

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO.

NEW YORK, 1691 Broadway, (cor. 53rd Street) **RUTHERFORD, N. J.**

$14.60 For a $25 Imported Field and Marine Glass



ONLY 100 at this price. Made possible through an unusually favorable purchase by our Paris house. This glass is a regular $25 quality, with an exceptionally large field of vision and fine achromatic lenses affording perfect illumination. Adjustments easy and rapid. Large sun shades, best morocco leather, aluminum metal parts, sole leather case and straps. An unusual opportunity to secure a Fine Glass at little cost. ***Order to-day.***

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back

E. B. MEYROWITZ, 105 E. 23rd St., NEW YORK

The World's largest retail optician. Agents for Famous Carl Zeiss Binoculars

BINDER FOR COLLIER'S (Express Prepaid), $1.25

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address **COLLIER'S, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York**



The Crest of the Continent

COLORADO

is the land of real vacations. Mountain Peaks that make the Alps green with envy.

Six thousand miles of trout streams—and air—why a few lung fulls of Colorado air are worth a hard trip across the continent.

The deLuxe Rocky Mountain Limited

with stenographer, valet, barber and maid makes the trip easy; actually a pleasure in itself. One night out from Chicago—two from the Atlantic Coast.

Several other splendid trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham.

CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO GO?

Write for our new book, which tells you how inexpensively you can spend a few weeks in the Rockies.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
5 La Salle Street Station, - - Chicago, Ill.

Rock Island-Frisco Lines



Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath

Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century

Good-as-New **Typewriters**
at Sacrifice Prices



We're starting a most unusual clearance sale of slightly-used typewriters, as serviceable as new. **You'll Save Two-Thirds by Buying Now.** We've an overstock of typewriters sold to us by money-pinched owners during the past year. Among them are several hundred excellent Smith Premiers, Remington and Fay-Sholes machines. We've rebuilt them and put them in perfect condition. Send for catalog and list of unprecedented bargains. **Machines shipped for approval** to any point in the U. S., also rented anywhere.
ROCKWELL-BARNES COMPANY, 1014 Baldwin Bldg., CHICAGO



The great durability and handsome appearance of concrete products is now recognized world wide. **Big Money Making plants** being established everywhere. It will pay you to investigate our proposition for a factory in your locality. We furnish machines, molds and everything needed. ☞ Write for particulars.
THE PETTYJOHN CO., 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

TO PREVENT DEFAULT

ONE of the saddest things in business is the failure of a bank. When we read of it in the papers, or hear of it from those involved, it impresses us very seriously. We hear of victims who have lost the saving of years, and who are left penniless in old age: we hear of sound and prosperous business enterprises going to the wall through no fault of their own. It seems very sad. But we do not hear all. We do not know or hear of the years of struggle which follow a bank failure. We forget the incident which made a prosperous man poor. We know nothing of the long heartaches, the broken hopes, and the despair which may follow the sudden loss of the savings or surplus of years of hard work.

But there is a sadder side still. It is the side of the man who has been placed in a position where the temptations are very strong, and where the suggestion of relief from personal financial pressure was daily whispered into his consciousness, and where the assurances of his detection were not made strong enough to support his moral conscience under the strain.

If it is wrong to place a man in a perilous position where he may be maimed or killed by machinery, it is even more so to place him in a position where a lax system of accounting subjects him to temptations and assures him that he will not get caught. It is the man who gets accustomed to taking chances who gets hurt by machinery, and nearly every accident can be traced to a lack of safeguards or caution. And the man who goes wrong in his accounts is always the one who takes chances—the one whose affairs are in such shape that he can conquer his fear of detection.

In the last analysis, the vital point to safeguard by a system of accounting is to be found in the time element. No man will falsify his accounts if he is reasonably certain of detection within three days. It is only when he feels secure for a long time before detection is probable that he allows himself to think of falsifying. Such operations usually begin with the idea of taking money as a temporary loan and the full expectation of paying it back by a certain date. If the assurances of detection were made certain by a system of checking up in which the time would be very short or highly uncertain, the temptation would be greatly lessened. The custom of checking accounts but once a month, and the assurance that the accounts will not be checked until a certain day, afford a margin of time sufficient to lure many a man to his downfall. Here is the point where real reform must begin in the prevention of bank failures and other kinds of defaulting. The final responsibility does not rest alone on the frail human nature that gives in under the strain, but rather on those who for the sake of economy neglect to apply such reasonable safeguards as will make detection certain and prompt. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of the instances of defaulting could have been prevented by the systematic use of such safeguards as are used by well regulated concerns.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

IT IS coming to be rather generally understood that a man may sever connection with a firm—even at the firm's suggestion—without it reflecting especially on his own capacities. Men of spirit often disagree on matters of policy. Some men feel compelled to resign to spare their self-respect—which is usually a worthy procedure when it can be properly distinguished from touchiness. Others resign by request because they refuse to conform to an unscrupulous employer's low ethical standards. Some men who stand well in business and social life may be "regular devils" to work for—so unmindful are they of an employee's feelings and self-respect. To be discharged by an impulsive autocrat in a moment of displeasure is not necessarily to a man's discredit. Nearly every successful man has parted company with an employer at some time in his career—often by request. Many a man dates the beginning of his success from the time he got out

Any Steel that is good enough to Shave with is good enough to Strop

Why should you expect an unstropped razor blade to shave you twice with the same smoothness.

The barber doesn't—he strops and strops again and the shave that he gives you is like velvet.

Since stropping is an art that the average man has neither time nor patience to acquire, *real* shaving comfort would seem to lie between the barber and an

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Automatic Stropper and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

It is the *only* razor, safety or old-style, which *anyone* can strop automatically and correctly, enjoying the solid comfort of an edge that neither scrapes nor pulls.

Razor and stropper are combined. No taking apart to strop or clean, and a new sharp edge for every shave.

Send for our booklet "Shaving Sense"
Free for your dealer's name

AUTO STROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Dept. K., 345 Fifth Ave., New York
61 New Oxford Street, London — 14 St. Helen Street, Montreal

Blade Always Sharp—Lasts for Months



Standard Outfit—Self-stropping Silver-plated Razor. 12 Blades and fine Horse hide Strop in Leather Case, $5

Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial



FOR THIRTY YEARS

I've been designing and building Engines and Launches for others. I now have my own new factory and am devoting my entire attention to ONE DESIGN—ONE MODEL.

"The Leader" 16 ft. Launch

the simplest, most reliable and nearest perfect launch and engine made. Not a rowboat with an engine, but a genuine launch, equipped with my full 2½ H.P. self-starting and reversible engine, controlled with 1 lever—a child can operate it. One-third more floor space than any other 16-ft. launch. Speed, 8 to 10 miles. Weedless wheel and rudder. Direct from factory to you, complete, nothing more to buy, ready to slip into water and guaranteed to run . . . **$99**
Money back if not satisfied. Send name and address and I will tell you more.



Wm. Gile, Master Mechanic
GILE BOAT & ENGINE COMPANY
Filer St., Ludington, Mich.

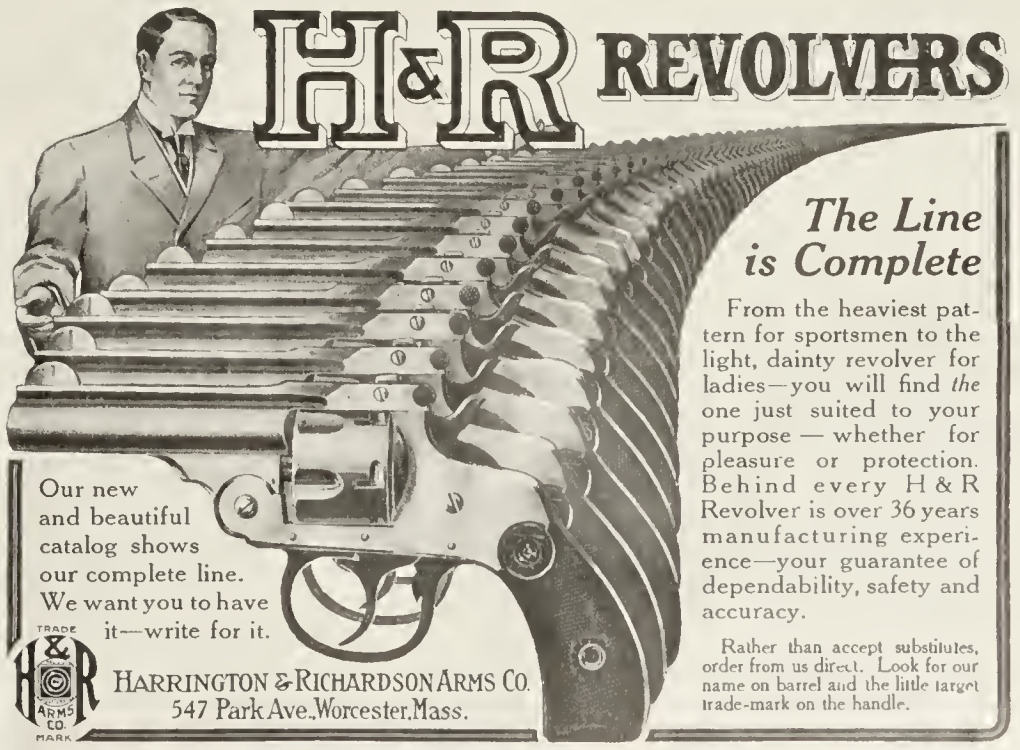
Investing Under Expert Direction at 6½ to 7 Per Cent

LET us send you our circular telling just what the above means and describing the methods that have made us one of the most reliable investment houses in America.

We are now offering a well seasoned public utility bond to net the investor 6%. Financial statement and legal opinion furnished on application.

The Geiger-Jones Company
Specialists in Securities of Old, Successful Industries
205 North Market St., Canton, Ohio

H&R REVOLVERS



The Line is Complete

From the heaviest pattern for sportsmen to the light, dainty revolver for ladies—you will find *the* one just suited to your purpose — whether for pleasure or protection. Behind every H&R Revolver is over 36 years manufacturing experience—your guarantee of dependability, safety and accuracy.

Rather than accept substitutes, order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

Our new and beautiful catalog shows our complete line. We want you to have it—write for it.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
547 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.



Perfect Comfort for Man and Horse

Whitman Saddle

Used by the best riders of all countries, invented thirty years ago and improved every year since; ideal for gentleman or lady rider and a scientific fit for the mount. *Illustrated catalogue free—describing the several styles of Whitman Saddles and everything from "Saddle to Spur."*

Mehlbach Saddle Company, 106-(C) Chambers Street, New York City

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



"Sampeck" Clothes

for

YOUNG MEN

THIRTY-THREE years of tailoring *just* for young men and *all* for young men has given *"Sampeck"* Clothes the premier place. They are "custom" in mode, material and making, but *uncustomary* in their dash and distinction.

Every leading clothier has them—*any* clothier can get them for you. We'll gladly refer you to one if you'll write us.

Demand the brand, "SAMPECK" of *your* clothes-shop. Our label is in *every* garment.
The fascinating "COLLEGE ALMANAC" "B" of Dress and Sports sent *free* for a postal.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO. NEW YORK CITY



Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, deliciously flavored and possessing that smooth melting quality to be found only in the very highest class.

Look for the Cupid Trade Mark inside the foil wrapper. All others are imitations.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us **one dollar** for a pound box prepaid.

Or a sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC.
Cocoa Manufacturers
235 North Third St. Philadelphia, Pa.



It Pays to Be Sure

The perfect running of your automobile or motor boat depends upon a perfect ignition current.

THE HUBLER-DAYTON STORAGE BATTERY is not simply "Guaranteed against defects," but guaranteed to give service—you can get more miles of running out of a Hubler-Dayton Battery than any other made. We also make the Apple Ignition Dynamo, that keeps your storage battery charged right on your boat or auto. Our catalog is different—worth writing for today—right now.

The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co., 121 St. Clair St., Dayton, Ohio

SOLAR

Solar Lamps

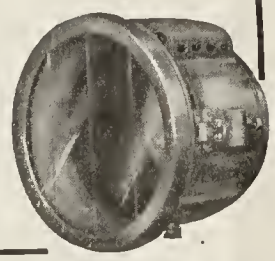
ARE DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

THEY are different from the "ordinary" motor lamp because they represent absolute perfection in every detail. They are built in THE LARGEST LAMP FACTORY IN THE WORLD, of the best material obtainable. In finish and actual quality the Solar Lamp is in a class by itself—not even approached by any other produced in the field.

Our exclusive Special, Bausch & Lomb SOLAR Lens Mirror has been proven by photometric tests to be the most powerful lens mirror made.

Write for 1909 catalog

BADGER BRASS MFG. COMPANY
Two Factories
437 11th Ave.
New York
Kenosha, Wis.





Put your gun under the spotlight. Does it measure up to a modern Remington? It must be Hammerless—it must have a strong Solid Steel Breech. The three Remingtons represent these most modern ideas in gun making—**are in a class by themselves.**

The Remington Autoloading Rifle and Shotgun load themselves by recoil. The Remington Pump Gun ejects at the bottom. Get the Remington Solid-Breech Hammerless Idea. Get a modern Remington.

Booklet R, "Remington Experiences." Write for it

THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y.
Agency: 315 Broadway, New York City

from under the influence of an unsatisfactory employer. Whichever of them spoke first has little to do with the merits of the case.

COMPOSITE MIND

WHEN a man gets discouraged about his work he is often less than half a man. A word of encouragement will brighten him up. These are common facts which every employer knows. But every employer does not know—does not stop to appreciate—that five hundred men working together come to have a sort of composite mentality, and that that composite man can get discouraged and need brightening up. He does not see how one man's discouragement reacts upon another until the actual working efficiency of the whole organization is lessened. He does not see how putting new life into one man is, by the influence of example, putting new life into many others. He does not see that steps taken to build up, encourage, and inspire the composite mentality of his organization has an advantage to his business equal in proportion to the encouragement of an individual. These are things the employer of the future will deal with, and in which he will find his chief instrument of effective action. The employer of to-day—with a few exceptions here and there—is as lacking in adequate appreciation of the possibilities of stimulating the composite mentality of his organization, as Benjamin Franklin and his contemporaries were lacking in appreciation of the possibilities of the steam-engine, telegraph, and telephone. A new order of employers is as surely destined to come as that new inventions will continue to replace the old. Meanwhile, the world waits, and gets along as best it can with the methods of the present.

OUTWARD INDICATIONS

MANUFACTURERS of office furniture have frequently pointed out in their advertisements, through picture and text, the advantages of having fine office fittings—how it impresses the other man, how it commands respect and furnishes an appropriate frame for the genius that inhabits the office. It might be well if there were some advertiser whose interest it might be to point out and reiterate the idea that the appearance of an office—even after the fine furniture is in it—is what really affords an index to the general make-up of its occupant. The way the books are arranged in the mahogany bookcase, the way the papers are piled up on the tables, the way the pigeonholes bulge with uneven papers—all these things and many others go to make up the index to the man in the office. The furniture might be the same in the next office, or it might be what remains of a former régime. But the present standard of occupancy is what makes the impression. A difference, however, should be observed between the parlor-office and the workshop office, as what is good taste in one may be bad in another. The point is not so much that of making an impression that is not deserved, as in the ability to tell from the unconscious outward form the degree of inward grace—or lack of it.

TOUCH-BUTTONS

A new idea is a new-born child that needs the utmost protection from the poisoned shafts of cynical inappreciation.

Many a great idea dies on the lips because of the bitter memory of how cruelly its predecessors were received.

Pull away from current detail long enough to consider your work as a whole, and formulate more definitely your ideas for possible improvement.

To put personal comfort before duty is to miss the victory of self-mastery without which all else is vain.

A pat on the back may give new momentum to intelligent endeavor, while a sniff throws on the gear of discouraged inactivity.

Don't grumble at necessity; it is the only motive power some people will respond to.

Men are mirrors in which we often find reflected the moods with which we approach them.

An author blesses humanity, but a big share of the credit goes to the salesman who convinces humanity that it needs the blessing.



Chafing Dish Cooking

Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

adds a piquant flavor indispensable to good chafing dish cooking.



Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

Imitated but Never equalled.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N.Y.



Elkhart Buggies

are the best made, best grade and easiest riding buggies on earth for the money.

For Thirty-Six Years

we have been selling direct and are

The Largest Manufacturers in the World

selling to the consumer exclusively. **We ship for examination and approval,** guaranteeing safe delivery, and also to save you money. If you are not satisfied as to style, quality and price, you are nothing out.

May We Send You Our Large Catalogue?

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
Elkhart, Indiana

$1 BREATHE-RITE $1



If you have any regard for your personal appearance, or your health, you should wear a BREATHE-RITE brace.

The BREATHE-RITE brace holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking, sitting or standing. It corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. Made of white, washable elastic fabric. *A blessing for growing boys and girls.* One size fits anybody.

You Can't Breathe Wrong with BREATHE-RITE

Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price—**One Dollar.**

BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., Room 1013, 45 W. 34th St., N. Y.

Send for descriptive folder. Money back if not pleased

Collier's

The NATIONAL WEEKLY





MUNSING UNION SUITS

Wear them — You will like them—
Then tell your friends about them.

More than six million Munsing suits are being worn with complete satisfaction throughout the United States at the present time. A handsomely illustrated style book and samples of all the different light weight summer fabrics may be had for the asking. Two dainty dolls' vests, one pink, one blue, will be sent with style book, if you include ten cents. Address The Northwestern Knitting Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

GIRLS' MUNSING union suits for summer in fine bleached white cotton fabrics in four different styles, at 50c and 75c per garment.

BOYS' MUNSING union suits for summer in cream white,or ecru shades in seven different styles, at 50c and 75c per garment.

LADIES MUNSING UNION suits and separate vests and pants in five different light weight fabrics and fourteen different styles, all bleached white, at from 50c to $2,00

MENS' PERFECT FITting Munsing union suits in six different light weight fabrics, regular and athletic styles, every required size, at from $1 to $3 per garment.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Copyright 1909 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU'LL make a good "catch" if you get any clothes with our name in them. You'll get all-wool; and the style and tailoring that all-wool deserves.

Our mark in a garment is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. Send six cents for the Spring Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York



The greatest improvement ever made in shoe laces

Nufashond Shoe Laces combine the strength of tubular laces with the daintiness of flat ribbon laces.

Nufashond TRADE MARK REG. **Shoe Laces**

Tubular where they go through the eyelets.
Broad and flat where the bows are tied.

Nufashond Shoe Laces have unusual strength. Not only is the center tubular, but it is doubly reinforced and firmly woven.

They slide freely through the eyelets and stay tied. They do not crush in tying—the bow is always neat and shapely.

Nufashond Shoe Laces are made from superior Japan silk. They retain their good looks and are so durable that they outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces. Every pair is

guaranteed for 3 months

25 cents per pair in black, tan and oxblood. Sold only in sealed boxes. At all shoe and dry goods stores, and haberdashers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, if your dealer can't supply you.

Write today for our illustrated booklet that tells about *Nufashond* and shows our complete line of shoe laces at every price.

For high shoes, you'll get the best service from our **10c tubular laces. Guaranteed for 6 months.**

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Reading, Pa.

The House of Kuppenheimer



Copyright, 1909, The House of Kuppenheimer, Chicago

There's nothing in which a man can less afford to be half-way right than in his dress clothes.

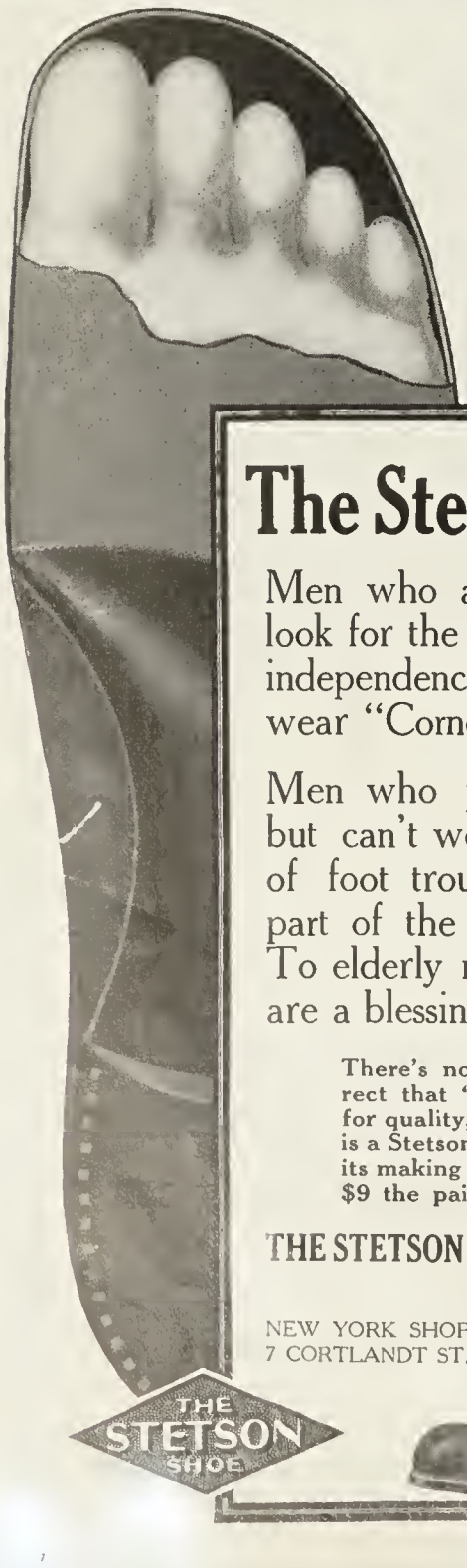
Kuppenheimer Full Dress and Tuxedo suits have all the richness of fabric, all the perfection of tailoring and accuracy of fit, that the most particular garment requires.

They are always correct, beyond question. Yet they are not costly.

Our book, Styles for Men, sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON



Look at the shape of this shoe. Think how good your foot will feel in it—standing or walking, running or jumping. All day—all the time.

The Stetson "Corndodger"

Men who are not sticklers for style, but look for the greatest foot-comfort and foot-independence a shoe can be made to give, wear "Corndodgers" always.

Men who prefer very fashionable shoes, but can't wear them steadily on account of foot troubles, wear "Corndodgers" a part of the time and their feet get well. To elderly men especially "Corndodgers" are a blessing.

There's no foot trouble that Nature can correct that "Corndodgers" won't set right. As for quality, wear and worth, the "Corndodger" is a Stetson, which means that its material and its making are the finest put into shoes. $5 to $9 the pair.

THE STETSON SHOE CO., *Dept. E,* **So. Weymouth, Mass.**

NEW YORK SHOP
7 CORTLANDT ST.



THE STETSON SHOE

GLIDDEN'S GREEN LABEL

M. P. DURABLE INTERIOR VARNISH



is our best varnish for fine interior woodwork. It dries with a beautiful lustre and can be rubbed and polished if desired. Our reputation for quality has been built upon this varnish. Its use accentuates the beauty of natural woods, and we guarantee it to give perfect satisfaction.

PRICE

$3.00 per gallon
Quarts 85c each

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price.

Full descriptive price list on application.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY
Makers of High Grade Varnishes for all purposes
2707 ROCKEFELLER BUILDING
Cleveland, O.

VARNISHES FOR ALL PURPOSES

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

BOSTON, MASS.

United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. $3. E.P. $1 up. In center of business section

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Hotel Sinton 400 rooms. Grand Convention Hall. Absolutely fireproof. Magnificently equipped. Large, light sample rooms.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?

CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET B WITH MAP OF CITY.

Broadway Central Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

Hotel Henry 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan $1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mngr.

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The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York. 94 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

SUMMER RESORTS

GREENWICH-ON-THE-SOUND, CONN.

Edgewood Inn Greenwich, Conn. 40 minutes from New York. Send for booklet. Garage and Stable Accommodations. D. P. Simpson, Manager.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Chalfonte ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

Hotel Endicott
A FAVOURITE NEW YORK HOTEL
COLUMBUS AVE. 81ST & 82D STS.
JAMES W. GREENE, MGR.

The best Hotel in New York for modest persons of means.

Rates and particulars upon request.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

Collier's

Saturday, May 15, 1909

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 3

THE MAY 15TH ISSUE

THIS is one of our special issues for advertisers, the Men's Wear Number for Spring. You will observe that six advertisers who sell their goods through haberdashers, have full pages in this issue, and there are also many smaller advertisements of similar character. The object of these manufacturers in concentrating all of this men's wear business in one issue is not only for its effect upon you, Collier's readers, but for the benefit of dealers throughout the country as well.

Here is an interesting story of what such publicity accomplishes. February 6th we published a Hardware and Building Materials Number. Among others, a tool manufacturer in the number issued a circular, using his Collier page for a back cover, and sent it broadcast to hardware dealers. We wrote to a hardware man in Galesburg whom we know, asking how such matter impressed him. He replied: "We received the Irwin Auger Bit Company's circular and ordered an entire stock of Irwin Auger Bits. To be sure, we had carried them for several years but had let the line die out, but upon receiving this circular put in an entirely new line."

This May 15th issue complete goes not only to Collier's regular 500,000 circulation, but also to 12,000 men's wear dealers, whose names we select carefully. You can see what an effect such concerted effort will have and what the results will be for the manufacturers represented. Your local dealer in all probability carries these advertised articles. If not, ask him to order them.

And remember, these advertisers are making it possible for us to give you a better National Weekly every week.

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The Cost of Advertising"

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN ORIENTAL
TOURS

Information regarding tours to all parts of the world will be furnished upon request by
COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
420 W. 13th Street, New York

INDEPENDENT TOURS
AMERICAN — EUROPEAN

CALIFORNIA, GRAND CANYON, YELLOWSTONE PARK, CANADIAN ROCKIES, ALASKA | ITALY, THE RIVIERA, ALPS, THE RHINE, HOLLAND, PARIS, ENGLAND.

ITINERARIES SUBMITTED FOR ANY DESIRED TOUR

Special Summer Trips to Yukon Exposition, Great Lakes, Thousand Islands, Nova Scotia, White Mountains, Quebec, etc.

FRANK TOURIST CO., 347 Broadway, New York
Write for Booklet "Independent Summer Tours"—free

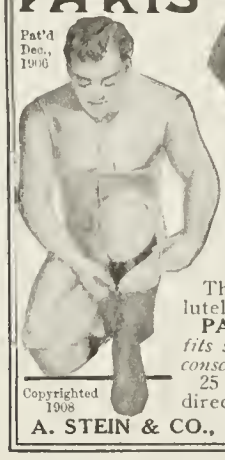
EUROPE $150 TO $1195

All Traveling Expenses Included. A series of 70 TOURS, comprising Tours de Luxe and Vacation Tours. Send for the Blue Booklet.

Summer Tour to Orient and Bible Lands, - July 1
Tours to Norway, Midnight Sun, etc., June 19 & 24
South American Tour - - - - July 20

THOS. COOK & SON
245 BROADWAY NEW YORK
Cook's Travelers' Cheques good everywhere

PARIS GARTERS



No Metal Can Touch You

You Need Them with Knee Drawers

This garter conforms absolutely to the shape of the leg. PARIS is *the only garter that fits so perfectly you wear it unconsciously.*

25 and 50 cents at dealers, or direct if he is out.

A. STEIN & CO., 160 Center Ave., Chicago



Try This Soap for Massage

Here is a toilet soap so pure—so delicate—so delightfully soothing—that you can massage its satiny lather right into the pores of the skin and feel the benefits almost at once.

Palmolive is made from palm and olive oils shipped to us direct from the Orient.

These oils are nature's own beautifiers. Oriental women use them exclusively. We have blended them perfectly, after 36 years of experience, so in Palmolive they're better than ever.

The result is delightful. Don't miss it longer.

We use no artificial color. Palm olive softens and freshens the driest skin. We are proud of its delicate perfume.

Send us 4c for a generous sample cake and our free book, "*The Easy Way to Beauty*"—or buy a trial cake at your dealer's, price 15c.

See what the benefits are from a massage with Palmolive.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
350 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wis.



SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

Are You Interested in REAL ESTATE?

Profitable **REAL ESTATE** investment offers for everybody—farms, city property, suburban lots, irrigated land, vineyards, Canadian Government division, colonization tracts, manufacturing sites, railroad offers, etc.

A letter brings their attractive booklets and complete description.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

[illegible] MACHINES WORK FOR YOU [illegible] trator writes, "Kindly accept our [illegible] next to a gold mine." Write [illegible] Co., Lewis Block, Pittsburg, Pa.

ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 W. South Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE. PATENT RIGHTS 702249. THE May-Belle Smoking Pipe. The only sanitary pipe that effectually removes nicotine and other impurities, collects and absorbs them so they cannot reach the mouth. Address Eliza D. Saurman, Norristown, Pa.

LARGE MANUFACTURING CONCERN DESires local manager for their apparatus. Must be well acquainted in locality and able to give satisfactory references. Davis Co., 30 Prospect St., Elkhart, Indiana.

BIG PROFITS IN SODA WATER. THIS IS the day of the soft drink and a good income awaits any man who embarks into the Soda Water business. We offer a complete equipment, including handsome fountain at a low price and on terms so easy that it pays for itself. Immediate delivery. The Liquid Carbonic Co., 71 Wells Street, Chicago.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

ESTABLISH PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE business by operating best peanut and match vending machines. Never out of order. Price $3 per machine. Makes big money. International Vending Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

CHAMPION VENDING MACHINES FOR OUTdoor trade. Strongest, most durable slot machine made. Variety of patterns. Enormous bus. in summer mos. Send for prices. Boston Coin Mach. Co., Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

HIGH-GRADE SALESMAN TO CALL ON stationery trade and large consumers. Commission basis, or guaranteed weekly advance after sixty days' trial. Quick seller. Choice territory now open. Sengbusch Self-Closing Inkstand Co., 139 Michigan St., Milwaukee, Wis.

LOCAL VIEW POST CARD SALESMEN—regular or side line, absolutely best colored view proposition ever offered; low prices, liberal commissions, pocket samples. Specialty Post Card Co., 17 La Salle St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED. NO FORMER EXperience required. We have more calls than we can fill. Traveling salesmen are the best paid class of men in the world. We will teach you this pleasant, well-paid profession by mail in eight weeks and our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a good position with a reliable firm. Hundreds of our graduates placed in good positions. If you want to increase your earnings from two to ten times, our free book, "A Knight of the Grip," will show you how. Write nearest office for it today. Address Dept. 312, National Salesman's Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS TO BECOME A SALESman, or earn more money in an executive position? The Sheldon School has increased the earning capacities of 37,000 men from 10% to 100%, and more. Clerks, bookkeepers, correspondents, salesmen and mgrs. can all earn more by applying Sheldon methods. We have helped thousands of men secure good positions. It costs nothing to investigate. Write and learn how we can help you. An interesting booklet on the problem of selling will be sent free. The Sheldon School, 1658 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURING CO., WAREhouses at all large jobbing cities, own men can call only on larger jobbers, want highest grade commission salesmen to sell to dealers. Product staple and well advertised. Vest Pocket samples, orders large, handled by all Hardware, Lumber and General Stores. Union Roofing & Manufacturing Company, St. Paul, Minn.

SALESMEN: BEST ACCIDENT HEALTH policy. Old line, $1000 death; $5 weekly; $100 emergency. Costs $2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission. German Registry Co., 265 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED. FIRST CLASS SALESmen to carry a side line of Post Cards or Advertising Calendars for a well known publishing house. State references and territory. 428 Mint Arcade, Philadelphia, Pa.

HIGH CLASS SALESMEN FOR NEW ERA safety accounting system for banks, merchants and professionals; wonderful opportunity. Plew & Motter Co., 2548 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

IVERS & POND PIANOS. BY OUR UNIQUE plan you can buy a piano of the very highest quality at a fair price on Easy Payments. Our catalogue for the asking, and if no dealer sells them near you, a personal letter stating lowest prices and explaining how easy it is to buy of us. We ship on approval, and pay railway freights both ways if unsatisfactory. Write to-day for catalogue and full information. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 137 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY PIANO, IT WILL be to your interest to find out about the Pianola Piano, the greatest piano success of the age. Frequently people say to us: "How I wish I had known about the Pianola Piano sooner." We are taking in exchange hundreds of fine pianos, simply because this modern improvement in pianos gives so much greater musical enjoyment and because it confers upon every member of the family the fascination of personally producing music. Send for Catalog 10. The Aeolian Co., 362 Fifth Ave., New York.

STAMPS, COINS, and CURIOS

STAMPS: 108 DIFF., TRANSVAAL, SERVIA, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, & Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 diff. U.S., 25c. 1000 binges, 8c. Agts., 50%. List Free. C. Stegman, 5940 Cote B. Av., St. Louis, Mo.

HAVE BEEN BUYING RARE COINS AT BIG premiums for collectors since 1873. Can you offer us any? There may be a fortune in them for you. Send Stamp for useful pamphlet. Agents wanted to sell Coin-Books. Alexander & Co., 214 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

COINS FOR SALE. 15 DIFFERENT FOREIGN, 25 cts; 5 diff. foreign, 10c; ancient Roman coin over 2000 years old, 10c; U.S. half-cent over 100 years old, 20c; U.S. cent over 100 years old, 15c; 12 big U.S. coppers over 50 years old, 50c; $50 par value Confed. money, 20c; 6 two-cent pieces, 25c; 10 flying eagle cents, 50c; 50 all diff. foreign coppers, some rare, $1.10; 10 foreign silver coins, $1.00. Postage paid. Genuineness guaranteed. We also sell gold dollars and other pieces wanted by collectors, jewellers, schools, etc. Money & Stamp Brokerage Co., 150 Nassau St., New York.

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"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

AVOID BAD DEBTS. COLLECT YOUR OLD accounts yourself. Write for free sample sheets of notices and letters that will collect most any slow account. Sayers Mercantile Agency Co., 404 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

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GOVERNMENT POSITIONS — EXAMINAtions held soon in every State. Circular 33-40, giving full particulars as to salaries, positions, dates of examinations, sample questions, previously used, etc., sent free by National Correspondence Institute, Washington, D. C.

REAL ESTATE

ARIZONA

BUY LAND IN SALT RIVER VALLEY, Arizona, under Roosevelt Dam. Raise oranges, fruit, alfalfa, melons. Get highest returns; no failures. Land now selling $100 an acre and up. Write today for new booklet and six months' subscription to "The Earth" free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1172C, Railway Exchange, Chicago.

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$3 PER ACRE MONTHLY WILL BUY RICH frostless Orange and Grape lands in fertile El Cajon Valley, a famous beauty spot in Southern California's most delightful climate. Have subdivided 300 acres into small homelands. A good living in 5 acres. Unusual opportunity. Write immediately for free illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, Cal.

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IRRIGATED ORCHARD HOMES, 2½ MILES from Denver, overlooking city. Apples, cherries, plums, truck, small fruits. Big home market. Easy terms. Lit. shows plan and our responsibility. Write Denver Suburban Homes & Water Co., 618 Commonwealth Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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OREGON FRUIT LANDS. UPON RECEIPT of four cents in stamps to cover postage, we will mail to any address an artistically gotten up booklet of views of fruit lands and flowers, taken in the famous Willamette Valley, near Creswell, Lane County, Oregon. Address Department "C" 2. The A. C. Bohrnstedt Company, 629 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

TEXAS

WEATHERFORD — 10,000 POPULATION — three Railroads, more in prospect, also street car line thru our property—lots $60.00 in City limits; best position in State. Few good General Agents wanted; write Mutual Realty Co., Ltd., Weatherford, Texas.

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SEATTLE'S POPULATION DOUBLES EVERY six years. Buy acreage in her suburbs and watch your money grow. $50 cash, $10 per month. Send for booklet. M. P. Goodner, 204 Central Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

WISCONSIN

RACINE, BUILDING LOTS, $125, VALUES increasing rapidly. Pop. 40,000. On two main railroads. $1 down, $2 per mo. A golden opportunity. Buy now. Catalogue Free. Chas. R. Davis, Milwaukee, Wis.

PROMOTERS, ATTENTION! UNUSUALLY attractive proposition for location of factories; small town having immense hydro-electric power plant; cheap power, free sites, raw material of many kinds—two railroads and navigable river; town has complete water system, fire protection, $25,000 high school and county normal school—50 miles from half million people. St. Croix Falls Improvement Associations, St. Croix Falls, Wis.

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LEARN JEWELERS' ENGRAVING BY MAIL. Beginners learn better engraving from us in six months than in years of rigid apprenticeship. Catalog free. The Engraving School, Dept. 19, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS IN every town to sell the wonderful Triplex handbag for women; by a mere twist of the wrist it becomes a purse or a music portfolio or a small satchel or a shopping bag; four separate bags for four separate purposes all in one; you enlarge the bag to meet your needs as you go along; large profits. S. A. Diamond & Bro. Co., 35 W. 21st St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

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AGENTS. PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c, portrait pillow tops 50c, English Art Plates $1.00. 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-152 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG PROFITS AND QUICK sales. We have several hundred new designs in "Novelty Sign Cards." Also two sizes Changeable signs. Cat. free. Climax Novelty Co., Mfrs., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

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IF YOU HAVE SOME SPARE TIME, WE will pay you a guaranteed small salary, also extra commission. More than a million people use our goods. We want men and women agents in every section to look after this business for us. Experience unnecessary. Write to McLean, Black & Co., Inc., 9 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

WE ARE SPENDING THOUSANDS OF DOLlars advertising Knickerbocker Spraybrushes. No wonder Sales Agents are making big money with the article so extensively advertised. See full display advertisements in May issues, "Everybody's," "Review of Reviews," "American," and other publications. We can still use a limited number of high class sales agents. Exceptional opportunities for live college men this summer. Give full details first letter. The Progress Co., 140 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county, handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 37 West 26th St., New York.

DON'T FOOL AWAY YOUR TIME ON DEAD ones. Wake up! Davis agents doing better than ever. Our special advertising propositions appeal to the pocket-book. Valuable premiums with each 50c sale. 100% profit. No middleman's profit. Get our illustrated catalog and profit-sharing plan. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, WE MANUfacture hosiery—replaced free when hole appears. Easy sales. Large profits. Whole or part time. First reply obtains agency your city. Triplewear Mills, Dept. M, 724 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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AGENTS, HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO secure agency for a new American invention that is proving a phenomenal seller. See our display advertisement next page and write today for agents' proposition. Dept. C, The Mantle Lamp Co., Chicago, Portland, Ore., Winnipeg, Canada.

AGENTS MAKE 500 PER CENT. SELLING "Novelty Sign Cards," Window Letters and Changeable Signs. Merchants buy in quantities. 800 varieties. Cat. free. Sullivan Co., Dept. G, 405 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

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AGENTS—COIN MONEY; SELL "CANCHESter" Incandescent Kerosene Lamps. 150 C.P.; burns with or without mantle; Burner fits all standard lamps; saves 75% oil; 10 times brighter than Electricity or Gas at 1/10 cost; no trimming wicks; no generating. Agents outfit, $5. Canchester Light Co., 28 State St., Chicago.

AGENTS TO SELL EUREKA STEEL RANGES from wagons, for cash, notes or time payments. Wonderful money maker for live men. Send for 31 page catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., 316 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS. MEN AND WOMEN MAKE GOOD profits selling patented blue ribbon knitted towels. Previous experience unnecessary. United Manufacturing Co., 2159 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN, A MANUFACturer and wholesale dealer in household specialties, general merchandise, will start you in profitable bus. in your home. M. C. Farber, Dept. A, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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STOP, WOMEN AND MEN. HURRY! SEVEN new useful fast sellers. 30 others to select from. Big profits. Write for particulars and premium offer. Fair Mfg. Co., Box 194, Racine, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL THE NEW puzzle "Roosevelt in Africa," 10 cents each; write for wholesale prices; good side line. The Stewart Mfg. Company, 230 Washington St., Room A, Boston, Mass.

JUST PATENTED, YOUNG'S BUTTON HOLE Gauge Knife. Every woman wants one. One agent sold 107 in one day at 25c, 100% profit. 14 other useful rapid sellers. A. M. Young & Co., 199 Young's Bldg., Chicago.

SUCCESSFUL GASOLINE LIGHT SALESMEN to handle the only instantaneous lighting system known to science; no alcohol, step ladders, torches, matches or time wasted; pull the chain and they light instantly; for home and commercial lighting. Write for territory. Small capital required. Gloria Light Co., 399 Washington-Blvd., Chicago.

AGENTS TO SELL AUTOMATIC SCREEN door catches and checks. Big profits and exceptionally good proposition. Sample Catch, postpaid, 25c. Adc Co., 218 E. 57th St., Chicago.

IDEAL LAMP FILLERS. LAMPS FILLED INstantly without removing burner or chimney. Agents wanted—large profits. Samples A 12c, A and B 25c by mail. Harry O. Mayo & Co., 3157 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—ABSORBENT DUSTERS DUST UP the money for you; it's wonderful how it appeals to every housewife. Sells like wildfire. Write today. Chicago Duster Co., 216 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FASTEST SELLING 25c ARTICLE INVENTED. Costs agents $1.00 doz. 200% profit. Appeals to man and woman, drug, department, novelty stores. Selected territory. New England Sales Co., 85 State St., Boston, Mass.

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DON'T LET YOUR PATENT LIE IDLE—WE'LL make dies and tools and manufacture your article ready for market. Let us show you what we can do for you. Don't delay. So. Stamping & Mfg. Co., R. C. Nashville, Tenn.

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, PATENT Lawyers, Washington, D. C., Box B. Est'd 47 years. Booklet free. Highest references. Best service. Terms moderate. Be careful in selecting an attorney. Write us.

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Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

May 15, 1909

Posers for Prohibitionists

AUSTERE INVECTIVE is hurled at us by the "National Prohibitionist" because we accuse the Prohibition Party of practical forgery in circulating what purports to be a verbatim account of ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S stand in favor of prohibition. Their only defense is that one old man alleges that LINCOLN made this statement to him just before he died—a flimsy enough foundation, even if we had no real knowledge on the subject. From boyhood to age LINCOLN was interested in temperance, and yet he is nowhere on record, either in his own writing or in any authentic history, as speaking one word favorable to prohibition. Look, moreover, at what actual evidence we have. There is his famous speech in Illinois, explaining how much better than violence are education and persuasion. There is the liquor license which his own store took out. There is the ill-concealed impatience of his reply to the clergymen who bothered him about the drinking habits of General GRANT. There is also something much more conclusive. Our sweet friends, on the "National Prohibitionist," who call us such ugly names, have only to examine the records of the Legislature in Illinois. On December 19, 1840, it was moved to enact by amendment that "no person shall be licensed to sell vinous or spirituous liquors in this State." ABRAHAM LINCOLN moved to lay this amendment on the table. A week later an attempt was made to pass a provision that a liquor license could be refused if a majority of the voters in the town, district, or ward protested. ABRAHAM LINCOLN voted against this restriction. On January 13 he voted again to the same effect. We shall await calmly the "National Prohibitionist's" reply. ABRAHAM LINCOLN believed drink to be probably the greatest single curse upon the earth. How it should be decreased was a question of reason and experience. If he lived to-day, our guess is that he would, like most wise men, approve of prohibition in certain neighborhoods, condemning it in others. The present is not bound by our dead statesman's views. It is bound, however, not to state those views falsely; and we hope, therefore, never to see circulated by the Prohibitionists another document citing ABRAHAM LINCOLN as an upholder of their creed.

Gambling and the Press

THE WALL STREET COMMISSION has no easy task. One thing, however, the members of this commission well might do. The howl that gambling must be wholly eliminated from business has been loudest from certain yellow journals. Our proposal is that this commission report strongly in favor of suppressing fake financial advertisements, of which these very same yellow journals carry many. No simple and possible step would do so much to kill wildcat speculation. The commission, if it thought fit, might at the same time advise Legislatures everywhere to forbid the newspapers to tell their readers every day how they can be sure winners on the races. Such advice ought not to be printed, even in the same issues with noble editorials telling how very, very demoralizing and wrong it is to bet on horses or on the fluctuations of the market.

Hughes Again

DOMINATED BY CORPORATIONS, dictated to by money, the Legislature of New York, at the end of its session, shamelessly, almost gaily, threw off its mask. It passed the private grab bills with the same enthusiasm it had shown in putting to sleep the bills which had nothing behind them but the general good. This gross venality means that Governor HUGHES must run again. One year more will hardly be sufficient to clear the rascals out, and he can not drop his work with the Black Horse Cavalry in command. The people of New York State must be aroused to defeat the pirate crew, so-called Republicans and so-called Democrats alike. HUGHES must lead the fight, and the measures which he lost this year must be passed before he retires to private life.

The Theater Contest

PEACE, SO-CALLED, between the theatrical syndicate, on the one hand, and HARRISON GREY FISKE and DAVID BELASCO, on the other, followed hard upon open declaration of war between the syndicate and the SHUBERTS. With BELASCO the detached observer need have no concern. His record is not of a kind to encourage the discussion of principles with him. Mr. FISKE'S case is different. He and his wife have been the most intelligent "producers" in America. By sheer worth they have withstood the trust's exterminating wishes for many years. For Mr. FISKE to change his principles would be discouraging, and there is no evidence that he intends to change. ERLANGER, hard hit by recent doings, invites Mr. FISKE to play in his theaters. Mr. FISKE accepts. All so far is well. It is not a question between the relative merits of the SHUBERTS and the trust. It is a matter of liberty. Mr. FISKE ought not to allow SHUBERT to prevent his playing in Erlanger theatres. He ought not to allow ERLANGER to prevent his playing in Shubert theaters, whenever and wherever he may choose.

Conried

A SHARP ANTI-CLIMAX was the later part of HEINRICH CONRIED'S life. He conducted what was beyond comparison the best theater in the United States, but as the plays were given in German the theater existed in comparative obscurity. An offer from the Metropolitan Opera Company, therefore, seemed a dazzling advancement, because it meant notoriety and money. Actually it was the beginning of the downward slope. CONRIED had been prepared by his German training to manage a theater on better principles than are understood in our dramatic world, but nothing in him was especially fitted for grand-opera success, even if serious illness had not set in at about the time of his new venture. His more conspicuous office hurt his sounder fame. To appreciate the value of his life we must harken back to the days when his theater gave to a few Germans and fastidious Americans an opportunity to taste the drama in its better possibilities—a touch of what the playhouse means in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and many a smaller German town.

Gillette

IT IS TRUE, we fear, that WILLIAM GILLETTE will soon retire. His health for a long time has not been strong, and the actor's life is a severe test of strength. Mr. GILLETTE'S career began with a wide experience in all sorts of parts, a training which was necessary to the technical proficiency which he acquired. Later, as an actor, he became noted in a special line, which sometimes blinded observers to the sound and broad acquirement underneath. As a playwright he stands first among Americans for the ability with which he can construct scenes of tension and plots dependent upon action. It is no small accomplishment to have carried the technique of American drama to a higher level.

Holland's Baby

IN THE MIX-UP of Europe little of the world's sympathy goes to Germany. Who was it, when the child was mourning over the deer slain to meet the tiger's need, consoled her with a reminder of how pleasant the incident was for the tiger? Germany's ambitions are easy to understand. She is growing rapidly, and she has no room to grow. She is frightening England into hysterics with her naval program, and we could easily be alarmed about her intentions in South America if we were inclined. Poor little Holland, necessary to Germany's comfort, naturally took the birth of an heir to heart, since the new baby very possibly stands between her and absorption by her powerful and hungry neighbor. This is a universe in which, of two opposing interests, often both are just. We can't blame Germany for her restless wish to grow, and yet Holland is but one of several countries to whom that expansion seems a threat.

"Courtesy"

SMALL GOOD will come of political appointments to Federal offices until the foolish fabric of "Senatorial courtesy" has been cast into the junk-heap. OSCAR LAWLER, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of California, has been appointed, on the recommendation of Senator FLINT of California, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, with special jurisdiction as the law officer of the Interior Department. Senator FLINT was the attorney of the Southern Pacific at the time of his election. LAWLER is a tool of the Southern Pacific political machine. In every State the finest types of ability and independent citizenship are blacklisted by this system of appointment. Draw a line north and south across the map at the western boundary of Kansas, and every Federal Senator who represents a State west of that line, with four exceptions, is a corporation Senator. These Senators are the political bosses of their States. They have stood for the exploitation

which has despoiled the West and taken from the pioneers the opportunities which lured them westward. Their appointees have made the consummation of these frauds possible. To recognize their selections is to continue the system.

Doing It Thoroughly

SAN FRANCISCO IS PROFITING by the lessons of her disaster. She is subterraneously barricading herself. Sixty-three cisterns in as many different parts of the city were provided in the pioneer days as a fire protection, probably before there was any regular system of water works. Forty of these were in passive commission, the remaining twenty-three were forgotten or had become disused in the unheeding, Capuan days before the fire. These have now been restored. In addition, one hundred more cisterns, built of reenforced concrete, have been erected, with a capacity of 75,000 gallons each. There will be three fresh-water reservoirs—one on Twin Peaks, 730 feet high, with a capacity of ten million gallons; one on Ashbury Heights, 510 feet high, with a capacity of one million gallons; and one on Clay Street Hill, 309 feet high, with a capacity of another million gallons. All three of these systems are interconnected with double lines of mains. They will be kept filled with fresh water at all times from pumping stations in the artesian belt. Ninety-three miles of the best water piping that can be secured, running from ten inches to forty inches in diameter, will connect with these reservoirs. These pipes will gridiron practically all of the city east of Devisadero Street and north of Twenty-ninth Street, covering four-fifths of the value of the city. Connected with this system of piping will also be two salt-water pumping stations. The failure of water pressure at the time of the great fire was due to a break or breaks in the main pipes. . The present piping system is so arranged with valves and by-passes that, should a break occur in any one block or combination of blocks, the break can be cut out and the remainder of the system continued in perfect working order. Already under construction are two of the most powerful of fire-boats. The water from them will reach all territory within a thousand feet of the water front. There will be an underground telephone system for the exclusive use of the high-pressure water system, connecting all fire-alarm offices, all fire stations, and all gate-houses. The present water system for the extinguishment of fires is owned by the Spring Valley Water Company, a private corporation. It is not capable of furnishing the quantity and pressure required for fire purposes in so large and growing a city as San Francisco. The new high-pressure system, which will be independent of the Spring Valley system, will be municipally-owned. The $5,200,000 which San Francisco has voted for the purpose will be well spent. It is an example of the enterprise and energy of which that town is full.

Buttonholing the Red Planet

TO HELIOGRAPH MARS is the spring-time suggestion of Professor PICKERING. By ten million dollars' worth of mirrors he would send a steady flash of light into the Martian eye. He schemes a dot and dash system, an interplanetary Morse code, by which Man and Martian can report progress, each to the other. Both planets are busy in canal-building. Tips from our friend aloft on the merits of the lock canal may soon vibrate through the infinite. Who knows but they are a year ahead on air flight, and even now may be holding a spring regatta in the airy blue? With a sunny wink or so, they can shed wisdom through the heavenly spaces. This side the Milky Way we will exchange gossip of the flight through the Midnight Sky. Will they in their fuller knowledge merge our little knowledge, like a pearl dissolved in wine, or shall we be pedagogue to the red planet and lead it to richer experience than its lonely circlings knew? Have they found the road to happiness, and is it a broad highway for the tread of a host, or just a brief and narrow trail, smothered in wild roses and moss, hidden from many? Will the stellar vocabulary which we two shall shortly devise suffice to tell of some new and finer art than cold sculpture and sad music, and fading paint and limping words—an art by which each Man or Martian relieves the hidden pain and stands revealed to his fellows, through no intervening veils, no darkling glass?

Robert Watchorn

THE EXIGENCIES of the Republican organization were such that ROBERT WATCHORN, Commissioner of Immigration, had to be sacrificed to the hungry machine. As those on the inside know, there were no charges against him. OSCAR S. STRAUS, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, in whose department of jurisdiction Ellis Island fell, appealed for Mr. WATCHORN'S renomination. The prime defect in this official was that he was no politician. He had feeble consideration for the desires of prominent statesmen, and he failed to relate civil service to the needs of district leaders. In his term of office he remodeled Ellis Island and made the act of entry to the United States easier, cleaner, and more human for 850,000 people in a year. He was honest and fearless and warm-hearted—a skilled executive with elements of pity and justice. Few were aware that his sudden and hushed exit on the *Adriatic* on April 28 was, save for possible brief temporary visits, a final good-by to the country where he had done service since he first came to us, an immigrant lad himself.

Bufo Lentiginosus

"THE OLDEST TOAD IS DEAD. He Was Probably at Least a Thousand—Immured That Long in Stone." Thus run the headlines of a newspaper report telling of the demise of Rameses II, the Oldest Inhabitant of a Zoo. It was avouched that this toad was originally discovered soundly sleeping in the very center of a large boulder five hundred feet below the earth's surface. Later this story was aspersed somewhat, and our force of muck-rakers have not yet brought in their full report. In the main, if it isn't true it ought to be, as the shyster remarked of his brief. Since he poured his poisoned words into the ear of the slumbering Eve the toad has enjoyed an impressive character. If he is cornered, he will spit blood. If you kill him, and one of your cows catches sight of the dead animal and smells of it, she will give bloody milk. He who handles a toad will soon have warts. Because of all these indisputable facts, added to his long life, there is impressiveness in the humble batrachian. It is something to lose Rameses II, who perhaps antedated RICHARD Cœur de Lion, CHAUCER, and COLUMBUS.

A "Friend" of Cervera

THAT BITTER AND SNOBBISH British paper, once intelligent and powerful, the "Saturday Review," emits the following:

"Outside America the world has given the palm rather to the courteous, chivalrous, doomed CERVERA than to the swaggering destroyer of unarmed wooden ships or to him who was to pave Hell with Spaniards."

If ever there was a chorus of praise for a stricken foeman, that chorus was raised for CERVERA in every town and hamlet of our land. TENNYSON sang how the Spaniards graciously entreated the captured English raider, Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE:

> "And they praised him to his face,
> With their courtly foreign grace."

We lauded CERVERA to his face and behind his back, and wished him a multitudinous Godspeed when he made his last and greatest voyage only the other day.

A Receipt for Happiness

H. G. WELLS, in his latest and perhaps greatest novel, "Tono-Bungay," sees modern life as an aerial observer, and sees it pass. He writes of the caste system in England, the relic of social inequality which still intrudes its presence wherever in the trim little isle two or three are gathered together, as if it were already among the dim unhappy things forgotten and far away. The bigotry of the narrow creeds and the creak of rheumatic ritual become melodious by distance. It is a gentle sway that he exercises over the mad world of daily living. Like a master of magic, he causes the hard structure to dissolve before your eyes, and with its angularities and discords to pass in music out of sight. He unfolds a succession of unlovely persons, of miserable episodes, but none troubles him. These thin ghosts smell the morning.

The Little Welsh Parish

FROM DIVERSE DIRECTIONS, one from Vermont, another from Florida, come letters anent the name of the Welsh town which the earthquake shook up, and both letters call our attention to a certain parish on the Anglesea side of Menai Bridge, Wales: "When I was a youngster," says one of our correspondents, "I walked over the pass of Dwygyfylchi, visited friends in Rhosllanerchrhregog and Llanfairmathafarneithaf, and walked the length and breadth of the little parish of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogery chwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch." When that is translated, it means "The Church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's Church near to a red cave."

It Doesn't Follow

A TOUGH EXERCISE is reasoning correctly. Already rumors abound that COLLIER'S has embraced the theory that BACON wrote the plays of SHAKESPEARE. We accept an article because it strikes us as an interesting thing to read and a harmless amusement for the human brain. The tangent proclivities of the average intellect do the rest. We have given to the subject no such study as would lend any interest whatever to our opinion about the question of whether BACON contributed anything to SHAKESPEARE'S work, and if so, how little or how much. The Baconians think he did everything. Most scholars think BACON never worked at all with SHAKESPEARE, as FLETCHER and others did. Some, perhaps, may believe he did a little and busied himself arranging for extravagant later credit. Literary controversies have a never-failing interest. They are sporting events, like prize-fighting, baseball, and votes on the most popular actress or school teacher. The Bacon theory shows the same ability to crop up at intervals as does the argument about the ten best books. Mr. BOOTH is an intelligent man and an experienced editor, and his presentation of the argument will be at least discussed with more seriousness than the efforts of IGNATIUS DONNELLY and others. There is no reason why anybody should become irate. MARK TWAIN has just made a plunge at SHAKESPEARE. Where lies the harm? Nobody can dislodge the king of dramatists unless he can bring forth conclusive evidence, and it seems to us absurd to bristle angrily when a new champion lowers his lance, ready to charge the illustrious holder of the champion literary belt.

A Demoralized Party

By MARK SULLIVAN

TWICE in the history of the United States a great party has broken up and disappeared; for one period of twenty-four years there was but a single party. That was "a period of personal politics." Men, instead of following a party or a principle, separated into groups about several great leaders—Adams, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, and Clinton. These men had much the position that Roosevelt, Bryan, Folk, Hughes, and Johnson have to-day. "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans," said Jefferson in his famous inaugural address. As well could Taft have uttered an analogous statement. As majorities and statistics go, there are seventeen Democratic States; actually there are but nine in which Democratic principles can be said to find effective expression.

Some Figures

THE Democrats in the Lower House of Congress number 171. From that number must be deducted three conspicuous groups:

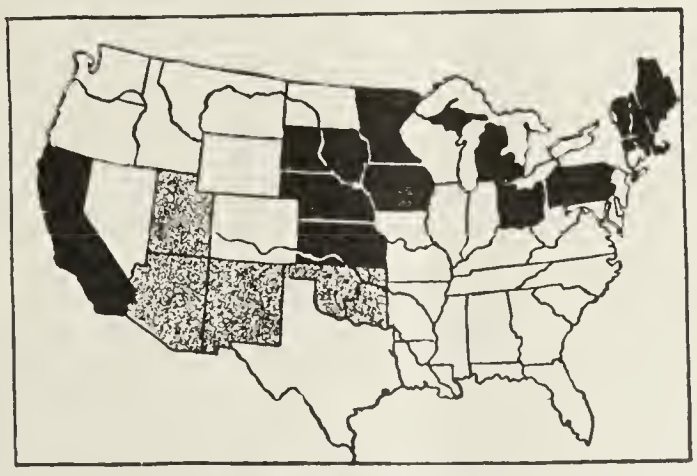
Democrats who voted with the Republicans in favor of a protective tariff on lumber (in defiance of the Democratic platform declaration for free lumber)	38
Democrats who voted with the Republicans in favor of a protective tariff on hides	29
Democrats who broke away from their party caucus and voted with the Republican organization against the modification of the rules	23
	90
Deduct for duplicates . .	17
Total	73

Here are seventy-three Democrats—only sixteen less than a majority of all the Democrats in Congress—who have deserted both the party organization and the most important of the party's principles. This before the present Congress is thirty days old. No one doubts there are others ready to go the same way. If the Republicans had needed more than twenty-three Democrats to save the organization, no one doubts they could have been got in the same way the twenty-three were got. If there had been a separate vote on sugar, or on cotton, or on iron, as there was on lumber and on hides, everybody knows that there would be but a mere handful of Democrats left defending the party's ancient position of opposition to protection. There may yet be separate votes on these schedules, and when the present Congress ends, twenty-two months from now, the number of members of Congress who, by any accepted definition, can call themselves Democrats may well be less than thirty-five out of four hundred, less than the number of Republican insurgents. Indeed, the thirty-one Republican insurgents are better entitled to be called a party, with definite principles, than the Democrats.



The Map of Democracy To-day

Black—*The States that went Republican last Fall.*
White—*The States that went Democratic last Fall.*
(Arizona and New Mexico are Territories)
✠—*The States in white marked thus are nominally Democratic, with Democratic delegations in Congress;* but in every case a majority of the Democratic Congressmen from each of these States **voted with the Republican organization for a protective tariff, either on lumber** *(in spite of the Democratic platform declaration for free lumber)* **or on hides**



Democracy in 1893

Black—*Republican.*
White—*Democratic and Populist.*
Gray—*Territories.*
At this time the President was a Democrat and the Democrats controlled the Senate by 44 to 38, and the Lower House of Congress by 220 to 128.

The Protective Tariff as a "Local Issue"

GEORGIA'S representation in Congress consists of eleven Democrats; seven of them voted for a tariff on lumber.

Texas has sixteen Democrats in Congress; fourteen of them voted for a tariff on hides; two of the fourteen also voted for a tariff on lumber.

Louisiana's delegation is six Democrats; all six of them voted for a tariff on lumber; two of them voted also for a tariff on hides; two of them voted consistently with the Republican machine on matters of organization, the consideration, presumably, being the high tariff which the Payne bill puts on sugar.

Florida has three Congressmen, all Democrats; two of these voted for a tariff on lumber.

Virginia has ten Congressmen, nine of them Democrats; five of the nine voted for a tariff on lumber.

North Carolina has seven Democratic Congressmen; all but one of them voted for a tariff on lumber.

The Repudiated Plank

THIS plank appeared in the Democratic platform made at Denver last July:

"We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood pulp, print paper, lumber, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed on the free list."

This plank is a rather heavy attempt to make it clear that the Democrats would, if placed in power, take the tariff off everything made out of wood. The clumsiness of the wording is due to the intention to be specific and forcible. This plank was the one most exploited by the Democratic orators in Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas—in all those States where trees don't grow and people do build houses. It was by virtue of this plank that Bryan carried Nebraska. The Hon. Claude Kitchin of Scotland Neck, Halifax County, is the one Democratic Congressman in the North Carolina delegation who voted against the tariff on lumber. His speech on this subject, and on the Democrats who repudiated the party platform, is easily one of the best five delivered in the present special session. When heckled by the Hon. Martin Dies of Beaumont, Texas, one of the Democrats who spoke in favor of a tariff on lumber, Mr. Kitchin said:

"I am not responsible for the gentleman's failure to understand my position. I have tried to make myself plain, that I do not advocate a thing as proper and right because it is 'down South' and oppose the same thing as improper and wrong because it is not 'down South.' [Applause.] In the matter of legislation which affects a whole people, I want to look beyond my district, beyond my State. I want to look at 90,000,000 American people; and, sir, if the people of my district wish their Representative to vote for a measure which will take, not by labor, not for value received, but by the dry, naked law, millions of dollars from all the people and put it into the pockets of a very few of my people 'down South,' I would say to them that they ought to send here not me, not a Democrat, but a Republican from my district. [Applause.]

"I wish to ask you, can you, as a Democrat, justify your position in advocating protection on lumber because it is your home industry? Does not the gentleman from Pennsylvania, in asking for a tariff upon the Steel Trust articles, put it upon the ground that it is his home industry? Do not the Representatives from the Woolen Trust districts come here and ask protection on woolen goods because it is their home industry? Does not every member from the districts of the trusts put their demands upon the ground that it is their home industry? [Applause on the Democratic side.]"

A campaign orator, using the full license permitted to epigrammatists, once said: "Democracy is a faith, Republicanism is an appetite."

The Democratic Press

THROUGHOUT the East, the North, and the Northwest, if there is any large daily newspaper that calls itself Democratic, except the one in Buffalo owned by Mr. Mack, the Democratic national chairman, it does not now force itself on the memory. The New York "World" would indignantly repudiate the label "Democratic." The Baltimore "Sun" left the Democrats last summer. In Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Seattle, or Portland, where is the paper that calls itself "Democratic"? Colonel Watterson's "Courier-Journal" is still orthodox, and Congressman Hitchcock runs the Omaha "World-Herald" as a Democratic paper. In the South there are papers that are Democratic—in the same sense as most of the Southern Congressmen who voted against free lumber. They have not rebuked their Congressmen for breaking faith.

Collier's

Facts About Francis Bacon And Some About Shakespeare

"For the third vice or disease of learning, which concerneth deceit or untruth, it is of all the rest the foulest; as that which doth destroy the essential form of knowledge, which is nothing but a representation of truth: for the truth of being and the truth of knowing are one, differing no more than the direct beam and the beam reflected."
—"Advancement of Learning," · Bk. I

By WM. LEAVITT STODDARD



William Shakespeare



Francis Bacon

NOTHING can withstand facts. Darwinism, at first a theory, conquered at last because facts supported it; the Higher Criticism won its victory, too, by facts; tuberculosis and disease are vanishing because facts as men handle them are against them. Facts can upset old systems of belief and overturn the habits and badly built works of men. Great are facts, for, as a poet said, they are the sons of truth.

It is a fact, though a newly known one, that the name of Francis Bacon is signed, by a simple acrostic, in the poems and plays known to the world as those of William Shakespeare. This fact has been discovered by William Stone Booth of Cambridge, Massachusetts (not of Harvard University). He has proved it true that Bacon's name is written into the immortal Plays, where it has stood, a sign manual, unseen till this day.

This fact is an astonishing fact. It recalls other and unsuccessful attempts to produce similar facts—notably those of Ignatius Donnelly and Mrs. Gallup. It leads us to reread with circumspection the biographies of Shakespeare, and to pull down old school and college lecture notes on the subject. It should lead us eventually to conclude that the life of William Shakespeare and much that appertains thereto, which we have been taught as fact, is an idle tale, bulwarked up by unconsidered and very recondite trifles, and is, in short, no fact at all and that Francis Bacon is responsible for this great English poetry. It leads us, incidentally, to recall the intolerance of those who have got into currency poor jests about an exceedingly brilliant theory of authorship. It leads us, finally, to marvel at the ingenuity of the man who, by sheer experiment, uncovered this cipher, and blew the dust of three centuries from it and set it up for us to see. Here, then, is an exposition of this Fact.

Acrostics

THE valentine plan of making the first letters of the lines of a poem spell a name is familiar to all. The puzzle columns of the magazines furnish examples of such elementary acrostics. They call for a trifling skill in the maker and for little or none in the decipherer. The drawback about this variety of acrostic for the purposes of secrecy is that it is perfectly patent to any one. It can not be said to conceal. Suppose, for example, the following words to be the first words of the lines of a poem, signed in this way with the name Francis Bacon:

Free.....
Rules.....
And.....
Now.....
Come.....
Is.....
Sweet.....
But.....
A.....
Choir.....
On.....
Never.....

The acrostic is evidently in sight, and is obviously found by a definite rule; that is, you read on the initials of the first words of each line, starting at the top line and ending at the last. It is clean-cut and precise. It is an acrostic because the name begins and stops at a logical point.

The Baconian Acrostic

THE method used in the signatures of Francis Bacon has its germ in this simple device. But in the Baconian scheme the name is not spelled on the initials of the lines. *The significant letters are out of plain view, in the body of the text.*

Furthermore, the Baconian acrostic is read throughout the text, in this manner: One reads to the right on the first line; then back, to the left on the second line; then forward again, to the right, on the third line; then back again, to the left, on the fourth line, and so on. The path of reading threads the lines with a string, as it were, disregarding the meaning, and using the text only as a row of letters. The type form of such an acrostic is represented by the figure below. The dashes in the diagram stand for the non-significant letters—*i. e.*, for those not used in spelling the name. The arrows indicate the direction of reading.

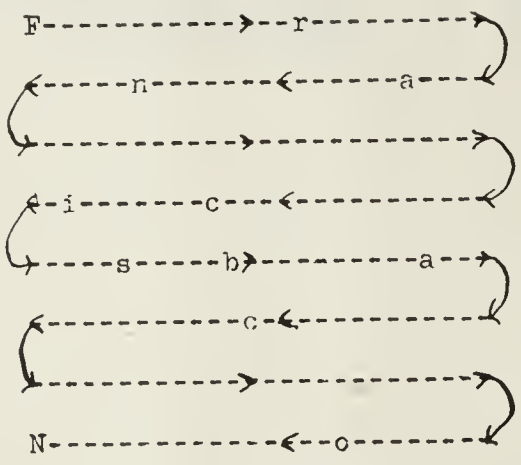


Figure I

This diagram is but a skeleton. It exhibits solely the significant letters. Suppose, next, that we have a sonnet, a paragraph, a page, a single speech, or a column to be signed in this fashion. How are the significant letters determined? In the case of the acrostic where the significant letters were the initials of the lines, the rule was obvious. Here matters are different.

To put it briefly: The name, say, Francis Bacon, will begin at some prominent place, such as a corner initial. To read the signature, you start with this *F* and pass along the lines, to the right on the first, back to the left on the second, and so on, taking the *first r* after that *F;* the *first a* after that *r;* the *first n* after that *a;* and so on, choosing always the *first desired letter in the spelling of the name.* Thus, the first *n* after the first *o* after the first *c* . . . (in the word Bacon) will close the acrostic. This *n* must fall at a perfectly definite place, such as a corner opposite to where the signature began. If it fell at an indifferent spot, there would be no acrostic. Such, reduced to its simplest form, is the method used to fix Francis Bacon's name to the works of William Shakespeare.

Before passing to an actual specimen, it is well to bear in mind a few variations. Often, instead of reading the acrostic on all the letters, the cipherer, for the sake of convenience, limits his choice. Thus, the acrostic may be made only on the *initial* letters of the words. Again, it may be read on the *terminal* letters; that is, the first and last letters of the words. Again, on the capitals. Once this selection is made, however, the acrostic reads inflexibly according to it.

An Example

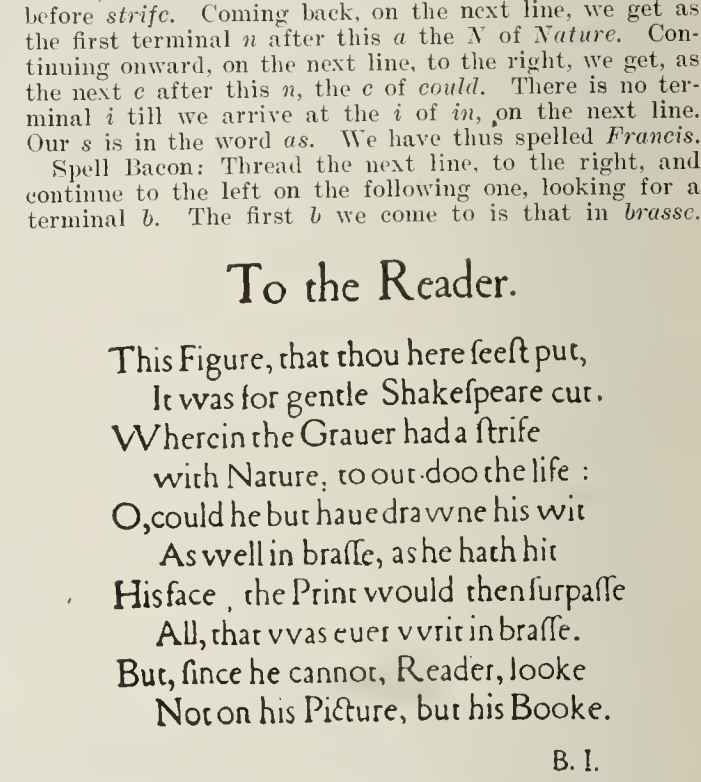
THE verses in Figure II were photographed from the page facing the title-page of the First Folio edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," dated 1623. This poem is supposed to be by Ben Jonson. Besides thirty-six plays, the Folio contains a dedication, a preface, and a number of poems to the memory of William Shakespeare. In one of these occurs the term "Sweet Swan of Avon," which, together with a reference in a second poem to the monument at Stratford, has helped lead the world to identify the playwright with the actor Shakespeare. All this prefatory matter and all the plays contain acrostic signatures made on the general plan just described.

The acrostic in this first poem in this first collected edition of the wonderful dramas begins with the first *F* on the first line, and runs to the first *N* of the last line, having passed through the whole composition.

Read on the terminals—the first and last letters of each word—spelling *Francis Bacon.*

On the top line, starting to the right, we find simply the *F* of *Figure.* There is no *r* at the beginning or end of any word on this line. We now read back, on the second line, to the left. We light on the *r* of *for* as the *first terminal r* after the *first terminal f.* We must now seek the next terminal *a.* Continuing our thread-like course, on the third line, to the right, we get the *a* just before *strife.* Coming back, on the next line, we get as the first terminal *n* after this *a* the *N* of *Nature.* Continuing onward, on the next line, to the right, we get, as the next *c* after this *n*, the *c* of *could.* There is no terminal *i* till we arrive at the *i* of *in*, on the next line. Our *s* is in the word *as.* We have thus spelled *Francis.*

Spell Bacon: Thread the next line, to the right, and continue to the left on the following one, looking for a terminal *b.* The first *b* we come to is that in *brasse.*



To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut.
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
with Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then ſurpaſſe
All, that was euer writ in braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

Figure II—*A photographic reproduction from the page opposite the portrait of Shakespeare in the First Folio, 1623*

The *a* we get from *all.* Going to the right, again, we find that the first *c* after this *a* is the *c* of *cannot;* continuing on the last line, to the left, we find the *o* in *on*, and the final *n* is the initial of *Not.* Thus, on the last word (in the order of reading) of the last line of the poem, the acrostic is concluded. We have spelled Francis Bacon.

→ This **F**igure, that thou here seest put, ←
→ It was fo**r** gentle Shakespeare cut; ←
→ Wherein the Graver had **a** strife ←
with **N**ature, to out-doo the life:
→ O, **c**ould he but have drawne his wit ←
As well **i**n brasse, as he hath hit
→ His face, the Print would then surpasse ←
All, that was ever writ in **b**rasse.
→ But, since he **c**annot, Reader, looke ←
Not **o**n his Picture, but his Booke.
B. I.

Figure III—*The heavy letters show the letters used in the first acrostic of Bacon's name—Francis Bacon—and the arrows indicate the path of reading*

Let us take the edge words of the poem, thus:

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It cut;
Wherein strife
with life:
O wit
As hit
His surpasse
All brasse.
But, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

If you read on the *initials* of these words, beginning at the *B* of *But*, and going straight up, then across the top line to the right, then down; then back, to the left, along the last line, you will read *Bacon*, concluding the acrostic at the *N* of *Not.*

If you read simply on the *outside letters* of the poem, in the same direction, beginning as before, you will read

Bacon, ending as before. If you read on the last two lines alone, on *all* the letters, to the right on the first line and back to the left on the second, you will read *Bacon*, beginning and ending as before.

This poem is supposed to be by Ben Jonson. If you read from the *B* of the signature *B. I.*, to the right, upwards, in and out on alternate lines, as before, this time considering the *initials* of the words only, throughout to the first line of the poem, and back again, you will finally come to the *N* of *Not* in the last line, having spelled *Ben Jonson*. (The letter *i* is, of course, the same as *j*; the reader should beware the "long s"—f.)

Bacon's name is signed to Shakespeare's works in various forms, and sometimes with one of his titles. Francisco Bacono (that is, possibly, "by Francis Bacon") is a frequent spelling. This spelling lends itself with peculiar aptness to the acrostic form. For instance, the surname and given name may be started from opposite corners and meet on a common O. Again, the name may turn on the O as on a pivot, backing out to the end, thus, *FrancisconcaB*. In each case, however, the same method is used, and the whole section of type is transversed.

"The Tempest"

"THE Tempest" is the first play in the Folio. In it over ten signatures have been found. One of the neatest is in the epilogue, a facsimile of which is printed herewith (Figure IV).

EPILOGVE,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

Now my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my proiect failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free. Exit.

Figure IV—*Epilogue to "The Tempest"*

Read from the *f* of *free*, the last word on the last line, to the left, upward, alternately on the lines, to the right and to the left, spelling, on the initials, *Francisco*. You will arrive at the *O* of *ore-throwne*. Read from the *b* of *be*, the last word of the next to the last line, upward, to the right, spelling on the initials *Bacono*. You will arrive at the *O* of *ore-throwne*. The acrostic is therefore "keyed."

THE RAPE OF
LVCRECE.

FRom the beſieged Ardea all in poſt,
Borne by the truſtleſſe wings of falſe deſire,
Luſt-breathed TARQVIN, leaues the Roman hoſt,
And to Colatium beares the lightleſſe fire,
VVhich in pale embers hid, lurkes to aſpire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the waſt
Of COLATINES fair loue, LVCRECE the chaſt.

Hap'ly that name of chaſt, vnhap'ly ſet
This bateleſſe edge on his keene appetite:
VVhen COLATINE vnwiſely did not let,
To praiſe the cleare vnmatched red and white,
VVhich triumpht in that skie of his delight:
VVhere mortal ſtars as bright as heauēs Beauties,
VVith pure aſpects did him peculiar dueties.

B

Figure V

"The Rape of Lucrece"

"THE Rape of Lucrece" was published in 1594, about the time that Shakspere was making a go of his acting. It was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, an intimate friend of Bacon's. Figure V is a facsimile of the first page of this book. The acrostics are as follows:

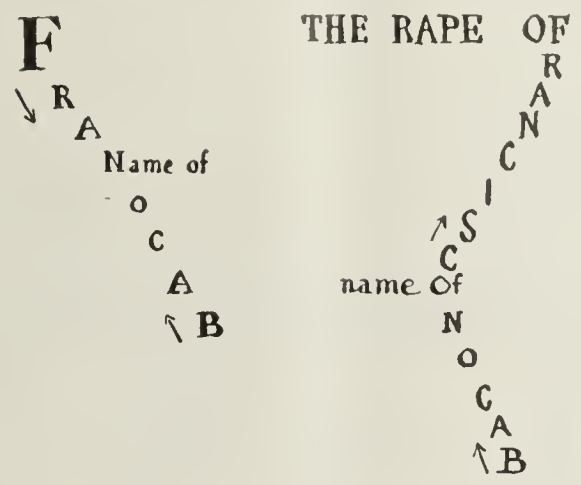


Figure VI

Read from the *B* which stands by itself on the bottom of the page, below the last stanza, to the right, upward, spelling on the *terminal* letters *Bacono*, and then, turning on the *o*, *ocsionarF*, that is, *Francisco* backward, you will arrive at the *F* of *Of* on the first line of the title, having read through the whole page.

Note the F $\frac{R}{B}$ at the beginning of the poem. Read from the *F* on the *initials* of the words to the right, downward, spelling *Fran* (Bacon often signed himself with this abbreviation). You will arrive at the *n* of *name*, in the first line of the second stanza. Then read from the *B* at the bottom of the page, either to the right or to the left, upward, spelling also on the initials *Bacon*. You will arrive at the same *n*. The *name* Fran Bacon is thus keyed.

It is interesting further to note that you can spell the word *Bacon* on the initials to this same *n*, beginning with the *B* of the second line of the poem, and going to the right, downward. Figure VI shows these acrostics graphically.

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This ſayd, he ſtrooke his hand vpon his breaſt,
And kiſt the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his proteſtation vrg'd the reſt,
VVho wondring at him, did his words allow.
Then ioyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which BRVTVS made before,
He doth againe repeat, and that they ſwore.

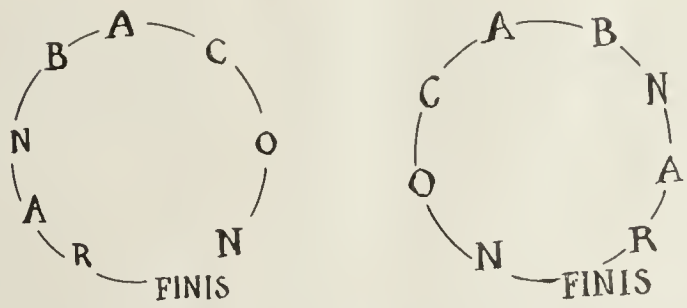
VVhen they had ſworne to this aduiſed doome,
They did conclude to beare dead LVCRECE thence,
To ſhew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,
And ſo to publiſh TARQVINS fowle offence;
VVhich being done, with ſpeedie diligence,
The Romaines plauſibly did giue conſent,
To TARQVINS euerlaſting baniſhment.

N

FINIS.

The acrostics on the last page of "The Rape of Lucrece" are as follows:

Read from the *b* of *breast*, the last word of the first line (to the right or to the left), downward, spelling, on the *initials*, *Bacon*. You will arrive at the capital *N* just above *FINIS*. It looks as if this *N* had been set there to attract attention to the cipher.



Again read from the *F* of *FINIS*, to the right or to the left, through one or through both stanzas and back, spelling continuously on the *terminal* letters *Fran Bacon*. You will end at the capital *N*. The above diagrams show these acrostics graphically. The first and last pages of this poem are, therefore, signed through and through with Bacon's name.

Considerations

THE "First Folio" contains, roughly, two hundred of these acrostics. They occur on the first and last pages of the plays with few exceptions, and practically always on the wrongly numbered pages, of which there are many. In modern editions of Shakespeare the acrostics are lost, since they are purely typographical, and must have been adjusted, if not inserted, in proof. "Venus and Adonis," "The Passionate Pilgrim," "The Phœnix and the Turtle," are among the books where these acrostics exist. Bacon's name is also signed by an acrostic to a book of "Essayes, Religious Meditations, Places of Perswasion and Disswasion," as well as to a "Translation of Certaine Psalms," both volumes bearing his name in the dedication.

Can these signatures be accidents? It is possible that one might be an accident. In fact, an excellent signature of Francis Bacon has been discovered on a page of a book of poems by Shelley. This is an indication of the truth that it is possible, though unlikely, to find one anywhere by accident. If a certain train from New York encountered a cow on the track, say one mile out of each important station on the way to Boston, we should be driven to the conclusion that human design was at work, for cows are not noted for concerted action. In regard, more particularly, to these acrostic signatures in Shakespeare, a mathematician has stated that one from corner to corner on the first page of a book and a second from corner to corner on the last page of the same book (as in the case of "The Rape of Lucrece") utterly removed all doubts as to the accidental nature of the cipher.

Fortunately for Bacon, however, Providence does not work haphazard. The question now comes: Does not the making of the acrostic seriously hamper the writer? Let me answer with a practical specimen. I am writing this paragraph to state a definite idea. I wish at the same time to sign it with an acrostic of the name Francis Bacon. If, therefore, the reader will read on the terminal letters, beginning at the first letter of the paragraph, and spell in the regular way, weaving in and out as before, alternately, to the right and left, he will find that he will conclude with the last letter of the last word of the paragraph, thus closing the acrostic. After the first draft of this paragraph, the changes I had to make so that it would embrace the cipher came to about seven.

Some Facts About Shakespeare

WHAT are *commonly accepted* as the facts of the life of William Shakspere (note the spelling of the Stratford man's name) of Stratford are as follows:

He was born in 1564. He was married in 1582. A child was born in 1583, and twins in 1585. In 1593 the name of William Shakspere is mentioned in a list of actors in the Lord Chamberlain's company. In 1597 he entered into a contract to purchase New Place. His name appears from 1598 on in various legal documents, one of which is an application for a grant of coat armor to his father. His name further appears on assessors' books and the parish register, from which we may safely deduce that he was a taxpayer and a property holder. About 1610-11 he is thought to have retired to Stratford. In 1616 he died.

"On April 25 Shakespeare was interred," say two biographers in chorus, "in the parish church, and honored with a tomb in the chancel, not as a poet, but as impropriator of tithes. His grave was covered with a flat stone, bearing the inscription known to all ['Good friend, for Jesus' sake,' etc.]—artless indeed, but adapted to the capacity of the sextons for whose admonition it was designed." Probably this is as detailed a record of the funeral as is extant.

William Shakspere left no books, no manuscripts, no correspondence. His second best bed he willed to his wife. His children apparently could not sign their names. The gleanings of nearly three centuries have ascertained no evidence that a court would admit other than tradition, and some one's say-so, concerning the incidents of his life, his personal friends, or his career. As an actor the ghost in "Hamlet" seems to have been his best part. Of his handwriting we have nothing but five signatures and (perhaps) the words "by me."

Out of these facts and conjectured facts, out of contemporary references, and uncontemporary references, both real and inferred, to Shakspere the actor and Shakespeare the writer, and out of the mention in the Folio of Stratford and the "Swan of Avon" (in poems which contain acrostic signatures) has grown the most learned, positive, and untruthful mass of biography.

The Stratford Sentiment

"THE country around Stratford presents the perfection of quiet English scenery; it is remarkable for its wealth of lovely wild-flowers, for its deep meadows on each side of the tranquil Avon, and for its rich, sweet woodlands. The town itself, in Shakspere's time, numbered about 1,400 inhabitants; a town of scattered timber houses, possessing two chief buildings—the stately church by the riverside and the Guildhall, where companies of players would at times perform when the corporation secured their services. . . . Here and probably in a low-ceiled room of a house in Henley Street, William Shakspere was born, in April, 1564. Upon what day we can not be certain; but upon the 26th he was baptized, and there is a tradition that the date of his death was the anniversary of his birthday."

Dowden's condensed biography prints sixteen pages of the same placid tenor under the head of "Life." Facts are few and far between. The bulk of the reading matter is plainly guide-book stuff, or else taken down at the dictation of a lively historical imagination. Other popular authors who have produced the same kind of literature are Mr. Sidney Lee and Mr. Hamilton Mabie.

What is true of one of the Shakspere biographies is, in general, true of them all. Dusty papers have been assiduously examined, collated with the philosophy of the thought of the era, and ponderously guessed over. The grand result is an extraordinary mingling of tradition, illogical deduction, and very wiseacre speculation. It emanates from the schools and colleges, and it is taught, not as conjecture, but as fact. Shakspere of Stratford is a religion with most people, and all are dubbed heretics who pry into it. Sentiment has thus egged scholarship on to outdo itself, and the country bordering the Avon, with its local anecdotes and charming landscapes, testifies even to-day to the fact that shrines can be made to pay. The Shakspere Shakespeare

(Continued on page 1

Collier's

BASEBALL

II

Working Out the Game

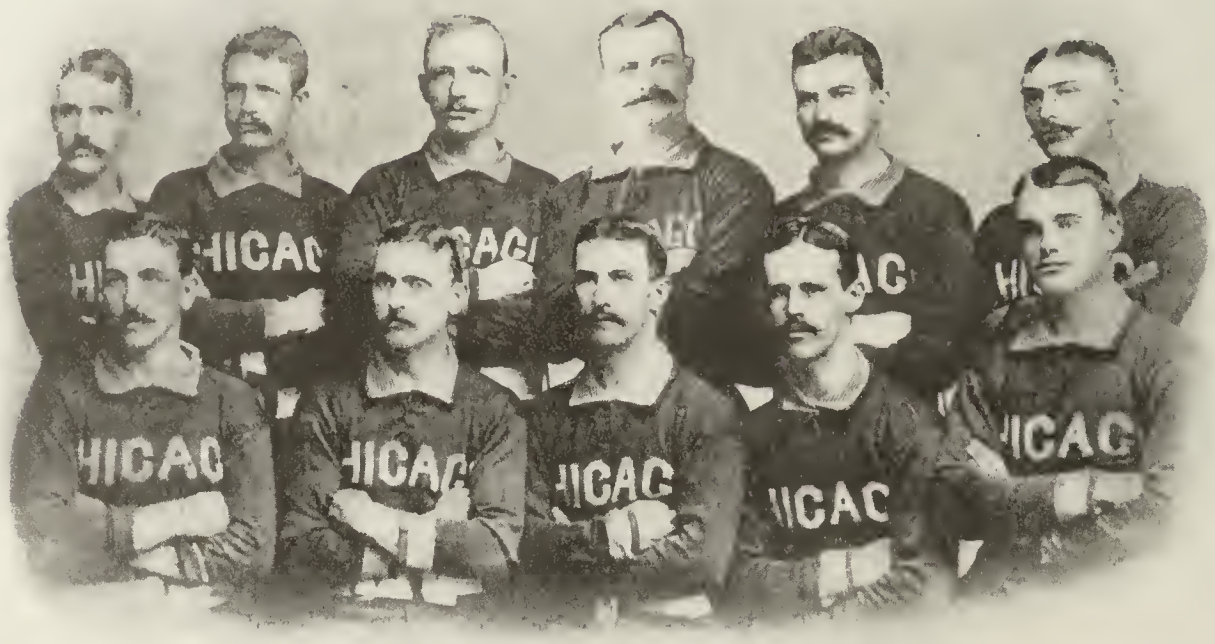
By

WILL IRWIN

¶ *The first article in this series,* "Before the Professionals Came," *appeared in the issue of May 8*

"The American public wants its exeitement rolled up in a package and handed out quiek."
—*Christy Mathewson.*

"Boys, you've heard the new rules read. Now the question is: what can we do to beat them?"
—*Annual address of "Buck" Ewing upon opening the season.*



Anson's Chicago Team of 1886.—"*The Heroic Legion of Baseball*"



George Wright.—*From a photograph taken when he was shortstop of the Cincinnati Red Stockings. Now a rich sporting-goods manufacturer, he was the greatest fielder of the middle period of baseball*

WHEN the Civil War spread baseball to every corner of the country, it was still, nominally, an amateur game. But professionalism had been working in the structure of the old National Assoeiation of Baseball Players. In 1867-69 Harry Wright, the first manager and elub owner, was gathering his great team, the Cineinnati Red Stoekings—out-and-out professionals all. In 1871 the amateur assoeiation practically gave up the struggle. The first professional association, formed in that year, became the high court of baseball authority, the arbiter of rules; and so the professionals have governed ever since.

In another article I shall deseribe the business side of baseball; tell how the game fell among gamblers, how the formation of the National League saved it, why it has remained a elean sport. The pertinent thing here is that the professionals worked it out to a perfection impossible under amateur eontrol. Playing the game for money, they must please the publie—and the American public wants quiek action. Playing the game to win, because winning means heavy gate receipts and large salaries, they have put their best brains into learning the possibilities of every department. Further, they have set and established the spirit and ethieal east of the game, whieh is: Get all that you ean out of the rules. In this it differs from the ethieal spirit of sueh a game as ericket, which has remained about the same for fifty years beeause there are eertain things in erieket, not forbidden in the rules, which "no fellow will do." The college president who, upon seeing his first curve ball, denouneed it as an example of trickery in athleties, took a position that was the antithesis of the baseball attitude. Alertness—getting everything possible within the law—is the spirit of baseball, as it is also the spirit of America. This is our ethical flaw, but our praetieal virtue.

Let us consider now the state of the game in the late sixties, the game whieh Harry Wright found when he established the Cincinnati Red Stoekings. It was already twiee as fast as ericket, but only half as fast as the game we know. Matches sometimes lasted four and five hours. When the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia met in 1866 for the second national championship, they began at two o'eloek and quit at the end of seven innings on aeeount of darkness—score, 33 to 33. They were still playing without gloves or defensive armor of any kind. The pitcher was now confined in a box six feet square. The batter straddled a line drawn from the home plate at right angles to the line from home to seeond base. In theory, the pitcher was still limited to the old-fashioned "bowling" delivery. It was twenty years before he was fully freed from artificial restraints. He must swing his arm, "as nearly as possible perpendicular and without jerk or throw." Pitchers, as a matter of faet, were already conspiring to beat this. Alphonse Martin—"Old Slow Ball"—of the Brooklyn Eckfords, had developed a puzzling delivery which broke down at the plate and which was first eousin to the modern curve. To do this he had to stretch the rules. Arthur Cummings had discovered that he eould give additional veloeity to the ball by a smart whip of his wrist just as it left his hand. So he accidentally put a horizontal spinning motion on the ball, and invented the first outcurve. By 1870 Bobby Matthews had the trick, and the curve was eoming in.

There was no regulation baseball. The size, a little greater than that of the one we now use, was regulated by the rules; the composition varied to suit the fancy of individual clubs. Harry Wright believed that no sharp fielding was possible with the very lively ball then in general use; he insisted always on a dead ball. The modern "figure eight" sewing and the horsehide cover, eoming in about then, saved many a hand from splitting. As a matter of faet, every club had its favorite ball—lively for teams of heavy hitters, dead for teams of smooth fielders. This led to mueh joekeying between clubs. Suppose that two teams, one good at batting and the other at fielding, had decided to play with a lively ball. When the good fielders were "out," the piteher, did the umpire not wateh him like a deteetive, would try to substitute a dead ball.

Fielding was strenuous, but eomparatively rudimentary. The first and second basemen remained frozen close behind their bases; the shortstop eovered only the territory between seeond and third. Team play was a hit-and-miss affair. Certain erack infields had begun to signal among themselves for attempted double plays, but this was uncommon. The thing, however, whieh distinguished the fielding from that whieh we know to-day was its eomparative slowness. To take a fast throw or grounder without gloves—and espeeially if the ball is elastic and heavy—one must give to it, must "ease up on it." And that delays the throw. On the other hand, it was more graceful. Old-timers are never tired of praising George Wright's ease and smoothness at shortstop. His hands, his arms, his whole body yielded to the impact; his "set" for his throw was only a continuation of the movement by whieh he eaught the ball. As for the eateher, working behind the bat without mask, glove, or ehest proteetor, he had to be as graeeful and quiek as a eat, even to live. The best of them had a system of proteeting their heads and breasts with their arms. Yet even at that, no football player ever stood in greater danger than the old-time eatcher. "Unele John" O'Neil retired in 1870 beeause a foul tip caught him in the hollow of a shoulder, just where the modern catcher is heavily protected, and spoiled his throwing forever.

The batter slugged and slugged and slugged. He held his bat tightly by the extreme end, planted himself squarely on his two feet, and swung with all his might. Bunting was not yet practised, but they did have a maneuver now lost to baseball on aeeount of a change in the rules—the "fair foul." To Dieky Pearce, the man who made shortstop a real position, belongs the honor of its invention. He was a rather weak hitter, but he used his head. One day the piteher served up a good slow ball to Dicky. He reaehed forward as far as he could, and struek it smartly to the ground in front of him. The ball hit fair, but it bounded foul, far beyond reach of the third baseman. Dicky ran to first yelling, like the Greek philosopher: "I've got it!" It was all right under the rules of that day. If a ball hit fair at the first moment of eontaet with the ground, it *was* fair, no matter where it went afterward. In 1874 a Boston player hit a fair foul which went back over the catcher's head and rolled out of the gate behind him. The umpire gave him his home run, and the final judgment of history holds that the umpire was right; but he nearly lost his life.

But the main thing whieh differentiated the old game from the modern was the matter of balls and strikes. "Nine balls take your base" had been the rule since 1863; but the umpire began that terrible count only after the piteher had persisted in throwing bad ones. The batter ealled for a "high" or "low" ball, and a piteh over the plate, if it went "high" when he demanded "low," or "low" when he demanded "high," might be a ealled ball. "Three strikes" was out: and in ease the batter persistently refused to strike at good ones, the umpire might eall a strike on him.

The history of improvement in baseball is mainly the history of certain great teams and great leaders. Harry Wright's Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1868-70, his Boston team of the early seventies, the Providence team of the late seventies, Anson's Chieago team of the eighties, Hanlon's Baltimore team of the nineties, and Chanee's Chieago team of this period—from them or through them, in one fashion or another, have come the great ehanges in the game.

Harry Wright played erieket before he saw a baseball. His was a great athletic family. The first of the American line was a mighty ericketer both here and in England. His two sons, Harry and George, were phenomenal baseball players in their generation; and Beals C. Wright, the son of George, is the American tennis player who won both his single matehes last year in the International Tennis Tournament at Melbourne. Harry, learning our game on the old Elysian Fields before the war, brought to his playing a erieketer's comprehension of team-work and batting. When he founded the Red Stoekings he tried to put team-work into his men. "Play for seores, not hits," he told them; and his team really praetised saerifiee hitting, though they did not eall it that. The old-time baseball players had always slid to bases feet first. In the sixties a Boston player named Mose Chandler electrified the erowd by diving into home head first for a steal. Wright inеorporated that maneuver into his team-work.

The First Bunt

TIM MURNANE, now writing baseball from Boston, laid down the first bunt and beat it out. He was a great first-baseman, quiek as a eat in his fielding and fleet as a stag on the lines, but weak in hitting. He tried to master the fair foul; and one day he rolled off from his bat a little, weak tap which died in front of the pitcher's box. At that time pitchers in general did little fielding. Before this one had gathered himself together, Tim Murnane was on first. This eaused him to experiment. He flattened off one side of his bat, against the rules and regulations of the game, and praetised until he could "lay them down." It appears that bunting beeame a lost art after Murnane passed his best baseball days; as late as 1889 we find the newspapers referring to it as a "freak play."

In 1874 the National Assoeiation of Professional Baseball Clubs, then the governing body, took eognizance of the managers who wanted to shorten up the game for the benefit of attendanee, and passed charily and experimentally the first striet "ealled-ball" rule. The umpire *must* call all bad balls; for now he was "standing up by the plate when the pitehing was not too swift," and was in a position to judge aeeurately. If the piteher failed to put the ball over the plate, the umpire must, upon first offense, warn him. If he persisted, the third failure was to eount as "one ball." Three more and another ball; and so on until he had three balls ealled upon him, when the batter might take his first base. If the batter was hit by the pitcher, that eounted as a ball. Praetieally, the batter had twelve balls and an indeterminate number of strikes—that lay in the discretion of the umpire.

Pitchers were growling against the restrictions on their play. As the rule stood, the piteher could use only the straight, underhand heave, the motion by which one handles a bowling ball. Strietly interpreted, this would have made eurve-pitehing impossible, since to produee a curve one must first produee a spin. As a matter of faet, it was almost impossible, with swift pitehing, to tell whether the piteher did jerk his elbow. So in 1872 the legislators of the game amended that rule. At first they allowed him to jerk or throw so long as he kept his hand below his hip. Later they removed all restrictions on the piteh, exeept that it must be delivered underhand. So the modest outcurves of Bobby Matthews and Cummings, the dying fall of Martin, and the light drop of Bond grew into the modern repertoire of eurves



The Baltimore Team of 1894.—*From them, more than from any other team, came the inside game. The all-America five-year team of this period contained eight Baltimore players. This team invented a system of play—the "hit and run" game; not strictly new but the Baltimore team brought it into general use. For many years this method was invincible*



The Original St. Louis Browns (1875).—*Anson's stumbling-block; their first baseman, Comiskey, played "deeper" than man had ever played before, and all the Browns stood well off their bases. The Chicago team imitated their St. Louis rivals in this vital improvement*

and shoots. Before 1883, when all restrictions were taken from the pitcher, first-class baseball knew every curve except the rare and disputed rise, which must be delivered overhand. About these things I shall write more fully when I come to describe the theory and praetise of pitching.

The Coming of Anson

THIS period of important baseball legislation and improvement came in the middle and late seventies, or coincidental with the troubles which led to the organization of the National League. Though the progress of the game was steady from that time forth, though players were learning continually the finer points of fielding and batting, nothing revolutionary happened in the way of rules until Anson got together his great Chicago team, the heroic legion of baseball.

One important improvement, however, came outside of the rules and began outside of the profession. Catchers in the old game rather expected broken fingers. "Silver" Flint, at the end of his career, announced officially that every joint in his fingers had been broken at least once. But they did object to having their noses broken; their teeth knocked out, and their foreheads pushed in, by fast foul tips. An amateur of parts introduced the first defensive armor to guard against such accidents. He cut out of soft rubber a mouthpiece, which protected at least the teeth. This served for several years.

In 1877 Thayer, the Harvard captain, tried to introduce one Tyng, a good, all-round player, to catch behind the bat. Tyng demurred. He had some regard for his life and his manly beauty, he said; he'd be doggoned and several other things if he'd go in there without any protection for his face. One day as Thayer stood in the gymnasium chewing on his troubles, his eye lit on a feneer earrying a mask. It was a falling apple for Thayer. He borrowed the mask, put it on, and caught a few balls experimentally. He found that the wire covering over the eyes was an obstacle to perfect technique. So he took the mask to a tinsmith and asked him to cut out eyeholes, large enough for a man to see and small enough to obstruct a baseball. The tinsmith, who played himself, had something better to offer. Why not a contraption made like a fencing mask, but with a wide, firm mesh? They trimmed and tinkered until they had built on the frame of the fencing mask a thing which contemptuous Yale opponents, in the series which followed, called a "bird cage." But the professionals saw it, the sporting goods stores took it up and improved it, and it came to pass that a man could catch without danger of a twisted nose.

The permission now given the pitcher to "jerk" or "throw" the ball split so many palms behind the bat that players and audiences permitted the catcher to do something for his hands. Although underhand delivery as a general rule does not produce the speed of overhand, Joe McGinnity of this generation has shown us how fast a ball a man may send in from below the shoulder. Timidly, tentatively, catchers began to wear fingerless gloves, with light padding on the palms. This did not prevent broken fingers. The catcher, if he expected to take first-class delivery, still had to learn "easing off." Next came the first body protectors, crude affairs of hair, worn shamefacedly under the shirt—as the first football players to use shin-guards put them under their stockings. With all these improvements, it became possible for umpires to stand up behind the bat; and at last strict strike and ball rules could be enforced.

It was in 1883 that Arthur Irwin, playing shortstop for Providence, broke the third and fourth fingers of his left hand—and revolutionized the fielding game. He still shows a little finger bent in almost at right angles, and says as he shows it: "That did it."

Then a club was a team, not two or three teams. They entered the struggle with ten or, at the most, eleven men—a full team and one or two substitutes. If there were two pitchers, the one not in the box served as an outfielder. A man took a day off only for serious cause. So Irwin, star infielder, had to devise some way of beating his injuries. He consulted a glover. They took a buckskin driving glove, many sizes too large, padded it, made a fastening at the back, and sewed the third and fourth fingers together to make room for bandages. The crowd, Irwin knew, would forgive him because of his mangled condition. From the first time he took a grounder with that glove, he noticed that he could now "meet" the ball solidly. He did not have to "ease off," and he could get away his throw quicker than any other man on the infield. John Montgomery Ward of the New York team observed this. With monumental moral courage he got a glove like Irwin's and used it in a game. No one hooted him for his cowardice. Within two weeks after Irwin and Ward first took their gloves around the circuit, a sporting-goods firm had orders from professionals for a hundred like them. By the next season nearly every professional was wearing one of the "Irwin gloves." Denny, the rugged old third baseman, was a conspicuous exception. To the end of his days in baseball he played barehanded.

In one respect this improvement came in the very nick of time. In 1883-4, after long years of experiment and argument, the pitchers had got their liberty. They could now throw the ball overhand and free-armed. Having a box to get a running start and a shorter line to the plate than at present, they developed unprecedented speed. It needed more catchers than pitchers for a first-class team, so hard was this delivery on hands. The catchers took up the new-fangled glove with enthusiasm. Manufacturers made them larger and larger; but still the fingered glove did not quite serve the purpose. In 1888, Jim White, a third baseman, sewed a leather plate on the face of his infielder's glove and got thereby good results with hot liners. Immediately the big catcher's mitt, claimed by two or three different inventors, became a feature of the game.

It was revolutionary, this improvement. It let into first-class baseball hundreds of quick, active, hard-throwing men who did not have the rugged hands and mighty forearms necessary for barehanded fielding. The old-timers have another name for it. "Hundreds of men are playing big league baseball now who aren't natural players," they say. "Take away those pillows and see how long they'd last!" An infielder had no longer to devote a part of his attention and courage to "watching out for his hands"; he could now put his attention on the game. Because one need no longer "ease off" on the ball, it quickened fielding immeasurably. It made modern pitching possible; for few catchers could have taken barehanded, or with palm gloves, the swift shoots and spitballs which we know in this period. One may say that the glove is the father of improved "inside" baseball.

All the changes of that period were revolutionary, for the "high" and "low" ball was abolished in 1886-87. This and the new pitching rule altered not only the spirit of baseball, but also its personnel. Batters who had been accustomed to judge balls which rose to them from the ground could do nothing with balls which dropped on them from the sky. Men who had hit only at one height found themselves unable to cope with pitchers licensed to put the ball anywhere between the hip and the shoulder. An old generation went forever out of the game.

From Big to Little Scores

I AM ahead of my story chronologically. In all the early years of the National League—founded in 1876—the duel between the batsman for large scores and the pitcher for small ones was going on; and always, as from the beginning of the game, the pitcher was winning. That tendency has been persistent, from the sixties when the Red Stockings trimmed opponents by scores like 103 to 14, and when two Iowa teams registered 287 to 86, until the twentieth century, when big league teams rarely score more than ten tallies to a side.

It has seemed an inevitable tendency of the game. Time and again the rule-makers have tried to introduce improvements assisting the batter and base-runner, only to be beaten off the boards by the progress of pitching and fielding. And as their futile part in this struggle, year by year the legislators have reduced the number of called balls. Incidentally, a relic of the 1850 game long lingered in the strike-and-ball rule; a third-strike taken by the catcher on the first bound was an out; an out, also, was a foul taken on first bound. That was not abolished until 1880, in which year the number of called balls went down to eight. The next year it was seven. "Hit by pitcher" was still a called ball, but the rules provided that a pitcher who intentionally hit a batsman was amenable to a fine. The year 1884 saw six balls and three straight strikes. In 1887 it became five balls and *four* strikes, and "hit by pitcher, take your base," made its first appearance. It went back next year to three strikes and five balls; and in 1889 we came at last to

(*Continued on page 26*)



The Cincinnati Red Stockings (1869).—*The pioneer all-professional team. In this season they won every game—a record which will doubtless stand. The man with side whiskers in the center of the standing group is Harry Wright. The other one similarly provisioned as to beard is Asa Brainard, the pitcher*



The "Forest Citys" of Rockford, Ill.—*Principal Western rivals of the old Red Stockings. The tall young man holding the baseball, third from the left of the group, is A. G. Spalding, then one of the great pitchers. A commercial rival of Chicago, Rockford was first to have a good baseball team. Chicago is now the "best baseball town." Rockford is in the [illegible]*



A suffragette team drawing Miss New and Mrs. Leigh after their release from prison. These two women broke the window of the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street

Mr. Asquith's Prisoners

Mrs. Pankhurst and Her Daughter, England's Suffragette Leaders—Two Energetic Fighters for "Votes for Women" Who Worry the Government

By MARY HUTCHESON PAGE

OF ALL the politicians in England, certainly Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel have the largest following of loyal supporters to do their bidding without question and without regard to consequences to themselves. Scores of respectable women have gone to prison and suffered solitary confinement in prison garb on prison fare in order to support the Pankhursts' war on Mr. Asquith's Cabinet. There must be strong reasons for such loyalty.

Soon after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was called to the Premiership a delegation of sixty women waited upon him by appointment and made the reasonable request that he would agree to bring in some time during his seven years of probable incumbency, as a Government measure, a bill to grant the suffrage to women on the same terms as men. The delegation was representative of the best women in England, and the request was reasonable because Parliament had been for fifteen years in favor of votes for women, as shown by the large majorities on such bills. They had been, however, private bills, and few measures not backed by the Government are likely to pass. The Premier replied that he could give no encouragement that the Government would offer such a bill. Immediately one of the women present exclaimed: "This means 'war.'" Her fellow delegates applauded her with enthusiasm, and bitter "war" it has been ever since.

On October 13, 1905, a very large meeting was held in Manchester to celebrate the return of a Liberal Ministry to power, already completely assured at the coming election. Sir Edward Grey was the chief speaker. At the close of his speech Annie Kenney, a mill-hand, arose in the middle of the hall and asked the speaker whether the Liberal Government would do anything for the working women and give them the vote. She got no answer, although several men received courteous replies to their questions from the floor. She therefore stood up and pressed for an answer. Several men near her forced her down into her seat, and a steward of the meeting ran up and held his hat over her face. A babel of shouts arose: "Sit down." "Be quiet." "What's the matter?" "Let the lady speak." The chief constable of Manchester came down from the platform and asked Miss Kenney to write out her question. This was done and signed by her as member of the Oldham Committee of the card and blowing room operatives, representing 96,000 organized women. The chief constable agreed to have the question answered from the platform. Sir Edward smiled when he had read the question, but failed to answer it in his reply to a vote of thanks.

With flushed cheeks and eyes blazing with earnestness, Miss Kenney again rose and stood up in her seat, calling: "The question! the question!" a trembling representative of thousands of struggling women. The Liberal leaders on the platform refused to reply, and thousands of angry men about her were shouting, gesticulating and threatening her. The stewards came hurrying to drag her down. Miss Christabel Pankhurst put one arm about the little woman to support her, and with the other warded off the blows of the angry men who were howling fiercely: "Throw her out!" Scratched and bleeding, they were dragged down the central aisle and past the platform, always calling for the question, and thrown into the street. There they attempted to hold an indignation meeting, and started to speak to a great crowd, but were summarily arrested for obstruction. Miss Pankhurst was further accused of assault on the police and sent to jail for ten days.

Meanwhile a revulsion of feeling had come over those within the hall, and the meeting broke up amid cries of: "Shame." Sir Edward Grey attempted to explain that he had not replied to the question because he did not think it likely to become a party question.

This was how Miss Pankhurst discovered the efficiency of the militant tactics in making woman suffrage a party question in spite of the Cabinet. It was the beginning of the "Suffragette" movement. When denounced for resorting to unbecoming action, Miss Pankhurst replies that "milder methods had failed; the new methods which we had been forced to adopt were moderation itself compared with the deeds of men reformers; and, finally, the militant methods have been justified by their success in bringing woman suffrage to the forefront of British politics."

The campaign of the Suffragettes, as outlined by Miss Pankhurst, was designed (1) to arouse public opinion, (2) to weaken the prestige of the Cabinet Ministers at public meetings, (3) to defeat all Liberal candidates at the polls whether they believe in votes for women or not, since a theoretical conviction avails nothing when they are not able to force their leaders, the Cabinet, to support a bill actively. Mrs. Pankhurst has spoken with great frankness upon this point. After the defeat at Newcastle of the Liberal candidate, a delegation made up of the managers of the Conservative campaign asked permission to wait upon her and formally thank her for the aid she had given, a most significant recognition of her power. In receiving their thanks, Mrs. Pankhurst told them courteously that they were under no obligations whatever, because when the Suffragettes had turned the Liberals out of office, if the Unionist Party did not give women the vote, they would proceed to turn that party out in its turn.

An Inheritance of Aggressiveness

IT WOULD be enlightening to describe Mrs. Pankhurst after the Russian fashion as one of the "Intellectuals." Her grandfather narrowly escaped with his life during the electoral reform riots in the first half of the last century. She herself was a schoolmate at Paris of the daughter of Henri Rochefort, the irreconcilable Republican whose principles she imbibed. Her husband Dr. Pankhurst, drafted the Married Woman's Property Act which became the law, and had been associated with John Stuart Mill in the early movement to improve the condition of women. Left at his death with four small children to support, she has held a municipal office of responsibility and built up a business of her own, which she recently sold out, turning the proceeds into the funds of the Women's Social and Political Union, of

which she was the founder and which is the organization commonly called "the Suffragettes." This union is distinct from the older and less militant women's suffrage societies and the Women's Freedom League. It is the bogey that is striking terror to the hearts of the Cabinet and forcing Mr. Asquith to live an almost subterranean life, habitually leaving buildings by the back door and sneaking from one official burrow to another by the darkest and least obvious path.

Mrs. Pankhurst's influence is largely spiritual. Her policy of obstruction to the Government is only comparatively "militant." No one has ever been injured. With the exception of a broken window, no property has been destroyed. When she announces that she intends to go to the House of Commons at a certain time to present her grievances, and the Government calls out five thousand policemen to prevent her delegation of thirteen women from assaulting Parliament, she intends to make only a formal attempt to enter. She turns back before a superior force, having accomplished a moral victory by attracting a hundred thousand sympathizers to the scene. She has proved the Government wrong in denying that she has the support of the people. At the same time, she approves of her daughter's policy of active protest. She sees that in order to make the old, ridiculed, unromantic issue of woman suffrage a practical, political question it must be advertised. The attention of the electorate must be caught before its interest can be aroused. She wants the help of the men voters and she is getting it in a large, effective way. When she goes down to a borough to defeat a Liberal candidate at a by-election, she persuades hundreds of Liberals to vote against their party as a simple matter of justice to women.

A flood of light is shed on the character of Miss Christabel Pankhurst by this statement of policy: "Words," she says, "serve but two uses in our militant movement. They serve to announce what we are going to do and, afterward, to explain why we have done it." She is tired of words, of unfruitful argument, and resolving to engage the politicians in their own game, has repeatedly worsted them, and, unless all signs fail, will eventually drive them out of office or wring from them a reluctant support of her cause. Her admirers do not hesitate to claim that she is better equipped to be Prime Minister of England than Mr. Asquith.

She has converted every daily newspaper in London from an enemy to a supporter, with the exception of the "Times." She has gained the sympathy of a large part of the electorate and defeated the Government candidates again and again. The press and the local Liberals have repeatedly warned the Government that the women would win the election if they did not "watch out," and the women have not only won, but are more and more getting the credit of these by-election victories. Miss Pankhurst now claims that she can win any by-election in England. She is stronger in England than elsewhere, and at by-elections she can concentrate her forces on a limited electorate. She feels, no doubt, that later she can carry the day in Scotland and Wales and perhaps in Ireland. Her supporters firmly believe that when a general election comes she will have her organization in shape to win in that greater struggle and "turn the Liberals out."

The suffragettes prefer to go to prison rather than practically recant their dearest convictions; namely, the right to demand the vote in a way that they consider necessary and legal.

Miss Pankhurst's Militant Style

AT HER trial Miss Pankhurst proved that the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, had unconstitutionally instructed the court just what sentences it should mete out to suffragettes. You may be sure that the women are using this gross injustice with the utmost effect on public opinion. The same Mr. Gladstone who dictates to courts what justice is, disclaims at one time any power to mitigate the rigors of prison discipline to these gentlewomen, and is forced later to acknowledge in the press that he has the power and that the responsibility is his. This puts the odium of the special tyranny invented for the suffragettes right where it belongs—at the doors of the Cabinet.

Fortunately, Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies are not without features from which his enemies, the women, can take the comfort of humor. A sympathetic member of Parliament arose and asked the Home Secretary if there was not some way by which a woman of Mrs. Pankhurst's antecedents could be allowed more than one towel a week. Mr. Gladstone solemnly replied that he understood that she was allowed both a face towel and a bath towel every week, and that he had no power to interfere, adding that the women could escape from the punishment by giving bonds to keep the peace. But [illegible] Mrs. Drummond fainted in her cell from lack of air, he hurriedly interfered by releasing her at once without bond or promise, for fear that she might get ill and die on his hands and thereby make trouble in the country.

Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter are supported by a large number of able women. Besides their late companion in jail, Mrs. Drummond, who is known as "General," owing to her astonishing capacity in marshaling vast crowds like the meeting in Hyde Park in June last of a quarter of a million souls, there are the two younger daughters of Mrs. Pankhurst and scores of fearless and eloquent speakers. But the one who stands at Mrs. Pankhurst's left hand is Mrs. Emmeline Pethick Lawrence. With Mr. Lawrence, she edits "Votes for Women," the backbone of the movement, and an able, militant weekly. As treasurer of the union, she raises a hundred thousand dollars a year for the work. Her editorials are models of vigorous, persuasive reasoning. Her consistency and her moderation are admirable ballast for the flights of eloquence that are not infrequent. She speaks without antagonism of "our men children who have so much to learn."

Mrs. Pankhurst's plea at the trial was a powerful and impassioned speech that will linger in the memory of all who heard it. She dwelt upon the heavy injustices the laws place upon women, especially laboring women, and traced their sorrowful condition to their political impotence. It was evident that she was not thinking or acting for herself, but for those who needed her sacrifice. As usual, she lifted the question to the level of human sympathy and justice for the helpless. "We are not unwomanly," she said. "We have tried every constitutional means. We have tried feminine influence and have had insult, abuse, and contempt. I have myself spent five weeks in Holloway Jail, and there were women there who had broken no law, but who had not been in a position to defend themselves adequately. I do not want you to think that we are women who enjoy this sort of thing. We are driven to it. We are determined to go on with this agitation cost us what it will. Only through legislation can an improvement be effected in the position of women, and that legislation can never be secured unless we have the same power as men."



Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter kept their promise to the police to submit to arrest at six o'clock on a convenient day after important work was done



Miss Pankhurst, as counsel at the trial, is in the dock with her mother and Mrs. Drummond. Mrs. Pankhurst has her finger to her lips

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While the police were searching London for them, Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst spent the day on a roof garden preparing their protests to be delivered at the trial

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Suffragette graduates of Holloway Jail ready to "demonstrate" in prison garb at the head of a procession to the prison to express sympathy for those within and incidentally win support from the public. "The suffragettes prefer to go to prison rather than practically recant their dearest convictions"



The Wright aeroplane making a flight at Pau, and the inventor giving directions on the field

"Veelbure Reet,"—American

The French are Now Worshiping Wilbur Wright as a Hero, and They Pronounce His Name as it is Spelled Above

By FREDERICK PALMER

PARIS, April 2, 1909

ONE must leave his own country in order to appreciate how mighty a prophet we possess in our fellow citizen of Dayton, Ohio. Benjamin Franklin and his hat tickled the fancy of France in something the same way, but that was before the days of the postal-card craze and the three-color process. He had nothing like such an audience as the elder Wright and his flying machine.

As a photographic celebrity Wright is a pacemaker for the kings. Tiny figures of him seated in a miniature aeroplane are suspended in the shop windows from the Pyrences to the Rhine. The clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, so transatlantic to French eyes, forms as easy an outline for the caricaturist's pencil as the beard of Leopold or the mustache of the Kaiser; and in another aspect he is taken as seriously as the theater-goers takes Edmond Rostand and Rostand takes himself. By all the criteria of the Boulevards and the country-side he is the man of the hour; while the supreme subject of the hour throughout Europe, now that the Balkan crisis is past, is aerial navigation.

In remote villages when you ask who is the President of the United States, and the peasant's doubtful answer is: "M'sieu Taf', is it not?" the people know all about "M'sieu Veelbure Reet." He is the wonderful American, the ingenious Yankee, who really flies. His machine does not wobble, m'sieu; it does not break down. All the world might see for itself day after day in the heavens at Pau that it did not; and in the name of France, M'sieu, he is beating the Germans.

The native aeronauts only serve as a background for his fame. He has the cup and the honors. Europe associates dependable and controlled flight in a machine heavier than air with his name as surely as that of Marconi with the wireless. Historically, then, the triumph of having fulfilled the envious wish of leaden-footed humanity which began with the first longing look of primitive man at a bird in flight is to an American on foreign soil. It is all very well to say that he flew at Dayton before he ever saw France, but nothing of the kind occurs to the French.

The personality of the practical mechanic, with his distinctly American mannerisms, no less than the marvel of his feat, has captured the Gallic imagination. The French discover in him what does not occur to us. He is the *vrai type Americain;* the sum of our predominant national qualities.

Royalty may honor this man from home and nobility and millionairedom may come in processions of automobiles to watch him cut circles over the tree-tops, and he remains the same matter-of-fact, dry, centered, good-natured Wright—or Wroight, as they get it in Paris or wherever they have heard the English pronunciation of the name.

"He has made a business of flying," as one French aeronaut said, "just as the Americans make a business of everything they undertake. They do not know how to be dilettantes."

That is the secret of his success; the keynote of a career, the romance of which appeals to every one except Wilbur himself. He simply made up his mind, back in his shop in Dayton, that he was going to fly.

France is the home of aerial navigation; France is the market for his wares, and hither he came. By perfecting the gas motor the French led the way in automobiles. In all the finer mechanical arts, as in dress-making, they have genius. Without the gas motor, which to Wilbur's wings is what muscles are to a bird's, neither dirigibles nor aeroplanes would have been possible. Every improvement on this score means speed and stability. Besides, flight is here a living problem of national defense. With us it is a novelty which will become commercial when—and this before long—a man may own a machine for his own amusement or carry passengers in Seeing-the-Clouds Cars.

The first customer for an aeroplane was bound to be a European Government. But staff officers are steeped in the Missouri training. They grow stale from repeated inspections of another epoch-making invention which fails to function except in the dream of the creator. Even when convinced they do not always appear to be; and in the absence of a patent to prevent the honorable theft, they secretly make a facsimile, and thereby gain a march on rival nations. They steal from one another with equal depravity and with overwhelming politeness. In this way France had the plans of her new rapid-firing field guns filched some years ago. Moral, if you have anything to sell to a European army first see that your international patents are nailed and riveted and your name publicly associated with the device. And Dayton is not so far from the Mississippi but that it has heard of Missouri.



A popular post card for sale all over Europe

While most of their Parisian rivals kept the curtain up on all their experiments, the Wrights kept it down. For a long time, as everybody knows, they were the mystery of the aeronautical world. Some reports said that they were a "fake"; some said that they had done wonderful things in private.

In the Early Days of Experiment

ON THE sand dunes of Carolina they kept ferret watch for any prying eyes that might see them in the air. They guarded their machine from all investigation of its parts. Reporters plied a taciturn pair of mechanics who seemed as ignorant of anybody in their neighborhood trying to fly as a Japanese general pretended to be of the movements of his own troops. With infinite patience and tenacity, Wilbur and his brother Orville—who still limps from his injury at Fort Myer—kept at the game, hiding their failure and lack of funds, determined not to disclose their hand until they were ready. No matter what the boulevardier fliers were doing, this pair would not hurry. And they had the advantage of mystery. Once they were ready to take the public into their confidence, Orville's flights at Fort Myer and Wilbur's far more remarkable performances this past winter had the effect of dramatic revelation. Now that the patents are fast and the victory won, the whole bag of tricks is on view. A capable manager promotes publicity and the sphinxes of the sand dunes give exhibitions of their capability in talking as well as flying.

At the recent aerodrome show in Paris the crowd filed by an artistic Gallic facsimile of the Wright aeroplane, exact in every detail of imitation, even to its worn and weather-beaten appearance. Of all the many exhibits of ingenious invention, including nightmares of complexity, it was the simplest, with a single exception.

This, surprising in resemblance and, indeed, practically a counterpart, was one of the earliest heavier-than-air

(*Continued on page 31*)

Collier's

The Black Cabinet of the Modern Nero

The Passing of the Spy System—The Second of Two Articles on the Turks

By NICHOLAS C. ADOSSIDES

THE Terrible Turk has fallen. The crafty eyes and the cunning face have ceased to haunt the conscience of the civilized world. With Abdul Hamid dies the most odious of modern tyrannies. The Turkish military revolution in putting an end to the Hamidian régime has swept away the spy system which for thirty-three years was the most shameful sore of the Ottoman Empire.

All despotic and barbarian governments have practised espionage, and Turkey is no exception to the rule. The Turkish spying system has in it something of tragedy and of comedy; it is in turn burlesque and inexpressibly sinister, tragic, and grotesque. Abdul Hamid is a spy born. He ascended the throne under particularly tragic circumstances. Once on the throne, he attacked all the popular men, all the men of heart and of noble aspirations, all those that professed, or simply were suspected of, liberalism, and he began with Midhat Pasha, the great liberal Prime Minister of that time and Father of the First Constitution of Turkey. Midhat Pasha was captured one night at his mansion by Abdul Hamid's executioners, who took him on board a man-of-war with all his entourage—secretaries, aids-de-camp, chaplains, and servants—but, of course, without his family. His destination was Taifa, a small town of unhealthy climate in a remote province, where they incarcerated him in a fortress. At last the order came from Yildiz Palace to get rid of him, for the Turkish people began to feel very angry because Midhat Pasha was being treated worse than a criminal. Several attempts were made to poison him, but they failed, as the prisoner practically lived on eggs and fruit. Violence, therefore, was the only recourse, and they choked him one night in his own bed. But the Sultan could not believe it unless he saw his head. The palace executioners cut off Midhat Pasha's head and placed it in a luxurious casket, upon which they wrote the following address:

"To His Majesty Abdul Hamid II,
Yildiz Palace, Constantinople.
Fragile—with care—ivory teeth."

At the beginning of his reign espionage was confined to some courtiers of Yildiz Palace, four or five only at first. Among those who distinguished themselves particularly were Ahmed-Djelaleddin Pasha, Chief of the Black Cabinet of his Majesty, and Behram-Aga, Chief of the Eunuchs of the Seraglio. Each of these personages was charged to inform the master of the events of the day, the deeds and the moves of the dignitaries and functionaries of the empire, of the foreign diplomatists, of the Young Turks, of the officers of the army, etc. The suspected, thus signaled to the master, became immediately the objects of special surveillance. At once the spies would try to seize correspondence or listen to conversation, to have at last the proof, and upon this they arrested them and imposed upon them a minute interrogatory, and according to each case, being more or less grave, they were thrown into prison.

It was Yildiz that centralized the denunciations. It was there that secret reports arrived daily by the thousands from all the corners of the empire. There, each courtier directed a special service. First of all, there was the Black Cabinet, of which the chief was named officially *Ser-Hafie;* that is to say, Spying Chief. But apart from the Black Cabinet there were other Black Cabinets, independent of each other and each subjected to the exclusive authority of the Padishah. The chamberlains that directed these special services maintained each a legion of spies and disposed for that work special funds. Every day these chiefs of service, after each had become familiar with the reports of his agents, would make a selection and submit to the sovereign those of the denunciations that appeared to be the most serious or the most apt to frighten the suspicious monarch.

The spies had no scruples about deceiving the Sultan. What interested them was to attract to themselves the attention, the favors, and the confidences of his Majesty. It was necessary, therefore, to report at all cost, especially as the competition was so terrible. During thirty years in Turkey it was a sort of race of espionage. The rewards usually fell to the one who served the master with the gravest of plots, the one able to draw up the most frightful calumny, the one who could excite the most the Imperial apprehension.

Those that were gifted with a fecund imagination found a great delight in inventing a good conspiracy, full of daggers and poison, in the romantic fashion. Zia Bey confessed to me once that he spent hours torturing his imagination to appear before the Black Cabinet with a good plot. Anything was good to report. One word—an unhappy little word: "liberty," "revolution," or "dynamite"; even the word "nation"—would have sufficed; for it was forbidden to say "the country" or "the Ottoman nation," one might only say "the Estates of the Sultan," or "the subjects of the Sultan." This war against these words attained ridiculous proportions. A certain Tewfik Effendi, who was giving an elementary French course in a Turkish school, was denounced and severely punished for having given to his pupils for dictation an example which contained the following passage: "The butterfly flies with freedom."

Under the late régime, three or four people could not gather together and talk without minute precautions. A festival evening, a gathering of friends, an exchange of visits between two functionaries, were enough for the preparation of a good report. Everything was good material for denunciation; even a bow made in the street, in a certain manner, would have been an excellent cause for suspicion.

Inundation of Spies

TWO years ago the Sultan, after receiving a very sensational report from one of his favorites, prevented the publication of the word "stars," or the form of a star from being reproduced. The report denounced to him the labels of the bottles of the Cognac Martel, the biscuit boxes, and the spools of thread on which were stamped some stars, which represented the trade-marks. It is important to explain that the Sultan's palace is called "Yildiz," which means "Star," named after one of his Circassian favorites. Therefore: Stars on the cognac bottles! What a profanation for the Commander of the Faithful! An Imperial order was promulgated interdicting the importation of products with such trade-marks. Another time the spies reported to him that the Armenian women often wore red blouses, a color which symbolized, they told him, the massacres in Armenia. He issued another Imperial order (May 30, 1905) preventing the Armenians from wearing such symbolical toilets.

The reader might recall that in October, 1905, an attempt with dynamite was made against the Sultan—which the spies had not foreseen—during the ceremony of the selamlik. Following that attempt, Abdul Hamid received thousands upon thousands of reports, among which one explained that the explosive matter, being chemical products, it was necessary to forbid the study of chemistry. Immediately his Majesty ordered the directors of all Turkish schools to suppress the teaching of chemistry.

Abdul Hamid had transformed his country, and particularly his capital, into a large mutual society of espionage. There is a proverb: "That in Constantinople one can not make a step without either falling on a dog, in a hole in the street, or on a spy."

The Sultan was not satisfied to inundate the city with his spies, but allowed them to cross his threshold, to be seated at his hearth; he allowed them also to be concealed in the tapestries and hangings, to be ensconced in the recesses of the walls. He violated the sanctity of any seraglio, and many a chosen favorite of his, whose youth and beauty lingered in the golden fetters and bars of his Imperial harem, was sent on her journey of espionage, yielding to her new lord the grace of her charms. This was often interpreted by many as a sign of honor and distinction, but it might well prove an omen of some terrible disgrace and stigma. It has often occurred that pashas on whom such an honor was conferred have been seized with terror on the arrival of such a gift under the form of a beautiful female whose commission it was to discover the secrets of her new lord and master, and from time to time reveal them to the Padishah. These women, gifts of unspeakable terror, were not always content with their mission of silent spying and eavesdropping, for their dainty fingers often brewed a malignant poison.

Days of Death

IT IS related that a number of fishermen of the Bosphorus, in drawing their nets, were horrified at finding numerous corpses around whose necks were fastened bags containing heavy stones. Of this I am skeptical. However, I may state with certainty that during a massacre of Armenians the water of the Bosphorus and of the Sea of Marmora yielded countless bodies of Armenians slain in the fray. It is recorded that a number of Young Turks surrendered their lives to the late Sultan, who, indifferent to their existence, killed them in order to insure his own safety. Abdul Hamid is not a murderer by instinct. His was not an insatiable greed for bloodshed and massacre. He killed with the sole desire of safeguarding his own existence. His cruelty was overshadowed by his intense cowardice. The amalgamation of these two known faults made of him the type of villain with which we are familiar. Within the space of thirty years, condemnations, banishments, and public as well as secret executions have been an important factor and almost normal condition in the history of Turkey. However, Abdul Hamid issued a proclamation abolishing capital punishment. But this proved powerless before the assaults of riotous revolutionary Armenians. Vulgar assassins and professional banditti found in him a most lenient protector and friend. As a result of such flagrant inconsistencies, none but the virtuous and honest incurred his disregard. His was a tyranny of such pale cast that the tragedies which daily unfolded themselves became to all a matter of ordinary importance. If perchance a friend, an acquaintance, should disappear, it was impossible to trace him. It was even unsafe to mention his name. The air was permeated with mystery, and the days that followed were spent in timorous wondering and supposition. Every new dawn brought new anguish.

Abdul Hamid trembles with all the unsimulated terror of a guilty coward. For wherever he turns his hunted eyes, he sees a bristling front of antagonisms. If safe to-day, he fears the terrible to-morrow, that inevitable end which in his heart he knows to be the result of causes projected by himself. He will drag with him to the abyss the souls of many thousands.



Ruins of an apartment house in Savannah, Georgia, in which the occupants were found and rescued



Trees uprooted in Savannah, and part of an automobile garage which was blown into them

Hurricane of April 30, Which Swept the Southern States and Middle West, Causing Great Loss of Property and Life



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The Baseball

Drawn by CHARL



eason Opens

DANA GIBSON

Collier's

Vevie

The Story of How Mr. Van Dorn Meets an Obligation, and of the Sea Fog Dispelled by a Paris Dinner

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON



Her eyes fixed on remote space

IT WAS his second morning on board the *Columbia*, and Arthur Van Dorn, as he drooped listlessly over the deck rail, reflected anew and with exceeding bitterness on the unwisdom of a man capable of sailing for Europe alone, in midsummer, without at least previously satisfying himself that he would find acquaintances on the ship. He had made his decision to go abroad rather suddenly, as he was prone to make such decisions, and within an hour of his arrival on board he had given himself over to unavailing regret and a strongly disapproving study of the passenger list.

No names he knew were there save those of old Dr. Maxwell, who was eighty and in his dotage, and Ralph Henshaw, a youth Van Dorn disapproved of and disliked to a degree that imperiled his mental poise. He had not exerted himself to conceal these sentiments from the person who aroused them, and Henshaw passionately reciprocated them and lost no opportunity to show it. Obviously nothing agreeable was to be looked for from him. Van Dorn eliminated both men from his mind, shutting them up, as it were, in a memory-tight compartment from which he did not intend that they should escape during the voyage. Then he turned an earnest and hopeful eye upon the women passengers.

There were few, and, even to a companionable and lonely gentleman, of singularly unalluring appeal. Some of them wore blue veils and read Baedeker, and dozed in their steamer chairs with their mouths open. Others had begun to exchange confidences concerning the symptoms of various maladies which were sending them to German baths. The only fresh and pretty girl on board Van Dorn discovered to be utterly absorbed in another man. Else how could she have failed to observe her baby brother who was sprawling on the promenade deck, and light-heartedly flattened him into more intimate contact with it, as she and her escort walked over him, to the delighted horror of observers.

All these things Van Dorn drearily reviewed, and wrathfully wrapped himself in garments of depression. Seven days more, he reflected, before the *Columbia* could reach Cherbourg, and no one to talk to during that dreary interval but the deadly uninteresting lot in the smoking-room. He drew a long and irritated sigh, which was promptly echoed behind him. Then a voice spoke:

"Ain't it terrible lonesome?" it said.

Van Dorn turned sharply. Behind him stood a new figure—a girl he had not seen before—young, slender, and bewitchingly pretty. She could not possibly have been more than nineteen—she was probably a year or two short of it—and she had fair, curly hair of exquisite fineness, the complexion of an infant, and vividly blue eyes which looked straight into his now with a childish film of trouble over them. Her lips were trembling babyishly. With a quick glance Van Dorn took her in, from her shabby tan "pumps" to the faded blue ribbon on the straw hat which was turned back so jauntily from her forehead. She wore also a blue suit, not new, and a pair of gloves from which one finger-tip unabashedly protruded. She quite looked what she was—a very homesick little girl, a very poor little girl, but a nice little girl. Van Dorn's heart warmed to her, though his ears still tingled unpleasantly under the shock of her grammar. Her voice, however, had been fresh and sweet and appealing. He smiled on her cordially, raising his steamer cap as he turned to face her. She, too, was languishing against the deck rail, her elbows resting on it, her chin now pensively settled in her hands after her eyes had left him. She seemed almost to have forgotten him and not to care at all whether he responded to what, direct as it was, had hardly been an advance.

"It *is* lonesome," Van Dorn agreed, continuing his study of this new acquaintance. "Don't you know anybody, either?"

The "either" was a master-stroke. It expressed sympathy, asked comfort, and put them on an equal footing at the start. She responded at once in a tone revealing her, however, as still wrapped in a thick fog of depression and not cheered in the remotest degree by the interest of the kind gentleman.

"No," she said, gloomily, her eyes still fixed on remote space, "an' I'm travelin' all alone, an' it ain't a bit like I thought it would be."

"What did you think it would be?"

Van Dorn's voice was more sympathetic than his words. He looked down on her, too, from his fine height, with a positively human expression in his handsome eyes. She responded to the voice as much as to her question.

"Why, I expected it was goin' to be gay an' cheerful," she explained confidentially, "an' that everybody would get acquainted an' be friendly. But I spoke to two ladies this mornin' an' they just said 'yes' and 'no,' an' walked off like I wasn't there."

Her lower lip trembled again. She looked like a child whose innocent advance had been misunderstood and rejected. Like the gallant and true squire of dames he was, he went without further parley to the rescue of this lorn damsel in distress.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, cozily. "We'll be gay and cheerful all by ourselves, you and I, and 'get acquainted and be friendly.' I am alone, too, and horribly glum. You came at exactly the right moment. I think I was going to cry."

She regarded him with entire seriousness.

"So was I," she confessed candidly. "Mebbe I will yet."

Van Dorn shook his head at her and laughed, oddly reminded of his favorite niece, aged four, and the awesome threats with which she sometimes favored him.

"No, you won't," he said, positively. "You won't shed a tear on this voyage. You're going to have a beautiful time. You're going to tell me all about yourself and I'm going to tell you all about myself. While I'm talking you can remember that your turn is coming soon. We'll walk miles on deck, and if we don't like the other passengers better before we get through, we'll put them in a lifeboat and set them adrift."

He found himself talking to her as he would have talked to his little niece, and she responded in much the same spirit.

"That'll be nice," she said contentedly, her face beginning to show the dawn of a faint hope. "An' we'll play games, too, wun't we?"

Van Dorn was in for anything now, and he plunged forward with whole-hearted abandon.

"Of course we'll play games," he promised recklessly, "any games you like. There's a big collection of them on board, from parlor croquet to bridge."

She shook her head, and every bright curl under the sailor hat seemed to take a vital part in the action and then curl up crisply after its exertion.

"I don't play no cards," she explained. "Ma wun't let me. She says bad habits is formed that way. She's awful partic'lar what I do." She dropped her arms to her sides and turned abruptly to face him, her eyes wide under the shock of a sudden memory.

"You wun't make love to me, will you?" she asked with keen anxiety. "They 'most always do, so ma said I wasn't to speak to no man on board. She made me promise. Oh, de-ar! I forgot!"

The final exclamation was so like a sob that Van Dorn, who had felt both his face and his heart hardening under this unprovoked attack, relented. She was a queer type, this girl—something wholly new in his experience, but surely all the more interesting for that reason.

"I won't make love to you," he said, quietly, knowing he would keep his promise. For indeed she was not "his sort," as any one who knew him could have told her. He was sorry for her, and they were both lonely—that was all.

Her face blossomed into the beauty of a full-grown pink rose.

"Then it's a-ll right," she cried, delightedly. "An' I know ma wouldn't mind if she just knew how awful lonesome I was. My, but it was terrible. You see—" she leaned against the rail again, and it was quite evident that she was about to launch without further delay into the life-story he had suggested—"you see, it's like this: I ain't never been to Europe before. I ain't never been anywhere alone without folks I knew. When I went on the road I knew Carrie Brice; she got me in, you know, an' soon I knew the hull company. I'm in the perfession," she added simply. "I'm in the chorus of 'The Giddy Girl of Gotham,' an' us girls has to be awful careful or we'll get misunderstood. Ma says so."

Van Dorn regarded her long and earnestly, without speaking, while various little labels he had mentally pasted on her faded into nothing. A chorus girl! He knew very little about chorus girls, but he knew this was not the chorus girl he had read of in fiction and had seen in plays.

"You don't look like a chorus—er—a member of the theatrical profession," he said, lamely, sparring for time, as it were, and trying to readjust his theories along the new lines suggested. Her next words helped him.

"I guess that's so," she murmured, regretfully. "Maybe it's because I ain't got no good clo's. I ain't been on long enough. I've only been in the perfession two months, an' now I'm goin' into vaudeville. That's why I'm goin' to Paris. I'm goin' to do a turn next winter on the road with Bert Wagner, the great song writer. You know about Bert. Sure you do. He says they's the makin' of a artist in me. He's goin' to write the songs an' I'm goin' to sing them, an' he'll play the 'companiments. I can do the singin' all right now. But I got to study in Paris two months an' learn fancy dancin' an' stage business. I'm goin' to work with Madame Veiller. Bert says she can teach a green one more in a month than any one else can teach in a year. Bert bought my ticket, an' he's comin' on another ship, because we're engaged an' he don't think it would be c'rect to come on the same one. He sailed the same day I did. Bert's awful partic'lar, jest as partic'lar as ma. I'm goin' to live with his aunt in Paris, an' in the fall—" her voice dropped a little and the words came more slowly, but she looked at Van Dorn with the clear unconscious eyes of a child—"in the fall, Bert an' me is goin' to get merried before we go on the road. I'll be eighteen then. Ma thinks I mustn't get merried before I'm eighteen. We got the hull season booked a'ready."

"And yet you were lonesome," said Van Dorn reproachfully. "All those delightful things to think about and Bert himself following you on this very ocean."



Then an inspiration came to Vevie

She blushed guiltily, but rallied to voice a simple philosophy whose truth Van Dorn could not combat.

"It's worse when you've had some one you care about, an' then leave 'em, than 'tis if you ain't had 'em at all. Bert wanted to send ma, too, but he couldn't afford it, an', besides, my little sisters needs her. So Bert got me a dress instead, to cut a dash in Paris. Say, it's a beaut. It's red, with a red hat. I'll put it on some day. Say, will I put it on now? I'm saving it, an' wearin' my old clo'es, but I'd like to have you see me in it. Bert says I look just like Billie Burke when I got it on."

Van Dorn hastily declined this generous offer, avowing that he liked her very much as she was. Then he suggested a brisk walk on deck, and they took it, with

the result that Mr. Henshaw, beholding them, was so overcome by the situation and its possibilities that he was forced to retire to his stateroom to give full vent to his emotions. Incidentally he extracted from his steward all of that excellent servant's information on the subject of one Miss Genevieve Hildegarde de la Tour, by which high-sounding pseudonym Van Dorn's new acquaintance was known in "The Giddy Girl of Gotham" company and on the passenger list. Miss de la Tour herself explained to Van Dorn her reasons for the selection of a name which she freely admitted was something it was hard to live up to.

"Bert wanted me to have a French one," she said simply, "but it's awful long, so folks calls me Vevie. You can, too," she added handsomely.

Van Dorn did not immediately avail himself of the privilege so promptly extended him, but his fellow passengers did. As "Vevie" his new friend was known from end to end of the *Columbia* before she had been on board three days. This was due in part to the efforts of Mr. Henshaw, but Van Dorn observed with appreciation that the gentlemen who so freely used the chorus girl's name among themselves were somewhat chary about bestowing it on her in her presence. She had a rather surprising amount of dignity, and a crisply direct method of discouraging any one she considered "fresh"—to use an expression frequently on her lips. Moreover, she consistently repelled all social advances from the other men.

"I promised Bert an' ma I wouldn't have nothin' to do with none of 'em," she confided to Van Dorn. "They wouldn't mind you, but the others ain't goin' to be in it for a minute, an' any one that tries gets the frosty mitt."

Flattered, if chastened, by this openly avowed trust, Van Dorn exerted himself to carry out the promises he had made during the first hour of their acquaintance. Together, he and "Vevie" played games. Together, they walked miles every day. Together, they chatted for hours. Together, they danced blithely on deck when the German band discoursed. Already Vevie danced divinely. Van Dorn wondered what even the gifted Madame Veiller of Paris could add to such perfect art. She sang for him, too, in a voice that pulled o d d l y at his heart strings. And as these unsophisticated i n f a n t s t a l k e d and walked and danced and played along their innocent and care-free way, Baedekers were laid aside, veils were removed, and symptoms were forgotten by their fellow passengers, that the little comedy might have undivided attention. During this time, Van Dorn again adjusted the labels he had prepared for Vevie in the first moments of their meeting. She was all he had thought her—frank, honest, unspoiled, true-hearted—a loyal and delightful little comrade.



"You are now able, my friends," he said quietly, "to tell any and every inquirer just how Vevie is!"

Two days after Van Horn reached Paris he was called upon to admire the energy and skill with which Mr. Henshaw had qualified as a dispenser of news.

"How's Vevie?" asked an old friend, addressing him in the Champs Elysées, and bridging with this casual question an interval of five years which had elapsed since their last meeting. Van Dorn laughed and explained briefly.

"How's Vevie?" asked the first man he met at the club later the same afternoon. Van Dorn explained, but did not laugh.

"How's Vevie?" chuckled Aiken and Harding and Ballou and Stirling and every other man he met during the week that followed. "How's Vevie?" became the password of Van Dorn's friends, the rallying cry of his enemies, the unescapable salute of every one who knew him well enough to salute him at all. Van Dorn expected Paris sweepers to stop him with the question as he scurried across the streets, and Paris cabmen to bend from their boxes with the same solicitous inquiry. In the midst of this he received a little note from Vevie.

"I wish you would come and see me where I live now," she wrote concisely. "I herd some things that makes me feel offul. We live on the fourth ectarje."

The address followed. Van Dorn went. His heart ached when he saw Vevie's worried little face.

"Ain't it terrible?" she asked with her first breath. And "Ain't it terrible?" she repeated when they had talked matters over like the good, sensible friends they were. "Bert's just about crazy. Of course, he knows it's all right"—her little figure straightened with the dignity she had shown on the ship—"but it makes him wild to have me talked about. He said he thought you ought 'a do somethin'."

For an instant Van Dorn wondered if Bert, this unseen force in Vevie's life, was perchance trying to do a stroke of business in a peculiarly unpleasant way. His face hardened as the reflection came to him. That anything that trod the stage should shrink from being "advertised" was taxing on the brain; but that a chorus girl and her young man should be agitated because Paris was gaily chirping her name simply beggared the imagination. Vevie's next words, however, enlightened him.

"He thinks you better come to dinner with us to some big swell place where every one knows you. Then they'll see us together an' they'll know Bert's your friend an' it's all right."

"I'll be very glad to," Van Dorn said simply, "but I think it would be better if you would both dine with me at the Ritz. Shall we say to-morrow night? I'll call for you at seven. There is very little a man can do to straighten out such a foolish tangle without making things worse instead of better, but you may be sure I'll do all I can. And I needn't tell you, Vevie, how sorry I am to be the cause of annoyance to you, need I? It was horribly thoughtless of me. I should have remembered how little it takes to start idle tongues. But you forgive me, don't you?"

Genevieve Hildegarde de la Tour regarded him.

"You bet I do," she replied inelegantly, but with deep feeling. "Say, there ain't many like you, Mr. Van Dorn; I know that, too. You're a gentleman—you are—the real thing. I—I didn't know they was your kind of men in the world. We don't see 'em often in our business. 'Course I'm new in it," she ended, reflectively, "but I've heard the girls talk."

Van Dorn went away, more determined than ever to kill the silly gossip he had so thoughtlessly evoked. An inspiration had come to him during his visit to Vevie, and he lost no time in following it. He went straight from her to his sister, Mrs. Dick Caswell, a woman whose sense of humor was equaled only by the breadth of her charity, the depth of her understanding, and the height of her social position.

Mrs. Caswell lived in Paris, but her brother, during his many visits there, put up independently in a hotel, dropping in upon his sister, however, at all hours and in all moods. To-day she was recovering from a heavy cold, and received him in her boudoir. She was reclining languorously on a couch when he entered, but the sight of her brother made her languidly sit up and beg to be told how Vevie was. Van Dorn took the question without resentment.

"That's exactly why I'm here," he explained, "to tell you how Vevie is. Vevie is all right. And I want you to help her out of the absurd position I've put her in."

He explained at length and Mrs. Caswell listened with flattering interest. At the end she made reply with gratifying absence of hesitancy.

"Of course I'll come," she said. "I think it will be fun. How many do you want me to bring?"

Van Dorn told her, without undue modesty. All he demanded, it appeared, was the presence of the duchess who held French society in her plump and capable hands, the marchioness whose virtue and piety were as noted as the number and size of her pearls, two or three exclusive leaders of the American colony, Lord and Lady Yarrowdale of London, who were in Paris that week, and, he carelessly added, an archbishop or two—an assemblage, in short, whose mere presence at the same dinner-table with her would be to Genevieve Hildegarde de la Tour as a certificate of character.

"I'll ask the Yarrowdales," he ended, "and Mrs. Braide. Can you get the others?"

Mrs. Caswell nodded. "I think so," she said, slowly. "I think it can be arranged. I'll tell them the facts and they'll understand. Besides, most of them are the right sort. They will be interested. Leave the details to me. Seven o'clock you say, at the Ritz?"

IT SEEMED considerate to give Vevie a hint of the social glory awaiting her, and Van Dorn did so, calling on her the next morning for that purpose. Far back in his brain lay a haunting memory of the red gown, whose full glories he had beheld the last evening on the *Columbia*, at the captain's dinner.

"I'd dress very quietly if I were you," he ventured, when he had casually mentioned that he had asked his sister and a few friends to meet her and Bert. "Something—er—plain and severe. Nice gloves and slippers and that sort of thing, but no bright colo[illegible] if you've got anything else."

He felt a brute as he spoke, and the disappointed droop at the corners of Vevie's mouth did not lighten his remorse. But she was sweetly docile. It must be added that she was also wholly unimpressed. She and Bert were going to dine with some of Mr. Van Dorn's friends, instead of Van Dorn dining with Bert and herself. That was nice, but that was all. Miss de la Tour had never planted her innocent feet on the lowest round of society's ladder.

That night, however, in the brilliant setting of the Ritz dining-room, things looked different. True to her promise to Van Dorn, Vevie was dressed very simply, in a little black gown whose severity was relieved only by a few deft touches from the capable hands of Madame Veiller, whose interest in the whole affair had been feverish from the beginning, and whose admiration for Monsieur Van Dorn had temporarily deprived her of breath—a serious inconvenience for a stout lady living on the "fourth ectarje." Vevie was bewilderingly pretty, charmingly modest in appearance, and almost breathless. For with Vevie at the table sat great ladies who, lacking Mr. Van Dorn's interest and deprived of his advice, had gowned themselves in the most gorgeous creations of the b e s t *couturières* in France. Vevie looked at the Marchioness's famous pearls and Lady Yarrowdale's diamonds and the wonderful gowns of all the women, and thought of her red robe and sighed. If only she were wearing *that*, they would have realized that she knew something about style and she would have felt more in keeping with the scene.

Around her conversation sparkled, changing from English to French and back to English, as some of the guests remembered that all did not speak French. It was during a discussion of world periodicals that Vevie made one of the three remarks which were her contribution to the talk of the evening.

"Ma says 'The Ladies' Fireside Gazette' has fell off somethin' terrible," she remarked cheerfully to Lady Yarrowdale during a pause in the conversation. "I never read it, m'self."

The Englishwoman heard this d r e a r y fact, which seemed to hint that periodicals, like men, "have their little day and die," with a somewhat questioning smile. She had never imagined—much less met—anything feminine quite like this, and she had a sense that it was not likely to occur again. Mrs. Caswell, however, had given her a good idea of why she was invited "to meet Vevie," and she had come, as a motherly woman with a big heart, to do it.

"Neither do I," she agreed cordially, and smiled again on Vevie before she turned to answer a question of the man beside her. Vevie's second remark was not so felicitous in its effect at the time, though it has since won imperishable fame as a quotation in the circles Mrs. Dick Caswell adorns. Vevie's fellow guests were discussing a youth whose exploits during one brief visit to America had kept American journalists busy. Vevie recognized the name. Any member of her profession would have done so. She leaned forward eagerly. It was pleasant to know for a moment or two what they were talking about, and to be able to say something herself.

"I know about him," she said, addressing the company generally. "I never met him, but I heard he was awfnl nice, some ways. Still"—this with a heavy sigh—"o' course he's awful wild, an' ladies is his curse."

Lord Yarrowdale was swallowing his port just when Miss de la Tour alluded with delicate regret to the stumbling-block her sex had proved to the young man, and the combination threatened fatal results for a moment. Mr. Bert Wagner, however, sitting at Mrs. Caswell's right as the man guest of honor, and hence envisaging his fiancée, who was occupying a corresponding position at Van Dorn's side, smiled in a complacent, man-of-the-world fashion, having decided that the little ripple over Vevie's comment had nothing derisive in it. Heartened by the conviction that what she had said, and Bert had evidently approved, could not be wrong, Vevie beamed with guileless joy. She was very happy. It had come to her, somehow, who these people were. She had heard several titles mentioned. Moreover, it was easy to see that the table at which she sat was the center of interest in the great dining-room. She had drunk no wine, but she was temperamental and young, and she felt intoxicated by the music, the lights, the flowers, the company, the new fascinating atmosphere around her. It was written that in the future years Miss De la Tour would find herself in many brilliant assemblages, for Bert was right in his theory that she had in her the "makin' of a artist." Sitting there, an obscure member of a brilliant company, she felt a sudden premonition of the triumphs of those days to come; but she felt, too, that no other dinner would ever seem to her so wonderful, so perfect as this first one, and she was right. While these thoughts filled [illegible] Mrs. Caswell had safely eliminated the youth

(Continued [illegible])



After a Century

Vice-President Sherman delivering the oration in the rotunda of the Capitol, April 28, over the body of Major Charles Pierre L'Enfant, the French engineer who laid out the original plans for the City of Washington. The body was moved from Reed Hill, Maryland, where it had lain almost a hundred years in an obscure grave, to Arlington Cemetery



The "Nathan Hale" of the South

A HEROIC bronze statue of Sam Davis (the work of Zolnay, the sculptor) was unveiled at Nashville, Tennessee, April 29. Sam Davis of the Southern army, like Nathan Hale of the Revolution, was sent as a scout on a dangerous enterprise, and, like Nathan Hale, was captured and hanged. The last words of each are identical in spirit.

Hale said: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

And Davis said: "I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend."

Davis was transmitting to General Bragg at Missionary Ridge important information concerning the Federal army. General Dodge of the Union forces offered leniency to young Davis if he would tell how he obtained it. But he resolutely refused.

Accordingly, he was tried by a court-martial, sentenced to death, and executed November 27, 1863.

The pathetic story of Sam Davis is known among all the Federal as well as the Confederate veterans. In fact, the monument just erected is the gift of contributors from every State in the Union.



Comrades of the Confederacy

Parade in Atlanta, Georgia, on Southern Memorial Day, April 26. The ranks of veterans were noticeably thinner than in former years, while many of the infirm were borne in wagons. The streets held the largest crowd of spectators that ever turned out in Atlanta upon such an occasion. Other Southern cities observed the day

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Japan at the Golden Gate

TWO Japanese cruisers have been visiting San Francisco. From May 1 to May 10 the city has directed its customary hospitality at the officers, men, and cadets of the *Aso* and *Soya*—training ships for the cadets of the Japanese Naval School. On May Day, Admiral Ijichi steamed into the harbor from San Pedro, and he and his vessels were welcomed by Admiral Swinburne, General Weston, Mayor Taylor, and mercantile and civil committees. The harbor was gay with the flags of both nations. The city itself was interested and even enthusiastic at the visit, as the affair was rightly felt to have an international importance.

With the infallible tact of his race, Admiral Ijichi said:

"The United States and Japan are anchored on as firm a basis of friendship to-day as they have ever been in the past, and I can not foresee any possibility of an interruption or breach of the sacred relations. These two great nations of the Pacific are not going to war with each other for any cause that we of to-day can predict."

Banquets, receptions, automobile rides, minstrel shows, band concerts, and many sight-seeing tours were among the items of hospitality lavished on the cadets and officers.

To show how warm-hearted and methodical was the preparation made by San Francisco for the peaceful invasion, we cite an editorial of the "Chronicle":

"It is conceded that the reception given to our battleship fleet in Japanese waters was perhaps the most munificent and magnificent entertainment ever given by the people of one nation to the representatives of another. That debt can not be repaid except on a similar great national occasion. It is too big a job for one city of moderate size. We can, however, and shall, to the extent of our capacity, exhibit something of this spirit in the reception which we shall give to these two national ships.

"The Japanese are our most formidable competitors in a great many things, but there is one line in which we can not afford to let them beat us if we can help it, and that is in courteous and abounding hospitality. California hospitality has come to have quite distinctive characteristics of its own, and we must give our visitors a first-class exhibition of it."

An Exciting Budget

NAVY expenses and old-age pensions have helped to bring Great Britain face to face with a deficit of $80,000,000. In meeting this acute situation, David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on April 29, presented a fascinating budget, full of daring proposals. The friends of Mr. Lloyd-George call it "a great democratic budget." His opponents dub it an "extreme Socialist budget," a "gambling in futures."

Motor manufacturers, distillers, and brewers denounce it. The suggested levy includes a supertax on incomes of over £5,000, a tax on mining royalties, a tax on urban undeveloped land, a tax on the ungotten mineral valuation of land, a tax on the unearned increment, increased death duties, a tax on Stock Exchange speculation.

Kansas, the Provider

ONE more of the unfailing record-breaking wheat crops is promised from the fertile and dependable State of Kansas. The Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture says: "It appears that Kansas has a vast area of prospering wheat safely past the perils of winter." Six million and ninety-two thousand acres are sown and standing. There is a crop condition of 88.05 per cent on those six million acres. With favorable weather, the wheat crop will be one hundred million bushels. So there is a happy summer in prospect for such of the unemployed as are able to reach the wheat fields at harvest time, and for college boys getting ahead on the winter term.

Is Our Architecture All Wrong?

THE remarks of Mr. J. Stewart Barney on American architecture and the École des Beaux-Arts can not fail to strike consternation into many a complacent bosom. To the majority of the public who think about architecture at all, the École des Beaux-Arts is one of those Gibraltars of taste which the mere untutored American has no right to criticize, much less attack. It is said of promising young men that they have gone there to complete their studies, as it might be said that they have gone to Germany to sing Wagner, or to Uganda to hunt big game.

Now comes Mr. Barney—himself an architect of wide experience—with the assertion that we have been carried off our feet by academic Beaux-Arts waves. Our eternal "monumental" buildings—libraries, railroad stations, and the like, with their rows of Corinthian columns—get on his nerves. He admires the Corinthian column, of course, but he objects to plastering it against the side of a building in what seems to him an untruthful manner. Classic forms tossed aimlessly about the fronts of office buildings, shutting out the light from the workers inside, do not seem to him a truthful and logical expression of what is needed. True, many American architects are thinking, and thinking hard, but the "importing firms," he says, "do not consider that necessary as yet. And as long as there remains one building in Europe which has not been transplanted to our shores and misused in every possible way, they probably will not think and will continue to gather inspiration in the fields of ancient art. I believe we are beginning to realize the incongruity of such buildings, and the worst is over. Some of the older firms will continue to import a few fragments, and now and then a completed building for some Western gentleman's country house, but they are fast passing away. We shall not see Italian palaces used for shoe shops nor Spanish cathedrals converted into hippodromes."



Nearly Two Million Dollars of Real Money.—*The banknotes pictured on this table totaled up to one million eight hundred thousand dollars of good United States currency. This sum was turned over to the State of Texas by the Waters-Pierce Oil Company April 24 in payment of the fine imposed upon it for violating the anti-trust law. At Austin, Texas, the banknotes were rushed in coffee sacks on motor cars from the banks to the Capitol. The erect package contains $1,200,000 in ten-thousand-dollar bills*

Special point is given to these observations by the number of huge "monumental" buildings now being erected. The new Educational Building at Albany, the new Post-Office Building in New York, the enormous new Pennsylvania Station in New York, are among the buildings almost entirely surrounded by rows of enormous Corinthian columns.

It will also come as a surprise to many that it is no longer considered desirable to disguise the height of skyscrapers. Instead of breaking them up by horizontal lines, or making a pseudo three-story building of one that is really seven or ten stories high, architects now frankly admit the beauty possible in towering structures. They emphasize by means of vertical lines the height and perpendicularity of the whole composition. In other words, they tell the truth instead of disguising it in classic forms. Even this, however, Mr. Barney declares was not done until visiting European critics pointed it out to us.

Other architects, more conservative than Mr. Barney, among them Mr. Whitney Warren and Mr. Francis H. Kimball, do not feel that his objections are well grounded. An American style of architecture can only be developed in time, they say. It can not be invented offhand. And it is their belief that our evolution is as rapid as could reasonably be expected.

Honoring the Gray

MEMORIAL DAY, April 26, for soldiers of the Gray, was widely and fittingly observed in several of the Southern States. In Wilkes County, Georgia, seventeen veterans, each over eighty years old, still survive. "They attribute their advanced age," says the Atlanta "Constitution," "to the hardening they received in the four years spent in the open, when they were following Lee and Jackson."

At Rome, Georgia, a monument on Myrtle Hill was unveiled. Atlanta enjoyed choice spring weather for the procession of veterans, whose ranks are thinner and whose step is slower each year. In huge express wagons, veterans of the Georgia Soldiers' Home, unable to walk in the line of parade, were carried to the cemetery for the Memorial Day ceremony.

The Three Ottoman Mysteries

THE Young Turks are conducting themselves as if they had a leader of no mean gifts. We await his name with interest. Is he in command of troops? Or does he do his thinking in the background? Each move of theirs has been so sure, with a mixture of tact and strength. They have protected the Legations at the very time they were deposing the Sultan and carrying him across country to Salonica. They have put to death two hundred and fifty mutiny leaders who helped to incite the anti-Constitutional movement of April—but they have performed this wholesale assassination without throwing an excitable city into tumult. Who is the sure-stepping leader of the Young Turks?

The next point on which the world waits enlightenment is the sort of person that the new Sultan is going to be. The famous prisoners of history and tradition had many things done to them—some of them were flattened off into gentle nonentities by such a term of surveillance as Rechad has undergone. Others were embittered into strength by the protracted injustice.

Asia Minor is the third unknown quantity. If the Young Turks are throwing off orthodoxy in their program, they will have no power over the tribes and races of the empire. The forces of reaction can at any time stir revolt on a religious appeal. In similar times of disturbance a savior has often arisen—a fanatic with a new and fuller revelation, and one adapted to the local situation. If a savior were now to come down out of the hill country, it is probable that he could cut in two the Ottoman Empire.

Singeing the Sugar Trust

THE Sugar Trust has just completed paying the $2,000,000 which the United States Government agreed to accept in settlement of $9,000,000 of fines and claims against the trust for systematically stealing from the United States from 1901 to the close of 1907. In a period of six years the American Sugar Refining Company of New York—one of the companies composing the trust—landed on the Brooklyn docks seventy-five million pounds of sugar on which no duty was paid. In those six years it stole from the Government just under a million and a quarter dollars in short duties. By a clever device in the seventeen scale houses where incoming sugar is weighed—a spring exerting force on the levers and so causing the registering beam to show less weight—the company smuggled in its suger in short weight.

Señorita Huidobro

IN THE little old hotel at Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street—a remnant of old New York which was Thackeray's home when he first visited America and which has sheltered many strange and interesting persons in its day—Señorita Carolina Holman Huidobro lived when in New York. Here, in one of the gaunt old chambers, whose dinginess her exuberant personality, masculine vigor of thought and speech, and unquenchable humor made fairly radiant, she dispensed hospitality to her friends. Cooking with her own hands marvelous Chilean concoctions of honey and cheese while she told stories of the west coast, of Chilean revolutions and Balmaceda, and discussed fluctuating currency, nitrates, battleships, and international peace—those were memorable evenings for the fortunate few who shared them.

A larger audience knew Señorita Huidobro through her lectures on South American countries. Hundreds who may have heard of her but once would remember her description of the "Christ of the Andes," the monument which marks the boundary between Chile and the Argentine, and her repeating, in Spanish and English, of the inscription on it: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chileans and Argentines break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain."

Señorita Huidobro was born in Talca, Chile, fifty years ago. Her father was Mr. George Holman, a Pennsylvanian and American consular agent at Valparaiso. While north on business in connection with his flour-mills in Chile, he married Miss Marion Atkins of Provincetown, and the young people returned to Chile. Carolina grew up as a Chilean, speaking Spanish as much as English, roughing it with her father, and learning about revolutions and the hazards of fluctuating currency when other little girls were still playing with dolls. At the age of forty-nine the father died suddenly, and, as the family fortunes were somewhat shaky, Carolina at once set to work as a teacher and governess and journalist.

In 1897 she and her mother returned to this country. The Spanish War stirred up an interest in Spanish America which with characteristic energy she at once made practically useful. She started to teach Spanish, and for purposes of business adopted, first informally and later legally, the name of her Chilean godparents, Huidobro. Señorita Huidobro was allied with the Unitarians of Boston, and she was the friend of many representative women, among them Julia Ward Howe and Edna D. Cheney. At Mrs. Howe's request she translated the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" into Spanish. She began giving lectures on South America for church societies and women's clubs, and in 1901 she was engaged by the New York Board of Education as a lecturer in their winter courses. She continued in this work up to her recent sudden death, and she also gave lectures before many peace organizations and suffrage leagues. The cause of Pan-Americanism had no more sincere or tireless advocate.

John Bull's Remorse

THAT eminently respectable, rather kindly, middle-aged gentleman who typifies for the rest of the world the British nation, continues to exhibit a morbid introspection and hectic distrust of the future almost painful to see. The very word *Dreadnought* must have become a weariness to the flesh wherever British journals are read. The matter has gone much deeper however, than a mere agitation for more battleships. A feeling of melancholy introspection [illegible] seems to have seized the whole British [illegible]

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leading article, entitled "A New Way of Life," the "Spectator," quoting the Elizabethans, believes that England has been "too long 'nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of happiness,' is too near to being 'drowned in security.' While we do not deny the continuous need for higher moral ideals, what we specially desire to emphasize is the need for a greater seriousness or, if you will, hardness of outlook. We have got in future to face the world not as we should like it to be, but as it is—the world of blood and iron, controlled by men who are not humanitarians and philanthropists. . . . We must realize that in public as in private life business is business and that we are not engaged in a pleasant game of bridge. . . . We must strain every nerve, not merely to provide the material needs of defense, but also to brace the nation as a whole for the great patriotic struggle to which, in all human probability, it will be exposed in the next ten or fifteen years, if not before."

And this, in view of the Briton's well-known complacency, leads to the most interesting phase of the whole matter, the apparent conviction that the "new way of life" must not be confined to naval or military preparations, but "go deep into the fiber of the people. Every man, whether he is tilling the soil, hewing coal, laying bricks, or writing books, must accustom himself to feel that he is doing it, not for himself or his family alone, but partly for his country." To bring out this point more strongly, the writer quotes a German professor's statement that such is the attitude of his own countrymen, who do "not look for reward in relief from work, but in its more complete accomplishment." "Our new way of life," continues the "Spectator, "must copy the German spirit in this respect. It ought not to seem the most natural thing in the world to say that a man is going to give up work, not because his health and energy are exhausted, but because he has earned the right to go and amuse himself. Hitherto Englishmen have thought that rather a fine thing and a noble thing to say and a proof of how little they care for money and material concerns. We trust it will not be so regarded in future. . . . Our new way of life must be a way of preparing ourselves morally, intellectually, and materially for the coming struggle—a struggle which, by the paradox of life, may be avoided by the perfection of such preparation, but in no other conceivable way."

A Neighbor's View of Crazy Snake

FOR several weeks, Crazy Snake held the attention of the American public because of his alleged disturbance of the Oklahoma peace. He was listed as a "bad man" to be hunted down with guns. Now comes a neighbor of Crazy Snake's, a citizen of Newkirk, in Kay County, Oklahoma, and what he tells us follows:

"Mr. Chitto Harjo is a fine old-school country gentleman who owned estates in lands in Oklahoma, secured to his ancestors and himself through solemn treaties with the United States, guaranteeing him in peaceable possession so long as 'grass grows and water runs.'

"Mr. Harjo deported himself as a well-behaved citizen all his years, and risked his life in the service and defense of the Government that had pledged itself to protect him in the enjoyment of his ownership.

"One cold day when the grass was brown and the streams frozen, the Government demanded that Chitto Harjo, who had become Wilson Jones, should give up his rights under the treaties and accept something he did not want and did not know how to use, a thing that usually results in plundering the Indian of all his earthly possessions and leaving him nowhere to lay his head. Mr. Harjo-Jones refused, stood on his right, and advised his people to the same course.

"Then the Government deprived him of his benefits under the treaties, and when he made dignified protest he became the mark of shallow editors and mendacious correspondents, and known as 'Crazy Snake.'

"A bad reputation was manufactured for him and shudders furnished the readers of Associated Press reports concerning Indian uprisings headed by 'Crazy Snake.' It would not sound so well to say Mr. Jones, which shows there is something in a name after all.

"When somebody was killed in his vicinity a hue and cry was raised for the immediate capture or extinction of the terrible old hostile, Crazy Snake. Then the military arm of the Government was invoked and covered his warm trail with press bulletins and militia, at considerable expense to the State, for Mr. Harjo had taken to the hills in the belief that immediate absence is preferable to explanation made after one has been shot.

"Geronimo, who festooned the trees with little girls, received annuities and consideration, but Chitto Harjo, who has not raised his hand against any but the enemies of the Government, is proclaimed a cause of war and chased through the woods by military geniuses and tin soldiers."

Of Interest to Those Seeking Divorce

THE decision of Mr. Justice Pike of Nevada refusing to grant a divorce to Virginia Harned Sothern, the actress, from her husband, E. H. Sothern, the actor, is likely to be of considerable importance to those contemplating obtaining an easy divorce in some of our Western States. If public opinion is beginning to protest in Nevada—the most sparsely populated State—against a too casual procedure in these matters, similar changes may be expected in other States. Mr. Justice Pike's decision was based principally on the fact that neither party to the suit had established residence in Nevada, or had proved a bona-fide intention to remain there. Mrs. Sothern apparently signed her petition in the East and forwarded it to Reno, where it was served on Mr. Sothern while he happened to be acting there. The particular point settled is that on complaint filed by a non-resident plaintiff, with process served on a non-resident defendant who happens to be temporarily in the State, no jurisdiction is secured on which a justice may allow a divorce decree.

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Baseball

(*Continued from page 15*)

three strikes and four balls, where it has remained for twenty years, where it is likely to remain.

With the perfection of strike rules and the development of protective armor, the game was practically completed, so far as external features are concerned. The later changes have been comparatively unimportant after all. The pitcher, who has been receding farther from the batsman in all the history of the game, has been definitely placed on a line between first and third. His box has been replaced by a mound. The catcher, solely to "speed up" the game, has been required to stand up to the bat all the time. Finally, for the same general purpose of sharpening and quickening, uncaught fouls, up to third strike, have been made strikes. The fifty years' war between pitcher and batsman has ended in favor of the pitcher, who has beaten all rules made to increase batting. The principle has definitely been established that a tally is a hard-won guerdon. This may be a bad thing for the game as a spectacle, but it is the only thing for the game as a science.

What the "fans" call "inside baseball," which means nothing more than team-play and getting everything out of the game, was fairly under way even before defensive armor came. We owe much of it to Anson's great Chicago club. The prime of Anson was one of the heydays of baseball—great players in the field, a great audience in the stands. Every one who was any one in Chicago attended to root for the "boys" and to roast the umpire. The team is immortal. Any good fan, to this day, can name off that mighty infield of muscle and brain which played for Chicago in its second championship period: Anson, first base; Pfeffer, second; Williamson, short; Tommy Burns, third; Sunday, Gore, and Dalrymple in the outfield. And Clarkson and Kelly, the "ten-thousand-dollar battery"—every schoolboy knows of them, although it is nearly a quarter of a century since they fooled the batters for Chicago.

Solving Modern Batting

IN THAT combination were three men who played with their heads—Anson himself, Tommy Burns, who deserves more credit than he has ever taken for his quiet work in developing team-play, and "King" Kelly, "Mike" Kelly, "Ten-Thousand-Dollar" Kelly, as great a king-figure in baseball as the heroic John L. Sullivan in pugilism. It was Anson who worked out much of the modern theory of batting. He did not believe in place hitting, but he did believe that the old, accepted theories were all wrong. The primeval player used always to swing at the ball. Anson taught his men to "stop down" the bat and meet the ball square in the nose for successions of short, choppy hits. The St. Louis Browns were consistently Anson's stumbling-block. Charlie Comiskey, their first baseman, played "deeper" than man had ever played before, and all the Browns stood well off the bases. Anson took a leaf from their note-book. He made his infielders play farther off than ever infielders had dared play before. More, he introduced the "fielding pitcher." Before



This picture is from an actual photograph of A. T. Mosher's car stalled in a Florida swamp. Mr. Mosher writes that his car was submerged in water aver his Remy Magneto and motar far 4 hours at a time. Yet after being pulled aut, the motor would invariably start from the magneto on the second turn of the crank.

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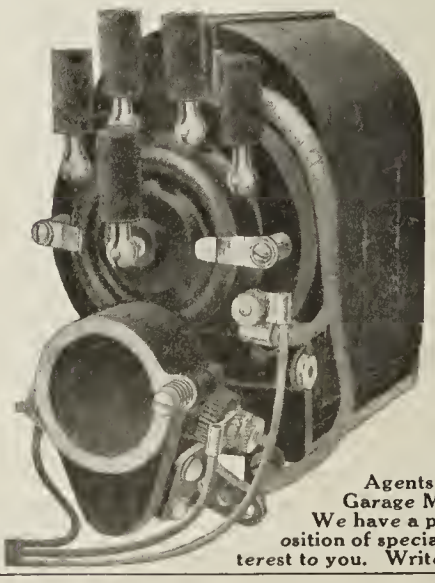
We make and keep in stock fittings for attaching the Remy Magneto to many old models.

We can equip your car, **old or new,** at a cost so reasonable it will surprise you. It will pay you to address

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Burman set a new world record with the Remy Magneto, on the New Orleans circular track Feb. 21. He sent his car 100 miles in 102 minutes lowering the world's mark for the distance 11 minutes.

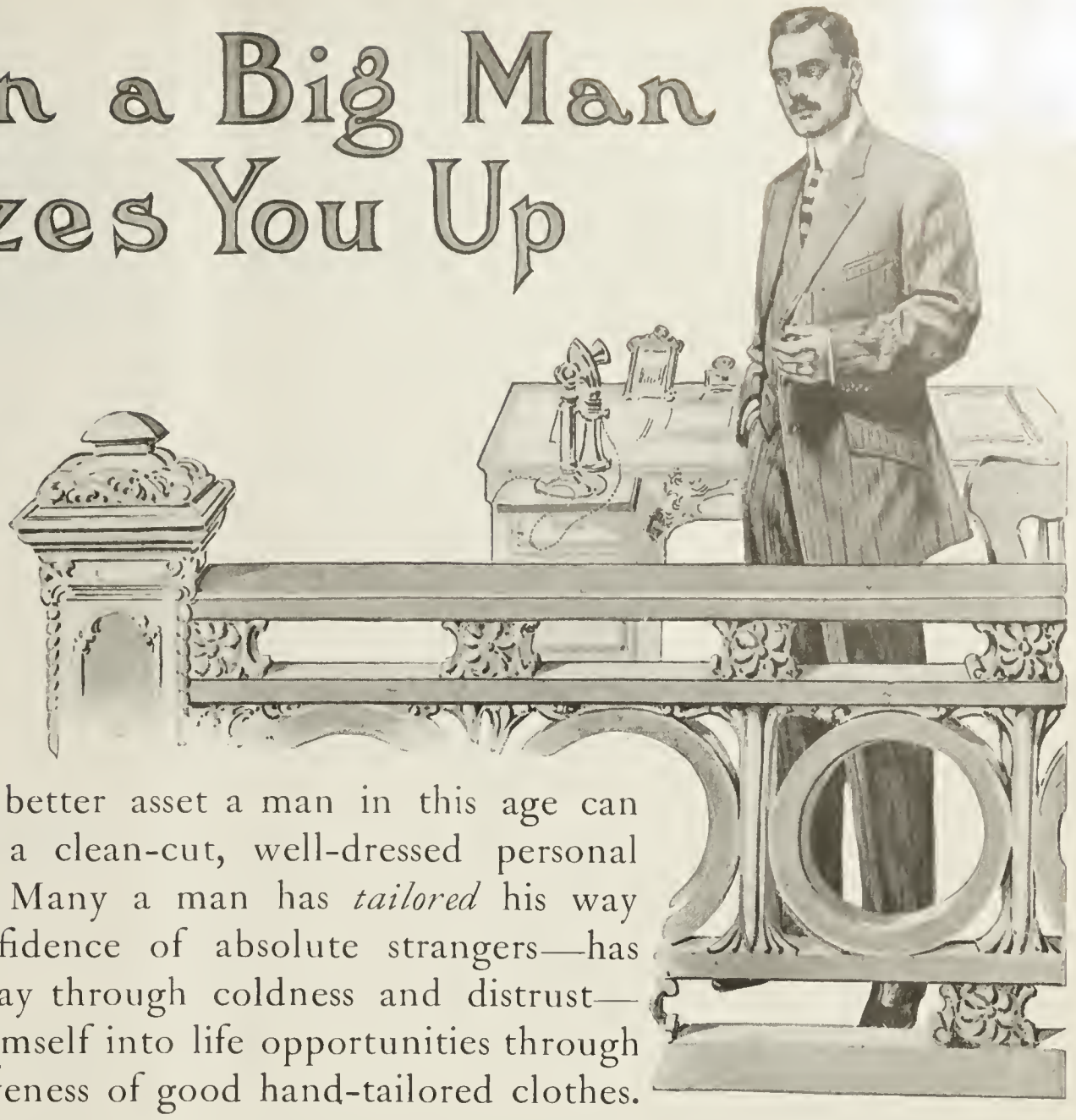


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Good clothes are not necessarily expensive clothes, but they are tailored-to-order clothes—they are clothes that fit;—

you, your body and your personality; clothes that agree with every line and curve of your physique. Only a tailor can *make clothes like these!* And here is a world-famous organization of tailors waiting to tailor clothes for you. A local dealer near you will take the measures. Shall we send his name?

The Two Thousand headed Tailor

In Chicago and New York we operate the two largest and best organized tailoring establishments in America.

These shops are tailor shops in the fullest sense of the term; for every Royal garment is cut and draped to fit the measure and the order of the man who is to wear it.

It is a matter of common knowledge among clothes-makers everywhere that these shops are managed by the two cleverest and highest salaried designers in America. We pay more for the services of these designers alone than the entire gross income of twenty average local tailor shops.

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If we tailored for a few dozen men as the local tailor does, we would have to charge his exorbitant prices. We would have to ask an immense profit from a few customers, instead of a very small one from thousands.

But we are tailoring for a nation—not a locality. We are making a thousand suits to the local tailors one.

That is why we can put into your suit or overcoat, at $25 to $40, the same irreproachable style and exclusiveness that the Fifth Avenue local tailor has to sell at $60 to $100 in order to exist.

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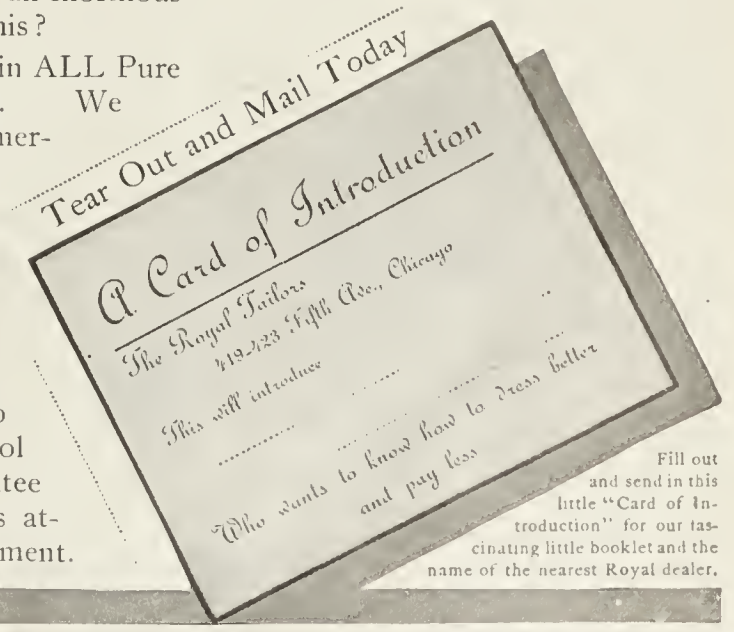
There is a dealer near you waiting to take your measures. And in his store there are 500 strikingly handsome and exclusive cloth patterns awaiting your inspection. Think of that—a half a thousand samples of cloth, in every imaginable design, weave and coloring.

Can even the most exacting man fail to suit his taste in an enormous cloth collection like this?

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It is based on fifteen years of active experience with these bonds. We may rightly claim, therefore, very wide information.

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BALTIMORE
"Who Know How"

that time the box artists had considered their hands too precious to be risked on grounders and liners—that was for the infield. Anson made them venture from their boxes both to field balls and to back up the bases. Perceiving that three-quarters of the play in baseball came in the area bounded by home, first, and second, he shifted the whole arrangement of the infield. Formerly the second baseman had covered equally the territory to both sides of his bag, the shortstop guarding only the ground between second and third. Anson sent the second baseman away over toward first, and taught him to back up the first baseman all the time. He made the shortstop practically a second baseman. These are only a few of the things Anson did for the game.

The Trickery of Kelly

AS FOR Kelly, the tricks which he learned and taught are going yet. Every year the baseball legislators had to pass some new rule to fill a hole which Mike Kelly discovered in the accepted code. Once, while he was acting captain, a temporary indisposition kept him on the bench. As the rules ran, the captain might, at any stage of the game, substitute a player. In a critical period of the eighth inning, a pop foul came over the third baseman's reach, straight toward the bench. Mike Kelly rose up. "Hey!" he yelled to the left fielder. "You're out of the game. I'm in your place"—and Kelly reached up and caught the foul. It was an out under the rules. When he was playing with Boston, his team met Detroit for a decisive game. Kelly, running bases, was on first. The next man up hit to the shortstop, who fielded it for a hair-line decision. The umpire ran to first, that he might watch the play there. Quick as a flash Kelly scooted across the field just behind the pitcher's box, and made third before the umpire had stopped looking at first. Every spectator saw it, but the umpire did not; and Kelly kept his base. This led to the experiment with the "double-umpire" system.

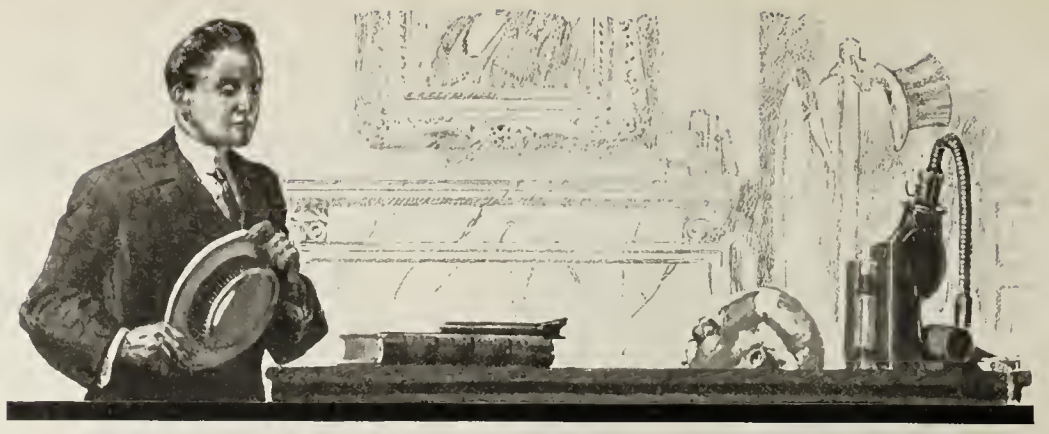
However, Kelly's service to the game was not bounded by mere trickery. He was naturally slow on his feet, though quick with his hands; base-running had always troubled him. He studied that department of the game, learned by a hair's-breadth how far he dared play off, when it advantaged him most to slide feet foremost and when hands foremost. He, more than any other player, introduced the element of team-play between the batter and the base-runner. As I have said, Anson did not believe in place-hitting. But certain batters hit naturally to right field and certain to left. Kelly knew all the peculiarities of the team's batting. When on bases he maneuvered, by pretending that he was going to steal, to draw the baseman to right or left so as to "uncover" the probable area of the hit. In this way he manufactured many a run for Chicago.

Kelly played more games as an outfielder than as a catcher; yet it is as a catcher that he is remembered. Behind the bat he was a tower of intellectual strength to his pitchers. Old-timers are still wondering how much of Clarkson's great success was due to Kelly. Until the catcher was placed definitely behind the bat at all stages of the game, signaling between pitcher and catcher was a matter of individual agreement—sometimes the pitcher decided what ball he was going to send in, and sometimes the catcher. Kelly did the deciding for his pitchers. He was always talking to the batter, scheming to throw him a little out of his batting pose and then to signal for a ball just where it could not be hit effectively. When Mike Kelly entered the league, teamwork was haphazard. When he left Chicago for Boston on the ten-thousand-dollar purchase, inside baseball was on the way.

The Inside Game

FROM the Baltimore team of 1890-4, managed by Ned Hanlon, came the great impetus to the inside game—came, in fact, *the* inside game. We have added little to it since. Hughey Jennings, McGraw, and Willie Keeler were players of unusual "head." Old-timers would say that not one was a great "natural" player like George Wright, Fred Pfeffer, Al Spalding, or their team-mate, Dan Brouthers; one and all had to supplement a comparative degree of speed and baseball instinct with a superlative degree of headwork.

First, almost primarily, they rediscovered the bunt. The rule moving the pitcher back helped them in that. In two or three years they were all bunting; and they drove opponents to every device for meeting this improvement. It will seem strange to the boys of this generation that premeditated sacrifice hitting was practically unknown when the "Hanlonites" took hold of the game; but so it was. The Baltimore team began to sacrifice, even at the



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To feel that you could look every man in the eye with never a doubt about your appearance?

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Your dealer will gladly show you Kaufman Campus Togs or other "Pre-Shrunk" garments in any of the popular fabrics for Spring and Summer at $15.00 to $30.00 the suit.

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The ordinary porous garment is merely a flat, dead, rigid, shapeless knitted cloth, punctured with holes.

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If you want the daintiest, coolest and most comfortable and healthful summer underwear, ask your dealer for "KEEPKOOL."

It is obtainable in knee length or ankle length drawers, short or long sleeves and athletic shirts.

MEN'S "KEEPKOOL" UNDERWEAR 50c a garment

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Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in all the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit, dull finish and dressy look of the best linen collars—our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water. You can't tell them from linen.

Sold by first-class haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs, send us 25 cents, stating size and style of collar you desire, or 50 cents per pair for cuffs, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our new booklet gives valuable pointers about New York customs—what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

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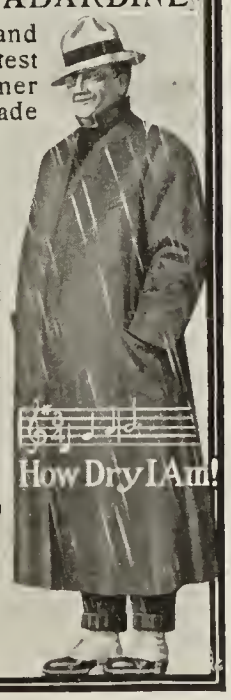
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is made for both men and women—the watertightest light weight cool summer coat you ever saw made without rubber.

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The Ronald Press, 227 Broadway, N. Y.

expense of lowering their own batting averages.

Then they went further and invented a whole new system of play—a system disputed, so that one manager bases his teamwork upon it and another will have nothing to do with it—the "hit-and-run" game. That, like bunting, was not new; Arthur Irwin and John Ward had worked it, after a fashion, with the old Providence champions; but the Baltimore team brought it generally into the game. The principle is this: With a runner on base and less than two out, the coacher gives the signal for "hit and run." The man on base, as soon as the pitcher's arm goes back, starts a steal; the batsman strikes at that pitched ball whatever it may be, trying to hit it on the ground. If he sends a fly into a fielder's hands, it is all off with both him and his runner. They simply look foolish and walk to the bench. If he hits a grounder to the infielders, it is odds on, what with the start which the runner has, that they will both get their bases. And if he misses the ball completely, the runner has at least an excellent chance for a straight steal. In Hanlon's day, before opponents had found ways of beating this play, it figured on the rule of percentages as a consistent winner. The "squeeze" play, of which we have heard so much in the past two or three years, is the method of scoring a man from third base on the hit-and-run system. The Baltimores of Hanlon's time did not specialize on this play; it remained for the New York Americans, before their awful disorganization of 1908, to perfect it. The great advantage of the "squeeze" is the fact that the runner, starting home, draws the third baseman in toward his base. That leaves an uncovered space, into which a clever place hitter may often send a straight single. When Elberfeld and Chase used this play, they scored with it about eight times out of ten.

Those Baltimore batters, working the game for all there was in it, fouled as a policy, waiting until the pitcher sent a ball to their liking. That and their bunting, spreading among the other hitters of the league, caused two of the latest changes in the rules—first, a foul attempt to bunt became a strike, and later all uncaught fouls before third strike became strikes.

Signals and the Catcher

THE year 1894 saw the end of the great Hanlon Baltimore team as an entity. Progress since has gone mainly in the direction of signaling. The old books of rules of the fifties and sixties emphasized the position of catcher; he was then the real star of the team. That era passed; but the rule keeping him behind the bat has brought him to his own again. It has put him into a position to see and to study not only the pitcher, but the whole field; he is the keystone of team-work. Intelligence is at a premium in that position; the "head" of Johnnie Kling is what makes him the greatest catcher in the game to-day.

From the catcher radiates a system of quiet signals nearly as elaborate as the noisy signals of football. Watching the batter, understanding his peculiarities, the good catcher knows what every man in his league can and can not hit—he is the arbiter of pitching. He signals the curve, speed, and direction of every ball. The infielders all get that signal, and they pass it on to the outfielders. In response the team shifts—if not position, at least attention. For certain pitched balls are likely to be hit into certain definite places in the field. This probability is modified by the individual peculiarities of the batter—and the good team knows the whims and tricks of every opponent. For example, a slow ball, which the batter usually meets before it gets clear to the plate, travels almost inevitably into the territory of the third baseman and the left fielder. A wide outcurve, being a slow ball on account of its motion, is likely to take the same direction. A fast, breaking outshoot or a very fast straight ball, which the batter naturally hits "late," goes naturally to first and right; a straight, fast ball of moderate speed or a straight drop is most likely to enter the territory of the second baseman and the shortstop. Some teams do not shift position nor feet in response to this signal lest they "give away the ball" to the batsman; they only shift attention. That attention may mean the fraction of a second that divides a hit from an out. Others take the risk; frequently the whole outfield will move a few steps toward right field when a pitcher with a fast, breaking curve is about to pitch an outshoot.

These are not the only signals. The basemen know absolutely in advance when the catcher or pitcher is about to throw to bases to catch a runner—no chance about that. The coacher, keeping up a fire of noise in his box, is only concealing the stealthy signals of hand and foot and eye

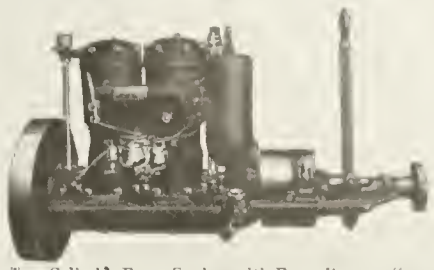


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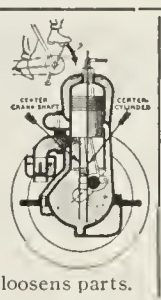
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1 and 2 cylinders, 4 to 15 H.P. Make and Break Ignition. Just the engine for any boat for work or pleasure.

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And you can follow up that vital first shot with 120 shots a minute. You have ten shots instead of five or six, and can reload in a flash. Can be carried anywhere—only 6½ inches long.

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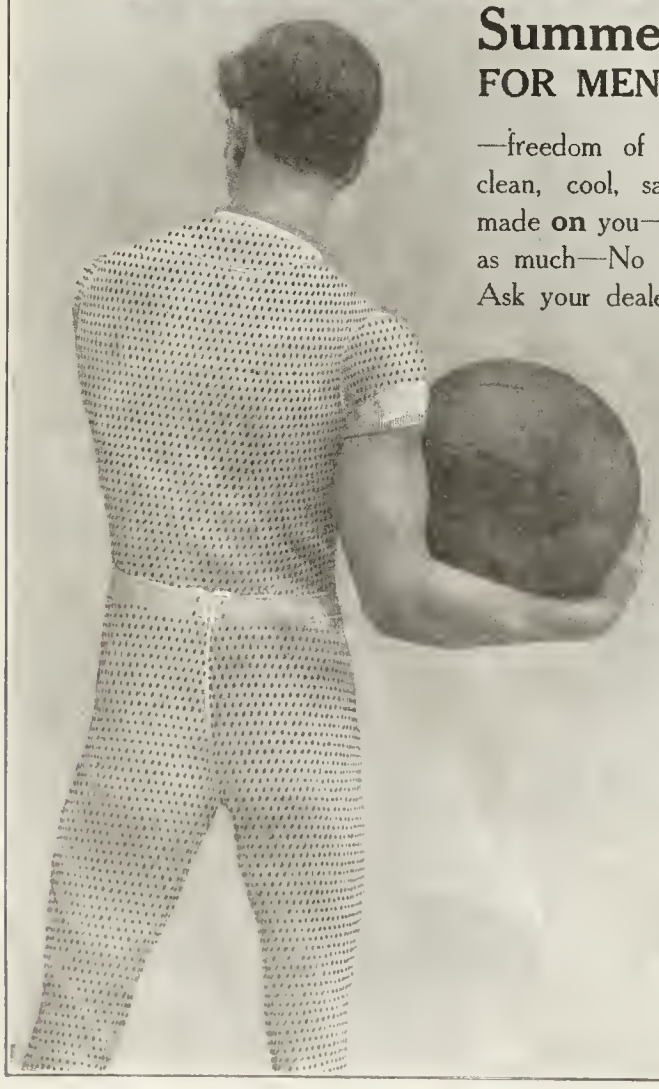
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by which he directs the runner to steal, or the batsman and runner to "hit and run." For those tricks and trap-plays, thought out in the dressing-rooms and elaborately prepared before certain games, the fielders have their own private code. And, finally, each side is trying always to detect and intercept the other's signals.

A system of "mental counting," like that practised by professional mind-readers, has arisen lately. For example, the pitcher, sweeping his eye over the field before he starts his wind-up, sees that the runner on second is a little too far off. As he turns back toward the plate he gives a signal. He and the second baseman begin silently counting together. When they both arrive at "six" the second baseman starts toward the base, and the pitcher turns and throws the ball—not at the player, but at the base, which will be covered when the ball arrives if their rhythm has been perfect. This is, perhaps, the last cry in finished, scientific baseball—this perfect coordination of two bodies and two sets of brains.

The signal system, used by all first-class teams, has been worked out to its greatest perfection in the Chicago Nationals, three times league champions and twice world's champions. In that respect, as in others, Chance's Cubs represent the latest development of baseball as a science.

* * *

Facts About Francis Bacon and Some About Shakespeare

(*Continued from page 13*)

case, all in all, has a character not unlike that of those romances of chivalry which, we learn, are the result of centuries of mouth-to-mouth relations, and of frequent and highly ingenious fabrications. Both are heroic myths. Both, as history, as facts, are false.

A Poet

THIS is not the place to discuss Bacon's intellectual right to poetic laurels. His biographer Spedding says he could have been a poet. Such diverse and competent judges as Lord Macaulay and Shelley call him a poet. His intellectual stature is so conceived that it could do a giant's work in prose or verse. Furthermore, Elizabethan dramatists, as every one knows, were a kind of literary highwaymen who rewrote old plays and made them better than they were before. "Doubtless" Bacon did this and hired men to help him. Such was his method with some of his acknowledged books.

When, therefore, we consider that Bacon's name is written into the plays of "William Shakespeare"; when we learn that Bacon's name and title is signed in the inscription on the Stratford monument; when we know, as Mr. Booth[1] in his book has shown, that Ben Jonson, Bishop Hall, and John Milton are among those who used exactly the same acrostic device for purposes of identification; when we realize the insufficiency and untruthfulness of the orthodox Shakespearian biography; and when we recall, furthermore, the studies of such scholars as Edwin Reed, Walter Begley, Judge Webb, and Mr. G. G. Greenwood—scholars who have suffered the whips and scorns of the pundits who believed otherwise because they had not read, and often would not read, their books—when we consider these points, one conclusion persistently presents itself: Bacon is Shakespeare.

Theory

IF WE balk at saying that a man conceived the writings in which his name is secretly signed, we must exercise ourselves considerably to account for the secret signatures. To make a modern instance, if Mr. Taft, instead of playing golf, had written musical comedies, he would not wish to be known as their author; for we are a practical people, and would never elect a musician to the office of President. Bacon could not have attained or maintained the dignity of the chancellorship if he had been recognized by the people as a writer for the theater in a time when actors and dramatists were among the lowest social orders. Simply, then, because it would have ruined the career of an English public man to acknowledge poetical and dramatic prowess, it may be that Bacon used the common name of Shakespeare as a mask. An actor bearing the same name was got, let us suppose, to aid the deception. Ingenious Ben Jonson, at one time Bacon's literary assistant, without doubt willingly helped. He at least, as we have seen, lent his name. Possibly merely to amuse them-

[1] "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon," by William Stone Booth, Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1909.



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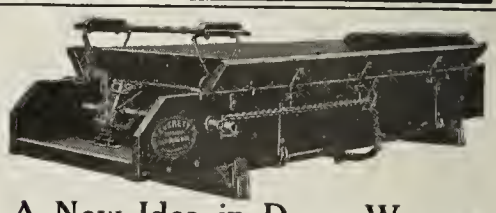
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selves and to give posterity a chance to test its wit, the conspirators devised the acrostic which Mr. Booth has so amazingly disclosed.

I do not, let it be understood, offer these last statements as facts, but as—so it seems to me—very plausible conjectures. There's mystery in it yet.

Now that so much that has been hidden is published and brought to light, we may be allowed to hope that more secrets may be exposed to the sun. At any rate, one old ghost is forever laid, and into the shadows, to become ghosts in turn, go those conjectures and opinions which have been murdering the simple truth.

"Wee wondred (Shake-speare) that thou
went'st soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-
Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy
printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st
but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.
I. M."

(Verses in the First Folio.)

✣ ✣ ✣

"Veelbur Reet,"—American

(Continued from page 18)

machines built. It had the same principle which formed the great mystery, now patented. By raising and lowering the planes the effect of the tilting of the bird's wing surface when it cuts a curve was gained. The inventor, right in theory, exhibited his machine prematurely before a number of French army officers with an assistant as driver. It fell to the ground after a few flops and the officers returned to town disgusted. So the Wrights' success was not in their idea, but really in making "flying a business," as the French say; in the patient, skilful practise of two determined mechanics.

All the other aeroplanes have been uncertain of remaining in the air any length of time. They have been of unstable equilibrium, while the course of the Wrights' under the hand of the master, as shown at Pau, was as steady as a sailing cutter's under a steady wind from the after quarter. The others have been unable to maneuver. Therefore they could not return even if they saw the enemy's position. A dirigible might, and while the armies kept watch of aeroplane experiments, they pinned their faith to dirigibles.

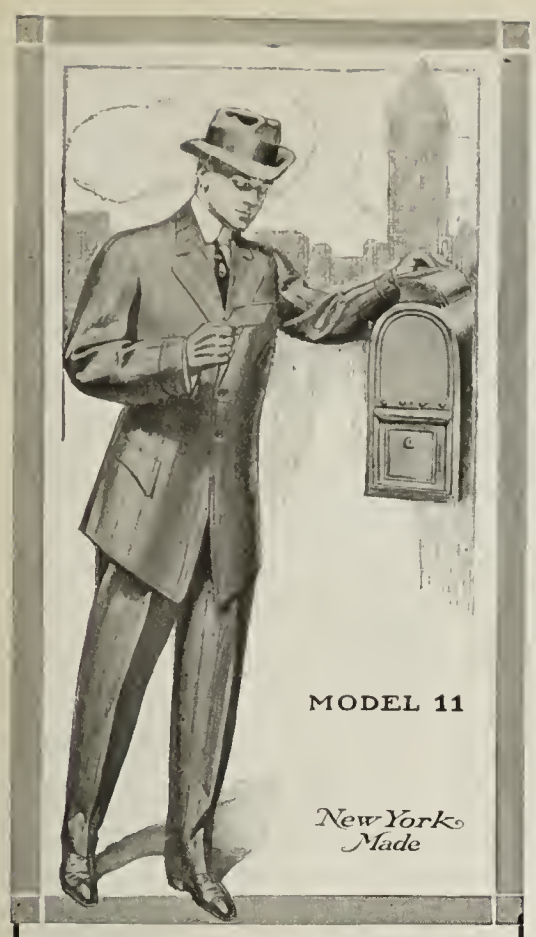
The machine with which Wilbur convinced the French army is the same one that he used at Dayton and in the Carolinas. It has been continually repaired and improved, and the French have provided a better and lighter motor. Judging by what he has done already, he might cover the length of the German frontier in an afternoon, returning to staff headquarters before dark. Not only this, but any first-class automobile chauffeur, after practise, could do the same. Wilbur has already trained pupils; and France has ordered fifty machines. Meanwhile he is ready to sell as many more to any rival nation. He is as guiltless of favoritism as Maxim was with his rapid-fire gun; and after Pau it is Rome, with other exhibitions to follow.

War in the air ceases to be a novelist's dream. The armies of Europe secretly, watchfully, apprehensively are adjusting themselves to a revolution in tactics. No one willingly reveals what it is doing, and every one seeks to know what the others are doing. If the Russians had had the services of our fellow citizen from Dayton on February 26, 1905, the Japanese cavalry could not have screened Nogi's advance on the left and Japan would have lost the battle of Mukden.

The success of this, as of every great battle, depended on turning the enemy out of his position by throwing overwhelming forces against one of the ends. The ancient principle of Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Grant, which Oyama practised, still holds, but its ancient adjunct is gone. Military secrecy becomes a myth. The only screen for an offensive general's strategic disposal of his forces is a thick fog hanging close to the ground.

Not even a regiment may take up the march or a battery of artillery take up its position unseen until all the enemy's aerodromes are put out of commission. Star shells will illumine the cover of the night. Security of information, spies, scouts, and cavalry patrols are relegated to the archaic world of chain mail.

The innovation is all for peace. It promises, in the event of a big European war, the stalemate of prolonged fighting on the frontier without either side gaining any



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Your acquaintance with the subject will point out to you in the *Detroit* fully fifty features for which you will search in vain in any other electric carriage.

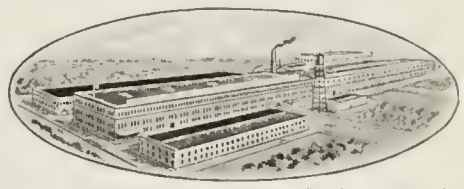
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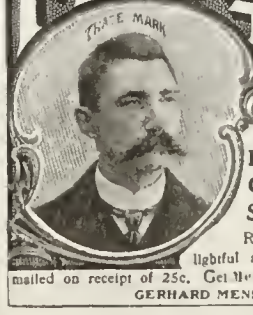
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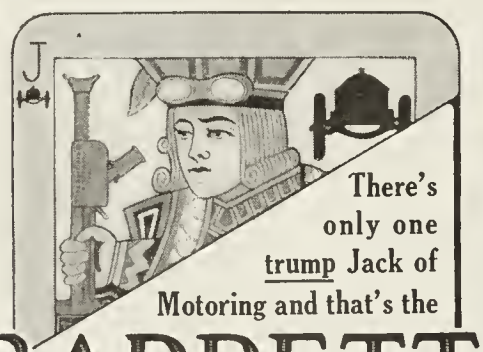
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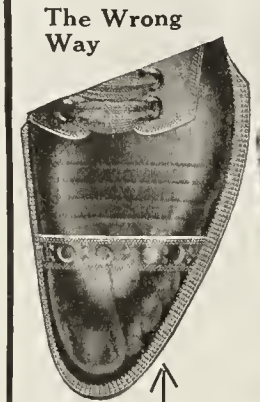
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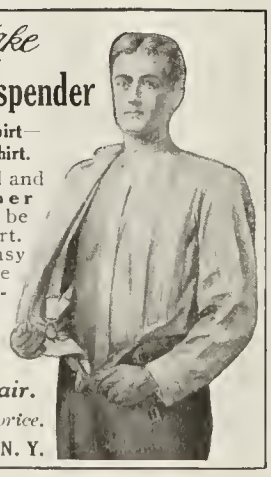
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decisive advantage or result except heavy slaughter. It requires a far greater majority of battalions for turning a position than ever before, because forces thrown by the offensive to one point or another will be discovered in time to be met. The French, who have led the world in artillery and in aerial navigation, with the gift of invention plus mobile columns, as they watch the growth of German population and solidarity, welcome, as the hero of their affections, any man who develops human skill at the expense of mass of numbers.

They have several dirigibles and the Germans one, on which Count Zeppelin spent his fortune before the Government came to his aid. It is now manned by German officers and soldiers, and armed. In recorded length of flight and in size it surpasses all others. The coming August maneuvers of the German army will see it playing a destined part, while high-angle guns recently finished by the Krupps will pursue it from the highways in mimic attack.

The dirigible might be called the artillery of the air and the aeroplane the light cavalry. The dirigible may carry guns, but for reconnaisance the aeroplane answers far better, with all the opportunities for development in its favor. At the side of the operator may sit the expert military observer sketching, and, if he pleases, he might drop a few sticks of dynamite in passing. One shot into the gas bag of a dirigible and it is out of commission. It is an enormous target, elephantine in its maneuvers.

A Wright flying machine in order to escape attack can shoot upward at a pretty sharp angle and be out of range in a few seconds. A shrapnel might explode fairly into the planes without disabling them or injuring the operator. As a target it is small and swift, difficult as a bird in flight to the sportsman with a rifle. An army may have aeroplanes by flotillas as the navy has torpedo boats, hoping that some will return from any flight. Though they may do little killing, they can see what the enemy is doing—and this one factor means in all the work of an army staff as radical a change as to eliminate the post-office from the functions of government by the substitution of thought transference.

France, always on the lookout for new sources of revenue, will hereafter tax all foreign balloons which light within her borders; and, moreover, the drivers must carefully explain their business. A German officer clinging to a tree among knotted guy-ropes will have the question shot at him: "Are you doing it for science or pleasure or on the Kaiser's service?"

✣ ✣ ✣

Vevie

(Continued from page 23)

books were women's looks," and the talk went on about less mournful things.

Van Dorn carried off the dinner with the ease and address of a diplomat. If it had not quite the careless ease of his knight-errantry on shipboard, it had an added charm in its more sophisticated exercise. Vevie felt his support now as she had felt it then, though without the same acute need of it. Her moral base and comfort was over there at Mrs. Caswell's side.

Toward the end of the dinner Yarrowdale, with rather heavy gallantry and a somewhat florid air, proposed the health of "the fair guest of the evening." The others drank it cordially. Vevie, smiling and flushed, flashed a grateful glance at the Briton who had cast a new pleasure her way, and wondered if she ought to stand up and make a speech. Before she quite realized what she was doing she was on her feet, raising her full glass as she had seen it done on the stage. For a moment she hesitated, while Mrs. Caswell and Van Dorn, regarding her, experienced an uncomfortable prickling of their scalps. Then an inspiration came to Vevie.

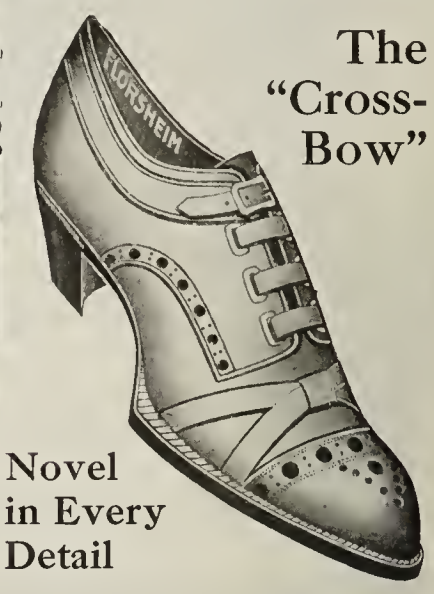
"I want you to drink the health of Mr. Van Dorn," she said. "Can you beat him? You can't. For there ain't another man as nice in the whole United States—except Bert Wagner!"

This time Vevie certainly had made a hit. The ice was broken. What ice, indeed, could have withstood Vevie's artless assaults? The health was drunk with enthusiasm, and Lord Yarrowdale was with difficulty restrained from also making a speech. Vevie, basking in the approval around her, would have remained at the table until cockcrow; but Mrs. Caswell, recognizing her toast as a felicitous climax, caught the eyes of her women friends and brought the dinner to a close. Left behind for a few moments with his men guests, Van Dorn looked from one to the other with his singularly winning smile.

"You are now able, my friends," he said

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THAT YOUR CLOTHES ARE *Made in NEW YORK* MEANS JUST THIS —

STYLES A FULL SEASON IN ADVANCE OF THOSE PURPORTING TO BE AUTHENTIC OUTSIDE THE CONCEDED FASHION CENTRE OF THE UNITED STATES

THIS LABEL

Alfred Benjamin & Co MAKERS NEW YORK

IS ONLY AFFIXED TO CLOTHES WHICH FAITHFULLY INTERPRET THE

CORRECT NEW YORK FASHIONS

"Benjamin Clothes"

COST NO MORE THAN LESS FASHIONABLE GARMENTS

THE BEST CLOTHIERS EVERYWHERE ARE NOW SHOWING THESE SPRING MODELS IN MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES

OUR MARK REPRODUCED ABOVE IS YOUR SAFEGUARD

LOOK FOR IT.

"Made in New York"

A PICTORIAL GUIDE OF NEW YORK FASHIONS IN RICH COLORS-SENT WITHOUT COST

WRITE FOR IT

ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO

436-438-440 LAFAYETTE ST

NEW YORK



Alfred Benjamin & Co MAKERS, NEW YORK



The Oil Stove with a CABINET TOP

Do your summer cooking on a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove and have a comfortable kitchen. Its principle of concentrated heat at the burners prevents the kitchen from overheating, so that the work can be done in comfort never before experienced.

The "New Perfection" is the oil stove of new principle and design. It is built like a modern steel range, being the *only* oil stove made with a CABINET TOP, including two drop shelves on which the coffee pot or teapot may be placed after removing from burner. Shelves fold back when not in use. Also two nickeled towel racks. The commodious top shelf of the cabinet provides a means for warming plates and keeping food warm after it is cooked. All this makes the

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

a stove of unusual convenience. It does anything and everything any other stove will do, regardless of fuel.

Whether for heating the wash boiler or cooking a large meal, the "New Perfection" is without equal. Ready at moment of lighting. Can be turned "high," "medium," "low" or "out" as required—another decided advantage over the coal or wood stove. Makes no dust or dirt. Makes the kitchen no longer a room to dread.



Made in three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.

The **Rayo LAMP** is everybody's lamp. Its beauty, safety, economy and brilliancy are not surpassed by any known system of artificial lighting. Because of its substantial construction and great simplicity it is especially adapted to all purposes of home illumination.

If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)



Copyright 1909

SOCIETY BRAND Clothes show a genius in style for Young Men never before equaled. Not cheap, but high-class. At all the better clothiers everywhere.

Permanent crease (patented) in all trousers
Made in Chicago by Alfred Decker & Cohn
Portfolio "B" free upon request

Four striking college posters for your "den" sent on receipt of 25c.

Society Brand



These U. S. Gov't Warehouses at Havana, Cuba, were covered with **Paroid Roofing** over TEN YEARS ago. There is a reason why **Paroid** is now the U. S. GOVERNMENT STANDARD. It is the most lasting, most economical ready roofing made. Easily applied, roofing kit in each roll. The U. S. Government has used in Cuba, Panama and Philippines carloads of

Paroid Roofing

and recently shipped ten carloads to Italy with supplies for earthquake sufferers. Send for **Paroid** proofs and samples. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write Department 244.

F. W. BIRD & SON, East Walpole, Mass. Est. 1817

Allen's Foot-Ease



"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain help for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

FREE Trial Package sent by mail

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N.Y.

A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY



Manufacture concrete building blocks and make money. Demand is practically unlimited. **Big profits** on small investment. Machines **$16.25** up. Artistic face designs, face down. Free catalog.

Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Centerville, Iowa

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

quietly, "to tell any and every inquirer just how Vevie is!"

When the farewells were being said Mr. Wagner bustled to Vevie's side to lend her his moral support. It was not needed.

"I ain't never had such an elegant time in my life," she remarked fervidly as she pressed Mrs. Caswell's hand. "You've been terrible nice to me. But I ain't surprised at that when I think whose sister you are."

She punctiliously shook hands with all the guests. Then she left the room with the faithful Mr. Wagner following in her wake, and the happy pair gave themselves up to reminiscences in the cab. What Bert had heard and said and thought at the dinner was told to Vevie. Vevie's impressions and reflections were confided to Bert. At the end she cuddled up to him adoringly.

"We can't never forget it, can we?" she asked.

"Not if we live to be a thousand," said Bert, emphatically. "Why, it must have cost him two or three hundred dollars, Vevie."

Vevie leaned against his shoulder with a sigh of deep content. Life could offer her nothing more. She was young, she was in love, and her lover was with her. Beyond the cab windows lay Paris, and all the brilliance and beauty and inspiration of a Paris night. She was in this wonderful city to work, and she had already discovered that she could do what was expected of her, and more.

She was aroused from her reverie by the voice of Bert in her ear. It held a new note of uncertainty.

"Say, Vevie," he asked slowly, "would you like me better if I was like Van Dorn?"

Vevie laughed. "You silly!" she cried. "How *could* I like you more'n I do? It ain't possible." Then she hesitated. "Just the same," she continued, "I guess you better be as much like him as you can. We shan't never see him again, I s'pose, you an' me, so we might forget him if you ain't enough like him to remind us sometimes. I shouldn't like to forget him," she added slowly, "and one thing's sure, anyway: I ain't never goin' to forget that there's his sort in the world!"

✣ ✣ ✣

The Chimera—Bellerophon Watching by the Fountain

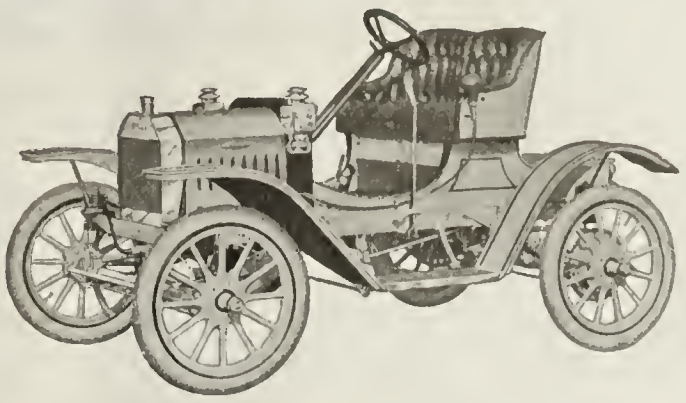
(Frontispiece by Maxfield Parrish)

HAWTHORNE *tells how, at sunset, Bellerophon drew near the Fountain of Pirene gushing from the hillside; he sought the famous winged horse Pegasus that had haunted the fountain in days gone by when the great-grandfathers had faith in the existence of such animals. Bellerophon had promised the King of Lycea that he would rid the province of the great monster Chimera or perish in the attempt, and he desired the aid of so wonderful a beast as Pegasus to save Lycea from being made a wasted desert. He met an old man, a middle-aged man, a boy, and a maiden at the cooling stream and told them his quest. The men mocked him, but the faith of the child and the maiden prevailed in Bellerophon's heart. The skeptical tales of manhood he met with the wonderful neighing that the maiden had heard near the stream, and with the assurance from the child that he had seen the image of a great white beast with wings as he searched the basin for pebbles. Bellerophon sat at the fountain waiting for Pegasus to appear; in his hand he held a golden bit that was fastened to a bridle ornamented with bright gems. His watch was a long one and filled with doubts that were daily dispersed by the faith and encouragement of the child. Fears assailed him for what might be accomplished by the dread Chimera while he kept watch by the fountain in far-off Greece. At last Pegasus appeared, coming from the clouds in a great white cloud himself, and touched the earth by the Fountain of Pirene as Bellerophon and the child hid themselves in the bushes. The wonderful animal drank at the fountain and then frisked about, making a dainty meal from the clover. As he approached Bellerophon's hiding-place, the young man jumped from the bushes and leaped upon the horse's back and was borne to the skies and then to earth again by the enraged animal. At an opportune moment Bellerophon slipped the golden bit between the horse's teeth and he became instantly subdued, acknowledging the rider as his master.*

PURITY ESSENTIAL

In no other form of food is Purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, as without richness, milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the embodiment of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal.—*Adv.*

The BRUSH RUNABOUT



$550

Completely Equipped as Shown in Illustration

No car in the world compares with the Brush Runabout in **low cost of maintenance**; nor in **simplicity, convenience, reliability** and **ease of riding.**

These aren't idle claims. They are facts we have proven during the many years we have been connected with the automobile business.

You may be surprised to know that there are almost 2000 Brush Runabouts in use in the United States, and eleven foreign countries.

Maybe you haven't even seen one of our cars. When 2000 are distributed over such a large territory, they can't be thick in every locality—

But we're running our factories 21 hours a day now and in a few months you will see the Brush everywhere. Watch for the little gray car with black stripes—and watch it deliver the goods every time.

Please understand this isn't a speed car—one of the mile-a-minute kind. It's not an imitation of a big automobile, with the complications left in and the strength left out.

It's a Runabout—a tried and proven automobile that you can buy for $550—

A car that will carry two passengers and baggage over any kind of roads (up Pike's Peak if you want to go)—one you can maintain for less than half what it costs to keep a horse and two-passenger vehicle.

If it were possible, we would like nothing better than the opportunity to take you through our factories and show you how the Brush is made. This, with a chance to demonstrate the performance of the car, would settle the question to our mutual satisfaction.

Since this isn't possible, we want to send you a book, which illustrates and describes everything but the performance of the car—our nearest dealer will do that.

No matter whether you want a car for business or pleasure or both, you will always find the Brush on the job. Its uses are legion. Let us show you what it will do for **you.**

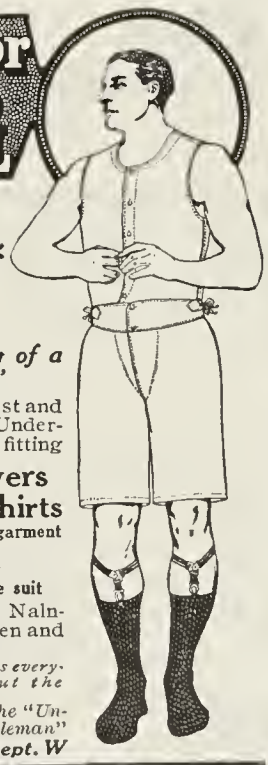
You know we can sell you exactly the same car on solid rubber tires for $500.

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO., 530 Baltimore Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

Established 1906. Members A. M. C. M. A.

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"The Underwear of a Gentleman"

Absolutely the finest and coolest Summer Underwear made; loose fitting

Knee Drawers
CoatUndershirts
$1.00 and more the garment

Pajamas
$1.50 and more the suit

Special Fabrics, Nainsook, Pongee, Linen and Silk.

Sold by the best shops everywhere throughout the country.

Style book about the "Underwear of a Gentleman" free on request to ***Dept. W***

GOTHAM UNDERWEAR CO.,
93-95 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK

FOR AUTOMOBILE TOPS

we make, but do not recommend, goods of the "cloth on both sides" variety because they cannot be made absolutely fast in color or readily cleaned. Accept only

GENUINE

Pantasote

LEATHER. It is fast, is easily cleaned and has two separate coatings of Pantasote waterproofing gum. Many makers advocate cheaper materials to increase their profits at your expense.

A postal will bring samples and booklet of advice.

The Pantasote Co., *1553 Bowling Green Building,* **New York**

Send for our free Boat Book

Do not think of buying a launch until you see our **Four Launch Bargains**



Only $121 for this complete 16 foot launch. 2½ H. P. guaranteed, self-starting engine. **$144** for 9½ mile per hour "Speedaway." **$153** for canopy topped "Winner." **$160** for Auto-topped 3 H.P. "Comfort." Special bargains in 18 ft., 22 ft. and 25 ft. launches. Engine result of 30 years' experience. Weedless wheel and rudder. Shipped immediately. Your money back if not as represented. Send postal for our handsome catalogue today—it's a gem.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE CO.
225 River St.
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LEARN TO SWIM
BY ONE TRIAL

Ayvad's Water-Wings



Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER

A person weighing from 50 to 250 lbs. can float on them without an effort. Inquire of any one who has used Ayvad's water-wings and be convinced you can learn to swim the first day you are in the water. For those who can swim they furnish a source of amusement nothing can equal. Easily adjusted. Take no more room than a pocket handkerchief. Sold by Dry-goods, Sporting-goods, Druggists, Hardware dealers, etc. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. B.

AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J.
8 Long Lane, Aldersgate St., London, E. C.

NOTE—Educational Dept. London County Council classified Water-Wings with books, etc., as necessary school supply.

Bright Young Men wanted to act as **Agents.** Liberal inducements offered. Send for particulars.

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This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.

O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

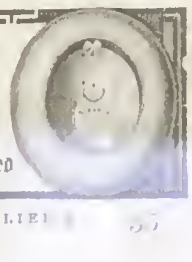


FISHING GUIDE, a reference book for the lovers of the Sport, **Free**



provided you send name of *your* Hatter.

BLUM & KOCH
86 Fifth Avenue
New York



Among Correct Dressers **Blum & Koch Straw Hats** are most favored

"The Straw Without a Flaw"



What a surprise it would be—
To find a great tailoring establishment right at your gate.

Yet—the Great Western System is there—no matter where you live.

It offers you **good clothes**—made to your exact measure. Better than any local tailor makes—for less money.

Good clothes mean—Fabric, Style, Workmanship and Fit—the best of each.

But fabric, style and workmanship are useless details without fit—for **Fit** is the greatest essential of **good clothes.**

The Great Western System of Measurement is founded on a law older than clothes themselves. This is it:

Nature makes no duplicates.

You have certain lengths, breadths, girths, hollows, bulges, curves and angles which **no other** human being has.

So if your clothes really **fit** you, they will fit **no other** man.

Great Western System Clothes fit **only** you because they are cut to **your exact** measure, and **your exact** outline.

We Make Suits From $18 to $40

Our dealer in your town has 400 samples. Choose a fabric. Let him measure you by our exact system for the best fitting suit you ever wore. If you don't know him, ask us. Handsome style plates will be sent free.

Your Local Tailor Charges You $15 or $20 More

We guarantee the Fabric—the Workmanship—and the Fit. If you are not satisfied, you get your money back. Our dealers are instructed to do this.

GREAT WESTERN TAILORING CO.
Great Western Bldg. Chicago, Ill.



Break the Endless Chain of Tire Adjustments

WHEN you get only the guaranteed mileage out of a tire, you pay the *very top price* for tire service; when you get less mileage you pay the very top price, *plus* the vexation of tire troubles and adjustments under the guarantee.

IF, through continuous tire failure and the operation of the endless replacement chain, you find yourself tied to one make of tires—*regularly paying the guaranteed top price*—it's time for you to ignore the guarantee, break the chain and change to the superior service and economy of

"Firestone" TIRES

The mileage due on your tire failure will be more than made up by Firestone *super*-service. Even with our policy of utmost fairness in guarantee matters, we are called upon for a *less* percentage of replacements than *any other* tire manufacturer. So much superior is the service of Firestone tires.

Firestone tires will never be made to compete in *price* with popular-priced tires; popular-priced tires will never be made to compete in *service* and *economy* with Firestone tires.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Branches and Agencies Almost Everywhere
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"Largest Exclusive Tire Makers in America"



In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

GRAFT AXIOMS

THERE is more graft in buying and selling than is dreamed of in our philosophy." This is the verdict of men who are familiar with current methods in the purchase of supplies, equipments, and made-to-order purchases between business houses. Certain observations are tending to become axiomatic among those who are trying to stamp out petty graft in common business relations.

The buyer, the seller, and the grafter, all lose by the process—nobody wins.

The honest buyer suffers by having to pay prices which are large enough to cover the graft paid to others.

An incentive is given to graft where purchasing is scattered through every department of a business house.

For a business house not to have an authorized channel for trade purchases is to foster possible misdealing and increase expense.

To admit salesmen to free converse with others than an authorized purchaser is to invite disorder.

It is seldom wise to trust a man who has once tried to bribe you. The fact that you transact business with him at all may cause him to insinuate that you are with him on the same terms as others. If you want his goods, ask his house to send another man.

A buyer is quickly classified as straight or crooked, and salesmen in allied trades freely exchange the information the grafting buyer thinks is confidential.

Many a manufacturer loses valuable business by allowing crude salesmen to insult possible buyers by offering cigars, drinks, etc., while negotiating.

No self-respecting buyer will allow himself to be bought for a cigar, and no honorable salesman will affront a man with such a petty attempt to influence him.

About one man in a thousand is a born trader. To have the buying done miscellaneously by a man who isn't a trader is to pay a great deal more in a year.

A buyer who sees only price, and is impervious to the claims of quality, service, and durability, is an expensive man.

The value of a reasonable equilibrium of competition among sellers can hardly be overestimated.

Accessible records with occasional checking up by a disinterested department prevents laxity and affords no reflection on the man who has nothing to hide.

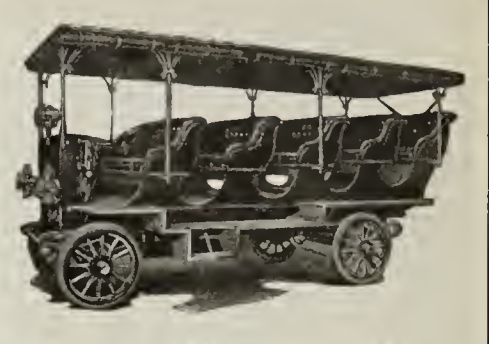
The man who uses the goods is seldom the man who can drive the best bargain—especially if "the house" is paying the bill.

If it be true that manufacturers and their representatives are usually the first to propose a graft, it is also true that most of them would gladly omit it if they were sure of fair treatment without it.

THE PUBLIC MEAL

TO BE able to get a public meal that is without a flaw—a meal that is beyond criticism—is a practical impossibility. No matter how elaborate the menu, nor how competent the chef, nor how sumptuous the appointments, there is almost always something that mars the harmony of the whole. It may be the waiter who has neglected to provide you with a fork and has gone beyond your reach for fifteen minutes. It may be the soup that is served with a tablespoon. It may be the delay of a dish that should have been served as an accompaniment. It may be the unnecessary quantity that takes away the appetite. There are scores of things that might go wrong, and one or more is almost sure to do so.

The two greatest faults are lack of common sense in the detail of cooking and lack of refinement in the details that are left to the waiter. The most conspicuous fault in the cooking is the lack of the home touch—a condition perhaps due to the innate inability of men cooks to do a work that is essentially feminine, and the fact that most men cooks learn the business from other men cooks, and, like a deficit that accumulates the longer it runs, the faults rather than the virtues



YOU Can Make Big Money with Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars

These cars earn $100 to $500 per week for their owners and you can earn more money with a Rapid Pullman Sight Seeing Car every day in the year, than you can in any ordinary position, trade or small mercantile business, requiring an equal amount of capital. Some owners of Rapid cars have earned as high as $700 in one week. Look into this profitable business. Get our book "The Rapid Way of Making Money." It is free to those who are truly interested.



For Interurban Service. Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars are now filling a long felt want in the interurban passenger and freight business. Cars like the above carry nine passengers and about 1400 pounds of freight. This is a very profitable vocation. Requires no experience and is a clean cash-in-hand every-trip business. As feeders to steam and electric railways, Rapid Combination cars are coming into great prominence and favor as factors of no mean importance in solving vexatious traffic problems.



For Stage Line Service. The above car is one style of Rapid Passenger Traffic Car which has met with great success in transporting passengers between small towns, country clubs, hotels and depots. It is beautiful in design, handsome in appearance, and luxurious to a degree unknown to any but owners of Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars. Summer resort owners are respectfully asked to write us about this car.



For Hotel Service. Here is a Rapid Passenger Traffic Car that meets the most exacting and discriminating demands of the best class of hotel patrons. It is beautiful in design, comfortable and luxurious. No up-to-date hotel can afford to offer its patrons anything but the best, which is found in Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars of the above design. Can be used for transporting guests from depots or for opera use as well as other lines of service too numerous to mention here.

Attention Tourists

Rapid

When you travel this year look for this name plate on the front of the sight seeing car in which you ride. The name RAPID is an assurance that you will see the sights aright; that you will enjoy a comfortable, pleasant trip and that you will be charged only a reasonable fare for high class service. Look up the man with a Rapid Sight Seeing Car. "You don't miss the return train when you ride in a Rapid."

Rapid Motor Vehicle Co.
505 Rapid Street
Pontiac, Michigan, U. S. A.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Trust the Truss

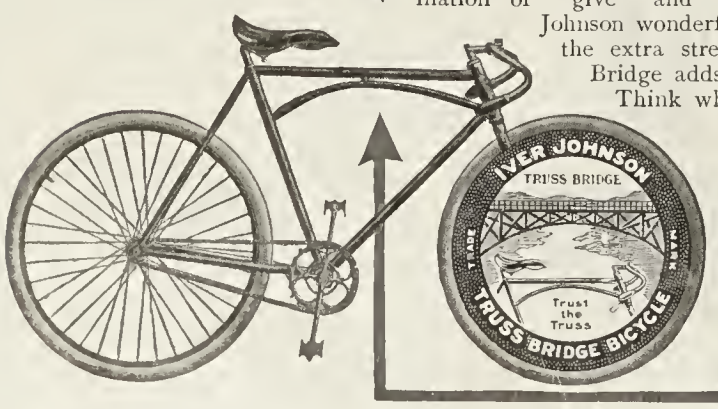
IVER JOHNSON
TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLE

Today, there are a score or more different makes of bicycles.

Yet the Iver Johnson is in a class by itself.

The others are all about alike except in name plates.

One of the distinctive features of the Iver Johnson is the Truss Bridge—the same principle employed in bridge construction. This holds the frame absolutely rigid—all parts in perfect alignment. This elimination of "give" and "play" makes the Iver Johnson wonderfully easy-running. Then, the extra strength given by the Truss Bridge adds immensely to the safety. Think what that means to you.



SEND FOR CATALOG

giving illustrations and descriptions of all models and name of your dealer.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ["Hammer the Hammer"] and Single Barrel Shotguns.

"MODERN HOMES"



200 PLANS
only **25¢** silver and 14c postage

OUR big book of plans with latest and best designs costing $800 to $20,000. Sent for 25 cents and 14 cents for postage.

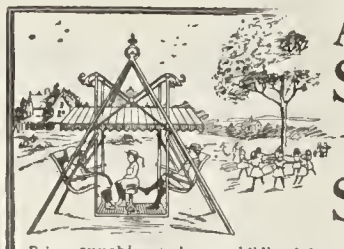
"California Bungalows"

The book of the real bungalow. A new book of strictly western bungalows of moderate cost. Sent for 25 cents and 5 cents postage.

Cottages and Bungalows 68 plans of low cost houses $300 to $9000. Price 25 cents and 5 cents for postage.

Send for "Art in Architecture" $1.00 per Year
(The Best Home Magazine Published)

J. H. DAVERMAN & SON, Architects
1709 Porter Block. Est. 1882. Grand Rapids, Mich.



A SWING OF STEEL SPRINGS

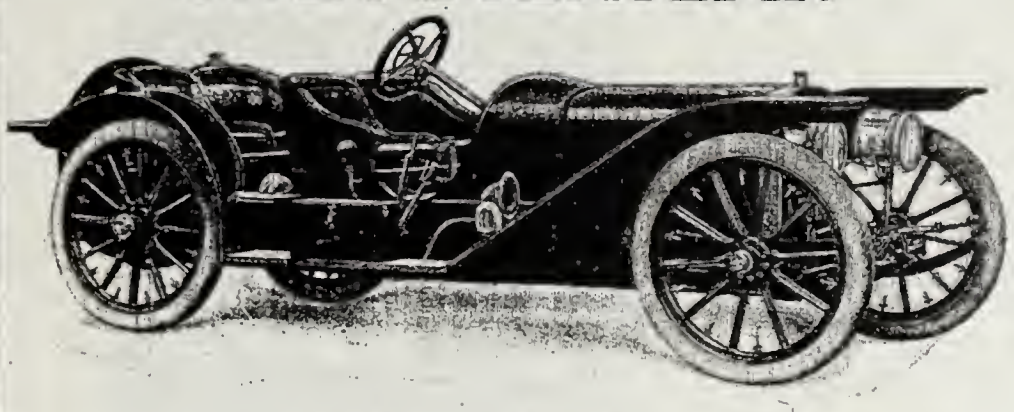
Brings **sunshine** to happy childhood days. Clean, healthful joy that will recall pleasant memories. A little **third seat** for baby—also makes a fine foot rest. End seats with spring backs for adults. Has a gliding motion that ends gradually. No jerks or jolts.

$9.00 ROOM FOR (9) NINE, entire family. Richly colored canopy. A SWING play-house. Absolutely no noise—easy, springing motion. Don't waste money on wood swing. **to $10.75**

First at wholesale. WRITE TO-DAY. Collier's sold a great many last year—half as many year before—shows pleased buyers. DON'T take our word that it is so much more attractive, dainty and trim. BUY ONE on money back plan, and if not satisfied we will make good.

(9 Col. St.) D. H. Bausman, Bausman (Lancaster Co.), Pa.

THE AMERICAN



The American Traveler—Underslung Frame; 40-inch wheels;
4 cyl., 50-60 H. P. motor $4,000

The Car with Dash and Individuality

Expect much of the American but be prepared to find in the car realization of each and every one of your highest hopes.

Because the American is an exceptional car — exceptional in mechanical and body design; exceptional in material and workmanship; exceptional in actual service—performance.

Individuality is stamped in every line.

ake the wonderful Traveler, for instance—with its underslung frame and its 40-inch wheels.

e underslung frame is the development of a marvelous idea.

ou will find in the American Traveler a magnificent responsiveness and pliancy, the like of which you have never experienced in any other car—due to the underslung frame.

This underslung frame further gives an absolute straight-line drive—practically eliminating friction and permitting the engine to deliver every ounce of its tremendous power to the rear wheels; Immunity from skid and the perilous rear-lash in rounding curves at speed; Spring action the reverse of ordinary—upward instead of downward recoil, minimizing shock and jolt, and tire wear.

Arrange for a demonstration. Learn at first hand the tremendous power generated by the American; its wonderful capacity for picking up speed instantaneously; the 60 to 80 mile speed available.

Write for the catalogue illustrating in color the Traveler and six other American models—each as uniquely individual in appearance, as superbly superior in operation—as the Traveler itself.

AMERICAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Dept. M, Indianapolis, Ind.
Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.
"No Noise but the Wind"



A Gillette Safety Razor

That Fits in Your Waistcoat Pocket

A GREAT welcome has been given our New Pocket Edition — men everywhere are talking about it—thousands of them are buying it.

Live dealers everywhere are showing it.

The man who does not use the GILLETTE probably has no conception of its tremendous vogue or the enthusiasm of its users.

If you were to put down the names of the fifty leading Americans in public and private life the majority of them would be GILLETTE users.

It is the policy of the GILLETTE Company never to use testimonials, nor to print the names of its customers. Yet they could arrange a list of GILLETTE patrons that would read like "Who's Who in America"—beside some world-famous names and a few crowned heads in other countries.

We mention these facts merely to show that it is not economy alone, but convenience, that counts most with the men who use the GILLETTE. They respect it as a remarkable invention. It meets a world-old necessity in a new and better way.

The pocket-case is made in gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. Handle and blade box each triple silver-plated or 14 K. gold-plated—*the blades are fine*. Prices, $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush — a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

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63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING



A Dainty Enameled Bedroom

WHAT could be prettier or more inviting than a dainty bedroom with walls, furniture and woodwork all enameled in white or some delicate tint to harmonize nicely with draperies and furnishings?

ACME QUALITY
ENAMEL (Neal's)

gives that smooth, beautiful, genuine enamel surface so sanitary and easy to keep bright and attractive. Anyone can apply it by following the simple directions on the can.

ACME QUALITY VARNISH—Gives a durable, lustrous finish to door frames, window-sills, scuffed stairs, etc. Inexpensive and easily applied.

ACME QUALITY NEW LIFE—Cleans, polishes, and renews the finish of all kinds of wood, metal and polished surfaces.

ACME QUALITY FLOOR WAX—Ready for use. Gives a handsome, lustrous, satin-like surface easily cared for and very durable. Equally adapted for the wax finish so popular for furniture and woodwork.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an ACME QUALITY Kind to fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes tells you just what paint, enamel, stain or varnish to buy for any kind of work *and the best way to apply it.* Everyone should keep a copy handy. Gives you just the information you want, *when you want it.* Write for a complimentary copy.

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IN DETROIT-Life is Worth Living



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a **"RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid** to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1909 Ranger Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offers we will give on the first 1909 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS: you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

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TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalog* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

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SHOE POLISH

The only perfect waterproof leather food polish. Doubles the life of leather.

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At All Dealers

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Atterbury System Coat Drape



The fullness falling from the shoulder adds grace and beauty and assures greater comfort. This is but one of the many Atterbury System superiorities. There is an Atterbury System Clothier in nearly every town.

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A Gillette Safety Razor

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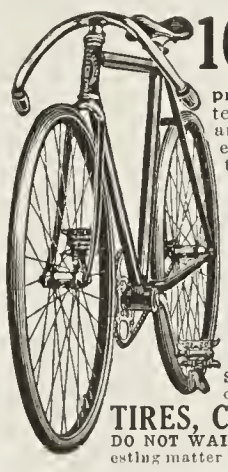
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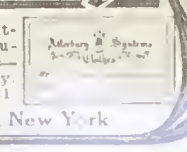
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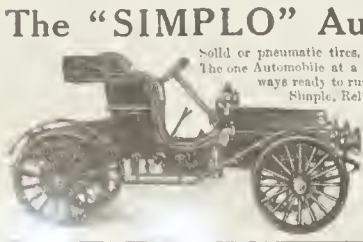
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tend to express themselves. Nothing shor of feminine domination of policy and d tail can ever turn back the wrong te dencies of masculine crudity in cookin And as for the detail of serving a me without offensive omissions and comm sions on the part of the waiter, nothi short of strict and exacting supervisi on the part of some one who really ca can free the public-meal service fr those touches of crudity which in greater or lesser degree offend every fined person who must take occasi meals in public places.

In many lines of industry the purv to the public sets the standard. The lic needs to be educated up to the improvement. But the reverse is t regard to the table service in hotel taurants, and clubs. The table needs to be brought up to the sta of the average refined person who izes them. This statement will do be disputed by those who think th pense can take the place of refin But it can not be disputed by thos know that good taste is one thin showy pretense quite another.

SALARY SECRECY

THERE is a fundamental reaso employees should be required t to themselves the information as amount of salary they receive. Whe ployees talk over such matters with other it is very difficult for an employ be fair, and reward individuals acco to merit. One well-deserved "raise" means, not merely an increase in the s expense account, but a clamor for sin recognition from twenty or more other ployees whose claims are based on the formation that one of their number "just got a raise." It is not merely the interests of the house, but of ployees as well, that many employers quire that the financial arrangements w employees be treated as confidential, consider a breach of such confidence as occasion for censure if not dismissal. usual alternative for such an arrangem is that of limiting the positions to a c tain sum—a system that has all the fau in the calendar. Another alternative, wi much to recommend it, is the custom ranking employees as first, second, a third assistants, and so on, even whe such ranking must be largely hypothetica Both of these methods, however, are le desirable for employer and employee than the plan of confidential arrangement wi h the individual, based on individual merit, and without regard to those doing similar work. This observation, of course, applies chiefly to such work as can not be reduced to definite figures and where quantity alone counts.

OFFICIAL MEDIOCRITY

THERE is a great deal of mediocrity in high places. A colored print in a sumptuous gold-leaf frame, with a shaded electric-light over it, may look like an original by a great artist—but it isn't. Men get into positions that are away beyond their attainments, or the practicability of their growing up to them, and hold them for a while. Our ideas of merit and reward get seriously warped if we fail to recognize that the tenure of inefficiency is temporary, and that in the long run it is only worth that counts. Many a man's faith in a "pull," instead of in the principle that merit wins and holds its winnings, can be traced to the superficial observation of some one whose "pull" put him in a place he could never have attained by open competition, and which he at length fails to retain for the same reason. Thinking that life is unjust because such things are often conspicuous in it, a man loses greatly from his own force, turns his efforts in wrong directions, and makes himself unhappy, if not a failure, when a little sober reflection, and a little foresight, would give him an assurance of his security through actual merit that nothing could take away.

TOUCH-BUTTONS

A granite pillar loses no strength by being polished.

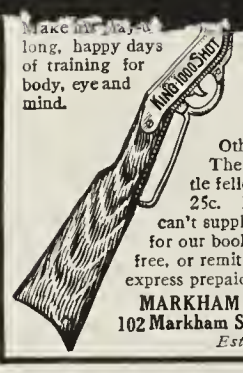
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Originality usually begins back of popular precedents.

Make his days long, happy days of training for body, eye and mind.



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Hammerless, magazine repeater, lever action, automatic loader. *No powder—no danger.* Price $2.00 Other "Kings," $1.00 to $1.75. The King Pop Gun, for the little fellows, handsomest t y made, 25c. If a dealer in your town can't supply you with a *King*, write for our book, "Giving Boys a Chance," free, or remit price for gun to be sent, express prepaid.

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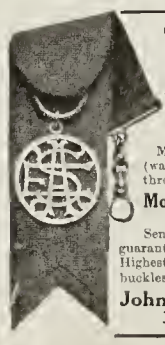
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tend to express themselves. Nothing short of feminine domination of policy and detail can ever turn back the wrong tendencies of masculine crudity in cooking. And as for the detail of serving a meal without offensive omissions and commissions on the part of the waiter, nothing short of strict and exacting supervision on the part of some one who really cares can free the public-meal service from those touches of crudity which in a greater or lesser degree offend every refined person who must take occasional meals in public places.

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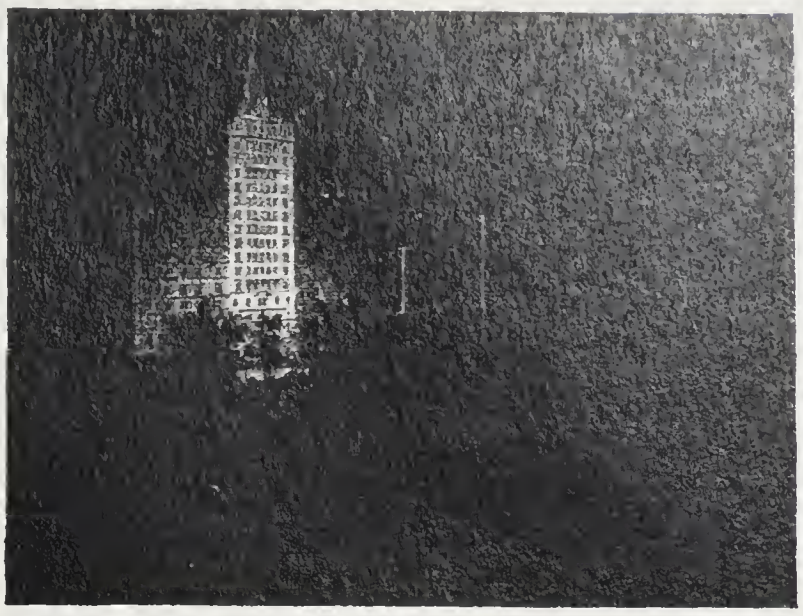
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Open back—drop in Premo Film Pack—close back and the camera is loaded in daylight.

Easiest to Operate

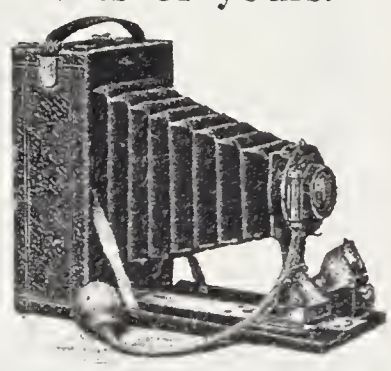
Pull out a black paper—press the bulb and the exposure is made.

Every Convenience

Films may be developed by tray or tank method. One or more may be removed at any time.

Excellent Results

Automatic shutters, R. R. Lenses; Film from the famous Eastman N. C. stock.



Film Premo No. 1 made in four sizes—3¼x4¼, $10.00; 4x5, $12.50; 3¼x5½, $12.50; 5x7, $20.00.

Over fifty styles and sizes of Premos at prices from $2.00 to $200.00.

Complete catalogue at the dealer's or mailed free on request.

Important. In writing, please be sure to specify Premo catalogue.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION

50 South Street — Eastman Kodak Co. — ROCHESTER, N. Y.



The "Dolorie" Fob

Monogram Pats. Allowed. Others Pending

ANY TWO OR THREE LETTER MONOGRAM

At One-Third to One-Fifth the Price Charged by Other Manufacturers

Monogram and mountings heavily gold-plated, 18-K. (warranted) and polished. Double grosgrain ribbon throughout of finest Italian pure silk.

Monogram and Fob Complete 1 3-3 ins. wide, 6 1-4 ins. long. **Only $1.00**

Sent prepaid the day order is received. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Reliable Agents wanted. Highest references required. Catalog "F" showing belt buckles and bag monograms sent free. *Write for it to-day.*

John L. Des Lauries, Manufacturing Jeweler
152 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WATCH IT WOBBLE

No artificial bait ever invented so quickly attracts bass, pickerel and all game fish as our

Famous Glittering

Pearl Wobbler Spoon

which in the water has an eccentric wobbling motion much more effective than spinning, and in combination with the beautiful colors of the pearl attracts and catches fish where everything else fails.



25c

C. Doering & Co., 565 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Collier's

The National Weekly



THE NEW WORLD OF TRADE

The First of a Series of Articles on the ***ART*** *of*

Advertising

by

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

May **22** 1909

Vol. XLIII No. 9.

New York

P. F. COLLIER & SON

Publishers



PERFECT CLEANLINESS

is easily maintained in a

BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

(GENUINE PORCELAIN LINED)

¶ No pipes and tubes to clog and become breeding spots for countless germs—no hidden parts difficult to reach.

¶ Every part in sight and easily accessible.

¶ The Bohn Syphon System produces an enforced, vigorous circulation of air in the refrigerator. This condenses all impurity-laden moisture on the ice, which then drains off. It dries the air and produces a temperature 10° colder than in any other refrigerator and thus insures the perfect preservation of the food.

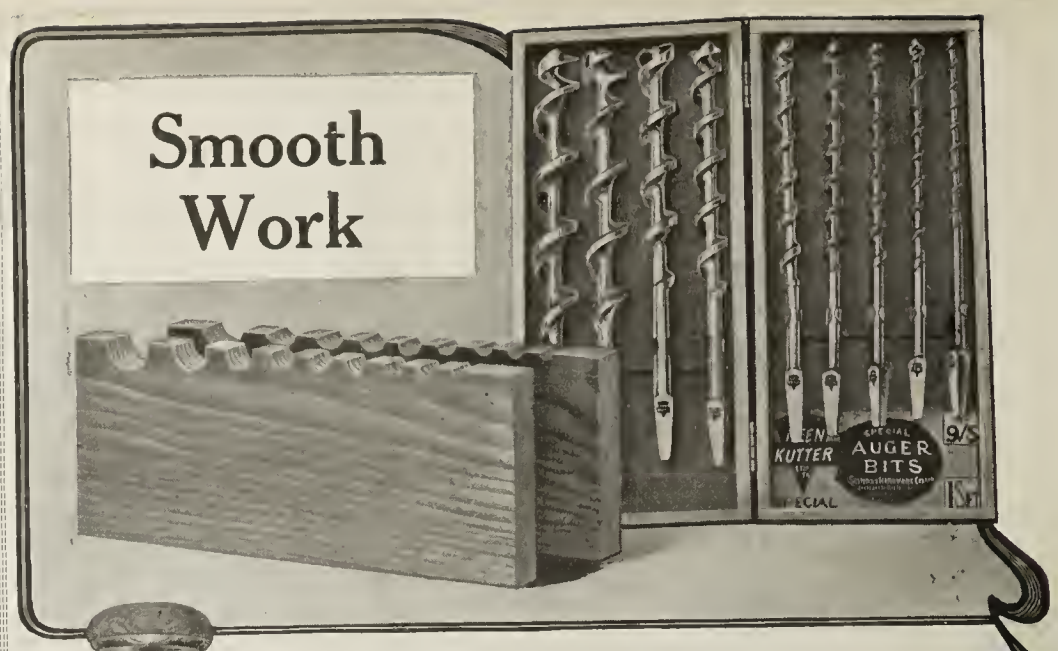
¶ *Adopted by the Pullman Company and all American Railroads as standard.*

¶ *Send for "Cold Storage in the Home." Free.*



WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

Main Office and Works:
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
New York Office and
Salesroom:
59 W. 42nd St.



All cutting tools leave in their work the marks of their worth. Bore a hole with an auger bit, for instance. If it chips the wood just as it comes through the board, or, if the sides of the boring are rough, the auger bit is poorly ground and probably incorrectly shaped. Clean cuts can only be made with good tools.

KEEN KUTTER

TOOLS and CUTLERY

show their superiority in the appearance and accuracy of their work. Cuts are smooth, clean and true—no chipping at the edges—no scraping or gouging—no splitting—no unevenness.

In buying tools or cutlery, order by the name Keen Kutter and all chance or doubt is removed.

The trademark is your guide in buying and your guarantee of perfection or money refunded.

The name Keen Kutter covers Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Ice-picks, Lawn-mowers. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives and Table Cutlery.

Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery have been sold for nearly 40 years under this motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."—E. C. Simmons.
Trademark Registered.

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



In Sight of Mt. Rainier

The charm of the big fair at Seattle is partly due to its fascinating scenic surroundings. From the "Court of Honor" you can see the majestic snow-capped peak of Mount Rainier—80 miles away, but sharply outlined against the clear blue sky of the Pacific Coast Country. On your vacation trip visit the

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Seattle, June 1 to October 16

If you care for mountain scenery go via *Great Northern Railway*. Cross the rugged Rockies in Montana; take the daylight ride through the Cascade Range, Washington, whose lofty summit is pierced by Cascade Tunnel, through which the trains are hauled by big electric locomotives.

Two Daily Trains { The Oriental Limited / The Fast Mail } Built for Comfort

Compartment-Observation Car, Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Coaches, Every day St. Paul and Minneapolis to Spokane and Seattle.

Send for illustrated booklet "To the Scenic Northwest"

A. L. CRAIG
General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Rose Festival, Portland, Ore.
June 7th to 12th, 1909

National Irrigation Congress
Spokane, Wash.
Aug. 9th to 14th, 1909

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Idle Hour Picture Puzzles

Stand for PERFECTION in PUZZLE-MAKING



The Sleeping Beauty

P. F. Collier & Son announce the publication of a line of Picture Puzzles including such famous pictures as Maxfield Parrish's **Old King Cole** and Arabian Nights series; Frederic Remington's Paintings of the Far West, and Jessie Willcox Smith's Modern Fairy Tales.

All subjects have been selected for their extreme brilliancy of color and their special adaptation to puzzle-making.

Scroll Cut Animal Pieces

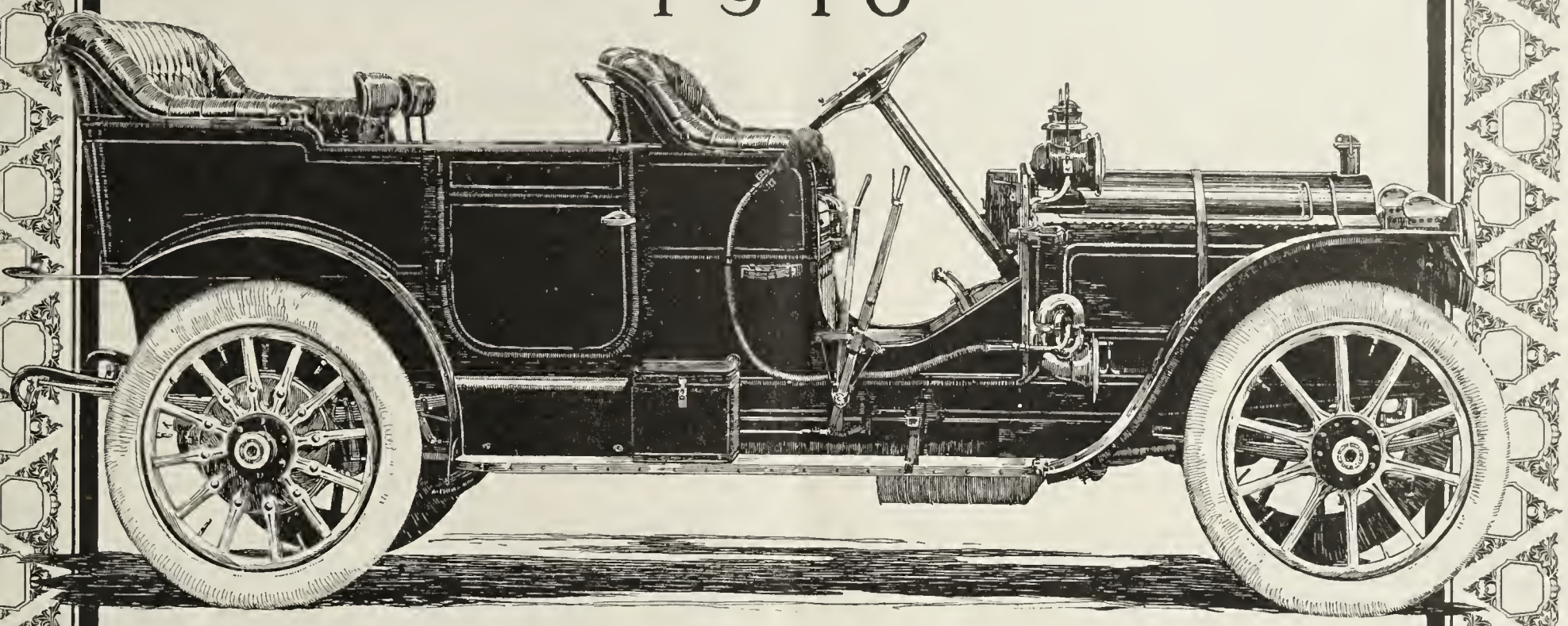
Every Collier puzzle will contain pieces cut in the shape of animals and various unique devices which add human interest as well as intricacy to the working of the puzzle. The number of animals and devices will vary according to the size of the puzzle, but every puzzle bearing the Collier imprint **will contain not less than four such devices.**

Particular attention has been given to the Collier puzzle box and it will be recognized everywhere for its appearance of quality. The box is of a rich blue color, square in shape (no matter what the size) and of a uniform depth. Puzzles may be had from 75 cents to $12.00.

If your dealer can not supply you with "Idle Hour" Picture Puzzles send direct to us for Catalogue of 60 different subjects, sizes and prices.

PRINT AND CALENDAR DEPT.
P. F. COLLIER & SON, 416 W. 13th Street, NEW YORK

Packard
MOTOR CARS
1910



THE PACKARD "THIRTY" TOURING CAR

HERE is the climax of twelve years of consistent progress in the manufacture of motor cars of the highest type

Packard "Thirty"

Touring Car	Runabout
Limousine	Close-Coupled
Landaulet	Phaeton

Packard "Eighteen"
Town Car

Open Car	Runabout
Limousine	Landaulet

Complete information from any Packard dealer, or, write for catalog

Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

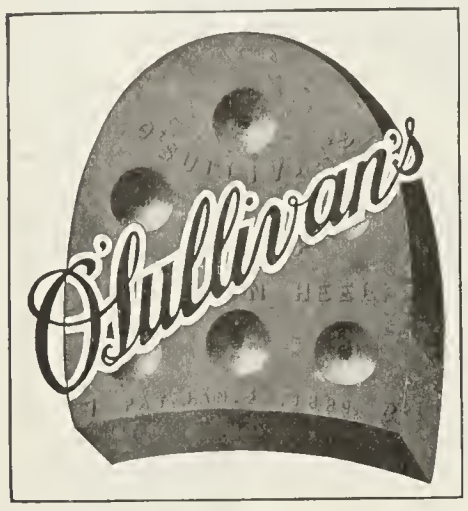
ONCE upon a time a Man stood before his Desk and thought deeply. Neath his feet a kindly "Boss" had placed a Rubber Mat, for you see the Man was a Good Workman laboring from early morn 'til late. A Wise Boss knows that long hours and press vibrations cause a nervous strain that even a Good Workman cannot stand—Hence the Rubber Mat. But the Workman realized that he did not stand on the Mat all day, that he moved about a great deal—so the Rubber was of little worth in one spot. Ruminating thusly, he conceived the Idea, could he but take with him the Rubber Mat on his short journeys about the room, all would be well. But how to do it?

The Elimination of Microbes by the Use of Live Rubber

When the Idea Germ enters Brain Cells of a Real Thinker, usually stray threads of thought are soon knitted into a Spider's Web of Results. Next morning the Man appeared bright and early in his old accustomed place, but the Rubber Mat was not there! Yet the Man moving about noiselessly, beamed his complete satisfaction, causing much speculation among his fellows. Prevailed upon to tell his secret, he showed upon the Heels of his shoes, two well formed pieces of Rubber, cut from the absent Mat. These were the first Rubber Heels—and Mr. Humphrey O'Sullivan had solved his problem! Back in the days when Humanity walked the green Earth barefoot, there was no need for Rubber Heels. But in this Era of Cement, Iron, Glass, Hardwood floors and Macadam Roads, the Human Frame is laboring under a Great Disadvantage.

It is Sin against Humanity to slight one's Body. Your responsibility does not end with yourself, Posterity demands that you help preserve the Race.

Every bit of Delicate Machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball-bearings, shock absorbers, rubber tires and such like to lessen wear and tear, yet Man—the Inventor of things—places a bit of hard leather beneath his Heel and stamps his way along asphalt walks with never a thought for his own well-balanced Self. Be consistent! If you put a Shock-absorber on your Automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body.



O'Sullivan's
New, Live Rubber Heels

The man that founded the Rubber Heel Business has been in the Shoe Trade since '77 and is one of the few men in this Country that understands the fitting of feet. He wrote about it in a book which will be sent upon request for a two cent stamp.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.

On Trips or at Picnics This Basket Keeps Food and Drink Cool-Fresh-Delicious



With a Hawkeye you are assured a better lunch than you ever tasted from old style baskets. This basket is also useful for small families instead of an ice chest. Invaluable for the sick room and for travelers. Sportsmen can carry home their catch in empty basket and keep the fish fresh. Valuable in many ways.

The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

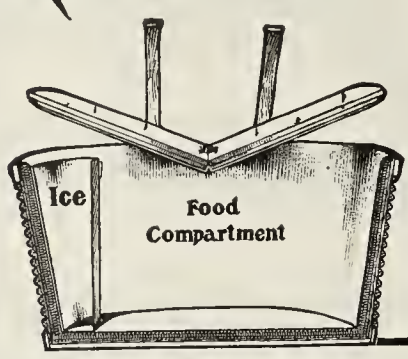
keeps the food dainty, moist and cool and enables you to have ice cold drinks. A small piece of ice in the compartment provided for it, lasts 24 hours and keeps temperature in basket down to 58°.

It's like a refrigerator. Inside is white enamel, then layers of asbestos and heavy felt—best non-conductors of heat. A felt piping runs around the edge to keep air out. Outside is of imported rattan, strong enough to last a lifetime.

Here is a Cross Section

Note the scientific construction—no heat, dust, air nor insects can penetrate.

Hawkeye Refrigerator Baskets come in several sizes, from the small hand basket to the medium sized De Luxe or the large sizes for automobiles.



Recipe Book Free

Write for prices and recipe book containing new lunch recipes. If your dealer does not carry the Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket, we will supply you direct. 30 days' free trial.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
200 Main Street **Burlington, Iowa**



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TWO STRIKES AND THE BASES FULL

The greatest baseball pictures ever published $.25 each

"Two Strikes and the Bases Full" and "Fanned Out!" are the greatest baseball pictures ever drawn. The den of a baseball enthusiast is not complete without these prints. They are beautifully made with a richly tinted background and are printed on the finest grade of water-color sketching bristol (plate-marked), giving a particularly dainty and artistic effect. All ready for framing, or can be used without a frame. They are 18 x 14 inches in size and sell at 25 cents each, or 50 cents for the two, express prepaid. Also published in size 28 x 22 inches at $1.00 each.

ORDER FROM ANY RELIABLE ART DEALER IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA

Or, we will furnish on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Print Dept.
P. F. COLLIER & SON
412 West Thirteenth Street
New York

Send for handsome catalogue containing nearly 175 reproductions in half-tone and line engraving — exact reproductions in black and white of original drawings that have appeared in Collier's. Price 15 cents.



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FANNED OUT!

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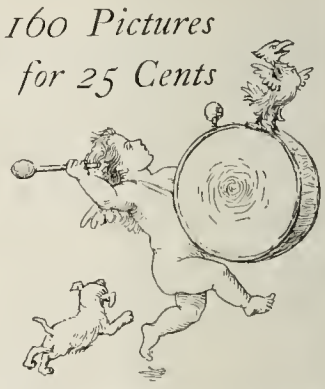


HER CHOICE

"Smile, if you will,
But some heart-strings
Are closest linked
With simplest things."

India Print, 22 *by* 18 *in.* $2.00

160 Pictures for 25 Cents



Beautify your home with cheerful things. On receipt of twenty-five cents we will send you our little book of *LIFE'S PRINTS* containing 160 reproductions of these most artistic and pleasure-giving pictures.

With it you will also receive the supplement of 47 additional pictures.

Copyright 1907 by Life Pub. Co.



THEIR FIRST BREAKFAST
Photogravure, 13½ *by* 16 *in.* 50 *cents*

Copyright 1906 by Life Pub. Co.



"OOH!"
Photogravure, 13½ *by* 16 *in.* 50 *cents*

The prints described, whose prices are given, are *PHOTO GRAVURES* of the highest possible quality and finish. Neither care nor expense has been spared to attain the very best artistic results.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.
23 West 31st Street, New York

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

BALTIMORE, MD.

* **The Rennert** E. $1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

BOSTON, MASS.

** **United States Hotel** Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. $3. E.P. $1 up. In center of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.

** **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

*** **Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

** **Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, $1.50 and up. With bath, $2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

PITTSBURG, PA.

** **Hotel Henry** 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan $1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mngr.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

** **Powers Hotel** recently remodeled and refurnished. A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary ventilation; Rathskeller. European plan.

HEALTH RESORTS

WALTER PARK, PA.

The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York. 94 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

* **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

TOURS

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York

"SEE AMERICA FIRST" Send for circular "Rates and Routes" to the Pacific Coast, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, California, Colorado, Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon of Arizona, etc., etc., to MARSTERS TOURS
31 W. 30th St., NEW YORK—298 Washington St., BOSTON

New Zealand and Australia New Service via Tahiti. Delightful South Sea Tours for rest, health and pleasure. S. S. Mariposa sails from San Francisco July 1, etc., connecting at Tahiti with Union Line for Wellington. The only passenger line from U. S. to New Zealand. Only $260 1st class to Wellington and back. Tahiti and back, 1st class only $125.
OCEANIC LINE, 673 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE
By S. S. ARABIC, 16,000 tons, Oct. 16—$650 up
30 TOURS TO EUROPE, $270.00 UP.
FRANK C. CLARK Times Bldg., New York

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. THE IDEAL WAY
J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa.

PATENTS

NEW BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.
O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

Collier's

Saturday, May 22, 1909

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Volume XLIII Number 9

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 4

THE COST OF ADVERTISING

VERY few readers of Collier's, or of any national publication for that matter, know how advertising is placed or what it costs. Advertising is becoming an art and the advertisements in the best publications are an embellishment. Without advertising the splendid periodicals of to-day would be impossible and readers are the ones most vitally interested. Reverse the tables: Let publishers withdraw from accepting any advertising and again the readers would be affected. The advertiser and publisher bring the reader in touch with the latest and best of everything in every nook and corner of the country. That is why you, as a reader, ought to be interested.

A one-inch advertisement in Collier's, one time, costs the advertiser $35. A quarter page costs $400, a page in black and white $1,600, and color pages all the way from $1,800 to $2,500, according to the colors used. When a merchant or manufacturer spends $400 for a quarter-page announcement or $1,600 for a page, he is pretty certain in his own mind that he is making a wise investment, for it surely is an investment, for the immediate or distant future. If he is a mail-order advertiser, he must get immediate returns in the form of cash or replies from prospective customers. In other words, *he must make money* on every advertisement else he suffers a distinct loss.

The publicity advertiser is building for the future. He rarely expects and seldom gets any inquiries, but by keeping everlastingly at it, he makes his product known and many times a by-word: a well-known camera manufacturer has advertised his cameras so thoroughly and consistently that the word "kodak" has actually become synonymous with the word "camera." *Advertising costs, but it pays, and the readers reap the benefits.*

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Advertiser and Publisher"



A Sea of Troubles

is safely sailed by having our

Income Insurance

One of our Popular Premium Policies takes away the worry when laid up by sickness. It helps the family in case of death by accident. No physical examination necessary and the payments come to your door by mail.

Agents wanted in all cities of 5,000 and over

Fill out and return coupon below for further particulars

Empire State Surety Company
84 William Street
NEW YORK
Offices in all Important Cities

Name.....

Address.....
Collier's



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

SEXOLOGY

(*Illustrated*)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, $2.00.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., Dept. W—PHILA., PA.

Odd Lots of Stock

You invest in odd lots (1 share up to 100 shares) because you can thus trade conservatively and with moderate capital.

We assist you through good execution of orders, buying odd lots at the offered price of 100 share lots or better, and selling at the bid price or better.

We give the attention to your account which houses dealing mainly in large lots will not extend to small business.

Send for market letters and "Odd Lot Circular C."

JOHN MUIR & CO. Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange,
71 Broadway, New York

Rider Agents Wanted



in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1909 model. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1909 Models . . . *$10 to $27* with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1907 & 1908 Models all of best makes *$7 to $12*
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS All makes and models good as new . . . . . *$3 to $8*
Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship On Approval *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalog and offers. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., [illegible], CHICAGO

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company
and
The National Association of Credit Men

The National Association of Credit Men representing the leading mercantile houses of the United States in addressing merchants throughout the country on the need of adequate and responsible fire insurance protection, says:—

"Through the guarantee which it has given you an insurance company may suddenly become your debtor. Might it not be well to know ahead of time what kind of a debtor it is likely to be?"

The points which the Credit Men say ought to be considered in selecting a fire insurance Company are given below. See how well they describe The Hartford.

What Credit Men Ask	What The Hartford Is
1—"What is the net surplus above capital and all liabilities?"	1—The Hartford's surplus January 1st, 1909, above capital and all liabilities—$5,061,592.
2—"Has it (the insurance company) a record of paying its debts (losses) promptly and without unjust deductions?"	2—After San Francisco in putting The Hartford on its Roll of Honor, this same National Association of Credit Men said, "Considering that its gross loss was the immense sum of $10,275,000, the company is worthy of the highest commendation."
3—"Are the men who manage its affairs men of character and high standing in the community, upholding the principles of business which assure a long and honorable existence?"	3—The Hartford's reputation for commercial honor is its most cherished asset, and its continued observance of good faith with its policy-holders is attested by its popularity and success. It is 99 years old and does the largest fire insurance business in the United States.

The service which The Hartford affords the public continues throughout the year and is not limited to payment of losses. It has published a book "Fire Prevention and Fire Insurance" with separate chapters for Householders, Merchants and Manufacturers, showing each how danger of fire may be reduced in his particular property. The book also gives valuable advice concerning insurance and may save you thousands of dollars no matter in what company you are insured. It is free if you mention Collier's.



SEND FOR IT

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Hartford, Conn.

The bride's wise choice



"From our new cottage
"home I shall omit the
"useless inner doors,
"mantles, extra chim-
"neys, fancy lamps that
"are never lighted,
"books which are never
"read, vases which con-
"tain no flowers, etc. Let us first
"purchase an outfit of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

"because they save much coal, need no repairs, keep all ashes, smoke,
"and soot out of the living-rooms, are safe, and will last long as the
"cottage shall stand. These savings and economies will help in time
"to pay for the finer furnishings."

"The cottage will be kept cozily warm all over, and the family health thus protected.
"If we prosper and move to a larger house, we will get our full money back, or 10%
"to 15% higher rental to cover cost, as IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators
"do not rust out or wear out."

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 22, 1909

June Fiction Number

¶ *In the Fiction Number for June, which appears next week, there will be three stories,*

"Where Thieves Break In"

By

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

¶ *From the moment when the little heroine of Josephine Daskam Bacon's story "Where Thieves Break In" wriggled her plump person into the deserted house, and met the engaging stranger with the Yale pin and the leather suit-case full of Aunt Edith's forks and spoons, things happen. He was a handsome, well-dressed man, and when Caroline first encountered him he was eating—daintily poising a bit of jelly on some bread. With a network of cobwebs upon her shoulders, she assured him he was not a burglar, and yet he had "two thousand dollars' worth of stuff" in the suit-case. Like Caroline, he said he had been "just pretending" to rob her aunt's house. There is plenty of excitement and a little tragedy before the tale is ended.*

The King of Cocoanut Island

By

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

¶ *A cannibal king and a Yankee are leading men in this whimsical South Sea Story. The Yankee owns a traveling circus, and has his menagerie along with him when he lands on the shores of the royal domains. William Simms was a man who yearned for adventure. "If I can tote this bunch of animals on this sailin' tub through all them islands on the map without nothin' happenin', why, I might as well give up huntin' fer trouble." This story follows and continues "The Trouble Hunter," which appeared in the May fiction number, although the reading of the previous story is by no means essential to the complete enjoyment of this.*

The Thread of Gold

By

STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

¶ *"The Thread of Gold" is the romance of a gentle-souled bookseller who cherishes an unsuspected dream for thirty years, and then sees it come true. He lives in a trifling and timid bustle among old books, dry books and defunct books. Out of one of them drops a yellowing photograph of a rather superb woman, as she must have been, graceful in a voluminous ball gown. Starting from that picture, the bookseller tells his story—the romance of "peering from the doorway, watching and waiting." As in all appealing romances there is a veritable villain, "a tall fellow with black, curly whiskers, a big red-faced brute."*

Baseball Up-to-Date

¶ *The series of articles on Baseball by Will Irwin will continue in Collier's for June 5. The modern game will be described in its picturesque, intricate, and popular phases.*



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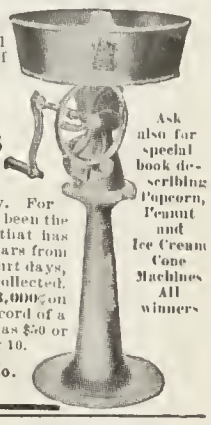


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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS [illegible]



Officers and cadets from the "Aso" and "Soya" being entertained at a Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park

Admiral Swinburne greeting Rear-Admiral Ijichi on the flagship "Aso"



Sailors on wheels.—The Japanese officers starting on an automobile tour of San Francisco, May 4

The cadets landing for a trip up Mt. Tamalpais, while the officers were on their auto ride



The Japanese cruisers, "Aso" and "Soya," comprising the training squadron of the Mikado's navy, which arrived in the harbor of San Francisco, May 1

Japan Returns the Visit of Our Fleet

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416 430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

May 22, 1909

Independence

ATTENTION EVERYWHERE in the United States will be given to District Attorney JEROME'S fight for another term. When he ran last there was not a State in the Union which failed to number thousands eagerly interested in the outcome. Men and women everywhere cared, because they believed he stood in American politics for a better day. They liked drama, to be sure, but it was the independence and the freedom from partizan incumbrance that gave the drama life. When Mr. JEROME, a few weeks ago, called attention to the fact that his only answer was to the people, not to any party, he showed the center of his strength. He makes his decisions for himself. No organization creates his obligations for him. No boss tells him what to do or explains to him what is right. He has opposed great powers often, in politics and outside of them. He has displeased strong leaders of finance. He has stood at times against the public. He is standing at present against the two most powerful yellow journals in the country. The Hearst and Pulitzer papers hate him for a number of reasons. He has frequently refused to take their orders. He has regarded his office as judicial, not personal or political. He has shown his willingness to punish both of those great newspapers for certain of the many libels which they constantly inflict upon the public. Our prophecy is that the leading elements this time will be JEROME'S campaigning ability, on the one hand, and, on the other, the furious hostility of the yellow press. In August he will be nominated by petition. In September Tammany and the Republicans will decide whether to endorse his record or oppose it. If both machines come out against him, the difficulty of his task will be terrific. Not improbably, however, neither party will care to risk defeat by nominating another candidate, with the chance that the opposition will nominate JEROME. It would be more amusing if parties could be eliminated from this fight, so that the test of strength might be clear—the solid opinion of the community against the fiercest efforts of the yellow journals. We by no means underrate this power of BRISBANE, PULITZER, and HEARST. It is a mighty weapon which they wield. Against them will be the general belief of the bar, sound business, and educated men in other walks, that the District Attorney has earned another term; that his election will be an encouragement to independence; that his defeat will be a tribute to forces which are revengeful and malign. It would be a pretty struggle, this, between these demagogues and the general fairness of the town, but unfortunately it can not be isolated. The outcome will be determined largely by the party conventions in September, and they will be guided partly by their conception of what the general public thinks, but partly also by those hidden wires which few men understand.

Austria

THE PROPOSED APPOINTMENT of Mr. KERENS to the Court of Austria would be outrageous. Although the explicit reports are not denied, the cheerful course is to regard such an appointment as impossible until it is actually made. From the standpoint of social fitness Austria has recently been treated tactlessly enough by us. In manners Mr. KERENS would be as absurd as in record he is undeserving. The only motive would be to get him out of the way of other Republican politicians in Missouri. This exquisite reason is insufficient ground for insulting the United States and Austria.

Song and Matrimony

MME. FREMSTAD, one of the most genuine artists on the opera stage, believes a husband and children would be inconsistent with adequate devotion to her art. Mmes. HOMER, SCHUMANN-HEINK, and GADSKI, finished and thorough singers, have made the experiment with success. The argument has had centuries of life. BACON took sides on it as applied to every kind of public life. Many have believed matrimony a foe to art, but usually, like Mme. FREMSTAD and Mr. HENRY JAMES, they have been unmarried. Temperament has no universal rules. Sometimes human responsibility is a curb to creative thought. More often it gives nourishment, exercise, and the ability to grow richer and more efficient with experience.

Mush

THE HAINS TRIAL has again echoed through the land. The cheap and false in public sentiment is often brought to light by murder trials. Women especially flock to the scene of some brutal murderer and betrayer, because his young life is threatened with extinction. Journalists, not only of the Hearst and Brisbane type, play loudly upon this responsive chord. A demoralized and pretty girl commits unlimited perjury at the expense of a dead architect, in support of a living murderer; the country echoes with eulogies of the "child wife" and "angel child"; and COLLIER'S is flooded with protests and cancellations because we point out that her testimony is false. The Hains murder belongs in the long list of melodramas. The murderer was a man of poor character moved by motives undeserving of respect. Thousands of readers, encouraged by the yellow press, have smothered the case in a mush of emotion, gregarious, ignorant, and untrue.

Harriman and the Coast

HERE IS A STORY of interest not only to the Pacific Coast, but to all who follow government in the great American republic. Let it be introduced by the letter of one Senator to another:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8, 1909.

"HON. M. N. JOHNSON.

"*My Dear Senator:*

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of yesterday, containing the enclosed letter from one of your constituents, who charges that 'HARRIMAN has a lease for ninety-nine years on every foot of shore line, and no shipping can be made from this port [San Pedro] except by the grace of the Southern Pacific Railroad.'

"In reply, I would say that I was engaged in operating steamships for many years from coast ports both north and south of San Pedro, and we landed all our ships at that port, as did hundreds of other vessels engaged in the shipping business, at a public wharf, the rates of dockage being fixed by the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County or the trustees of San Pedro or Wilmington. There are other wharfs in that port owned by the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Company and other terminal companies separate from the Harriman lines; there are half a dozen lumber companies that have wharfs, and the Banning Brothers also own wharfs there, and the city of Los Angeles owns a strip of land a half-mile or more wide, extending from that city down to San Pedro Harbor, where the Government has expended about three millions of dollars in building a breakwater. I feel sure, therefore, that your correspondent has been misinformed as to the ownership of the property fronting on the harbor of San Pedro or the ocean; but, be that as it may, the water-front, as you know, on the ocean is subject to the control of the Government, and the Board of Supervisors, City Trustees, etc., fix the rates of wharfage tolls regardless of ownership of the land.

"I submitted your letter to my colleague, Senator FLINT, who for many years has been one of the leading lawyers of Los Angeles, and who for four years or more was United States District Attorney, and he informs me that there is not a word of truth in the charge made by your correspondent—to wit: that Mr. HARRIMAN is the owner of all the land at San Pedro. I remain, Very truly yours,

"(Signed) GEO. C. PERKINS."

This sounds firm, does it not? Well, the Senator is correct in just one part of his denial. The ninety-nine-year lease does not exist. The other charges are in all essentials true. The rates of dockage are fixed by the Board of Supervisors, but it is under instructions from the Southern Pacific Railroad. Over fifty-one per cent of the stock of the Banning Brothers corporation is owned and controlled by the Southern Pacific. The city of Los Angeles owns a strip of land extending to the cities of San Pedro and Wilmington, but it is cut off from the harbor by the proprietorship of the Southern Pacific. Certain rights on the harbor are owned by electric lines, but these are also controlled by Mr. HARRIMAN. The Government owns some pieces of land on the harbor, but they are not yet improved, not extensive, and not favorable to commerce. The lumber companies referred to secure their privileges from Mr. HARRIMAN. There is, then, no frontage to-day on the harbor where a ship can tie up, not owned or controlled by the Southern Pacific or its affiliated corporations. The city of Los Angeles is now engaged in an effort to break the title to certain tide lands, under the control of Mr. HARRIMAN, for the purpose of making that port, if possible, free, but even should the city be successful, Mr. HARRIMAN will probably find some way to annul its victory.

Are They?

ARE PINK WHISKERS educational? The question has been propounded to a jury. The case turned on the legality of a certain "turn" at a music hall on a Sunday evening. To be within the law of the State where the trial was held a Sunday night "concert" must have a religious or an educational trend. At such a concert pink whiskers

were born. Hence the query: Are they educational? According to the logic of the theatrical manager, education consists in the promulgation of facts hitherto unknown. As we glance up from our page and out of the window there is in sight not a solitary spear of pink. If this color occurred in the music hall it was novel, and therefore educational. The theatrical manager's logic will do no harm. It serves to remind us that the trouble in people's reasoning is usually not in the logical process. The conclusion is likely to follow from the premises. It is in general the premises which are wrong. In this whisker case the logical process is correct. The flaw is in the definition of what makes education.

Take a Broader View

OPPOSING JUDGES for reelection merely because these judges have sometimes issued injunctions in labor disputes is too narrow a policy for unions to pursue. If an individual judge is unfair, he may reasonably be opposed, but to endeavor by a sweeping policy to influence the bench is certainly unwise. Judges are bound by precedent. They can not change the law to suit themselves. Our own preference is for a considerably more restricted use of injunctions, but we dislike to see the unions themselves unfair. In Chicago they are fighting, among others, Judge MACK, whose record happens to be particularly good, both on the bench and off. His sympathies are popular, and he has been closely connected with Hull House work. His services have been of special value to the Juvenile Court. The best opinion in Chicago is strongly in his favor, and if he is beaten by anti-Semitic prejudice and by an undiscriminating attitude in the unions there will be one more blow landed against intelligent liberalism and intelligent independence.

Plenty of Wet

THE INTER-MOUNTAIN COUNTRY is astir with divers irrigation projects. Interest also stretches from coast to coast, since the various projects depend for pecuniary support largely on Eastern money. At the present writing one of the largest private irrigation enterprises in the history of the West is nearing completion at the doors of Denver. It is known as "The Standly Dam Project." The dam is eight miles north of the city. This dam will provide a lake of 125,000 acre-feet. It is to be supplemented by numerous other lakes, bringing the total enterprise up to 250,000 acre-feet. The land to be reclaimed reaches to the very doors of the city, and the main impound is one of the largest in existence anywhere in the world. There has, by the way, been so much moisture in Colorado this winter that it is frequently remarked that irrigation seems a sort of joke. From September 15 to March 15 there was nine feet of snow on the level. This does not of course refer to the mountain fall, which is indefinitely greater. The conditions regarding moisture this year are exceptionally encouraging in Colorado, Kansas, and Western Nebraska.

Rubbing It in

THIS IS GOING SOME. It is so cruel it really makes us laugh. Here is this weekly busily engaged in ridding an indifferent world of wildcat finance and get-rich-quick ingenuities, when along comes one concern, with brazen cheerfulness, annexing us to their project. The Old Gold Salvage and Wrecking Company would make even a typical "sucker" smile. It is described as "a $10,000,000 treasure," and it intends to find the cargoes of the kind of gentlemen of which Captain KIDD is the most notorious. "The recovery of the treasure would yield a dividend of four thousand per cent on the entire capital stock." Four thousand! And this amount "should be available this summer." Was ever anything more profitable than that? Well, in the announcement appears in large letters the name of this paper. "COLLIER'S, the National Weekly, September 23, 1905. The Lure of the Pirate's Gold," with two and a half pages following. Nerve? It is almost justified by the audacity. Of the victims caught we wonder how many are lured by the name of this periodical. Let us say, none. Let us suppose that all COLLIER readers are too clever for any scheme promising better than three thousand per cent in six months.

Controlling Motors

AMERICANS FAIL thus far in their grappling with accidents from automobiles. Every day women and children are maimed or killed, and the noble-minded drivers often run away. In many cases of arrest no penalty is inflicted. In other cases it is a fine, which often makes the culprit laugh. Any one who has motored in England notices the difference there. Where are the accidents in London? There are very few in all the island. Chance counts for almost nothing. When a policeman holds up his hand the speeder stops. The most daring would scarcely run away. His recapture would be certain; his punishment severe. Policemen are incorruptible. Judges know the law and apply it with evenness and rigor. What we need in this country, before we can succeed in handling reckless individuals, is a bench and police force free from politics. Licenses to run motor-cars should be more difficult to obtain. They should be taken away for every serious breach of conduct. Jail should be the lot of any man who is guilty of criminal recklessness, of attempted bribery or "influence," or of endeavor to escape.

Come to Stay

SENATOR WARREN raises horses on his Wyoming ranch. When they stray too far from the ranch house, the Senator's "wranglers" mount their trusty automobiles and round the horses up. On a horse a man can cover only forty or fifty miles of range in a day; the automobile will carry him from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. After a hard storm in the Northwestern range country the sheep will be scattered, and suffer severely if they are not quickly brought in. For innumerable purposes automobiles are beginning to show their worth. About two hundred thousand of them are running in the United States. Hard times did not lessen the demand. For pleasure and for business the machine increases in appreciation. It needs a little sensible regulation, but it has added to the ease, pleasure, comfort, and economy of living, and it has come to stay.

Tolerance Commended

"A REFORMING AGE is always fertile of impostors," wrote MACAULAY. Hitched to the star of every wholesome reform are the petty venders who have a prescription for every outbreak of popular folly. They are the camp followers of the army. Whatever of intolerance is ascribed to every good reform too often grows out of this chorus. Perhaps it was as a tribute to the activity of this element that one disgusted voter in a Western city laid down this epicedian platform for all reformers: "Make it a crime to smile; close up all the theaters; don't allow dancing, make every one go to church for his soul, and to the cemetery for his recreation." Reform has its infancy and its measles. One may smile and smile, and be a reformer, and one may go to church without becoming intolerant. The virtue which the world wants is noble-minded and noble-hearted virtue. Statues are not chiseled to little fault-finders, though they are raised often to reformers of a larger cast. "Deal mercifully with the man beside you, for he, also, has a hard battle to fight." Perhaps the light he sees is as pure and clear to him as yours to you.

International Episode in Porcelain

WHATEVER THE PROVERB, imitations themselves are likely often to be unflattering. Commercially, the imitation usually is a reproduction, derived by less laborious methods, of an article wrought under inspiration. In such short-circuits, which furnish the least good to the greatest number, the United States has earned a reputation for cleverness combined with ruthlessness—for appreciation more of profit than of beauty. We are not alone, however. The English consumer has his reservations about things "made in Germany"; and we know the Japanese skill in flooding Western markets with tawdry imitations. An ancient and world-wide art-craft, and one most sensitive to these modern influences, is that of the potter; and a suggestive episode may now be observed in every American metropolis where the department store flourishes. There is a favorably known product of an American pottery bearing the honored name of Dedham ware, of good Massachusetts parentage. The designs are original, the execution admirable, the technique legitimate, the form and texture honestly derived. The result is commercially available, well suited to modern use, attractive, and a credit to an American art industry. Naturally, plates and cups and saucers thus made must be paid for. However, our taste in these things has been formed by the vast displays of foreign-made "china," good, bad, and not so bad, upon which, bearing the mark of brush or stencil, the citizens of the United States pay tribute in the guise of a substantial duty. Under protection of said duty, and not notably restrained by inconvenient scruples, we also proceed to satisfy the more popular taste by making the foreign product at home. Those who can afford it enjoy their breakfast served upon a Copenhagen service; the less fastidious break their fast upon "Copenhagen" that is of Trenton-upon-Delaware. Austrian-made "Dedham"—a cheap imitation, produced by factory-inspired processes—is now offered to complacent shoppers of these penetrating States, and is apparently acceptable, since it undersells the true American product, even when the purchaser has paid the duty and the freight. Whether the American pottery could have prevented this encroachment upon its preserves by proper protection of designs is a question not easily settled in retrospect. The American pot and the Austrian kettle have here a chance for repartee. The boldness of this return invasion may offer reflections to our critics abroad, who may learn the fresh fact that nowadays we are sinned against as well as sinning.

Father to the Man

TO KNOW CHILDREN, study their toys. At least in the earlier years the toy gives many hints. What is the meaning of the great rush into the market of mechanical chickens, ducks, pigs, jumping rabbits, plush rabbits with celluloid faces, and all the rest? Merely that the child early develops a passion for everything which he recognizes as life. Later his abstract interests come. Indeed, the abstract interests are to be seen early too. One child, for instance, had among his earliest developments the word "gone"—abstract enough, in all conscience, but the keenest and most universal interest, at first, is for life, in its most concrete embodiment, and hence the great charm of the actual animal, and, when that is unattainable, its mechanical equivalent.





Carrying the wounded to the hospital after the attack on the Sultan's palace



Crowds of Europeans and Turks cheering the soldiers of the Constitutionalist Army on their way back to the Taxim Barracks, after the surrender of the guards of the Yildiz Kiosk

The Young Turks in Action

A Brief Account of the Overthrow of Abdul Hamid

When the Sultan cast aside the Constitution, Mr. Palmer started for Constantinople, arriving the day the Constitutional troops entered the city

By FREDERICK PALMER

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 27

IN THE window glasses of the American consul's house the fight of the morning had drilled small holes the size of a ten-cent piece, which will serve the double purpose of souvenirs and ventilators in the future. The outer line of barracks taken, the Young Turks troops had moved on. For the afternoon our host promised his guests the climax of a drama which had run its course in lethargic Turkey with the swiftness of a panic on the Stock Exchange. At four either Yildiz was to surrender or to be stormed. Against their brothers, and in behalf of their master, would the Sultan's garrison fight to the last ditch with the courage of their race? For the answer we waited on the consul's roof.

Through the streets leading toward Yildiz Hill, Abdul could watch the squads working their way forward, much as a hunter approaches game.

The nearby firing stopped; and we knew that this task of street-cleaning was over. There was dead silence except for the rattle of the wench of some tramp steamer in the harbor whose captain proposed to work, war or no war. Then, at half-past four, an eye clearer than its fellows made out a white flag over one of the barracks in front of Yildiz. Only twelve hours after the Young Turks had entered the city the lone old tyrant had decided to take the advice of thirty thousand bayonets. A mob put Louis XVI off the throne. Three disciplined army corps passed the word to Abdul Hamid.

He was not thinking of dying in a manner worthy of a Padishah who believed in himself as the defender of the faith against rebels. He was thinking of saving his own life. Meanwhile the soldiers were singing constitutional hymns and cheering a youngster of twenty-eight, and men double his years were throwing their arms around him in ecstasy most un-Turkish. The embraces by the Old Turks who had been on the political fence were particularly warm. When asked what was to be done with the Sultan, this youngster, speaking French to the French and German to the Germans who came to congratulate him, answered all according to the book he had learned abroad: "That is for Parliament to say. The army was only the instrument"—and this from a pyramid head under a fez.



Enver Bey, Leader of Men

This young officer is one of the youngest of the so-called Young Turks,—that is, one of the youngest in high places. He is the type of officer who made the movement which overthrew the tyranny of Abdul Hamid. His was the first regiment to revolt last July. He was Military Attaché in Berlin and hastened south when the trouble began, to direct the advance of the Young Turks

The next day the Greek venders were making up for loss on stocks of Abdul Hamid's by selling his picture in the streets. There must always be some young hero. In this event the lightning of sudden fame struck Enver Bey. He is a type of the younger army officers who have been the inspiration of the movement: the Young Turk incarnate.

The one modern institution in Turkey was the army. As a threatening factor in playing one European state against another, Abdul kept it well equipped. The instrument which in other countries puts down rebellions here produced the leaders of reform. In order to be up-to-date, the young officers had to study abroad. Thus, in what was to be a people's movement, the agitation began from the top. The troops were the pupils, the officers the teachers, and the schoolroom Macedonia.

In July last occurred the real revolution. Young Enver Bey's was the first regiment to raise the banner. Fire ran from regiment to regiment along a well-laid fuse. A movement fully organized sprang out of the darkness. An order of Odd Fellows, which had no real lodge meets, sprang into control of the country. The Sultan had to revive the Constitution.

Parliament met on the 17th of December. But Parliament did not rule. The Young Turk Committee of Union and Progress—a hierarchy holding no office—ruled.

The Sultan turned to faith as the ally of his intrigues. His is the cunningest hand that ever led Oriental diplomacy on tracks new to its own imagination. The clergy went about preaching that the sacred laws were being broken. Religion and the distribution of largess from Yildiz formed a plot. Its culmination was the murder of their officers by the troops in Constantinople.

The Sultan's Special Prayer

BANDS of soldiers roamed the streets firing their rifles at pleasure; then, tired out, returned to their officerless barracks. All the members of the Cabinet were seeking cyclone-cellars not down in the City Directory. Yet when he went to mosque the crafty Sultan offered a special prayer for the Constitution, which he loved as dearly as a woolen manufacturer loves free trade.

It was all over, Europe thought. The "ins" were out and the "outs" were in. But the Young Turks were prepared for just what had happened. The Sultan put his head in the noose which they had slung for him

By a [illegible] régime they had kept the softas [illegible] agitating in Macedonia. For months they had been putting the soldier through exercises in constitutionalism as well as military drill. He was taught the real source of Christian power. His sense of military faithfulness had been played on to make him faithful to the new ideas.

Rifle-Fire and Marching Columns

WITH Macedonia the closed preserve of the Young Turks, the forces there were theirs. Chevket Pasha and all the older commanders were Young Turks. Two trained army corps, with the latest weapons, long preparing to attack Bulgaria if need be, about-faced to move on their own capital. Their celerity and precision caught the world with the same sense of surprise at the early operations of the Japanese against the Russians. While German diplomacy had been playing with the Old Turks in the name of concessions, the methods which overthrew the Sultan were also "made in Germany." In three days the corps were before Constantinople. That problem of the entrance was a train despatcher's and hotel clerk's combined. With a map of the city on a table, these "made in Germany" officers had to tell of their attacking parties and their patrols, and when they were ready to occupy the city according to plan.

Among other texts in the Teuton book, military secrecy was not overlooked. All Constantionple, including the embassies, which try to be "in the know," went to sleep Friday night assured that there would be no action on Saturday. The first they knew of the occupation was the sound of rifle-fire and the sight of marching columns. Those in command had been extremely polite in every way except to warn you that you might have volleys under your bedroom window for an alarm-clock. How well the maneuver was carried out, my personal experience incidentally attests. The Orient Express, on which I arrived while the fighting was in progress, was delayed only half an hour from its schedule time. Along the railroad embankment we witnessed scenes reversing all precedent and political calculations. Bulgarian volunteers were mixed with the Turkish soldiers waiting in reserve in the suburbs; Christians and Mohammedans, who had made the Balkans the cockpit of seemingly eternal racial feud, were comrades in a common cause. Turkish officers leading the cheers, they shouted together for Turkish liberty as we passed.

At dawn, when the streets were empty of all traffic—so that an awakening population should find them with the nine points of possession—the Young Turks dashed across the undefended bridges into Pera. Among them you looked in vain for the insignia of any rank. The officers were dressed as privates and carried rifles, in intimate watchful association with their men, and unidentifiable by any fanatic who would seek favor in Paradise by killing a heretic. One thing you noted that was new in Turkish soldiers. The men of the Second Corps were in good khaki rather than patches. Another thing you noticed that was old. The rifles showed the cleanliness and polish of a tool of which its owner is fond. For the Turk is a fighting man. The men in the barracks on the hills, loyal to the Sultan, had killed their officers in the April uprising, and now the brothers of the dead were advancing for vengeance. These were fanatics without a plan; Turkish soldiers used to blind obedience without any one to tell them what to do. They paid a heavy tithe in killed before the surviving ones fled as a child flies before the storm.

Mutineers Find Refuge in the Harem

CHASE followed in the streets where long-range bullets fired at close range sought out non-combatants who would see what was going on. In some cases prisoners were, indeed, taken; other fugitives threw away their rifles and uniforms and sought hiding-places. More than one hard-pressed mutineer doubtless found refuge behind the lattices from which the women of the harem looked out, unseen, on a spectacle which they could not understand.

Death in their ranks did not seem to convince the Turkish spectators that a bullet could kill when you saw no smoke or the man who fired it. They would fall back only to press curiously forward. They helped move the guns; they showed the soldiers the way.

And immediately that Yildiz was taken, Chevket Pasha, that shrewd old commander-in-chief of the Young Turks—who well knew his polyglot Constantinoplians from Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Arabs, Kurds, Circassians, and Syrians, to the softas droning their prayers in the mosques and whispering sedition in the name of the Sacred Laws—ordered that all shops should be opened and every one should go about his business as usual.

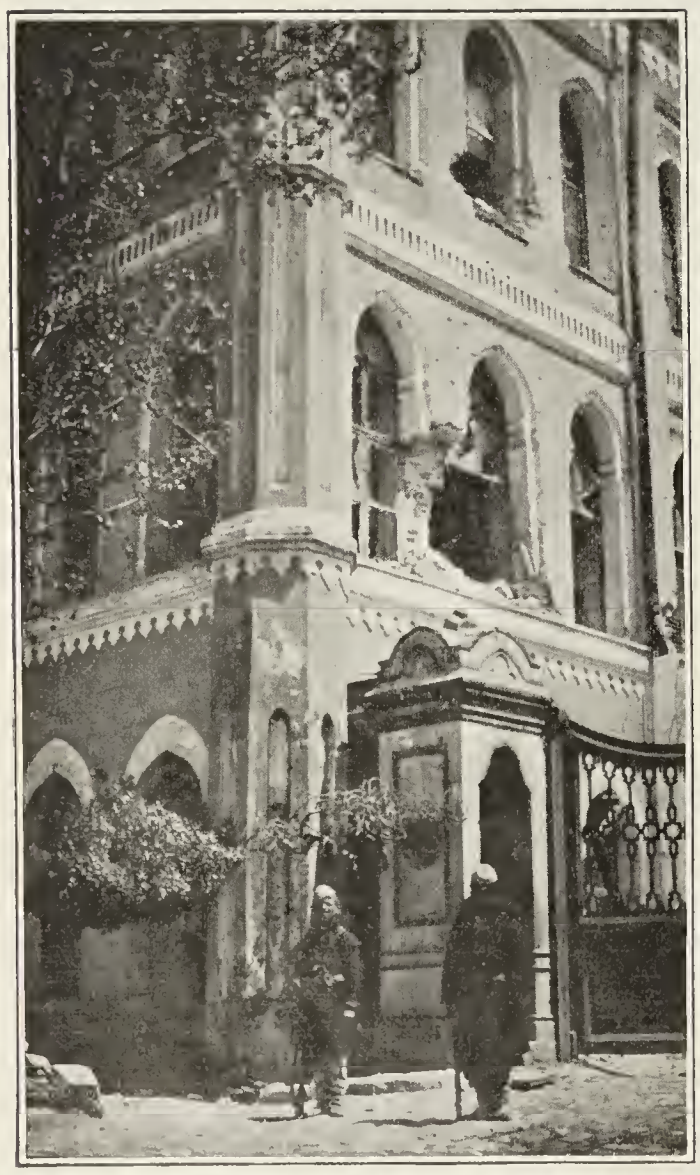
In the center of the new bridge a rapid-fire gun, cartridge-belt in position, was ready to play a spray of bullets at the first inflammable sign. At every turn you met coursing patrols. In front of the banks and embassies, and at frequent corners, were squads on guard. Constantinople was plotted with watchful muzzles.

A Correspondent Shot

THE soldiers seemed to have word to protect the foreigners. They were good-natured; even willing to be photographed, against all Mohammedan tradition. No foreigner was wounded except as he pressed forward in his eagerness to observe the fighting. Thus the correspondent Frederick Moore was shot in the cause of his work. The Young Turk has the good opinion of the outside world in mind. He would play the game of the nations even as the Japanese have played it. To fermenting Asia Minor—where any row in the capital means offering up the Armenians as tickets to Paradise for the fanatics—word was sent holding governors responsible. Some of the governors were in almost as bad a position as the Armenians.

On Sunday, the day after the occupation, no military pass was needeed. Freely you rode through Pera and Stamboul, passing patrols which brought from their fine house-to-house search prisoners, in crestfallen, dogged march, on the way to trial before a court-martial grinding out sentences of death with the summariness of a police-court's disposition of drunks and disorderlies. Somewhere behind the walls firing squads were telling off the victims.

A part of the garrison at Yildiz would not trust to the mercy of their captors. They succeeded in crossing to Asia Minor, and at last accounts were still in flight. But this garrison, which guarded his person, had not been incited by the Sultan to kill its officers. It was quite safe. It will go out to patrol the railroad instead of the harem.



Effects of shell-fire on one of the barracks



A patrol of Albanians. They wear white caps instead of fezes

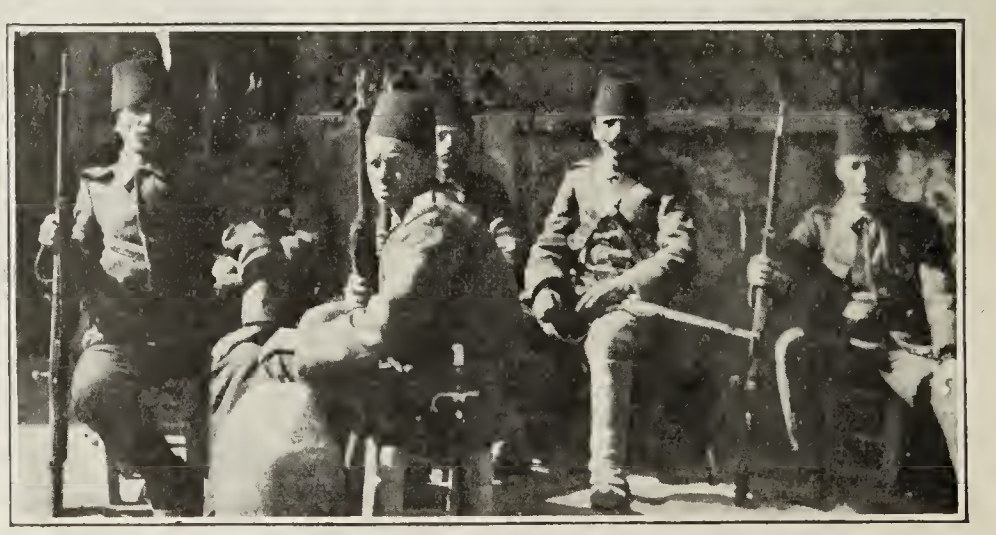




The Young Turks had the most up-to-date equipment, including armored automobiles mounting rapid-fire guns, which after the fight were used for carrying messages.—The guard at the American embassy As the troops marched in, guards were detached for the embassies and the banks



Eunuchs of the Sultan's (Abdul Hamid's) harem, outside the harem gate the morning after the surrender. They all wear European ambassadorial frock coats



After the occupation perfect order was kept. Prominent street corners were carefully plotted with rifle muzzles ready on an instant's call

C. S. A. MONEY Agents wanted. Circulars free. P. E. Cheney, Urbana, Ohio.

$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for $1. Will give $50 to any one who ... detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, ... Ohio.

FORTUNES MADE: pros... mine and lost treasures, by ... (Curvid). Sold or rented. Cir. 2c. Box 441, Battle Creek, Mich.

PAPER MON... engraving... $10, $20... detect ... 25c.

...E ...U A COWARD?
...n't worry! You can be brave. Aristotle says that all ...ues are acquired Habits. Read our Penny Classics—*The ...t Cue to Culture*, 10 cents each. Only the best thoughts ...the world's greatest—*Emerson, Thoreau, Seneca, Goethe, ...ato, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Confucius*, etc.
FREE Don't lose a minute, but write now for SAMPLE PAGES OF TWELVE BOOKS SENT ON REQUEST.
...ENNY CLASSICS, 72 Plymouth Place, Chicago

RODS The latest improved; sold un... guarantee. Used for locating mi... lost treasures. etc. Cir. 2c. ...
L. A. Lowry, P. O. Box 1301-05, Denver, C...

MAGIC NEEDLES ... Reds, Goldometers, Chronometers, etc. ... for treasure ... book ... FREE ... Millions of wealth under your feet. Guide ... Interesting book ... MYRA P.O. AGENCY, 254 Em... for 36 points. P. O. ...

The New World of Trade

I—The Art of Advertising

¶ This is the first of a series of four articles. The second, "Fair Trade and Foul," will appear in the issue of June 19, 1909

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS





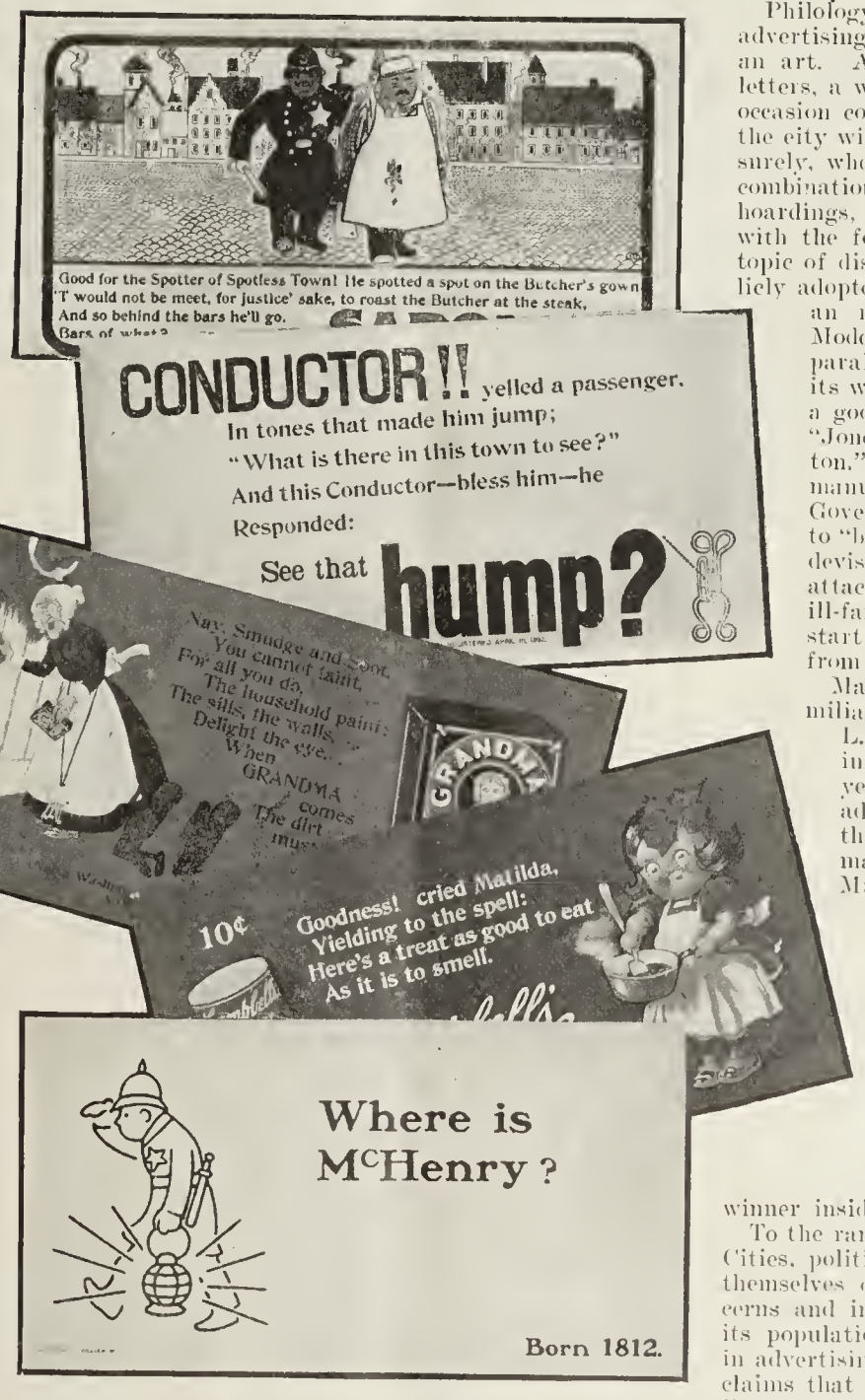
Advertising for the gullible Some of the curiosities of the paid columns

ADVERTISING is the universal appeal. It is the merchant, the purchaser, the laborer, and the town-crier all packed into print and made one. Thanks to its expediencies, the employment-seeker need no longer tramp wearily from door to door. He can send his message for a few cents to hundreds of thousands of possible employers. Should I lose my watch, I do not send out a man with a bell to cry it; instead I despatch a newspaper with a paragraph. Have I something new in merchandise to offer? The whole world is my market-place, and I can sell by bill-board in Havana, while, at the same time, creating a demand through the street-car spaces of Amsterdam, and sounding the virtues of my wares throughout all the Americas in the pages of the magazines. Wherever the printed or painted word goes, there supply and demand meet and merge in the revolutionized field of trade.

How great the outlay is on the new salesmanship must be, for the present, a matter of conjecture. Even guessed at, the figures have a certain picturesqueness due to sheer size, like the new tower of the Metropolitan Life Building on Madison Square, New York City, which is, itself, a species of advertisement. Perhaps $125,000,000 is spent yearly in the United States in the field of print alone. Dailies charge as high as eighty cents per "agate" line per issue, or about two dollars for the space represented by a single one of these lines. One magazine runs to eight dollars per line. In another five thousand dollars is charged for a single page. The National Biscuit Company has expended as high as a million dollars in one year, popularizing its products. Adequately to introduce to one locality a new five-cent cigar—that is, merely to impress the name upon some section of the country, such as New England—the American Tobacco Company thinks nothing of laying out $150,000. The mere launching of a table sauce or brand of canned goods, in a national sense, requires an initial advertising investment of $100,000. Thus the sum of money used in exploitation has become an important economic factor. Advertising supports our elaborate publications, increases the dividends of street-car corporations with space to rent, helps pay off the mortgage on the farm which can furnish a site for bill-boards abutting on a railroad track, paints the farmer's barn at the expense of Trixter's Cough Mixture, blotches the face of nature in the Adirondacks and at Niagara Falls, and makes it possible for Mr. Roosevelt to get his dollar per word for rhetorically pursuing the startled rhinoceros through the African jungle.

We live surrounded by the advertisement. There is no hour of waking life in which we are not besought, incited, or commanded to buy something of somebody. Our morning paper is full of it; our walk to the nearest car bristles with it; the transfer which we take blazons it. We jump off the car and are butted by a sandwich man who is simply a perambulating whoop of the latest theatrical success. The mail at the office is crammed with offers of twenty per cent stock, high-spiced books, and cures for baldness. When the shades of night fall, a portentous heraldry of trade leaps in living fire from the darkness, exhorting us to drink Boozer's Whisky or perish in our shame. And if we flee to the country for a day's communion with nature, we find sermons in stones, with "Digg's Spavin Cure" for text, and books in the running brooks, all full of testimonials to Enameline Tooth-Powder; and, like as not, the shining sun of heaven is cut off from us while a gentleman in a balloon drops at our feet an invitation to come in on the Home-Hunters' Real Estate Investment Company and get a palatial home, only ninety-nine minutes from the City Hall, for thirty-seven cents down and a postage stamp on account every other February.

All this persistence can not fail of some psychological influence. Our notions of art, and even of literature, must be insensibly modified by this enormous mass of unescapable display. Certainly our memories are impressed with it, though unconsciously or subconsciously. The average man will say: "I never pay any attention to advertisements," and think himself well within the limits of truth. But in nine cases out of ten the mere weight



"They are companionable myths, these folk of Ad-land"

of iteration has produced its unnoted effect. Lives there a man with soul so dead that he can not supply many of the blanks in the following phrases, or answer at least part of the questions? "Let the —— —— Twins Do Your Work." "—— Soap: It Floats." Upon what "Road of Anthracite" does "Miss Phœbe Snow of Buffalo" travel? With what was "Spotless Town" kept clean? "You press the button—" and who does the rest? What is Sunny Jim's last name?

Philology preserves the tradition of a notable feat of advertising performed before the art was recognized as an art. Among some young Scotch bloods, discussing letters, a wager was made that a word invented for the occasion could be introduced into the common speech of the city within a brief time. The test word was "quiz"; surely, when one considers it, an uncouth and artificial combination of vocables. That night the walls, the hoardings, even the sidewalks of the city, were covered with the four letters. In the morning it was the sole topic of discussion. By the week's end it had been publicly adopted and a meaning found for it. Now it holds an unshakable place in the English language. Modern commercial advertising affords at least one parallel in the word "kodak," which has forced its way into our dictionaries. Dividends inhere in a good catchy trade name or an attractive phrase. "Jones, He Pays the Freight. Jones of Binghamton," not only made a fortune for the scales manufacturer and lifted him to the Lieutenant-Governorship of New York State, but also served to "boom" his city appreciably. Could some genius devise a word, phrase, or number to which should attach a beneficent significance, analogous to the ill-fame of the number 13, for example, he could start almost any advertising enterprise with it, from a baby food to an air-gun.

Many a proverb goes wrong in advertising. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is a case in point. W. L. Douglas used some eight thousand mediums in his three-dollar shoe advertising campaign years ago, and put his own picture in every advertisement. As an agency for selling shoes, the picture might appear dubious. There's many a face which a shoe would fit better than Mr. Douglas's. But the exploitation sold the goods and made Mr. Douglas so conspicuous that he was nominated by the Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts. Whereupon he filled the public prints with engaging accounts of his boyhood life, his business career, and his personal character, paid for at regular rates, and literally advertised himself into the Governor's chair. For the normal Republican majority of comfortable proportions was wholly blotted out, and the three-dollar shoes simply walked in, with an easy winner inside them.

To the range of advertising there is no apparent limit. Cities, political parties, and traction companies exploit themselves or their causes, as well as mercantile concerns and individuals. Does Buffalo desire to increase its population? It appropriates $100,000 to be spent in advertising. "South Bend: Find it on the Map," proclaims that enterprising community to the reading public, being desirous of attracting new manufacturing enterprises. For months in the Cleveland traction fight the public-service corporation used columns of the newspapers' advertising space in which to present its arguments, paying for it honestly with money which in another city, would have been employed to [illegible]

...legislators. In the last Presidential campaign the Republican National Committee appropriated ... for the promulgation of the party's doctrines in the magazines. A Syracuse church advertises, ... actively, for attendance upon its services. A convivial gentleman of Milwaukee, having forsworn the Demon Rum and all his ways, saves himself the boredom of repeated explanations by advertising in the local press that he is no longer amenable to the plea of "Have one with me." What would the average reader suppose to be back of the heavily-typed query: "Are you a coward?" It merely cloaks an offer of "penny classics," by the perusal of which courage will be inspired (so the advertiser would have us believe). The story has become classic of Barney Barnato's ingenious reprisal upon a landlord with whom he had quarreled. "Wanted: Ten million lively black beetles, by a gentleman who agreed to leave a house in the condition in which he found it." Once in a while an advertisement fairly springs out at you from the page by virtue of its intensity. C. C. Hopkins, himself perhaps the most persuasive writer of advertisements in the business, told an incident, in the course of his speech before the Sphinx Club, of a man who, coming to New York with but five dollars, advertised for work as follows:

"Wanted: Any sort of work by a man, aged 31; honest; good references."

This paragraph ran, without result, being surrounded by hundreds of similar appeals, until the man found himself with but half a dollar left. Then he struck fire. This is what he wrote:

"Is there any work on God's green earth for a man who must have it?"

Next day he had sixty jobs offered him. The cry from the heart had gone to the heart. It was advertising of the highest type.

Geomancy and the Black Arts

OFTEN advertising of the lowest type, morally, is effective. There are dealers who for years have exploited, in high-priced medicums, Confederate money, as if it could be passed for good money. Crystal balls and other devices for fortune-telling, marked cards, loaded dice, and divining rods are among the curiosities of the paid columns. Suppose such a paragraph as the following, clipped from a magazine of enormous circulation, to have been discovered by some antiquarian of the year 3000 A. D.:

"Magic needles—rods, goldometers, chronometers, etc., for treasure-seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet free for two cents postage. P. & M. Agency, 24 Elm Street, Palmyra, Pa."

Can we not imagine that savant of the future addressing his absorbed class as follows: "Despite the vaunted spread of education and the claims of universal intelligence put forth by the patriotic champions of the United States of America at that period, geomancy and the black arts were not only practised, but also made the basis of commercial dealings well into the enlightened twentieth century."

For the benefit of those interested in the vagaries of advertising, sundry further instances might be cited. There is the case of the English publishing firm which achieved a temporary sale for a book called "Parsons and Pagans" by privately informing (per post) every clergyman in England that he had been personally libeled in it: "See Chapter III, pages 15-16." When called to account, the perpetrator of this scheme had the immitigable cheek to refer to it as "an American form of advertising." A concern in New York advertises to write and post intimate letters from foreign parts to clients who wish to plume themselves among their neighbors upon having friends scattered about Europe, Asia, and Africa. It takes some skill in guessing to make out that: "Wanted: A badly freckled young woman, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two," is the appeal from a skin-lotion concern for a "before using" exhibit; or that the business opportunity offered to "a venerable-looking physician, preferably with a white beard," comes from a quack firm desiring a "confidence inspirer," whose photograph and M.D. degree can be used in its circulars and advertising matter. A New York church holds out this inducement, none too complimentary to its pastor's preaching abilities: "Attractive music; short sermons." But perhaps the most singular bit of advertising that the writer has ever encountered is the following appeal from a trade paper published in Baltimore: "The owner of this space is a sinner; he has found a Saviour; he is now a Saved Sinner. . . . If you want to talk about personal salvation, address Saved Sinner, this office."

There is no route map of success in advertising. The most experienced practitioner can not tell what will be successful, and what a failure. Like a play's, an advertisement's sole and final test is public presentation. Sometimes it happens, as in the cited instance of the man who *had* to have work, that the tyro will hit the bull's-eye. The writer and designer of the inimitable "Spotless Town" series, which not only sold Sapolio enormously, but incidentally brightened life for a few million people, was a youth fresh from college. A quiet, commonplace, and lonely Colorado stockman once inserted in half a dozen publications a "Wife Wanted" advertisement, which rose to such sun-kissed heights of self-description that for two weeks he received his mail in barrels, while the local postmaster, dancing with fury amid a blizzard of scented letters, swore that he would kill the advertiser on sight. No one had much faith at first in the Victor talking machine's design, "His Master's Voice"; yet the phrase has become a household word, and the quaint little fox-terrier at attention before the megaphone-horn is familiar to more Americans than any of the world's great masterpieces. Caricature has set the final seal of success upon it, "His Master's Breath" having attained a wide vogue through its amusing mock fidelity to the original. "Smiling Joe," one of the most skilful appeals to charitable sentiment ever made, as well as a genuinely charming and attractive "display," was the work of an expert in charity work, who had no technical interest whatever in advertising.

Nevertheless, nine times out of ten, the man who thinks, dreams, and lives "ads" is the man whose work tells. He sells the goods. In the recent pronunciamento of an advertising firm, which is at present advertising itself widely, occurs the following passage:



"We live surrounded by the advertisement. There is no hour of waking life in which we are not besought, incited, or commanded to buy something of somebody. To the range of advertising there is no apparent limit, and where all are tooting the loud bazoo, the problem of any one to make himself heard is no slight one"

"Good copy is simply good salesmanship. It has little to do with phrasing—little to do with display. . . . It is not literary work—this ad-writing."

The exact reverse is true. Ad-writing is, in its best development, literature of the most expert and technical, though not of the highest, type, and no one knows the fact better than the author of the admirably compact essay from which the excerpt is taken. In any extensive advertising campaign, letters of the alphabet are more expensive than pearls, and words than diamonds. The composer of a "national" advertisement is dealing with words which cost his principal at the very least one hundred dollars apiece; very possibly ten thousand dollars each. It behooves him to say the very most that can be said, to say it with the highest degree of explicitness, to give to it the quality that adheres to memory, to make it appeal, to make it arrest, to make it convince, and all within the briefest possible compass. If that isn't literary work, I don't know what is. To a certain man having this quality highly developed a salary equal to that of the President of the United States is paid. He earns it. Few men in the "legitimate" arena of literature earn or make more. Few do their "stunt" so well.

Where all are tooting the loud bazoo, the problem of any one to make himself heard is no slight one. He must contrive something new and strange to attract attention. Hence, the "teaser." A "teaser" is a display designed to arouse public curiosity and prepare it for what is coming. The single word "Pegamoid" spread like a weed through all the street-cars of New York a decade ago and then vanished. That was a "teaser" which was never followed up adequately; for I have found no one, outside of the firm which put out the "ad," who could tell me what Pegamoid was. As a matter of fact, it was a leather substitute. Recently a swarm of advertising bees descended upon the public hoardings, together with the announcement: "Bees are coming." This—not too appropriately, as it seems to me—indicated playing-cards. The effect of mystery was achieved recently in placards displaying unattached human hands and strange, dim designs, with the legend: "There are surprises coming." The "surprises" were the "follow-up ads" of Twenty-Mule-Team Borax. More effective still was a series of "teasers" beginning with: "McHenry is Coming. Born 1812." On the day of its appearance the agency which put it out was kept busy at the 'phone answering people who wanted bets decided as to whether "McHenry" was a shaving-soap, a new kind of motor-craft, or a whisky. Doubtless the success of this exploitation was due as much to the quaint illustrations as to the text. It is an axiom of the trade that an illustration, while directly related to the article vended, should be almost meaningless until the text is read. Omega Oil's really decorative posters of the goose-herd failed of their purpose because they were unrelated to the goods advertised and drew attention away from rather than to them. "Spearmint Gum's" advertising, now running, in which all the figures are made up of little spears, fulfils the requirements of this theory. Text-matter, too, must be "close to the goods," and must hold the attention to them. What is there in the "Mogul Cigarette's" parodies of Poe's "Raven" to suggest inherently tobacco rather than tombstones?

On the other hand, the famous "See that Hump?" jingles of the "De Long Hook and Eye," amusing as they were, never for an instant wandered from the point, and one can not think of the verses without also remembering the article. These contributions to the gaiety of nations have disappeared because they did their work so well that the De Long device has about seven-eighths of all the trade there is.

The Catch-Line Wins

SENSATIONALISM will often gain the end. The Quaker Oats Company is now heralding "The Foods Shot from Guns." At first sight, the advantages of food shot from guns over food which, for instance, had fallen off a skyscraper, aren't obvious. But at least the attention is arrested; held up, as it were, at the point of the weapon, which is one kind of advertising. If the advertiser can hitch his wagon to the star of popular, though perhaps temporary, interest, he may "make a hit." Hence the outbreak, some years since, of Dewey Cigars and Hobson Chewing-Gum; and, in this present time of trust encroachment and trust unpopularity, the appearance of the catch-line, appended to sundry articles: "Not made by the Trust"; or, "Outside the Trust." Inevitably the struggle to make an impression produces some weird results, as when an advertising expert named Cooper coins, to describe his "Unique, Breezy Little Ads," the verbal curio "Cooperosities," which, however "unique," is about as "breezy" as a safe-deposit vault.

As a rule, the advertiser plays fair. His copy and his designs are his own, though ethics of the business do not forbid his taking advantage of some opening left by a competitor. There is a legend to the effect that some years ago every other step in a long flight leading up to a public bridge was inscribed: "Good Morning, Have You Used Pear's Soap?" whereupon a rival firm adorned each intervening space with the retort discourteous: "No; but I've Used Plum's. *Good* Evening!" Stress laid upon the virtues of imported goods, together with the enthusiastically exploited fact that Emperor William recently ordered a certain American musical instrument, inspired White Rock with an enlivening bit of satire for street-car and publication use.

Advertising is more than advertising. Even were "ads" not essential as revenue producers to the newspapers, they would be highly important as news. For in them is found matter of daily information which can not be obtained elsewhere. For example, the stranger, coming to the city, wants to know what amusements are available. To him the baseball and theatrical announcements are news. The housewife wishes to know what particular bargains are offered for the day or week. To her the department store space fairly teems with news, often news that she reads exhaustively before going back to the first page to discover that Japan has found a new *casus belli* under the bed or that Mrs. Paresis Blubb's pet monkey was robbed of its diamond necklace on Riverside Drive yesterday.

Some years ago the New York "Commercial Advertiser" became involved in a quarrel with the Theatrical Trust, arising from the trust's attempt to dictate its criticism of plays. Thereupon all the play advertisements were withdrawn. A friend, condoling with the publisher, said: "The loss of all those ads must make quite a deficiency." "Pshaw!" said the publisher, "the seventy dollars or eighty dollars a week doesn't matter.

What worries us is the loss of circulation. People nowadays want all the news, and that's part of it."

By force of importance or novelty an advertisement may become the news of the day. When the New York "Ledger" was wavering on the brink of failure, Robert Bonner, the proprietor, sent to the New York "Herald" a brief advertisement, to be set up in a single line. So Greeleyesque was Mr. Bonner's handwriting that the advertising manager interpreted the directions as ordering that the copy be run in full page, which instructions he obeyed, though marveling greatly. The "Herald" came out the next morning with one whole page devoted to the crisp adjuration to read the "Ledger's" new story. The effect upon Mr. Bonner was almost fatal, first from chagrin at the thought of the possible bill, then from amazement as subscriptions began to pour in, and finally from satisfaction, as they continued to flood the office, until the fortune of the publication was made. The novel, though accidental, device had struck the public fancy. Mr. Bonner was hailed as the pioneer of a new and daring theory of exploitation, and the advertisement gained tenfold currency by being commented upon as a feature of the news. Only two years ago Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's brilliant stock pronunciamentos, though published as advertisements, were quoted as news because their effect upon the market was such that they could not be omitted from any comprehensive consideration of the day's financial history.

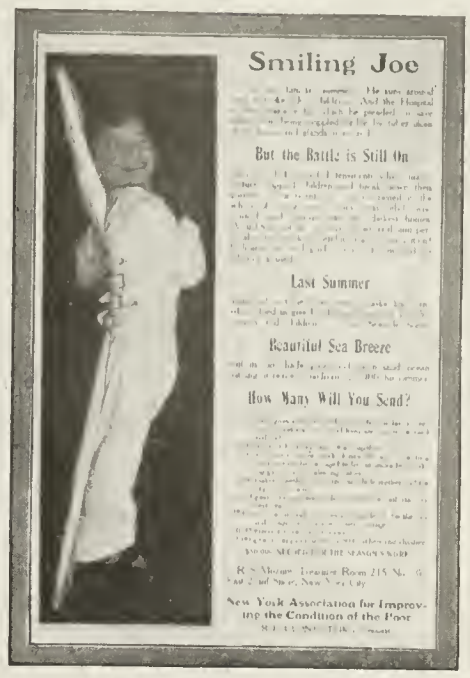
Aside from news worth, there is a distinct entertainment value in the best of advertising. Think how much duller your ride to business would be if the car hoardings were blank, instead of being filled with color and print. They are decent and companionable myths, these folk of Ad-land; the smiling chef of Cream of Wheat, the frolicky Gold-Dust Twins, the gaily youthful, toothful Sozodont girl, the round-eyed chubs who fatten to bursting on Campbell's Soups, and the hale old Friend of Quaker Oats. Whether or not I buy my clothes of Rogers, Peet & Co., I find equal enjoyment in their sprightly little newspaper ads, to which I frequently turn with relief when the news of the day chances to be dull and stodgy. The man who confines himself to the "reading matter" of a modern, high-class magazine is getting only part of what he pays for. The best experts of the day are striving, in a hundred phases of endeavor, to find something that will attract and amuse him, and he flings their work into the scrap-basket without so much as looking to see whether it hasn't something to say to him. To cite one instance, when the "Old Dr. Goose" advertisements of sincerity clothing were running, I used to look for them with avidity, because of the intimate hand-on-your-shoulder, finger-in-your-buttonhole style of talk, although I was in no manner interested in the goods offered. Even the illustrations for the advertisements are not inferior to those of the fiction or articles, being, in many cases, the picked work of the same artists. Kipling, on receiving a batch of magazines from a friend who had torn out the back pages, to save postage, wrote:

"Next time *you* keep the front part and send me the ads. I can write stories myself."

So in a sense, the ad-man is a public entertainer, only too eager to do his share toward the world's enjoyment, gratis. Says that prince of unconscious quacks, Clem Sypher, in Mr. Locke's "Simple Septimus": "Have you ever thought what anxious thought, what consummate knowledge of human nature, what dearly bought experience, go to the making of an ad? You'll go miles out of your way to see a picture or a piece of sculpture that hasn't cost a man half the trouble and money to produce, and you'll not look at an advertisement, though it is put before your eyes a dozen times a day." There is the lament of genius, all unappreciated. Here is its lyric rapture, quoted from a leading exponent of the "Art of Universal Salesmanship":

"It's the greatest business in the world. From our desks we sway millions. We change the currents of trade. We populate new empires, build up new industries, and create customs and fashions. We dictate the food that the baby shall eat, the clothes the mother shall wear, the way in which the home shall be furnished. We are clothed with no authority. Our very names are unknown. But there is scarcely a home, in city or hamlet, where some human being is not doing what we demand. The good advertising man comes pretty close to being an absolute czar."

Truly, the ad-man runs the whole gamut of human emotions and attributes. Ambition, cupidity, dishonesty, fear, the social instinct, envy, superstition, prejudice, affection and loyalty, pruriency, and charity; each of these is a key for the skilled psychologist of print to play upon. Ambition, as exemplified in the encouraging, "You can double your present salary"; cupidity, in the "Free" advertisements, something for nothing; dishonesty, in the marked cards, loaded dice and counterfeit money offers; fear, in the threat of the quack, "That Burning Pain Means CANCER"; the social instinct, in the recipe of the etiquette-book, "How to be a Lady, by Mail"; envy, in the temptation of the instalment diamond vender, "Outshine Your Neighbor"; superstition, in the claims of the clairvoyants and soothsayers which fill the Sunday papers; sectional prejudices, in the rallying cry of the real-estate faker through the religious press of the South, "Get Some Yankee Money"; affection and loyalty, in the warning of the life insurance company, that you must provide for your loved ones while yet there is time; pruriency, in the leer of the "secret" or sexual book lure; and charity, in "Smiling Joe's" brave appeal for help to thousands more helpless than himself. These are the elements out of which greater men have made the world's tragedies and comedies, turned here to the needs of business.



A Masterpiece of Publicity. The picture that raised $250,000

Pleasant, indeed, would it be to conclude with the statement that, in advertising, honesty is the best policy. Unhappily it isn't true. But for the talent of the advertising man the two most profitable extant phases of swindling would quickly die out, and we should escape the deadly medical quackery and save our earnings from the wildcat stock schemer. True, there are advertising men, just as there are advertising mediums, who eschew this phase of the business; but there are more who make no distinctions. And, in itself, advertising takes no account of the article to be exploited, except as to its salability. Advertising has a thousand principles, one purpose, and no morals. That it should have morals is inhibited by its purpose, which is salesmanship. The ad that sells something is a good ad. The ad that does not sell is a bad ad. Advertising is art, it is literature, it is invention. But it is not humanitarianism nor altruism. Failure is its one cardinal sin, and success the all-sufficient justification of the means by the end.



"If we flee to the country for a day's communion with nature, we find sermons in stones and books in the running brooks"

Swimming

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

THERE are swimmers that have swum in pools and rivers and the ocean in many portions of the globe. They are fortunate. For they have been able to add diversity to one of the supreme outdoor pleasures. But the Atlantic Coast alone, with the inland strip thrown in for good measure, gives opportunity enough for varied kinds of shocks and reactions.

The autobiography of one who swims with no expert strokes and no diving skill, but just straight on for a mile or so—a commonplace swimmer, such as any one may become—such a life-record of modest achievement ought to be of inspiration and service to a race of water-lovers, who live, every man of them, at the brink or entirely hemmed in by water.

The east end of Long Island was an excellent place to learn—in Peconic Bay, an arm of the Atlantic. If you once get a taste of the salt, fresh water is never the same thing. The only way then to make fresh water seem lively and worth while is to take it cold, where the shock makes up for the lessened buoyancy.

An admirable time and place for that sort of plunge is the early spring, on a week's walk up the left bank of the Hudson. The brooks that run wild down the hillsides a few miles west of the river dam up behind a boulder once in a while, and give a five-foot depth.

The ocean is attractive anywhere, and there is no choice between the New Jersey ocean-bathing and that at Coney Island and Rockaway. But you feel the change when you try the Maine coast in late September with the water at 54° to 57°. From Portsmouth, New Hampshire, through York Harbor up to Portland, at Old Orchard Beach and out at the Point, the bathing is keen and reviving after a long summer in the great city. Most of the bathers in those brisk fall days sit shivering on the shore. The water looks cold till you are once inside it, and there is no surer way of finding it too cold to go in than to sit on the beach looking at it.

Among personal adventures, the briskest swimming I ever had was in the Bay of Fundy. The water is gaspingly chilly and the salt infusion strong. There are few experiences more vivid than to walk all day down the west coast of Nova Scotia and then to leap into that green-tinted water just before the turn of the tide.

Before Martin Sheridan became the world's best discus-thrower and New York's favorite policeman, he ran Pelham Bay Park, which lies, fronting Long Island Sound, a few miles to the north of the Harlem River. He used to open up each winter morning by a swift run into the water from his room and then a couple of hundred yards of rapid-fire swimming in the water which wasn't quite frozen. He used to say that by March the water began to feel tepid, and before April was done he could get no proper reaction. But he was a colossal man, and the average citizen of the Eastern States will find June and July water none too enervating for an hour's pleasure.

And now they are spoiling Clason Point by making it easy to reach and attractive to lazy people when you get there. But in the good old days it was the resort of just a few water-worshipers, who came to swim and that only. Sunday was the great day, and you would see a succession of clean-cut plunges from the thirty-foot frame at the head of the pier, and long-distance endurance swims out into the middle of the current.

The man who is really a swimmer, and would rather do a thing than lament its absence, can get winter-swimming that will keep him sound and free from colds in almost any city of one hundred thousand inhabitants in almost any country of the world. The solution is the club pool, the Y. M. C. A. pool, or the Turkish bath. These resorts have been so largely used by men of rotund form and lazy habits, and by revelers recovering from Saturday night, that they convey the impression of a secret society of fat men. But their wise use is entirely possible to any person with a salary of ten dollars a week or over. The sixty-foot pool only needs to be traversed twenty times for the swimmer to score a quarter mile to his credit. It isn't the same joy as the ocean under a clear sky. The splashings of fat bunglers shut inside the same marble compartment are more objectionable than when you can beat out to open sea while they gulp in waves at the margin of the Atlantic Coast. But the exercise and the reaction are there in pleasant measure, accessible to all whose eye is fixed on the blue summer water of the open bay, but most of whose life is spent indoors in routine.

Doubtless there is swimming to be had up around the North Pole, and certainly there must be good floating, drowsing the long tides idle, where the supposititious equator belts our little world. Perhaps some day it will be granted us to try one or the other, and round out a life of swimming with some daring or luxurious extreme. Meantime let every one fall to on what is actually on hand, his little pond or brook or strip of the sea, and each year gain a wider area of time—no longer letting June and September go wasted. Then May and October will be taken over into the days that count—with always the bright goal of a Martin Sheridan in the mind's eye, when all seasons shall be alike to the hardy swimmer, master of every stroke.

SEATTLE
WASHINGTON

Alaska - Yukon - Pacific Exposition

Ten Weeks Before the Opening

A—Chief Seattle, whose name Seattle bears.
B—Manufactures Building.
C—Official design in sculpture.
D—California Building
E—Hawaiian Building, Government group.
F—Auditorium, permanent structure.
G—Looking down the Court of Honor.
H—The Court of Honor.
I—Gardens, cascades and geyser basin
J—Scene along the Court of Honor.
K—Copses of rhododendrons and firs
L—Main court of the Government Building
M—Side-end view, Manufactures Building
N—The Forestry Building.
O—European and Alaska Buildings
P—Washington State Building
Q—Music pavilion in the firs
R—Palace of Fine Arts, fire-proof.
S—Foreign Building
T—Statue, "Spirit of the North."
U—Machinery Hall, permanent structure.
V—Lake Washington, from Fair Grounds.

JUNE 1 to
OCTOBER 16
1909

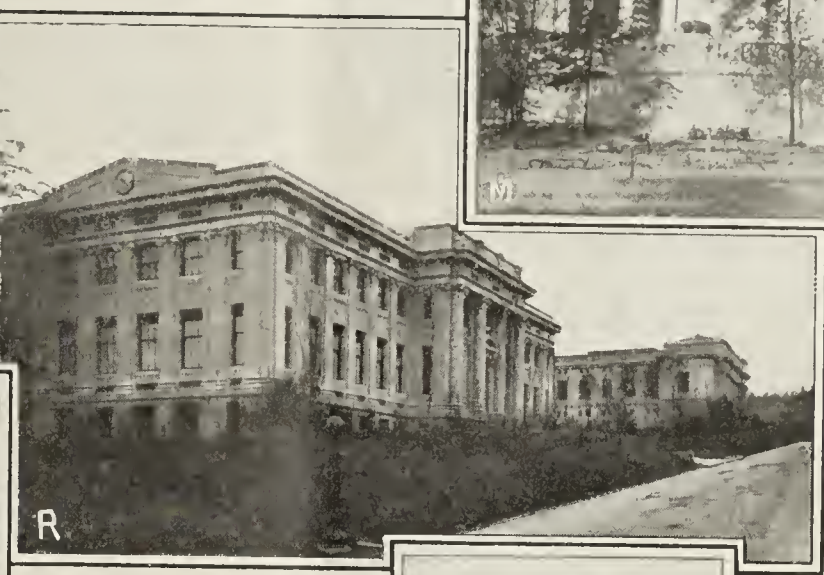
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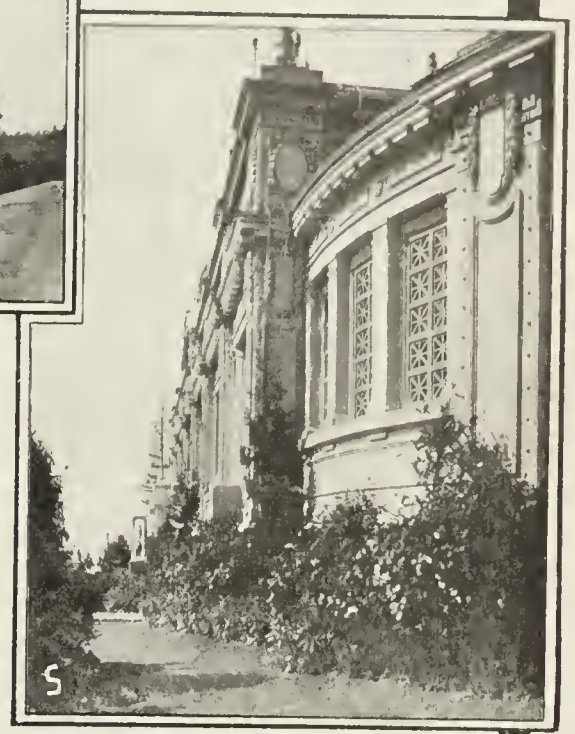


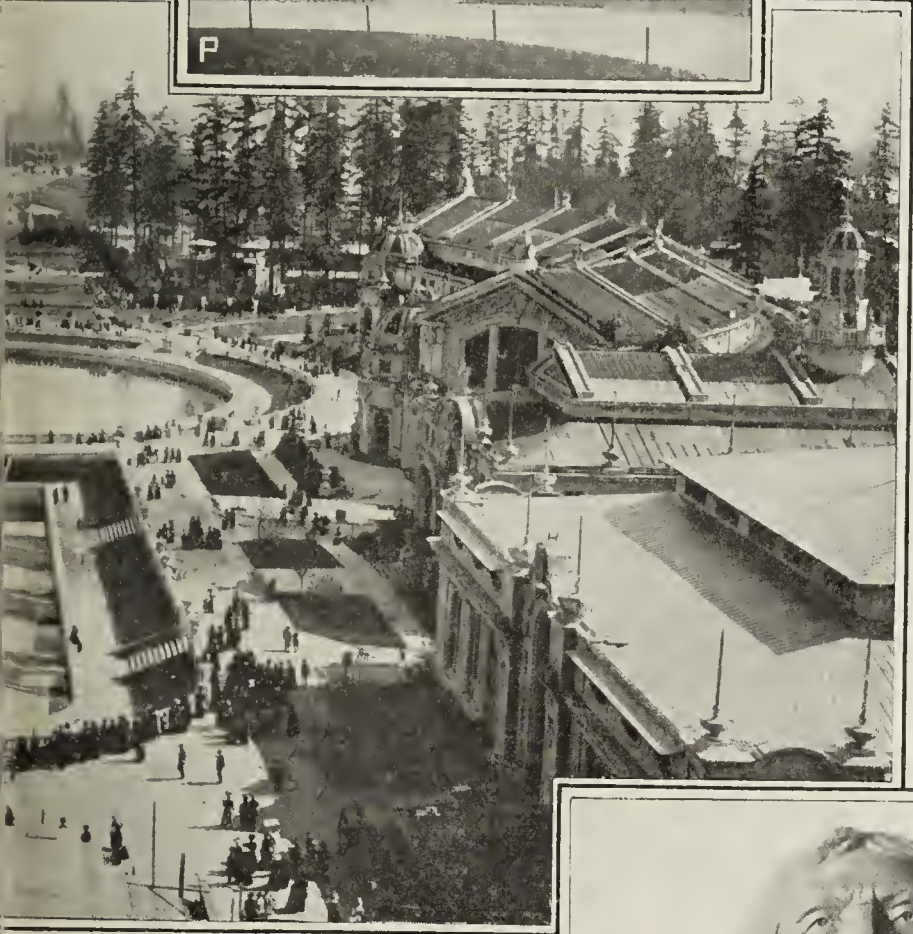




























(See p



A knot of undergraduates went by

His Second Senior Class Day

The Return of a Father to the House Outside the Campus

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Illustrated by FRANK SNAPP

AS THE train drew near the city, Mr. Devine actually laid aside his paper unfinished, and from a casual observation of some passing landmark gave his whole attention to the moving scene outside the car window.

"There are the falls," he commented to himself. "H-m, that used to be the last station but one; and the old crossing—but they've filled up the pond. Must be getting pretty near."

He glanced at his watch and fell to thinking with characteristic energy what he should say to his son—which, equally characteristically, he had avoided doing until now. He never wasted more time upon any business transaction than was necessary for its successful handling, and Howard and Howard's affairs, including whatever foolishness he might now have got into his head, were merely his next most pressing piece of business—certainly the business nearest his heart, but which he could have done nothing to advance by fussing over all the way between Chicago and X——. He had, in fact, done no fussing at all since he had read his son's letter, but he had not been unaware of a slight, subconscious anxiety, like an undercurrent, through all his business hurry since. And he had had to hurry, beyond the usual quick despatch of business, to enable him to snatch this rare holiday for even such an important event as his son's senior class day and commencement.

It was a day they had looked forward to for years—ever since he had entered the boy (a little reluctant, for were not Harvard and Yale more sounding names?) at his own university, using—he never told Howard how much—of his gilded substance to secure the very same old dormitory which he had occupied in his student years. On that point of the university he had shown a singular obstinacy.

"Yale or Harvard after, for any special course you like," he had said, "and Europe after that; I don't propose to stint you in anything, but I've set my heart on my only son taking his degree where his father and his grandfather did before him. It's a good university—and our native town. The accident of your being born and brought up out West" (like all Middle Westerners he spoke of Chicago as "West") "alters nothing. A little pure New England won't hurt you, and you'll get it double distilled in X——. It hasn't changed any." Here the speaker had smiled a trifle grimly, for if he loved the place with an ancestral weakness, he also privately despised it as a "back number." His son—also privately—thought this might be other than a recommendation, but he yielded with a good grace. What are a few years to youth, with its certain hold upon immortality?

"It's a wonder to me you never go back for class reunions," he once remarked during a vacation as they sat talking college in the library over their cigars; and his father had answered with a shrug:

"Oh, either there's a flurry on the market, or a big case on hand, or your mother wanting to sail for Europe just then. We'll come to your class day," he had added, and they had both laughed.

He was keeping the promise now, though alone, and thought with a moment's grave regret of his wife—how much the day would have meant to her. He could not have failed to come if only on her account, and he would not willingly have done so on his own; but Howard had triple-clinched the certainty with that last letter of his—a very bombshell of a letter to wind up a four years' course in which the boy had run up no debts, got into no scrapes, and done, on the whole, very decently in his classes. The work had always been the very least consideration in Mr. Devine's eyes, New Englander though he was; he had seen too much of the world to think much of a college preparation for it; what he had valued for his son were the "associations."

And now he was suddenly and coolly informed that his son had enough of college—that he did not want to go to Europe, but was bent, instead, on going straight into one of the big paternal machine shops after a brief holiday (presumably to recruit from the exhaustions of scholarship), and he had presented at least six good reasons for taking this holiday, of all the places in the world, at Ogunquitt. Having sent his son back to a New England nurture, this should have been to Mr. Devine grateful evidence of his accurate intuitions; instead of which he had frowned heavily on reading the ingenuous presentation and boiled the six reasons briefly down into one, which he as briefly enunciated—"Girl!" as



He leaned over and gathered one—a little white blossom

he put the letter in his pocket and promptly dismissed the matter (save for the subconsciousness), to be dealt with on the ground when face to face with his son. That this meeting was now imminent, another glance out of the car window assured him. He had not yet decided what to say, but—well, he was not going to have the boy's future spoiled by one of the girls he remembered only too well, and who, doubtless, had continued her line of succession—the very kind of girl to play havoc with an inexperienced Western youth. A mass of white marble here hurled arrogantly by the window.

"Must be the new court-house—quite a structure—and just where we used to go chestnutting," muttered the traveler, then leaned eagerly forward. "By Jove!—there's the old hill!—and the old church-spire—!" A curious look came into the eyes trained to impassiveness. He stood up, like all the passengers, from sheer force of habit, and began to worry down the suit-case from the rack, after the manner of all uneasy Americans, never waiting to arrive before arriving. But that done, he continued, standing, to gaze with an eager intentness at the piled-up banks, crowned with trees and houses, through which the train hurled, under a street bridge, around a curve, and finally into a long and dim station, and it was not primarily the meeting with his son which caused his firm hand to tremble slightly as it grasped the boy's a moment later outside. Not lightly may a man step backward thirty years. The first glance he gave at his son assured him of one thing, however; it was "the boy" no longer; the second thrilled him with instinctive pride and pleasure in the tall, sturdy young fellow beside him.

"Not much wrong there," he thought, with anxious reassurance, precisely because the chap looked suspiciously, exuberantly well.

With an almost suspicious energy, too, Howard had seized upon his father and his father's belongings and was piloting both toward a cab when his father stopped him.

"If you don't mind, Howard, I'd like to walk—get unstiffened and my bearings at the same time."

His son looked astonished. In his acquaintance with him his father never had time to walk; an automobile run to the speed limit and, when discreetly practicable, over, was his pace.



Never waiting to arrive before arriving

"Why, of course," he said. "It's only ten minutes; you'll find it's the same old town still," he added patronizingly. Receiving no reply, he glanced at his companion, and it was vaguely brought home to him that he was on the eve of surprises; there was an expression on his father's face new to him as he glanced about the square with its impossible monument.

"Same old spot we used to hold our Memorial Day orations," he murmured. "And look here, Howard! I was in the mob of torchlighters when Blaine came out on that old City Hall pedestal and addressed us. By George! I can see it all now."

The young man watched with the indulgent amusement of youth the changes in his father's face, and it changed many times during the walk.

"The dear old boy must have cared a lot," he thought with sympathy; and was quite unaware that a year

ago he would not have been sympathetic at all. He supposed now that their mutual fondness came back to ancestral feelings; after all, this was what they had really come out of, and that always counted; he knew such a lot of people out West who had never come out of anything. Still, he was used to seeing his father—a contained, rather caustic, man, with a keen brain for business, which still had kept its intellectual edge—moved by quite other than ancestral matters, if at all. Moreover, he had his own reasons for watching the pater very closely just now.

Seen so, the two were curiously like, yet unlike enough to mark one of those American transitions due to geographical influences. At fifty the father was still young, a fact which his gray hairs only handsomely emphasized, and the New England lines were rather rounded out than obliterated by Western contacts. The son suggested a youth who had come to manhood under larger—it might be also easier—conditions; he was taller, ampler, and more richly colored, with a wider, less intense, gaze. One guessed that much had come to him as birthright which the elder had achieved.

All the way to the hotel the elder man continued quietly to note inconspicuous landmarks along the narrow streets, but they seemed to interest him abnormally.

"Actually got a trolley line up the hill," he frowned and smiled. "I remember how they talked about it ten years, while we were laying the whole West with lines; wonder if they've got a transfer service yet."



People sat on their doorstep

"Oh, yes," Howard replied, laughing; "but it's still esteemed a daring innovation; they are *talking* of letter-boxes on the cars."

"There's the old chop-house—I dare say you've sampled it?" He looked with twinkling eyes at his son and his son twinkled back.

"I dare say I have."

"And—upon my word!—there's old Ripton walking up the street exactly as he used to at this hour—fifty, a hundred years ago." He smiled delightedly. "Well, well! I've been told if I came back I'd find the same people doing the same thing at the same hour—but I didn't believe it. The West takes that out of me. Ah, there's the old library! In *my* day that was the haunt of all the pretty girls; immensely studious lot they were, but always on *this* side of the building—college side; we used to wonder what they kept on the shelves on the other side." The little chuckle with which he said this died suddenly as he glanced up at his son for an answering smile; the young man was looking distinctly embarrassed, and an awkward silence succeeded.

It was a relief to both that the hotel obligingly broke it, obtruding its brand-new bulk.

"You'd like me to wait for you, wouldn't you, father?" the young man asked courteously, yet he fidgeted visibly as he asked.

The elder man looked up; already his thoughts had wandered.

"No; if you don't mind, I'll come up



Yale or Harvard after

a little later; you must have plenty to attend to at your rooms, and the fact is, I've a little business of my own."

His son opened his eyes wide.

"Business!—in this town! You are not thinking of buying a cotton-mill, are you?"

The elder man laughed good-naturedly.

"Never mind what I'm going to buy; go and look after your spread. I'll turn up presently."

"All right"—there was a suspicious alacrity in the assent; "I'd like to make sure Prendergast doesn't forget the ice or something—but you won't be late?" He turned at the door to add mischievously: "Sure you know the way?"

"Considering I tramped hollows in it before you were born—yes," retorted his father. "Trot along, you only have *one* senior class day!"

Apparently the reminder had been heeded, if needed; the elder man, listening, heard him take the stairs in two plunges, and smiled with grim sympathy. No; one had only one senior class day! Left to himself, he made a very accurate toilet and descended the stairs with due dignity; nobody could have conceived how near his son's, for once, was the heart under the dignified exterior. One had but one senior class day!

Outside of the hotel he turned deliberately away from the college, and as deliberately chose a street that led away from the business districts; evidently his business was of a particular nature. It was June, growing into an early dusk, and the city of elms and lawns was busy concealing in that green cloak a multitude of sins. As he walked, the quaint beauty of the place struck him, although quaintness was the last virtue the ambitious manufacturing town pretended to or would have been grateful for. It saw itself as an important metropolis; it looked, to the outsider, a peaceful, innocent New England scholastic town; and it *was* a corrupt little plutocracy, with a social scale nicely adjusted to the number of spindles in its mills. Moreover, it was a bigoted and sectarian little city, and, by a natural compensation for its bigotry and slowness, its university was known for a very automobile among universities in the matter of pace; yet in it the man who knew both the golden West and Harvard had elected to immolate his only son.

And he knew no repentance even yet; rather the atmosphere of the place was working like yeast within him, and feelings, dormant for thirty years, were rising in the ferment of spirit. The farther he got away from the college, the nearer he felt to it, and he continued, without a mistake of a turning, straight toward the goal of a desire which had suddenly stirred into being with his thoughtless little jest about the library, and grown instantly to an overmastering impulse.

It was not far—nothing was far in this town; the man from Chicago had the sense of a toy village with toy streets of an almost impossible steepness, every one of them heavily roofed over with elms or maple. The queer old wooden houses sat primly in their detached gardens; many of them still had the old-time dignity of secluding fences—wood or iron; a few only of the more pretentious had cast this decency away, obeying the modern tendency to live on the sidewalk. And it was June—June with the apple trees still in late blossom, and the pregnant promise of the hot, thick New England summer close at hand, all unlike the keen torridity of the West.

"How long ago did I walk here?" the Western man asked himself with amusement. To play that it all amused him was a way of keeping the incident in its place, a measure of self-respect, and he played it diligently at intervals, for in his heart he was sharply aware of a growing sensation—something which gripped him like a physical pain—or was it a pleasure? He walked on up the street (for now he was on *the* street), going very slowly past remembered spots. Part of the way was parked and there were benches; how many summer evenings like this he had spent on one of them trying to solve the problem—to call or not to call? Some of his fellows had no such scruples; *they* called seven nights in succession; but he had had even in his youth a strain of that dignity or caution which had stood him in such good stead since; he had never liked to cheapen himself; three or four times a week, as he remembered it, had been about his limit. He smiled again—with amusement, of course. And now as he drew near a certain stretch of elm-shaded walk he walked slower yet. About here, he told himself with a smile now positively cynical, his heart had always begun to beat faster. Would she—it being June, and a night like this—be out on her doorstep or not? In those days people sat on their doorsteps. And would there be any one with her—or not? There was the house-garden—for a moment a positive clutch assailed him. He found himself deliberately thanking heaven there was no one on the steps; but he made *that* all right with himself by the increased cynicism of his laugh. Of course, no one would be there!—even thirty years ago—they would all be at the campus. In the shadow of the nearest tree he stopped and leaned deliberately on the top of the gate—it was the same old gate, he felt sure; he touched the latch with his fingers—it had the same old squeak. And then for a moment he stopped laughing and lost all regard for his own opinion.

Tempi passati! O tempi passati! Oh, days of youth! Oh, dream of youth! When in the thirty years of his life since had he felt what he used to feel in that little dooryard! There were roses growing against the fence; there had been roses then. Casting a



"We stood in this very window"

quick look about the deserted street, he leaned over and gathered one—a little white blossom—and, taking from his pocket a massive leather book, laid it away among his business papers. They dealt with big money affairs—those papers. At that moment, all put together, they were not worth to him what the little rose had stood for. *Tempi passati!* Oh, days of youth! "Youthful sentiment," he would have said yesterday—but that was before he had stood here, where all at once things which had been dreams, rarely recalled for years, became realities

again. Realities! Had there been any other realities in life half so real? He had lived a full man's life, full of stir and energy and enterprise, a self-respecting life, and been largely successful even by the American standard. There was nothing particularly to regret or be ashamed of; but how far, seen now, it had been from the life he dreamed of in those days, those good days of his youth! It had been a fast little college town even then; there had been plenty of things that had better not have happened even in a fast little college town; but somehow this house, the associations which surrounded it, the influences it shed, all that it stood for and that emanated from it, had sweetened and cleansed the whole for him. He had been a better man in that fast little college town than he had ever been since. Nobody else might know it—but he knew it himself. He had been capable of things then he had never been capable of again. And all because of what? He acknowledged to himself now that all his obstinate insistence in sending Howard here had been due to this one thing. He had seen, unconsciously, his whole college life in the light of that association. It was for this—for the sake of something missed out West—missed everywhere since; and he had never reflected that *this* might not come the boy's way. He had never even consciously desired it; he had other and definite plans for Howard; he had never even realized that the light which illuminated the college streamed directly from these doorsteps. And that light he might have kept always by him; he had never had any doubt about that—he had always *known*. If she had not been wholly in love with him, she had been, like other girls, in love with love; half the effort he had wasted since on worthless things would have *made* her in love with him. He knew the very moment when



The old campus

she had trembled on the verge—when they had both trembled on the verge; the very spot beneath the trees, on their walk home on his class-night, when in the softened tenderness of gathered memories, and touched with youth's first tragedy of parting, he should have spoken. For he was going to Europe and then to Harvard to please his father, exactly as he had planned that his son should go to Europe and then to Harvard to please him. They had corresponded; he had seen her, off and on, through the Harvard years, and always he meant to speak one day; then came his years on the plains and in Chicago. He was older, more cautious; it seemed better to establish himself first. The business instinct which had made him a success engrossed him; letters grew fewer, visits rarer—and then—he heard of her marriage. And he had not forgotten yet how he had felt when he heard. The daughter of a college professor, she had fulfilled her natural destiny and married the young professor of Greek and archeology—a man of his own class, a tall, slender boy, who even in those days had the scholar's lamp burning in his eyes, and had been conspicuously absent from all those walks and talks, those evenings and years. From time to time some chance word had drifted his way—of them in Greece on Sabbatical years—and then the man had written books—works on archeology. He had every reason to suppose it had been a happy, suitable marriage, like his own. He had always considered his own as happy. His wife had been a handsome, successful woman; they had been very comfortable together—and there had been the boy. Moreover, he had made her happy. He had nothing to reproach himself with on that score; but neither did he reproach himself with unfaithfulness to her memory as he stood there by the little gate. All his reproaches were for something utterly different. As he remembered the boy who sat there summer evenings—the boy who used to thrill at so many things—forgotten stirs of finer feeling, the meeting touch of finger-tips (never in the world had he touched her lips, nor even held her hand; it was part of the perfection of his dream that that would have been impossible), he wondered what that boy might have been if he had carried the dream through his life—a reality. Would it have been possible? Probably not, thought the man with a shrug.

A knot of undergraduates went by on the other side of the street, hurrying toward the campus, and as they went they sang from sheer exuberance of youth.

"Good night. Good night, beloved—!" their voices came floating back on the quiet air.

Good heavens! Did they sing that still? How many nights had they not sung that under the windows of how many girls! He had a voice in those days—Howard had it now. And on *that* night they had sung till after midnight on the campus and till after dawn through the streets; they had sung "Good night!" to everybody's beloved, and then he had stolen around and sung it all alone to her for the last time. The last time it had proved indeed.

He straightened himself up, for more students were approaching, this time on his side of the street. After they had passed he gave one more lingering look (a last look he knew it to be this time; thirty years hence he should not come back for his grandson's class-day), hummed very softly, "Good night, beloved!" and tried to smile at his own folly, but turned away rather abruptly instead.

On the way back to the college he thought with a whimsical tenderness of his son as a sort of extension of that early self of his. He resolved that he would deal gently with the boy's foolishness—it would be enough probably merely to get him away. Time and absence, he reflected with momentary bitterness, could efface most images. Probably three months of Europe would serve to obliterate four years of X——. He resolved also to keep an observant eye upon him that evening, but to do nothing to spoil it—one has but one senior class-day. Then, with only a little less than his usual definitiveness, he dismissed the past and gave himself up to an old student's enjoyment of the present; for the college campus rose at the end of the street before him.

The old campus! What old graduate looks on it unmoved! Its elms looked no larger than they had looked thirty years ago to the magnifying

(Continued on page 24)

A Vampire and Others

Including Eve and a Young Lady with a Promising Soprano Voice

By ARTHUR RUHL



Mr. Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was"



The music teacher, his pupil, and her two young admirers in "The Climax"

WHEN, as a lady is about to sail for Europe, a pale-faced young man shoots himself at her feet and she only says, "Ha! ha!" and a moment later, when the deck steward has rather ostentatiously mopped up the blood, asks him to set her steamer-chair over the still damp spot, it may safely be conjectured that she is no better than she ought to be. The Woman in Mr. Porter Emerson Browne's play, "A Fool There Was," was, in fact, very bad indeed. She was a vampire. She had driven a number of men to ruin and suicide before she met The Husband—we preserve the program's careful anonymity—and although she could scarcely have been in the first flush of her success, it can not be said that her unpleasant arts had yet begun to show any signs of decay.

She found The Husband, a handsome, healthy, altogether estimable citizen, saying good-by to The Wife and The Child as he was about to sail for Europe on an important secret mission for the President. And she left him, a year or so later, given up by family and friends, a drunken wreck, squeezed dry and dead. Then she pulled a rose from her corsage and scattered the red petals over him and went cackling away to find a new man. No doubt whatever is left in the spectator's mind about her wickedness. You can not blame the man over in the left-hand side of the orchestra who hisses as the curtain goes down.

And, of course, this is an act of consideration on Mr. Browne's and the actress's part for which all tender-minded people must be properly grateful. There are vampires, doubtless, who do not ring bells, as it were, when they come, who make virtue unattractive and vice heroic and desirable and insinuate themselves through one's better nature, so to speak. When they have completed their tragic work, the irony of it is that "it wasn't the least what the lady meant," as Mr. Kipling said.

These "inside," Ibsen-like vampires are horrid and uncomfortable. An outside, visual one like this, however, with a snaky gown, a lowering picture hat, languishing eyes, and vermilion lips—one who carries a sign, as it were, "This Way to the Vampire"—is a comfort and delight. She is like the buzz-saw which always is stopped before it decapitates the heroine, or the gunpowder keg which isn't really going to go off. Jones and Robinson can watch her and grind their teeth and say: "Gad! This is life!" and go out into Forty-second Street again as cheerful as larks, just as sophomores of a decade ago used to repeat "The Vampire" to a melancholy piano accompaniment and grow acutely and delightfully sorry for themselves for the crimes they had yet to commit.

In short, theatricalism and bathos are not necessarily at all tiresome. Anything done in earnest has a certain force, and Mr. Browne apparently is very much in earnest in his admiration of Kipling's poem and his endeavors to make a play of it. It is refreshing to see two such breezy and muscular men as Mr. Robert Hilliard and Mr. Courtenay shouting at each other as The Husband and The Friend and to hear the ladies admire his beauty when Mr. Hilliard turns his broad shoulders to the audience. Moreover, as Miss Nanette Comstock makes The Wife, after all her mental anguish, look exactly as round and plump and smiling and generally adorable in the last act as she was in the first, while The Friend stands stoutly by to offer her all the protection and consolation in a strong man's power, there are tangible reasons for optimism as one walks away. With every respect for Miss Katherine Kaelred's gifts, I was unable to imagine her with all her "Kee-ee-ees me, meh fools!" vampiring such a sensible-looking citizen as Mr. Hilliard away from—let us say—an evening paper or an oyster stew, infinitely less from the suburban rose-bower and lovely Miss Comstock. Let us, however, bear her no ill-will for that. One's feelings should not be put to too great a strain in this cheerful spring weather.

A Lady Loses Her Voice

OF QUITE a different sort is Mr. Edward Locke's engaging little play, "The Climax." It has only four characters, the action all takes place in the same simple New York flat, and the tragedy hangs on whether or not a young lady loses her singing voice.

Adelina had come from a little Ohio town to share the dingy flat with Uncle Luigi Golfanti and his son Pietro, so that the old music-teacher could give her lessons and watch over her voice. They were very ambitious. Adelina was going to be a great opera-singer some day, and lead Uncle Luigi out in answer to the applause and say: "I owe it all to him. He was my teacher." Pietro adored Adelina, and divided his time between pleading his hopeless case and dashing to the piano and pouring out his sorrows in music. This piano should be on the program with the rest of the cast.

The difficulty was John Raymond, the young doctor. He had lived next door to Adelina, and he loved her. He was opposed to the stage and to Adelina's career, and wanted her to give it up and marry him. A slight operation had to be performed on her throat. For a week after it Adelina was not permitted to speak above a whisper. There was a bare chance that the operation would destroy her singing voice, and the desperate young doctor succeeded in convincing her by mental suggestion that this had been done. He made her use an atomizer day after day to continue the suggestion until at last the career was given up and the wedding arranged.

In the excitement of the wedding day, Adelina suddenly finds that she can sing, and the remorseful young doctor confesses his selfish deception and goes away. As the curtain falls, Pietro is playing his great song, and Adelina, really in love with the doctor at last, is singing as she never sang before. Just what happens is a trifle vague, but one infers that she has her career, or at least a good try at it, and that sooner or later she comes back to her doctor and the anchor to windward.

The little play is written with a great deal of freshness and sincerity, and an unusual understanding of the musician's enthusiasm and point of view. Mr. Albert Bruning was characteristically good as the old music-master, and Miss Leona Watson pleasing in the by no means easy task of both acting like a singer and singing like one too. Mr. William Lewers was the doctor and Mr. Effingham Pinto the unhappy Pietro—with the aid of the piano. It is a play which will please those who like to see on the stage the same sort of problems and emotions which they know every day at home.

When Eve Came to New York

THE first appearance of Eve in Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy's drawing-room in Mr. Lee Wilson's fantasy, "The Return of Eve"—probably on the road ere this sees light—was of undoubted interest. The young lady had been brought up in a Virginia forest, completely isolated from the world. She and her brother had been taken from a foundling asylum when small children by Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy's rich uncle and immured in the Virginia Eden. When the uncle died he tactlessly left all his money to the young people, and at the opening of the play the righteously indignant niece had pulled Eve out of her Eden and brought her to New York. Here, she reasoned, her barbarous charms would assure instant social success, and Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy might, incidentally, get some of the money.

Eve had known no one but her brother, Adam, and old Winters, a philosophical gentleman with a coon-skin cap and a long white beard. She also knew all about deer, chipmunks, porcupine, and the Unseen Ones, of whom she was much afraid. She was shaped like a goddess, as strong as a colt, bubbling over with love of light and color, and when she saw Mrs. Conybear's pearl necklace, she immediately and joyfully grabbed for it. Old Winters had apparently not gone in heavily on property rights. And she quickly and quite without malice informed the straight-fronted and firmly-corseted lady that she was pulled in in the middle like an ant and looked like a toad.

And when the charming Mr. Seymour Perchwell was presented she was no less delighted with him than he with her and joyfully cried: "Oh, I love you, Seymour!" almost as soon as she set eyes on him. Of course Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy was shocked and told the young person to leave the room—Mr. Perchwell, it might be explained, was engaged to Miss Tupper-Bellamy—but it was almost impossible to make her go. She would get as far as the door and then describe a circle back to the young man—and Miss Bertha Galland's cozy beauty and pleasing simplicity makes this part very plausible and attractive—and, "But I'd rather talk to Seymour," she would say.

Later, when the two were left alone, this really gifted philanderer endeavored to kiss Eve's hand. She wondered why this interesting novelty vaguely frightened her—she never had been afraid of Adam. Mr. Seymour gave her his orchid and explained the resemblance between its exotic beauty and lack of fragrance and the brilliant, artificial world into which she was just entering. He taught her the indispensable phrase, "It is not done," and as the curtain falls he is adding to her vocabulary the word "fascinating," which describes, he says, the mysterious world which attracts her, yet fills her with vague suspicion and dismay.

It is an interesting and promising beginning with reality and the fantastic very plausibly combined. In the next act, a year later, we find Eve in her magnificent country place near Tarrytown. It is, perhaps, a not too encouraging fact that the scene is one of those brilliant evening parties with guests passing in and out and music and dancing off stage. Eve has spent oceans of money. She has bought villas abroad, taken yachting parties to the Mediterranean, and filled her house with opera singers as if they cost no more than canary birds. She is a long way from Eden now. In other words, the bloom is off Mr. Dodd's idea, and unless he is to make good on the basis of ordinary polite comedy, the fantastic note must be held with unusual deftness and originality.

It can scarcely be said that he accomplished either task. The act was more "dramatic" than the first and also more commonplace. The third and last was even weaker. Eve, disgusted with the hypocrisy of society, returned to Eden, but found mere trees and chipmunks no longer satisfying. The result was a rather labored struggle on the author's part to inject an element of surprise and suspense into what the audience already suspected was to happen. Of course the old gentleman in the coon-skin cap informs the young people that they are not brother and sister after all, and with Eve's decision to devote herself to the poor, the hitherto unconscious lovers are brought together at last.

Symbolism and fantasy are difficult things, as everybody knows. Mr. Barrie might have maintained the note of freshness and fantasy to the end, but, as somebody said the other day, the fairies help him. Mr. Dodd is not so very many years away from Yale, and possibly he may make the acquaintance of some fairies later on. There was freshness in his idea, wit in some of the talk, and in a number of Eve's lines a genuine feeling for nature. The first-nighters didn't care for Miss Galland. I think she must have improved later on. Mr. Lester Lonergan was a graceful Perchwell, and Mr. Dodson Mitchell, of course, more than able to take care of the small part of the family lawyer. The rest of the cast scarcely did the play justice.

Comment About Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

UPWARD march the tariff rates. Washington is crowded with the powerful and those who have taken the shilling of the powerful. Senator Aldrich tells the naked truth when he says that nine y-nine of a hundred of those who appear before the Finance Committee ask for higher rates. (The consumer is at home busy with the plow.) Senators and Representatives are immersed in a high protection atmosphere. Every listening moment he is the center of a pressure that cries "Raise the rates." "You vote for high rates on my steel, and I'll vote for high rates on your lumber"—and so two rates are raised. Every day of delay means greater and greater heights. Every day of speech-making on the Senate floor is a day of buttonholing in the Capitol corridors. Senator Heyburn of Idaho said the other day that he does not consider the Republican Party pledged to revision downward, merely to readjustment—and "readjustment" is a euphemism for revision upward. That is the present spirit of the Republican Senate organization. The bill that comes to President Taft for signature will in all probability be higher than the Dingley bill. In the recollection of his campaign promises, the President will face the first real test of his moral courage.

Some Democratic Senators

THIS is the list of those Democratic Senators who, up to the present writing, have spoken in favor of retaining the present duty on lumber:

F. M. Simmons of North Carolina.
John Walter Smith of Maryland.

The National Democratic platform plank on lumber says: "We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on . . . lumber, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the free list."

A Bully in Debate

SENATOR BAILEY of Texas was delivering his speech on the income tax. In the course of it he said:

"There was a time when he [Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island] denounced an income tax as a Populistic, Socialistic, Democratic plan of distributing fortunes. He will not repeat that during this debate because the Senator from Rhode Island, like all the rest of us, learns something as he grows older. [Laughter.]"

Immediately after the laughter subsided there was this spirited denial, which we set down verbatim from the Congressional Record:

"MR. ALDRICH: Mr. President, I have never at any time or anywhere expressed any such opinion as that which the Senator from Texas now attributes to me."

A Senator charged so directly as Mr. Bailey here is charged, with false statement, might very well be discomfited, lose the thread of his argument, and be discredited in the eyes of his fellow Senators and of all present, just as Senator Aldrich hoped Mr. Bailey would be. Mr. Aldrich has been long on the Senate floor and is adept in every trick of browbeating or cunning that helps to give him dominance.

But Senator Bailey was not discomfited. Within three minutes his secretary was at his desk with the bound volume of the Congressional Record for June, 1894, from which he read:

"MR. ALDRICH: Does he not understand that the income tax is supported by the Socialist Party, by the Populist Party, and by the Democratic Party, with a few honorable exceptions, simply as a means for the redistribution of wealth?"

Following the reading of this fifteen-year-old speech of Mr. Aldrich's, there ensued this exchange of remarks—we quote the Congressional Record verbatim:

"MR. ALDRICH: That is what I said.

"MR. BAILEY: But the Senator from Rhode Island said he did not say it.

"MR. ALDRICH: I think the statement made by me at that time was absolutely accurate as a historical statement, and I should make the same statement now as to conditions which then existed.

"MR. BAILEY: But the Senator said a moment ago that he had never, at any time or in any place, characterized an income tax as a Populistic, Socialistic, Democratic plan to redistribute fortunes. But I leave that aside to ask what the Senator thinks of the statement made by the present President of the United States, in his speech accepting the Republican nomination, in which he says he believes in an income tax? Is he a Socialist? Is he a Populist? Is he a Democrat? [Laughter.]

"MR. ALDRICH: I would be glad if the Senator would read that statement."

And so the episode ended with Senator Aldrich still questioning Senator Bailey's accuracy—but in somewhat more moderate language. Not many men, under the circumstances, would have practised Senator Bailey's forbearance to punch a bully when's he's down.

Brusk Reasoning

THROUGH the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin of Lafayette, Alabama, this item, printed in the Concordia, Kansas, "Weekly Empire" last fall, has found its way into the Congressional Record:

"CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

"We have been invited to send a dollar contribution to the Republican campaign fund that is being raised by popular subscription and to which President Roosevelt recently subscribed. We would like to have our dollar in such select company all right, but we have done all the contributing we intend to do this year.

"We recently have completed building a house, at a cost of something over four thousand dollars, and for every foot of lumber, every pane of glass, every sack of cement, every pound of nails, and, in fact, for nearly every bit of material that went into it, we made a good liberal contribution through the trusts that control them, and we guess we have done our share.

"It may be treason for a Republican newspaper to talk this way, but facts are facts, and it sort of relieves our conscience to tell the truth about the trusts once in a while. We will just let the several trusts to which we have had to pay unwilling tribute in the past year pay our dollar for us. We need it and they do not."

Senator Lodge says the consumer is a myth.

The Promised Land

SENATOR ALDRICH, leading the Southern Democrats up on the mountain:

"I said that I wanted to commend the spirit of the Senator from Mississippi. I believe the Southern States have already entered upon an era of development and prosperity which will surprise the world; and, as far as I am concerned, in every vote I give upon this bill I intend to do everything I can as a legislator to encourage and increase that degree of prosperity and development to which I have alluded.

"I am glad to see that Senators upon the other side recognize this fact and are willing to *cooperate with us in giving such protection*—I care not what you call it—such encouragement, if you please, to this development *as will make your country what it ought to be, a country which will blossom as the rose compared with the wilderness which existed there twenty-five years ago.*"

Print the Statement—in Quotation Marks

KANSAS has eight Congressmen. All of them are Republicans. Two of these are among the Republican "insurgents" who voted successfully against the adoption of the old rules. These two are Victor Murdock of Wichita and E. H. Madison of Dodge City. The others stood by Cannon.

The day after that memorable fight on the rules a telegram addressed to the Kansas insurgents, Murdock and Madison jointly, was received in Washington. That telegram read:

"Kansas congratulates you both on your magnificent fight for the recovery of the constitutional rights of the members of the national House of Representatives."

This telegram was signed by three men jointly. They were W. R. Stubbs, Governor; J. N. Dolley, Chairman Republican State Central Committee, and Del Valentine, Clerk of the Supreme Court.

These three names signed to such a telegram—and especially the first two names in their official capacity—would seem to indicate the sentiment of Kansas and the Republican party in Kansas as to Cannon.

Some weeks later, Governor Stubbs and Chairman Dolley paid a visit to Washington on a matter of business of the State of Kansas. In the course of that business they called on President Taft. As to some things that happened in the course of the call on President Taft, and during the visit to Washington, we now print this version from the Leavenworth (Kansas) "Times":

"There was, however, one very satisfactory outcome of the visit. . . . President Taft has to others expressed himself in words which could not be misunderstood, that he desired it to be made clear that the position taken by the two Kansas Congressmen, Murdock and Madison, in bolting the Republican organization of the House of Representatives, and voting with the Democrats, was not endorsed by him, and that Congressmen Scott, Campbell, Miller, Anthony, Calderhead, and Reeder had voted strictly in accordance with his ideas and his recommendations of what was best for the Republican Party and for the country, in consideration of the issues presented in the organization of the House. It is generally understood that *this information was conveyed to Stubbs and Dolley and Jackson.*

"And this is not all. When the Kansas statesmen visited Postmaster-General Hitchcock, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and who is generally recognized as the political adviser and manager of the Taft Administration, they were also plainly informed by Mr. Hitchcock that the course of certain Republican bolters and traitors in the organization of the House of Representatives was not endorsed by him. . . . Of course this information was vouchsafed to Governor Stubbs and Chairman Dolley because of the telegram which they had sent to Washington endorsing the course of certain bolters on the Kansas Congressional delegation.

"And now for the development which capped the climax. As the result of *the statements made to the Kansas visitors by President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock*," etc.

This raises a serious and important question. We dispute the allegation of the Leavenworth "Times," and challenge it to print in quotation marks exactly what it alleges President Taft said and exactly what it alleges Postmaster-General Hitchcock said—what it describes as "the statements made to the Kansas visitors by President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock." Until that is done, nobody can get much farther into the situation. Just as soon as the Leavenworth "Times" prints—in quotation marks—the exact language used by these two gentlemen, or admits that it was misinformed, we should like to take up the whole question as to whether Kansas generally, and the Republican party in Kansas, is with Cannon or against Cannon—whether it approves or disapproves of the action of Messrs. Murdock and Madison as "insurgents."



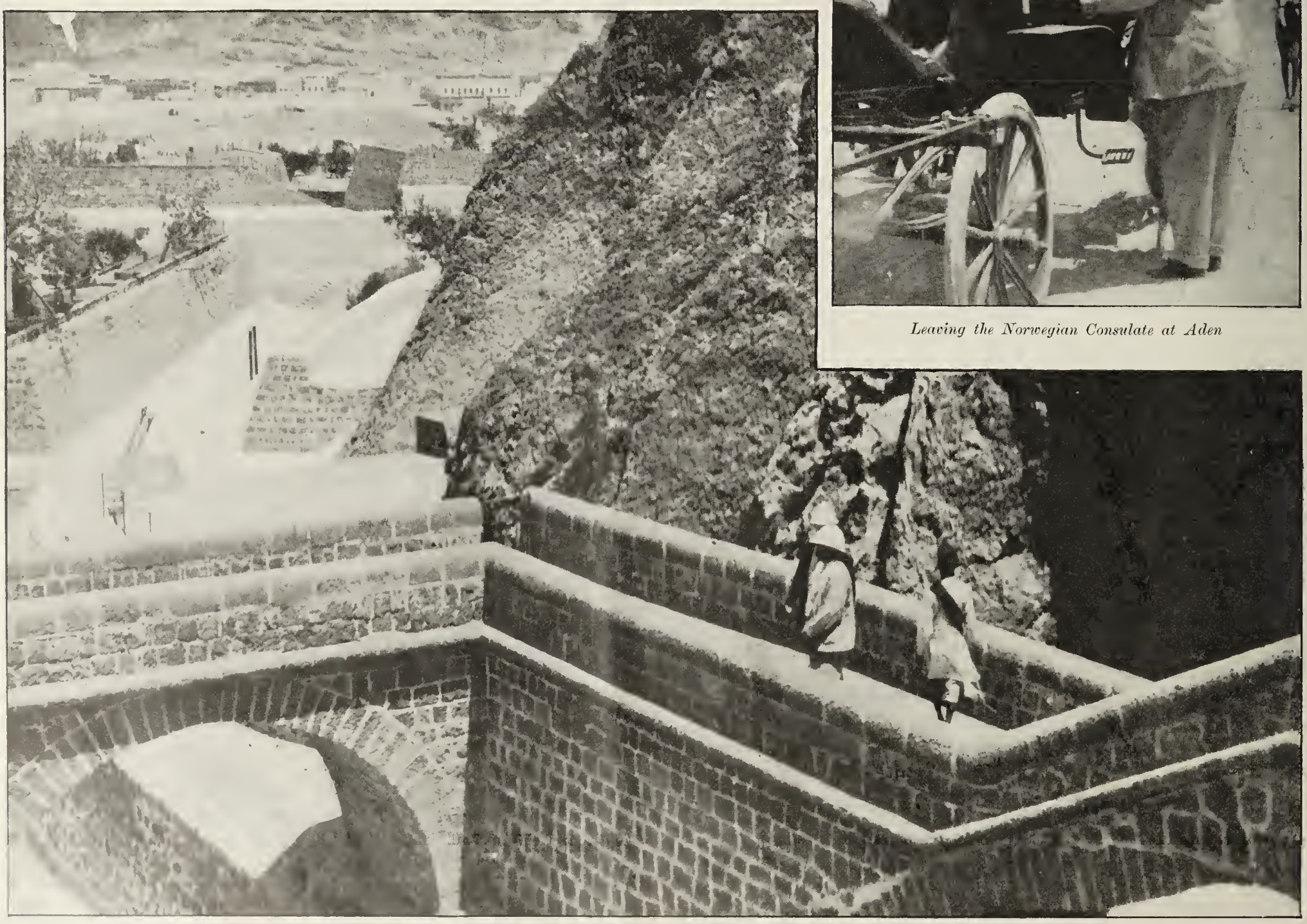
Spinning yarns aboard ship—Mr. Roosevelt and Frederick C. Selous, author and big game hunter, relating experiences on the "Admiral"



Steaming through Aden—Mr. Roosevelt being shown the points of interest by the Norwegian Consul



Leaving the Norwegian Consulate at Aden



Mr. Roosevelt inspecting the famous water tanks of Aden, Arabia

Roosevelt on the Way to Africa

Collier's

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Piping Times of Peace

AHEAD of items on slaughter in Asia Minor, and the sudden boom in English, German, and Austrian *Dreadnoughts*, and the crack of the gun of the lion-killer, we open this week's department with the National Peace Congress at Chicago. From May 3 on, for three days, men expressed their moral yearnings, and the hope that lies hidden under the bickerings of trade and the jealousies of race and faith.

Peace congresses are as naive, amusing, and ineffectual as the other efforts of faulty human nature to "be good." An attempt in this realm represents as much vital effort as large success in practical politics or the conduct of a business. It requires many foot-pounds of energy to communicate a moral impulse. So a resolution here is as good as a performance at the every-day level. The resolution of this Congress was to the effect that war is "a relic of barbarism unworthy of our time, and that the nations of the world, by joint agreement, by a league of peace among themselves, ought to make its recurrence hereafter impossible."

So troubled is the international situation this year that more than one peace orator had to apologize for his nation's militant activity.

Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States, stated:

"We will, in 1912, have ten *Dreadnoughts* and three *Invincibles*, and not seventeen or twenty-five *Dreadnoughts* as was wrongly stated."

Wu Ting-Fang, representing the Chinese Empire, stated that "her traditional policy of settling disputes by discussion and amicable means will not be departed from. . . . The reorganization of our army need not create the least alarm, nor is it in conflict with the objects of this society. The Chinese Government has been actuated by one aim, and that is to place the troops in a state of efficiency for police and defensive purposes only."

Seattle, the Hostess

SEATTLE, in the State of Washington, entertains the world at large from June 1 to October 16. With the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition she reveals what the Northwest is and is doing. It is a section with riches and energy beyond the reach of most lands. The Exposition is a frank, legitimate, and most salutary advertisement that immense natural resources are waiting exploitation. Eastern farmers on rocky hillside farms, disconsolate Easterners on salary, desirous of a new home and a fresh working field, are aimed at by this colossal shop-window display, whose every shining exhibit is to be manifolded and surpassed in the unplumbed territory.

Our double-page of photographs shows the preparedness with which Seattle met the situation ten weeks ahead of the opening. We shall have to wait a year to show how permanently the city planned and built. For this is no ephemeral world's fair, whose pasteboard will be ripped down. Its structures will be taken over into permanent uses.

The site chosen was a portion of the campus of the State University of Washington—350 acres of it, lying between Lake Union and Lake Washington, and looking out upon the Olympics and the Cascade Mountains. A fund of $1,000,000 was provided by the Legislature, $600,000 at the disposal of the University Regents and $400,000 for the State Commission of the Fair. Many of the buildings were so constructed as to lend themselves to the permanent requirements of a university and a State.

News from Overhead

HERE for a thousand years or so, men have been doing their best to get up into the air. But May, 1909, is ushered in by a Mexican in Puebla who got up all right but couldn't come down. He had built his air-boat with every sort of device but that for descent. He made a blithe start on the morning of May 2, climbed the blue for fifty feet, and at that vantage height began to maneuver dexterously. Tiring of his performance, he decided to come down and go home, but found he had omitted the gear for dropping. So there he stuck, while his friends ran about on the earth and wondered how they could get at him. Finally a boy, remembering Rahab's rescue, floated a toy balloon up to him, with a guy-rope attached to the scarlet thread. The floater pulled in the rope, and his friends, with a long, strong pull all together, hauled him and his airboat back to the ground. Their sensation was not unlike that of "playing" a large coy fish at the end of a hand-line. Felix Gallo, the too buoyant aeronaut, is the first man in history to get stuck in the sky.

Wilbur Wright, arriving in London on May 2, says: "In the past year I must have flown between 2,500 and 3,000 miles."

That is a steady rain-or-shine average, Sundays included, of seven miles a day. He might consider it in the light of a constitutional, as another less aerial person looks upon the morning shower bath or the noon



The Petersburg Battle Monument to the Blue and the Gray. Presented by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, it was dedicated at Petersburg, Virginia, on May 19 by Grand Army men, composing a division of the Army of the Potomac, to the memory of those who fell in the Civil War in and around Petersburg. Veterans of both armies were in attendance

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walk. Seven miles in the air before turning in for the night.

We can predict his hitting up his average this coming year to, say, twelve miles a day. And before this man and his brother, who between them are bringing in an epoch, have finished their lofty pilgrimage, we shall doubtless be watching them clicking off long reaches of space on their taximeter planes. Perhaps they will yet triple the yearly distance of the commercial traveler who crawls along on his 100,000 miles a year in laggard Empire State Expresses and Cannonball Specials.

The Militant "P. T. T."

FRANCE, and particularly Paris, is shaking with one more periodic semi-revolutionary crisis. Shall Government employees be permitted to unionize?—that is the disturbing question. On May 6 the "P. T. T."—the Posts, Telegraph, and Telephone Employees' Association—transformed itself into a syndicate or union. It thus claims the right to "strike" against the state employer with the same freedom with which union workmen may "strike" against private employers. This action has been led up to by considerable tumultuous history.

By the law of March 21, 1884, teachers, telegraphers, bureau clerks, postal employees, Government architects, engineers, and mechanics organized mutual benefit associations.

In March, 1909, a widespread "strike" of civil service Government employees was called because of the attempt to substitute a test of merit for that of seniority for promotion in the postal service. On Sunday, March 13, the general association of Government telegraph employees declared a strike. By Tuesday, Paris and many other cities were without means of communication with the outside world. The strike spread to railway mail clerks, telephone and postal employees, letter carriers, firemen and linemen. The Government compromised with the strikers, one of the concessions being that hereafter grievances could be submitted directly to the Minister of Public Works—thus preparing the way for making the head of the Postal Department a Cabinet Minister. The strikers went back to work.

The fresh flurry of trouble was caused by the Government's failure to keep its promises, so the "P. T. T." men say.

Paris at such times lives in a whirl of upheaval talk and half believes that another Commune is at hand, or a world strike of workers, such as has been periodically threatened for the last forty years.

Graham Taylor, who is both well-informed and open-minded on the problems of labor, says:

"The affiliation of those employed to serve the whole people with the organization for the class interests of any part of the population, however large, may not only be seriously questioned but peremptorily challenged. No one will claim that the right thus to affiliate could be conceded to the army or to the police.

"While the right of any craftsman in government employ to affiliate himself with the union of his general craft may not be denied, yet that by no means involves the right of those in any department of the Government service to organize as Government employees and then affiliate with the organization of any distinct class of the people.

"Whatever theoretical or even practical reasons there may be to the contrary, does not the possibility of a sympathetic strike by unionized Government employees, such as menaced the peace and paralyzed the power of the entire French people, point an incontrovertible argument against the public recognition of the right of Government employees to unionize?"

Two Vacation Suggestions

QUITO is a rather difficult place to get to, but it is extremely well worth seeing. It lies about ten thousand feet above the Pacific, at the base of Pichincha volcano and within sight of some of the mightiest peaks of the Andes. Cotopaxi and Antisana, both over nineteen thousand feet, are near by, and Chimborazo, over twenty thousand feet high, is passed on the way up from Guayaquil. Guayaquil is the seaport for Quito, the capital of Ecuador, and comfortable steamers touch there frequently on the way down the coast from Panama. Probably no vast horde of North American tourists will find it convenient to visit Quito's exposition this summer, but those who do will enjoy the experience.

Another and more ambitious "world's fair" will be the Railway Exhibition at Buenos Ayres in 1910. This fair will open in May and close in November, and it is planned to exhibit all sorts of transportation methods and allied devices, including not only locomotives, automobiles, street-cars, airships, and beasts of burden, but telephones and telegraphs, military transports and sanitation, and the decorative fine arts applied to the transport industry. The exhibition will be held in grounds near Sarmiento and Alvear Avenues, where Buenos Ayres takes its drive each afternoon. Among the surprises likely to greet those North Americans who visit this huge and animated capital will be the news that over fifteen thousand miles of railway lines already gridiron the Argentine Republic. Indeed, a railroad map of this great wheat and cattle growing country resembles a leaf torn from one of our own railroad folders, and little suggests the country of guachos and the pampa pictured in the antique wood-cuts of our geographies. Last year Argentina's exports were worth $387,429,983, with a trade balance of over one hundred million dollars in favor of the Argentinians.

The absurd tradition that it is necessary to go to Europe in order to get to South America comfortably is rudely jolted again by the appearance of the new Lamport and Holt steamship *Vasari* of 12,000 tons to ply between New York and Brazil and the Argentine. The *Vasari* will carry 150 first-cabin passengers, all in outside staterooms. There are several suites with brass bedsteads and private baths for people who prefer to feel as if they were in a hotel when they are at sea. The *Verdi*, which was put in commission last year, is only slightly smaller than the new ship. The *Byron* and *Tennyson* also offer comfortable passage to Rio, and there are a number of freighters of the same line, slower and less comfortable, but with no less poetical names.

The Shot Heard Round the World

MR. ROOSEVELT and his son Kermit have enjoyed several weeks among the wildebeests. For purposes of self-defense and science they have killed a little big game. There really isn't much left to be told about that jungle country. We know the temperature of each of the twenty-four hours of the day and that the nights are chilly. Large and beautiful animals—gazels, hartebeests, antelopes, rhinoceroses—are plain to be seen, grazing, sleeping, and at the water-courses. Lions are disappointing, though still mildly dangerous. They are fast tumbling before the ex-President's advance.

The first killing was of a Thompson's gazel and two wildebeests on the Kapiti Plains on April 24. On May Day in the Mau Hills four lions fell to the Roosevelt family, and of the four Theodore slew three and Kermit one. On May 4 two more lions went down before Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit felled one lion and a cheetah. And six days later came the tidings of the bull rhinoceros who kept charging till the ex-Presidential bullet took effect at fourteen paces. Giraffes, hippopotami, and elephants are still roaming, immune and unbagged, up to the time we go to press.

Stirring incidents and unusual people continue to be drawn into the vortex of Mr. Roosevelt's life, just as much in Africa as in New York, Dakota, Cuba, and Washington. Frederick C. Selous, a world-famous big-game hunter, the original of the fiction character of Allan Quatermain, joined Mr. Roosevelt at Naples and tramped the East African country with him. They two rode on a seat attached to the cowcatcher of the locomotive that drew them out of Mombasa. With such men and such incidents Mr. Roosevelt's trip has been and will continue to be sprinkled. He has an affinity for adventure.

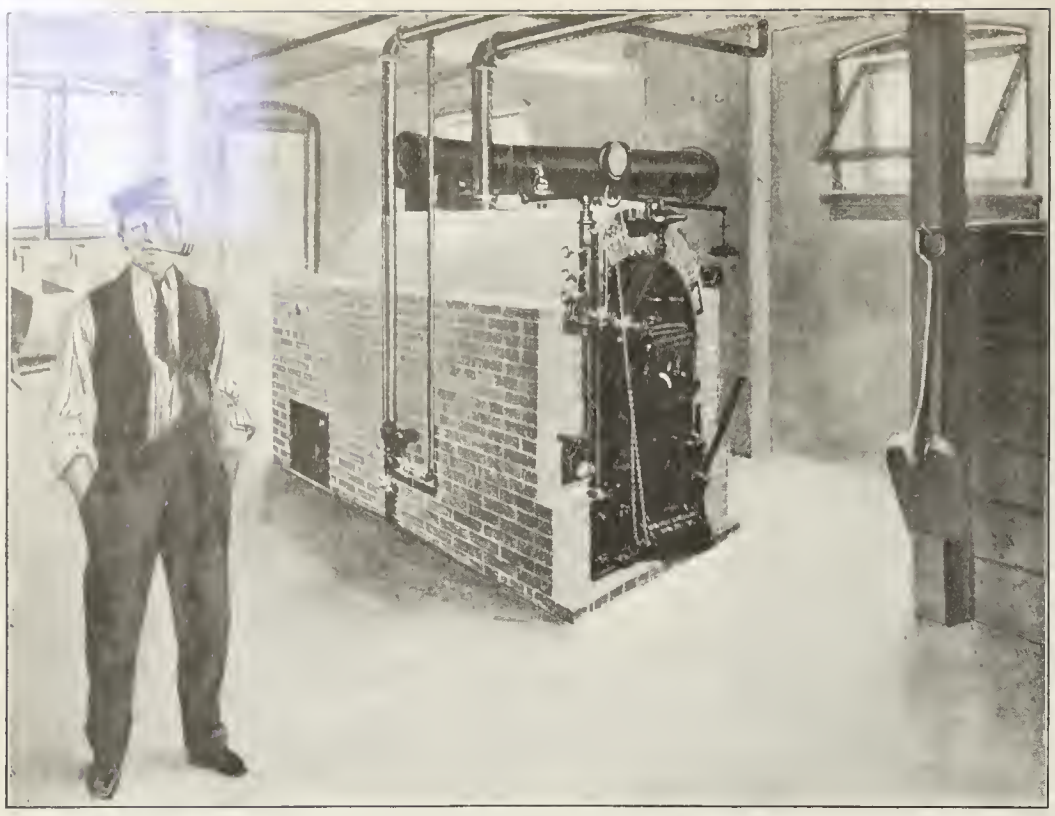
"Aunt Jane"—The City of Refuge

CALIFORNIA has recently shut down on horse-racing. The racing men were grieved by this, and realized that something must be done at once. So they crossed the border into Mexico in a straight line from San Diego, and are grading a new race-track in the little hot new town of Tia Juana.

Another set of orphans who are seeking sympathy in meek and sleepy Tia Juana are the "con" men. The very name, Tia Juana, is demure—"Aunt Jane" it means. "Aunt Jane" has become the City of Refuge for the "bloods," "sports," "touts," jockeys, bookmakers, and card-sharps of a too austere California. So stirring has been the effect of these alert immigrants on the placid village life that a saying has sprung up: "If the Prince of Monaco were to go to Tia Juana, they would take Monte Carlo away from him."

The Los Angeles "Times-Mirror" says:

"In a modest corner of Tia Juana [illegible]



A KEWANEE Steel Boiler

Is a healthy heart for your new building

KEWANEE Steel Boilers are the best heating boilers in the world from every point of view. They will do—and are doing—**precisely what they are rated to do.** Thousands of owners of flat buildings, and other buildings, in the United States will cheerfully confirm this positive statement. KEWANEE Steel Boilers are far more durable than other boilers. They are substantially built of solid steel plate. They have no packed joints—no sections to give out. They are much cheaper than tubular boilers and more economical. On account of the long smoke travel, more heat is absorbed by the water, making a low temperature of the gases at their exit. **This unfailingly spells economy.**

KEWANEE Steel Boilers are much safer than the average boiler; they are cared for with ridiculous ease and require very little attention after being once filled. **These boilers have increased the renting value of flat buildings and apartment houses and have retained the renting prestige of old buildings.**

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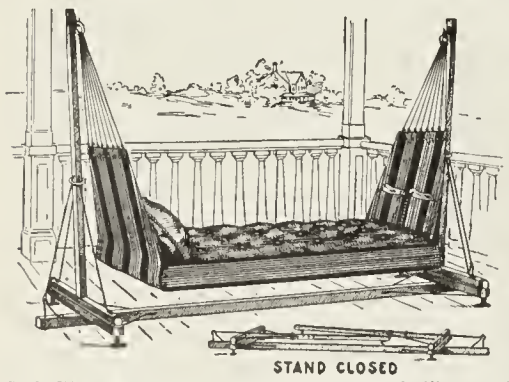
KEWANEE Steel Boilers are promptly insured at a working pressure of 65 pounds. Other boilers cannot be insured at more than 15 pounds. KEWANEE Steel Boilers will stand a test pressure of 125 pounds yet not over 5 to 15 pounds are used when the boiler is in operation.

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The Patent Folding Movable Stand permits use of hammock anywhere desired—porch, lawn or under trees. Won't spill out, can't sag, instantly adjustable, lasts a lifetime. Room for two to lie—four to sit—2½ x 6 feet. Handy end pockets for books and papers.

Reversible tufted and buttoned mattress, padded both sides, in red or green denim. Supported on strong wooden frame on highest grade galvanized springs fastened to steel head and foot plates riveted to frame. Hammocks from our own exclusive fabrics in striped effects of green and white, red and white, khaki and red duck, also in solid white and solid khaki. Suspended by best quality braided rope attached at eight points.

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Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

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To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the **Fine-Form Maternity Skirt** is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

Save $17.50 on this Dining Table in Quartered White Oak

Retail store price, $32 —our Comepackt price $14.50 — you put the finished sections together yourself. A few minutes easy work without tools saves you over half on

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Over 100 other handsome pieces in our new catalog —all GUARANTEED. Write today.



Extends 8 feet.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

where a sad-eyed, white-haired old man invites the public to toss rings for cigars. How pitiful that such an old man should have to eke out a living by such precarious means. The poor fellow is Poker Davis, and in the middle of his cigar game, it shifts into a well-known 'sucker' trap."

The track is on Mexican soil, but only a few hundred feet from the line. It is on the mesa on the "American side" of the river. A committee of horsemen was formed from the patrons of the Arcadia track, whose activities had been ended by the recent California law. This committee journeyed down to the City of Mexico to petition President Diaz for his blessing on the race-track and an official promise that the Government would not interfere.

Eight Problems for the Young Turks

THE future of the Ottoman Empire rests on the character of the new Sultan and on the capability of the Young Turks to maintain an unbroken unity both in the ranks of their soldiery and in their local and international policy.

The "Saturday Review" of England, whose ponderous prophecies of April 17 on the Turkish situation were reversed by inexorable fact, is up and at the Young Turks in the issue of April 24. It finds them victorious but unconstitutional. It sneers at them for their show of force, their "thirty batteries of machine guns."

"What Turkey wants is not a sham House of Commons, but a strong and righteous Sultan. . . . It is precisely the Young Turks, with their impossible twaddle and hypocrisy about the 'constitutional equality of all Ottomans,' who have let loose the fanaticism of Cilicia and Kurdistan."

It dubs them "those egregious parliamentarians of Young Turkey."

Then, a few sentences later, "we venture to warn the Young Turks and their Balkan Committee upon another matter also." That kind of offensive talk may be safely "ventured" on in London by the editorial writer who permits his personal bitterness and prejudices not so much to breathe as to hiss through his words. Scarcely would he "venture" on it if he were a few thousand miles nearer the Sweet Waters of Europe. And in the space of the two columns that thus belabored the victors, he taunts the United States, and takes a long-distance fling at Robespierre and Cromwell.

Futile as is such malice, the troubles of the Young Turks are real enough. An analysis of their situation would show at least eight problems to be dealt with: (1) A parliamentary body that may or may not be feeble, but that impresses the outside world as colorless. (2) A numerous clique, made up of the disgruntled retainers of the old régime, including palace favorites, back-stairs statesmen, and ex-office-holders. (3) Finances—the public treasury depleted, and the machinery of tax collection broken down. (4) Officials in the provinces—friendly to the old order of things, ready to plot against the new masters. (5) The fanaticism of Asia Minor—"the greatest force of all, the Faith of Islam." "All the tricolors of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality will continue simply to vanish into nonentity when the green banner of the Prophet waves before the mosque of Justinian's Holy Wisdom, and the hoarse cheer of 'Din, Din, Din!'—the Faith, the Faith, the Faith!—thunders and roars above the masses of the true believers." (6) The Harem—the position of woman in the remodeled empire will require adjustment. (7) The Army—the great body of troops have had a free hand with unbelievers for several generations. Bulgaria used to suffer, and Macedonia still suffers from their lawlessness due to a combination of religions and racial scorn. It will be difficult to keep the soldiers within bounds. Also, it has been the history of armies in an absolute monarchy that a large element in them will remain permanently disaffected to any more liberal policy of government. (8) The new Sultan, who may prove reactionary and weak.

Dynamo Light for Commuters

RAILROADS in the Middle West are progressive. While a few long-distance trains have been lighted by electricity from storage batteries, yet the lighting of suburban trains by electricity generated by a dynamo is an innovation. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad is successful in the experiment. On its trains from Chicago to Aurora, a distance of about forty miles, it has installed a steam turbine directly connected to a dynamo, and both mounted on the boiler of the locomotive. The turbine is supplied by steam from the boiler, and the dynamo has a sufficient capacity for lighting nine passenger coaches, each equipped with twenty-one 16-candle-power lamps, besides the locomotive headlight and cab lights. Of course with this system the locomotive must always be attached to the coaches, and it is not adaptable, except with storage batteries, for express service where the locomotives are frequently changed. For local service it has proved satisfactory, and fifteen installations have been ordered by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy for their suburban trains.

Atheistical Gold-Filled Teeth

AS THE "Church of the Brethren" Conference at Rheems, Pennsylvania, drew to a close at the end of April, the Germantown church petitioned that delegates with gold-filled teeth should not be admitted to the conference. A former conference had decreed that gold-rimmed glasses were a vain show, and that delegates sporting such an eyesore should be barred out. So it was in painful consistency that Germantown asked for the new reform measure.

We can fancy delegates whose front teeth were intact, and only the hidden molars treated with precious filling, attending conferences for years—undiscovered and honored. And then a sudden smile or a burst of joviality reveals their bright secret, and they are suspended or in disgrace expelled. But that is only speculation, for the conference refused to discriminate against delegates with gold-filled teeth.

Such expressions of zeal are naive, and yet these "Brethren" make excellent citizens, industrious and honest. A sense of humor is desirable, but not essential, for life in Pennsylvania.

The Wireless Telephone

TELEPHONING without wires has already passed the experimental stage, and instruments are installed on a few of the battleships and on a number of smaller craft. The wireless telephone, as the wireless telegraph, depends on the production of waves that travel with the velocity of light—186,000 miles per second. The apparatus, as installed on board of a ship, consists of wires (technically called the "antennæ") strung between two masts, and of a transmitter and receiver, generally placed in the navigating cabin. By talking into the transmitter sound waves are transformed into electrical vibrations, which in turn set into oscillation ether waves. These waves are sent out through the atmosphere, and at the receiving station are transformed into sound waves similar to those taken by the transmitter.

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His Second Senior Class Day

(*Continued from page 19*)

eyes of youth; the same swaying festoons of Chinese lanterns illuminated the same happy crowd of youth beneath, the same half-bored elders—only the elders now had been the youth of his day.

There were the girls, too—millions of them; not so pretty, of course, as the girls he remembered, but too pretty to be safe. He frowned again as he made his way toward the old dormitory. No need to direct him; his feet could have gone by themselves to the old room. On its threshold he was seized at once by his son.

"Father! I believe you *did* lose your way after all! There are a lot of your old friends here, and I want to introduce you—" In a moment he was surrounded and submerged. It was a very pretty and gay scene, an enlarged and enriched copy of the old class-day spread; and under the windows, when he presently made his way to one, there flowed the same river of evening suits, dainty gowns, big hats, and fresh faces, all to the strains of the same familiar college airs. In his interest in the respectful attentions of Howard's young friends and the cordial reminiscences of old ones, he quite forgot to keep that observant eye on his son which he had planned to do. It was his son instead who presently hunted him up.

"Pater!—there are some old friends of yours," he said hurriedly, in his flushed duty of host—and bore him away to another recessed window where two or three young ladies and an elder one were looking out. It was to the elder one his son spoke.

"Here he is, Mrs. Thacher; Pater—you remember Mrs. Thacher?"

She turned, and he found himself looking straight into the candid eyes of his youth.

Tempi passati! The slim girl had become, as slim girls will, a matronly woman; the pretty hair—still pretty—was

Dioxogen

THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

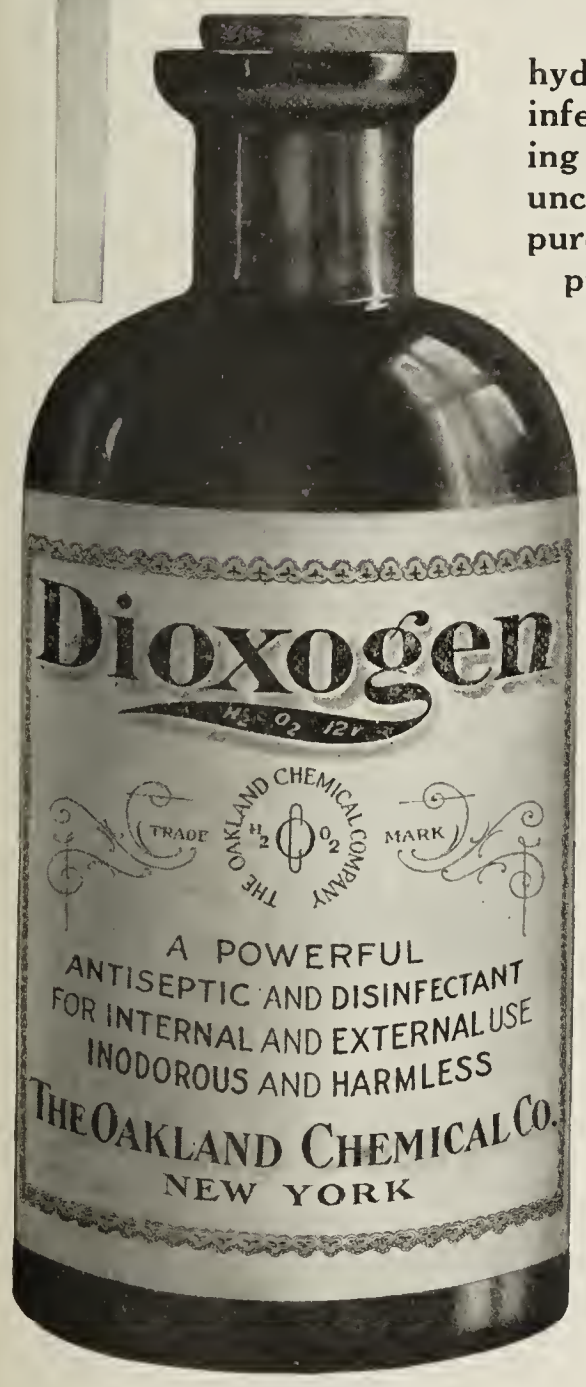
The first law of health is personal hygienic cleanliness:

personal hygienic cleanliness wards off disease and maintains health because it creates conditions where disease producing causes cannot exist. Its application extends from the routine habits of every day life to sick room and hospital practice. Dioxogen produces this kind of cleanliness effectively, harmlessly and so simply that any one can use it.

Dioxogen foams and bubbles when it comes in contact with disease causing material, decaying infectious matter, disease germs, germ poisons and the materials in which they live and multiply, all of which it destroys and annihilates.

Dioxogen appeals to the understanding. It works openly; you can see and feel Dioxogen work.

Dioxogen uses extend from the toilet table of the home to the operating room of the hospital.



DIOXOGEN, the pure peroxide of hydrogen, is different from ordinary peroxide of hydrogen: it is free from the objections and objectionable ingredients found in the cheap inferior grades which are only fit for bleaching wool, cotton, hair and other manufacturing uses. DIOXOGEN does not contain acetanilid to make it turn rank and bitter; it is unchangeable and keeps equally well in open or tightly corked bottles. Dioxogen is purer, stronger and better than the official U. S. Pharmacopoeia standard. Dioxogen is the purest peroxide of hydrogen made by the largest manufacturers of this article in America. The name DIOXOGEN is a guarantee and protection against inferior peroxide of hydrogen of uncertain origin and quality. DIOXOGEN is never sold in bulk.

As a mouth wash Dioxogen bubbles and foams as it cleanses the mouth and teeth, destroying germs and germ products which lurk in all mouths; old food particles which collect in crevices about the teeth, and which cause tooth decay are, by the foaming and bubbling, detached and removed; offending odors are instantly killed, and the irritation and soreness caused by plates and bridge work relieved. Dioxogen does not injuriously affect fillings, though it frequently discovers loose fillings and cavities whose existence was unsuspected. Dioxogen never produces decay of the teeth, for in addition to its harmlessness, it does not stay in the mouth long enough to have prolonged action, and it so accelerates the flow of saliva as to leave the mouth in a normal, clean, healthy condition.

Dioxogen cleanses the throat of secretions and accumulations which are the breeding places of germs and the cause of many throat disorders. Used as a gargle or as a spray from a rubber-tubed atomizer, it dissolves and loosens irritating, germ-protecting substances, destroys germ life and germ poisons, and produces the hygienic cleanliness which is a most important safeguard against pulmonary disease. Professor Osler has said: "*Oral hygiene, the hygiene of the mouth and throat, there is not one single thing more important to the public in the whole range of hygiene.*"

After shaving: Dioxogen prevents infection from cuts and other causes; the irritation from too close shaving is relieved; in fact, Dioxogen is an ideal application to the skin both as a toilet and as a hygienic measure; it cleanses the pores from clogging, obstructing materials; it removes blackheads and other blemishes due to parasitic causes; it makes the skin soft and clear, and distinctly favors normal skin processes. As a deodorant for removing perspiration and other odors, Dioxogen instantly kills the odor. It does not disguise or substitute; it destroys.

Wounds, cuts, burns, old sores, skin affections, and injuries where the skin or tissues are affected, all present opportunities for Dioxogen cleanliness. The bubbling and foaming characteristic of Dioxogen working is nowhere more apparent and nowhere more valuable; simple injuries are prevented from becoming serious, infection is prevented or controlled, septic matter—the cause of inflammation and pain—is destroyed, or its formation prevented; the danger of blood poison is practically eliminated. Dioxogen treatment for simple or serious injuries is in accord with the most advanced antiseptic methods. Dioxogen contains no irritating residues. When it is through working, there is nothing left but plain water, hence it is safe for general public use. No accidental poisoning, no mistakes from careless handlings are possible with Dioxogen.

Dioxogen possesses the qualities which entitle it to public confidence.

Consult the circular accompanying each bottle for instructions.

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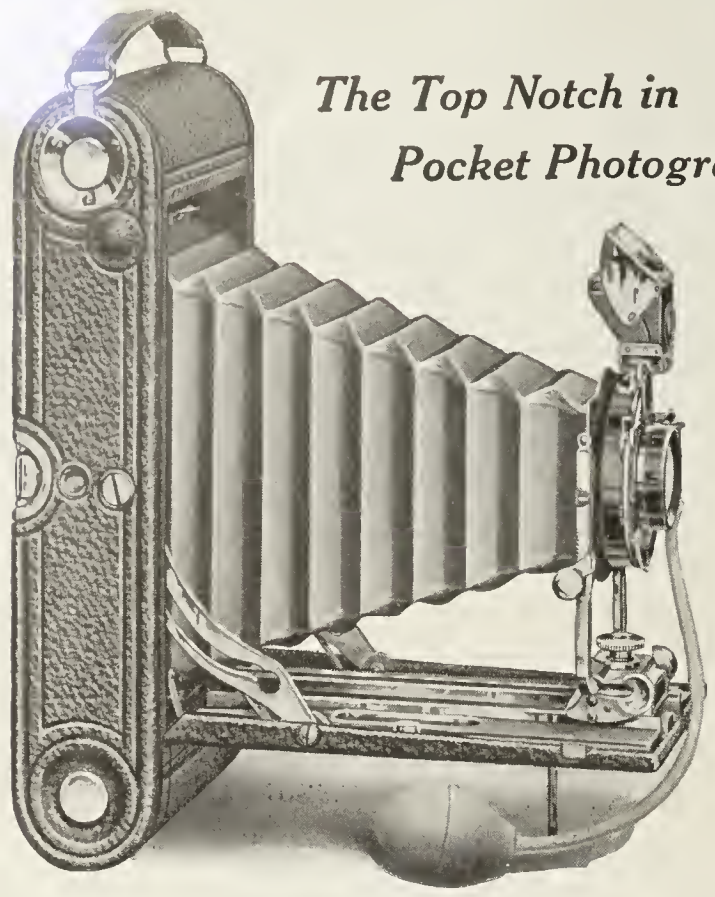
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gray; but there were not two pairs of eyes like that in the whole world. He stood a moment looking silently into them, and then she smiled—the old smile—and they shook hands, as sane and soeially educated people do in any extremity, and while he hunted in his unprepared mind (Howard should have prepared him!—but how should Howard know there was anything to prepare?) for the trivial phrase with which to renew speech, she spoke without either hunting or triviality.

"How wonderful to meet here—after thirty years." His ear jealously detected the tone of the girl's voice enriched into the woman's; it was a change for the better, but it was a change.

"It is more wonderful *not* to have met—in thirty years," he answered.

"Oh—Chicago is a long way off."

"It isn't Chicago that is a long way off," he answered quickly; "it's X——," and they both smiled.

"Yes," she admitted, "we are a little of a back number—but since we don't know it—? Nothing has really changed."

"No; not even the old gate—nor the latch; it has the same old squeak," he said lightly.

She looked at him astonished.

"How do you know that?"

And he answered with perfectly incredible simplicity and straightforwardness:

"Because I've just been there. You didn't think I would come to X—— and not go there? But there was nobody on the doorstep."

She looked at him with kind eyes.

"It was nice of you to go; no, they are all gone but ourselves. He saw her saddeu for a moment, in the touch of memory, then she put it by and smiled at him. "Still we *do* sit on doorsteps even now—but well-chaperoned. We are not *quite* a country village; we have changed a little after all."

"I don't think you have," he said suddenly.

She laughed outright.

"After thirty years!—and more than thirty pounds!—and six daughters! Did you know I had six daughters?" she spoke seriously with unmistakable pride.

"Six—" He was looking at her with faseination. Of course she would have had six daughters; it was written. "Are they all here?" he inquired vaguely.

"Dear me, no! Only one—the baby; the others are married."

Of course they would be married, he thought again; if she had had sixteen.

"And the baby?" he asked.

"Is over my head—I must introduce you—" she glaneed around. "She was here a moment ago—probably they've slipped over to Memorial to dance—well; her father is there, and Memorial is thick with patronesses," she smiled again. "I told you—we chaperone religiously nowadays."

"In our day—it didn't seem to be necessary," he remarked.

"No," she said thoughtfully, "it didn't." He saw her clear and innocent gaze go backward into that past, and across his own mind rushed the memory of that long, that exquisite intimacy, in which, in the flush of youth, he had never touched her lips, nor so much as held her hand. Then suddenly he remembered other things.

"There were some who would have borne a little chaperoning even then," he said bruskly, but he saw that the words did not reaeh her. For the first time it occurred to him why the tending of fires had always been entrusted to vestal virgins.

"Tell me something of your life all these years," he said quickly, and she came out of her musing to answer:

"There has not been much to tell; we have lived very quietly—with our ehildren. My husband"—she woke up suddenly—"you remember my husband?" and again, as when she had spoken of her six daughters, an army with banners looked out of her eyes; at least that was the impression they made upon him.

"Very well indeed," he added perfunctorily. "I hope to have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance." Meanwhile he hardly heard what she went on to say, so busy was he with the inner vision of her life. Six girls—and a college professor's salary—it was easy enough to see the rest: yet she eould afford to flaunt banners in her eyes. This woman *had* then the capacity of living her dreams; she would have kept the dream alive if—

"Then you have lacked nothing," he said.

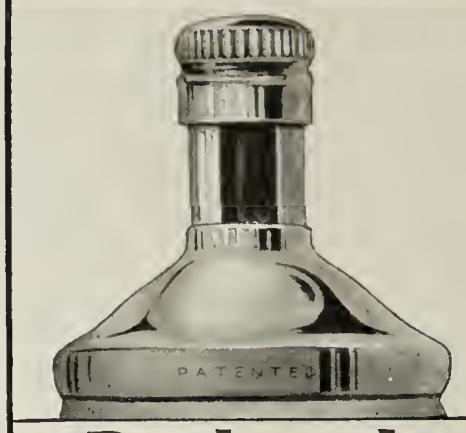
"Oh, yes," she answered quickly, with an entire change of manner; "I have no son."

He looked at her silently a moment.

"Thank you," he said.

"I don't need to ask you anything," her voiee was quick with feeling. "Howard has told me all; but—you have him!"

"Yes," he assented, "I have him. By



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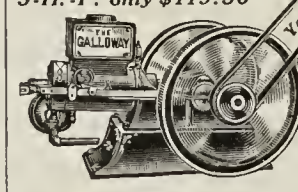
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the way," he spoke suddenly, turning toward her the face he had half averted, "you spend your summers at Ogunquitt, I believe?"

"Yes; we have a kind of modest bungalow there; we had to go somewhere for the children, and it has been a good place for my husband's work."

Her companion smiled and frowned together into the darkness outside, where the Glee Club was singing. The other occupants of the room had drifted out to the campus or to Memorial where the dancing was; for the moment they were quite alone, as they looked down upon the scene below. Her hand lay beside him on the window-sill; untouchable now as then, to him; he looked at it remembering, and an irrepressible desire came upon him to know if she remembered too. It forced itself from his lips.

"Do you remember?"

She answered instantly.

"I remember perfectly; we stood in this very window. How it must all come back to you to-night—in your son!"

How it must all come back to him! He longed to know how *much* she remembered, how *much* she knew; but the silence of the past was between them. One has but one class day! Yet he was conscious that he was happier, even as things were, here beside her than he had been since he stood there last. She had done for him again what she had done before—she had renewed his faith of youth; he knew now that some things were possible—even if not to him.

"Well, have you two reminisced up the whole past?" His son's gay, suspiciously gay, voice made them both turn with a start.

"Child, where have you been?" The laughing reproach from his companion fell on the elder man's ear vaguely as he gazed at the girl beside his son. She was taller than her mother, and far prettier than her mother had even been, though this he could not know; and she had been to college, which her mother had not; but she had been to college exactly as her mother would have gone, had carried the candid dream in her eyes all through it, and when she smiled now at him she smiled with her mother's very lips.

"*This* is my baby," said the mother, and as the daughter gave him her hand she looked at him fearlessly. Another keeper of fires!—he saw them veiled in her glance. And he had said to himself that there were not two such pairs of eyes in the world—as there were not two senior class-days.

"If you don't mind, Pater," meantime his son was saying with some becoming embarrassment, "I'm going to walk home with them (the professor is waiting downstairs, Mrs. Thacher). Will you wait here or shall I find you at the hotel?"

He saw the remonstrance shape itself upon the mother's lips, and checked it with a glance.

"I'll wait here," he replied promptly. "And don't hurry—I like to hear the singing. I suppose there are some cigars about?" he added lightly.

"Boxes!" His son rushed off in quest.

Both the mother and the daughter gave him their hands, but it was the girl's he held a moment, and under his keen scrutiny the color deepened in her frank cheeks.

"Here you are, Pater," said his son, heaping up cigars prodigally on the enshioned window-seat; "just make yourself comfy, and—I won't be long."

"Don't hurry," repeated his father. As the ladies passed out of the room he laid a detaining hand on his son's arm and looked into the young man's conscious eyes.

"While you are about it, Howard," he said dryly, "you might as well complete your arrangements for—Ogunquitt."

The glance his son flung back was charming in its triumph.

"Thanks," he said; "it's all arranged."

He wrung his father's hand in a hasty grip and rushed off after his guests. Mr. Devine, turning back to the window, quite ignoring the mountain of cigars, looked down upon the fast-thinning campus where the lanterns tossed fantastically. The Glee Club was in full swing now, and up from below came tenderly, exuberantly, triumphantly by turns, the shout of the young serenaders:

"Good night!—Good night, beloved!"

Smiling as he listened, he took from his pocket the leather case and dropped a little faded white rose down into the night.

There would be plenty of fresh ones for the boy. And why save the faded memorial of the first, when it appeared a man had after all two senior class nights in his life—his own and his son's?

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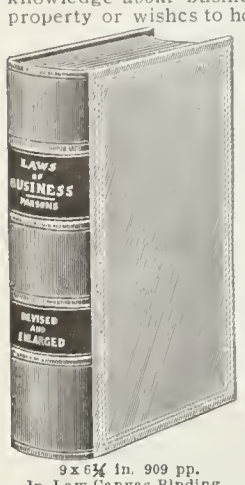
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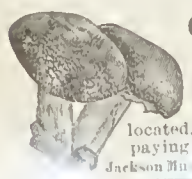
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In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

MAKING AUTOMOBILES

THOSE who are accustomed to think of automobile manufacturers as rolling in wealth, and that the great number of manufacturers indicate that the business is one in which money is made easily, will be interested in reversing that opinion by considering some statistics compiled by "Motor." In nine years 639 manufacturers have gone into the business of making automobiles, of which 270 are now in the business, 30 of which began shortly before the first of this year. The concerns which are now but one year old number 94, and those two years old are 98. The number that lived but one year was 94. Twenty-nine manufacturers turned their attention to some other line, and 273 retired from business. Only 187 out of the 639 continued in business for more than one year. Only 64 concerns were established in some other line before undertaking the manufacture of automobiles.

These figures, compiled with no small amount of labor and research, give what is perhaps the most succinct record possible of the fierce competitive struggles with which the automobile industry has come into being. If it were possible to obtain and tabulate the part played by manufacturing, selling, and advertising methods, in the success or failure of these concerns, it would afford an insight into most of the vital problems that confront many industries.

DECORATIVE LIGHTING

DOWN in Alabama there is on foot a clever scheme in which everybody wins—illuminating the Capitol dome. In open-and-above-board advertisements the electric light company, which is to install the lamps and sell the lighting service, proposed the scheme, stirred up public sentiment in favor of it, and keeps the public posted as to how much enthusiasm is being aroused. It was proposed that the citizens, not only of Montgomery, but elsewhere throughout the State, make a small subscription for this purpose, the Mayor of Montgomery acting as treasurer of the fund. The electric light company, rather than have it pointed out by others, claims that its object is to stimulate the use of electric signs and lighting by providing a notable example on the Capitol dome. As no one will be obliged to put up an electric sign unless he wants to and thinks it will pay him, the scheme is one in which everybody wins and nobody loses. Unlike many public-service corporations, the lighting company has attained much popularity by working with the people to procure a result that the people desire—or are willing to desire when they are convinced of its advantages. This is but one of the plans adopted by this company to increase the use of decorative lighting. After a three-year campaign in Montgomery the company now maintains about forty thousand lamps used in sign and decorative lighting features, with the installations rapidly increasing.

RESTRAINED COMMENT

THE common policy of some newspapers which causes them to make it a rule not to mention a business or a commodity in an agreeable way, even though it be the best of news, keeps the public from knowing some of the most recent improvements made in the world of invention. There is hardly a line of manufacturing, from musical instruments to railway appliances, that does not develop every year some new thing that represents the very highest achievement in the world in that line. It would be far more interesting as reading matter than half the non-commercial items treated of in the newspapers, but the public never hears of such things—except through the advertisements. Perhaps, after all, the policy is not to be deplored, as it gives a newsy element to advertising, and makes it a matter of necessity to read the advertisements to be up with the times. This in turn enables the manufacturer to tell the story straight, and avoid the woful misapprehensions which might arise from the

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Misses', 11½ to 2, $2.25.
Girls', 2½ to 6, $2.50 and $2.75.
Women's, 2½ to 7, $4.00. Oxfords, $3.50.
Boys', 1 to 5½, $2.50 and $2.75.
Men's, 6 to 11, $3, $4 and $5.

25c. extra when ordered by mail.



Sold generally by best dealers. Made by

RICE & HUTCHINS
WORLD SHOEMAKERS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Dept. D, 10 and 12 High Street, Boston, Mass.



Needs No Painting

Amatite

ROOFING

THE fact that Amatite *needs no painting* makes it the most economical roofing on the market.

A roof which requires painting every couple of years to keep it tight is an expensive proposition. If you will stop and figure out the cost of the paint, you will find it is frequently more than the roofing itself.

Amatite is covered with a *real mineral surface*, which makes painting absolutely unnecessary.

Anyone can lay Amatite. It requires no skilled labor. Nails and liquid cement which requires no heating, supplied free with every roll.

Write to-day to nearest office for free sample and booklet.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia
Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland
Pittsburg	Cincinnati	Kansas City
Minneapolis	New Orleans	London, Eng.



The Best Way to the Best Place

It's the vacation way to vacation land.

The de Luxe **Rocky Mountain Limited**

—with stenographer, maid, barber and valet—is only one of several splendid trains which leave Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham every day for Colorado Springs and Denver, over the

Rock Island-Frisco Lines

One night from Chicago or St. Louis; two nights from New York, Boston or Philadelphia

Just an evening at the Club—for that's what it's like—refreshing sleep in a sweet, roomy berth, and you are breathing the glorious mile-high Colorado air.

Send without delay for our eighty-page illustrated Colorado book and Yellowstone Park-Alaska-Yukon-Pacific folder. Free on request and worthy a place in any library.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
5 La Salle Street Station, - - Chicago, Ill.



How to Breathe

For Health, Strength and Endurance

Send for my 64-page illustrated book

LUNG AND MUSCLE CULTURE

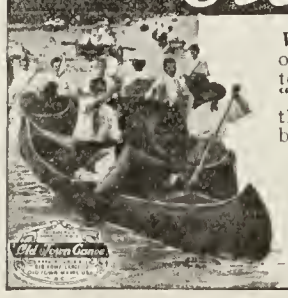
the most instructive treatise ever published on the vital subject of deep Breathing. Correct and Incorrect Breathing clearly described with diagrams and illustrations.

The information given in this book has led thousands into the correct path to health and strength. Over 200,000 already sold. **Sent on receipt of 10c.** (stamps or coin). Address

PAUL VON BOECKMANN, Respiratory Specialist
1376 TERMINAL BUILDING 103 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK



"Old Town Canoe"

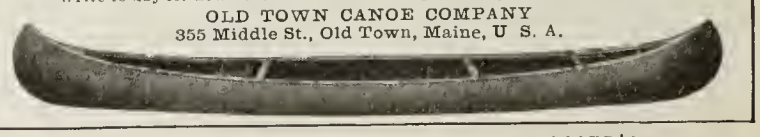


Wouldn't you like to join the throng of satisfied **"OLD TOWN CANOE"** owners? It numbers nearly ten thousand and we've doubled our factory to keep pace with the demand.

"OLD TOWN CANOES" are the acknowledged standard because you get the ***most value*** for your money. Speed, safety, beauty and durability are built into every canoe we send out. **Prompt Delivery.**

Write to-day for new Free Illustrated Catalogue with prices. Agents in all cities.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
355 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



Brighton Garters



A New Clasp that is 100% flatter, securer, stronger, smoother, lighter—and 100% more comfortable.

A New Grip that *draws in* the sock and tightens its hold at every movement—no slip or wear.

These Improvements

in Brighton Garters give a sense of security to the whole dress of the leg; a trim and sleek appearance to the ankles; a smooth and firm support to the socks; without rubbing, chafing or tiring the leg. *Pure silk*, wear-resisting webs in all colors; heavily nickeled brass, rustless metal parts with round edges to avoid wear or tear of socks. At your dealers—25c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty card in every box.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

give positive balance to the shoulders, direct and easy support to the trousers, freedom from all feeling of restraint, comfort in every motion. Exclusive artistic webs, firegilt mountings, elegant in finish. At your dealers—50c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty band on every pair.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA
MAKERS OF PIONEER BELTS

STERLING TIRES

WHEN one of our tire makers puts a layer of fabric or rubber on the core, he has to stop till it is inspected—then he puts on another, and that's inspected. In addition, each tire maker gets a weekly premium for a perfect score—meaning "no seconds."

Sterling tires are cured on air-bags, giving internal as well as external pressure, and thoroughly amalgamating the different fabric plies and layers of rubber. That's why Sterling treads and carcasses don't separate—they stay put.

Sterling Blue Tubes

Our tubes are blue and in making them blue we make them better than any other tube. There may be other tires nearly as good as ours, but the Blue Tube is absolutely unequalled. If you will tell us what tires and tubes you use and where you buy them we will tell you how you can get one Blue Tube without cost to you.

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO.
RUTHERFORD, N. J.
New York Branch
1691 Broadway, corner 53d St.

STERLING BLUE TUBES

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

superficial remarks of a half informed reporter.

When a newspaper is pinned down as to its policy of not mentioning a specific business or commodity in a complimentary way, the reason is usually found to be a fear of being classed as "countrified," because it has long been a custom of country newspapers to write "puffs" for advertisers. But there is a great difference between the puff and the frank recognition of the news element in a new invention or improvement.

No one can deny, however, the trouble that might arise if the news columns could be used to set afloat false ideas about various business interests, even as their silence is not infrequently bought when news facts are unfavorable to advertisers. It must be a problem, sometimes, for a newspaper to know what to do. One favorable mention might bring twenty requests for similar mention, backed up by insinuations of enforcing such requests by advertising patronage.

This fact, however, remains clear. No one can know all the world is really doing without reading advertisements.

A GOOD SPIRIT

IT IS always interesting to see an advertiser express due regard for other people in the same business. The advertisement that virtually says: "Everybody in this line of business is a fake but us," is the poorest kind of an advertisement. Something is usually wrong with the business that must boost itself by pulling others down.

A good spirit is shown in a circular letter sent out by a firm of tailors in Chicago. The letter reads:

"There are several hundred tailors in Chicago who would like to make your spring and summer clothes—but how many are really entitled to? Is the man who made your last suit or overcoat? Did he please you so completely that you want him to have your next order? If he did—stick to him. It doesn't pay to experiment. But if there is room for improvement, we believe you'll find it interesting to make an early inspection of our equipment and methods."

Such a letter naturally inspires confidence. It is a welcome relief from the class of advertisements which ruthlessly trample down the opportunities of others in order to get the lion's share.

And yet there are times when it may be the right thing to do to nail a competitor's lie, to keep your own business from being damaged by his insinuations about "all others."

WHERE TO FIND OUT

IF MANY of the learned men of the world should collaborate in making an encyclopedia containing most that the world really knows about itself, it is quite likely that there would be only one place to learn anything of consequence about the undertaking—and that would be from the advertising matter issued by the publishers who were to sell such a work.

If an instrument were invented to increase the rapidity of telegraphing one hundred times over, and thereby decrease the rate, the chief place to learn anything about the subject would be from the advertisements of the company which was to make money out of such a service.

If the world's most noted inventor should develop a new improvement on one of the world's most wonderful inventions—say, a phonograph—the only place to gain the knowledge that there had been any such improvement would be from the advertisements of the firm that had such improvements to sell.

Oh, well. Why expect it to be otherwise? Why not get your information at first hand, anyway?

TOUCH-BUTTONS

Work that develops from the inside out is the work that tells an individual growth.

The memory of an imparted secret remains long after the caution and promise are forgotten.

Mental growth is not always gradual—often the big development comes as a shell-breaking process.

When in doubt, quarrel with your conceits, and the doubt will disappear.

The joy of plowing new ground exceeds the belief of those who have never tried it.

Many who imagine themselves masters of society are really its slaves, and the scourge by which they are driven is their own desire to be considered great.



"THE GIBSON"
One of our 40 Spring and Summer Styles

Active Men,

men who participate in athletics and those who are interested in the world of sports, men of enthusiasm in ALL affairs of life, show their energetic dispositions in the clean-cut, snappy clothes they wear. Such men have their clothes made to order through

Strauss Brothers'
National Tailoring Service

(5,000 local representatives and branch stores throughout the United States)

Talented designers and master tailors combine to give our tailoring the right style, perfect fit and durability. A national business of making good clothes to order enables us to quote these low prices:

Guaranteed Suits and Overcoats
To Order $20 to $40

We have made a pronounced success of OUR WAY of doing a tailoring business because of the unfailing satisfaction we give every customer.



Our magnificent assortment of almost 500 snappy Spring and Summer weaves are now being displayed by our established dealers. It will be easy for you to make a satisfactory selection and have our dealer skillfully measure you. In about a week's time you will receive the finished clothes, your ideal of what good clothes ought to be.



Drop us a postal for booklet No. 20, a guide to correct attire for all occasions and the name of our nearest dealer.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1877
CHICAGO

Write for Special Offer—

quoting the trade discount direct to the public on the highest grade diamonds. Complete catalog and discount sheet on request.

Send the Coupon below



Special
Discounts on Highest Grade Diamonds

WRITE for special discount sheet and price list, together with the complete Geo. E. Marshall catalog.

The catalog of the house of Geo. E. Marshall has been published annually for over twenty years and is known as a standard for first quality goods. Our **special** 1909 discounts on **rarest** values may indeed **SURPRISE you.**

Do not buy a diamond until you have seen the Geo. E. Marshall catalog and let us first quote you our trade discounts, now offered direct.

SO WRITE today for special discount sheet. Fill out coupon below, and we'll send you immediately, prepaid, our annual catalog, the most complete of its kind.

HERE, for instance, are three diamonds, all perfect in cut, color and of a scintillating pure white: —the Marshall "F" grade.



And the prices! The beautiful Tiffany set solitaire at the top only $33.00! The twin Tiffanys—$46.00. And the magnificent Belcher—$175.00. In addition to the trade discount we allow an 8% discount for cash, $30.36, $42.32, and $161 net. Or terms, if you prefer; **$3.30 a month,** $4.60 a month or $17.50 a month. We allow the trade discount to those who buy for cash as well as those who buy on time.

These or any other diamonds shipped prepaid **not a cent to pay,** unless bought after examination. **You risk nothing, you pay nothing,** you are under no obligations in ordering.

"F" Grade

"F" irst and finest grade—diamonds of the rarest beauty—are shipped on approval; no money down.

Buy a Diamond *NOW!*

There never has been a time when diamonds have been as superlatively safe and sound an investment as at the present time. Diamonds have long been recognized by shrewd business men as the best investment for any amount large or small. They are as safe as the best bank in the country, and they pay a good rate of interest. There is always a ready market for diamonds.

And in the last few months this market has been brisker than ever, and the prices are constantly increasing. The rapidly diminishing supply of diamonds in the African fields has done much to stiffen prices. Besides this the mines are being worked at greater depths than ever before, and the geologists' reports show that the supply is decreasing rapidly. The removal of the native African miners and the unionizing of white miners has also increased the cost of mining.

Right after the 1907 panic when prices even on the best bonds went down, the first investment that jumped back to higher prices was diamonds. Do you wonder that diamonds today are going up and bound to go up much more? Better buy a diamond now *before* it costs you *twice as much.* We are selling our stock not only at current prices which are subject to our special discounts (as shown on special discount sheet sent with catalog) but are also making some special offers based on prices paid before the recent advances. Besides we allow these trade discounts to those who buy on monthly terms. Thus we win the patronage of the most careful diamond purchasers. On this special offer you get the benefit of the money we saved on your advance purchase. Write for the Marshall Catalog.

Catalog on Request

Price List and SPECIAL DISCOUNT SHEET



Send coupon or postal or letter. No letter is needed if you merely mail coupon.

Do not buy a diamond or jewelry until you have seen our large catalog, and Special Discount Sheet & Approval Shipment Offer.

WRITE today

GEO. E. MARSHALL, (Inc.)
W. S. HYDE, JR., Pres. A. S. TRUE, Sec.
103 State Street—Dept. 1185—Chicago, Ill.

☞ For choice selection of jewelry, cut glass, silver, etc., send for our regular catalog.

GEO. E. MARSHALL (Inc.) 103 State Street Dept. 1185—Chicago, Ill.
Without any obligations, please send me at once, free, Your Marshall Catalog and Special Discount Sheet, with full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Name.....

Address.....

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



ZODENTA

A PRESERVATIVE FOR THE TEETH

The condition of the teeth of the present generation is so bad as to be an indictment of our civilization. Regular use of Zodenta will change this condition, let me tell you why—

The soft cooked foods of civilization result in deficient mastication. Not enough mastication or grinding of the food between the teeth causes insufficient flow of the ptyaline laden saliva and gastric juices that are necessary to digest and liquefy the food. As a consequence, insoluble albuminous shreds lodge in the cavities and between the teeth, acid fermentation sets in and decays and discolors the teeth and taints the breath. Zodenta neutralizes these acids, arrests their destructive action and provides the detergent effect that is absent from soft foods, cooked foods and the resulting inefficient mastication.



In form Zodenta is not a powder to be wasted and spilt over everything—to be an annoyance to the clean housewife.

It is a paste or cream—economical and clean—without any defects.

For Zodenta is not dirty or dark in color, but is brilliantly white.

Zodenta does not petrify in its tube but remains moist and pliable.

Zodenta does not disintegrate into a number of separate ingredients, such as water, chalk, wintergreen, oil, etc., but always remains the same, an inseparable definite entity.

Zodenta does not scratch the teeth because of some cellulose or woody ingredient, for there are none such in Zodenta.

Zodenta is made as no other tooth cream or paste is made.

The ingredients of Zodenta are ground or milled until they can easily sift through silk.

I mix these ingredients together, then form the true inseparable combination in retorts under a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Its texture is fairly like satin.

Whether under the burning sun of the Sahara or in the cold of Siberia—the soft, moist, pliable texture of Zodenta will remain always the same.

Let Me Prove My Statements

This is my fair and square offer—

If your druggist does not keep Zodenta send me 25 cents for large 2½ oz. tube, which I will mail you promptly, and also include FREE an aluminum Tooth Brush Holder.

Try Zodenta, if it does not bear out all my claims tell me so and I will return you your money. Write today.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM, 59 Tenth St., DETROIT, MICH.
President of the F. F. Ingram Co., Manufacturers of Milkweed Cream



NEW-SKIN

—Instead of Court-Plaster

New-Skin takes the place of ordinary court-plaster, being far more effective.

Court-plaster comes off, but *New-Skin* "stays put." *New-Skin* does not come off even when you put on a glove over it or when washed with soap and water.

Court-plaster collects dirt around the edges right next to the wound where perfect aseptic cleanliness is most essential, but *New-Skin*, painted softly over the wound, seals it securely under a clean air-tight, germ-proof film.

Court-plaster looks bad, is a blemish on face or hands, but *New-Skin* is transparent and practically invisible.

For everything that you use court-plaster for—cuts, abrasions, burns, scrapes where the skin needs protection, *New-Skin* is better than court-plaster; useful also in lots of cases where court-plaster is useless, such as chafed feet, callous spots, hang-nails, insect stings.

"Paint it with NEW-SKIN and forget it"

Always insist on getting "NEW-SKIN."
10c, 25c and 50c at the druggists or by mail.

NEWSKIN COMPANY, Dept. J, New York



COPYRIGHT 1903 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

"The Eternal Question"

by GIBSON

25 CENTS

"The Eternal Question" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 25 cts. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, die-stamped and richly tinted, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14x18 inches. Sent post-paid. It is the best picture on the market for 25 cts.

Address PRINT DEPT., 412 W. 13th St., New York City

25% to 75% Saved On Any Typewriter

Rebuilt by Us.

Let's Prove It To You

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
345 Broadway, New York
Branches in All Large Cities.



CONCRETE HOUSES

Cost Less Than Wood

More handsome than Brick. Durable as granite. A Pettyjohn $35.00 concrete block machine, sand, gravel and cement are all that is needed. **Simple, easy and quick.** We furnish full instructions. Save money for yourself or make money by selling blocks.

Write for catalog and suggestions

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

PATENTS WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.



Here Is Something New From Kalamazoo



Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not.

Send for Catalog No. 176 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others

Cash Or Time Payments

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on **easy time payments** or pay cash if you like. Either way—you save $10 to $20 on any stove in the catalog. We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight

Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Peter Fenelon Collier

Tributes to the Founder of This Paper by Some of Our Contemporaries

It has been a physical impossibility for me to answer personally the many kind messages of sympathy I have received from readers of Collier's. I hope to be able to do so in the course of the next few weeks, but in the meantime I ask each of them to accept my sincerest thanks. It is a source of real satisfaction to know how many friends my father had and how widely the significance of his life's work has been appreciated.—ROBERT J. COLLIER

"Under Peter Fenelon Collier's auspices, COLLIER'S WEEKLY has come to be both widely read and widely respected for the systematic campaign that it has carried on against corruption of all kinds."

—London *Times*.

✣

"A periodical of such fidelity to high ideals, of such sprightliness and originality and courage and force, as to perform a great service for the American public and to exert a very marked influence on the journalistic traditions of the country. That periodical, of course, is the nimble-witted COLLIER'S WEEKLY, accurately called a national organ of intelligence.

"As an illustrated journal of comment and news, COLLIER'S fulfils its mission in a time of greatly increased demands and higher artistic standards, as well as augmented facilities, with an adequacy never surpassed by any similar American journal in the past and with a success in appealing to the public interest not surpassed by the illustrated journals which have the facilities of foreign capitals at their disposal.

"The death of the man who hazarded capital in the gathering of a brilliant staff and the founding of a periodical of such radicalism, tempered with sanity, as to be almost a new and experimental type in its class of periodicals, can not be a matter of indifference to the public. He has left a memorial of his life work in a form exceeding that of the memorials of other men."—*Detroit Free Press.*

✣

"Peter Collier had to begin his business career at an early age, and he began it by selling books. He carried his wares from door to door, and prospered from the start. Before long he embarked in the business of publishing books. He made friends everywhere, and, when he turned to another form of publication, ultimately transforming 'Once a Week' into COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the success of the enterprise was largely assured. The energy and fearlessness of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, as shown both in its editorial and business departments, have given it a position of leadership. Mr. Collier took justifiable pride in all this success."—*The Outlook.*

✣

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY has for years been one of the nation's strongest forces for good government, for higher standards of thought and work and business. Such a paper is worth more to a growing nation than much fine gold, and such a paper the nation owes to Peter F. Collier."

—Denver *News.*

✣

"Without influential friends Peter Fenelon Collier rose to the front by dint of his own unaided exertions; and the example which this sturdy business man has left behind him is worth vastly more to his young countrymen than are all his golden accumulations."

—Atlanta (Ga.) *Georgian.*

✣

"The most imposing monument which can be erected to Peter Fenelon Collier's memory is the majestic publishing business, including COLLIER'S WEEKLY, erected on lines of sterling worth and character.

"His death will not interrupt the forward movement of his excellent work.

"He has sown the seed of clean methods, which will always bear fruit, in better lives and higher ideals."

—Chicago (Ill.) *Union.*

✣

"Peter F. Collier was a splendid and inspiring example of what hard work and perseverance may accomplish. He was born a poor boy, but he had ambitions, and they were the kind that are fruitful of good to society in general. He was once a book agent. Later he became a publisher, and in that capacity he used his opportunity and his splendid energy in the cause of cleaner and better things. The weekly which bears his name he made a power for better and cleaner politics and living. He fashioned it to be an independent agency of right, and it promises to remain an enduring monument to a man who knew how to play as well as work and use the fruits of his industry to fine public advantage."

—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) *Saratogian.*

✣

"Mr. Collier was a wonderful man; almost as indefatigable in his activities as Mr. Roosevelt himself. He did an enormous amount of work, made a fortune by creditable means, and combined with his work more play than any successful business man we know of. His death at sixty indicates that he may have overtaxed his energies. But he got a great deal out of life that he liked—money, friendship, reputation, and sport—and he used handsomely what he got."

—*Life*, New York City.

✣

"He was a big-brained, warm-hearted son of the Emerald Isle, every inch a man and an Irishman of the noblest type; steady, straightforward, and clear-sighted. He made no mistakes. He grew rich off printer's ink, and he printed nothing unclean. He loved the animal as the human kingdom heartily; a blunt and breezy out-of-doors man, with a rare taste and sense for books. We tender to those that loved him the homage of our sincere and respectful sympathy."

—Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal.*

✣

"Peter Fenelon Collier rendered a service to his country. He was a pioneer in the distribution among the people of cheap and admittedly good literature on the subscription plan."—St. Louis (Mo.) *Mirror.*

✣

"As publisher of COLLIER'S WEEKLY and a great many books, Mr. Collier ranks as one of the most prominent publishers in the world, and the organization which he leaves behind is one of the most striking evidences of personal success which this country affords.

"Mr. Collier's remarkable energy and faculty for organization is proved by the fact that in the past thirty years he has printed and sold 52,000,000 books.

"The passing of a man like Mr. Collier is a great loss to the publishing field, and serves to call attention to a remarkable life which uplifted an immense public with the best literature at smaller prices than such literature ever sold before, and established a weekly which has now become a foremost factor in national affairs."

—*Printers' Ink*, New York City.

✣

"Peter Fenelon Collier . . . was a fine example of foreign-born lads who found in America their opportunity and made the most of it. His capital consisted of keen intelligence, indefatigability, a good heart, kindly disposition, and a peculiarly buoyant temperament. He worked hard and he played hard, and to the credit of his memory be it said that whatever he did he did well. Of his making and selling of books there was no end; but the books he made and sold were good books. We have never heard of his yielding in a single instance to the obvious temptation to print flashy or even trashy material simply because it was easy to sell. And when he started his paper he made it a high-class paper, and appointed a high-minded editor whom he upheld in all good works. It seems a pity, and we are unfeignedly sorry, that he had to die at a time when life had become a joy not only to himself, but to all who knew and appreciated the graciousness of a cheering spirit which never flagged and never failed to lend encouragement to others."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

McCLURE'S

For June

TAMMANY'S CONTROL OF NEW YORK BY PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS

A study of a new period of decadence in the popular government of great cities

All Newsstands—15 Cents

The Goodyear Tire Making Machine

The quality of ordinary tires, no matter whether "moulded" or "wrapped tread," depends largely on human dexterity and strength. A tire casing is built up from alternate layers or sheets of rubber and fabric. The layers must be laid on with absolute evenness and uniformity or the tire falls down in mileage. It takes long training to learn the knack.

Each layer of fabric must be stretched and rubbed down into place at an absolutely *even tension*. If the first layers are pulled tighter than the finishing layers, that casing can never endure as it should. This is a matter of strength and "feel" which it takes years to develop. Yet no matter how highly skilled a man may be, *his muscles tire* as the day wanes. Tires made in the morning while the men are fresh are always infinitely better than those turned out in the afternoon.

This is true with regard to all Automobile Tires *save* one.

Goodyear Tires are made *on a machine* invented in the Goodyear factory and fully covered by patents, which perfectly does away with all muscular effort.

GOODYEAR AKRON. OHIO.

Every layer of fabric is stretched lengthwise and sideways as it is applied, at a *uniform pressure*, which can be regulated at will to make it *just right* for the particular size of tire which is being made. There's no longer any guesswork—no longer any possibility of tires made in the morning being better than those turned out just before quitting time.



Other Goodyear Points

—The breaker-strips of rivet-fabric (patented) which inseparably rubber-rivet the tread to the carcass. Mud-boils or sand blisters or stripping impossible.

—It alone combines the good points of both "moulded" and "wrapped tread" tires with disadvantages of neither. 10,000 to 15,000 miles from a single Goodyear Tire is not unusual.

—The base or "feet" of the tire contains a tape of piano wire which contracts—makes the tire base smaller—with inflation. The harder you pump a tire the tighter it grips the rim.

—They are made from two "compounds" of rubber—soft, tender, resilient Para for the walls, and tough leathery, wear resisting compounded rubber for the tread or wearing surface, both inseparably vulcanized together. This means maximum of easy riding quality at a minimum of wear.

—The tough, rawhide-like tread or wearing surface, in combination with the rivet-fabric breaker-strips, is so difficult to puncture that the Goodyear is actually 90 per cent puncture proof.

—After the most gruelling practical tests, 800 out of the 1,000 Taxicabs in New York, operated by several competing companies, have contracted for Goodyear Tires to be used exclusively.

Because of this wonderful machine we can KNOW, positively and beyond dispute, that each tire made is *perfect* in all its parts, and that each tire produced is *just like every other tire* of the same size and kind.

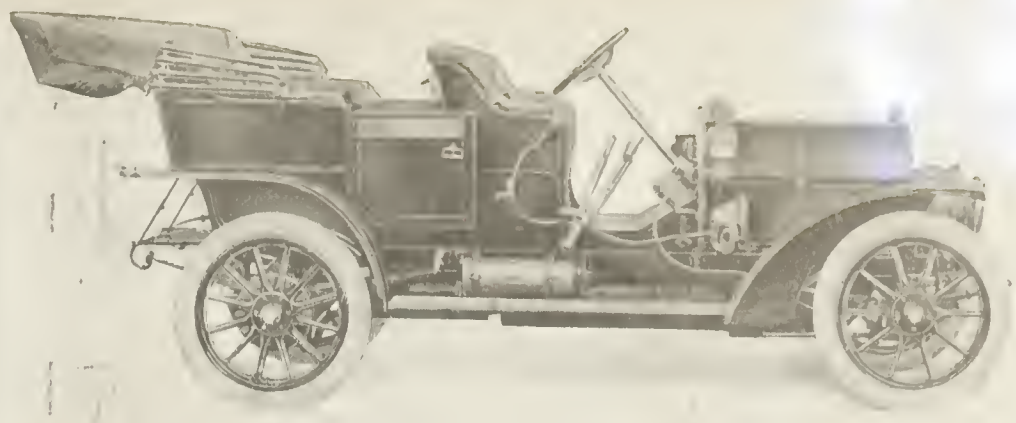
We alone in producing Goodyear Tires have entirely eliminated the *human element*, which because of tired muscles, wearied eyes and strained nerves, has resulted in untold thousands of *imperfect tires* which have given unsatisfactory mileage from no other cause than *human frailty*—which no manufacturer has heretofore been able to overcome.

This is simply to explain why *we know* we are not exaggerating, and how *you* can know we are not guessing when we refer to Goodyear Tires as being PERFECT in construction with all the life, endurance, and supreme wearing quality which is to be expected in a perfect product.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Erie Street, Akron, Ohio

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Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750

Made as Touring Car, Toy Tonneau and Roadster

Here's Just the "Forty" Car You Want

Here is a car at $2,750 which offers all that any price can buy.

Its possible speed is sixty miles per hour. You have no wish to go faster.

No hill is too steep for it, no road is too bad.

It has been pitted, again and again, against some of the costliest cars on the market.

Over and over, it has won against all in speed, endurance and hill climbing.

Last season alone it won first place or perfect score in twenty-five important events.

Lately it won, in one day, three separate hill-climbing contests at Memphis. On April 26th it won in its class easily at the Fort George, N. Y., hill climb.

Why Pay More?

What more does one get when he pays $4,000 or $5,000?

Perhaps a little more power, but he has no way to employ it.

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" will travel any road he can go.

And that higher price will always buy a multiplied cost of upkeep.

The heavy car will treble his tire cost, and use twice the gasoline. It will multiply his cost for repairs.

Yet that extra expense buys not a single advantage.

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is one of the rare cars which never developed a weakness. No important alteration has ever been made in it. It has simply been refined in minor details.

It is the standardized car—the car that doesn't change. And that is the dream of all motorists.

The car today is about the same as every owner owns. So owners can tell you what sort of a car you'll get.

Ask them. You'll find them everywhere. Ask them which car to buy.

Hungry for the Road

We have just asked one owner for the best thing to say about the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty."

He replied: "I always say that it's hungry for the road. Nothing can faze it. No hill can disturb it. Its power is so over-sufficient that it seems always to be calling for something harder to do.

"The faster I go the faster it wants to go. The farther I go the better it seems to run."

We put the same question to another owner, and his reply was this:

"The best thing to me is the lack of trouble. My car runs for months without even lifting the hood."

Its Vast Economy

We asked another owner for the best thing he could say.

"Why," he replied, "the best thing to me is its wonderful economy. I have owned six other cars, and the cost of upkeep always spoiled my fun. I run my 'Forty' at one-third the expense of my last car."

He has given, perhaps, the best reason of all. The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is simply pure enjoyment. It does all that any car can do, and does it at minimum cost.

The Satisfying Car

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," for nearly four years, has been the most satisfactory car on the market.

Every owner knows the satisfaction which a perfect car can give.

The car is always ready, and it goes till he wants to stop. His fun isn't spoiled by the bills.

Please learn the facts. Send now for our catalog. Let us name the engineers of national fame who have selected this car.

Then get from our local agents the names of local users. Learn their experience. Ask them which car to buy.

A Memo to
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Please send catalog to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

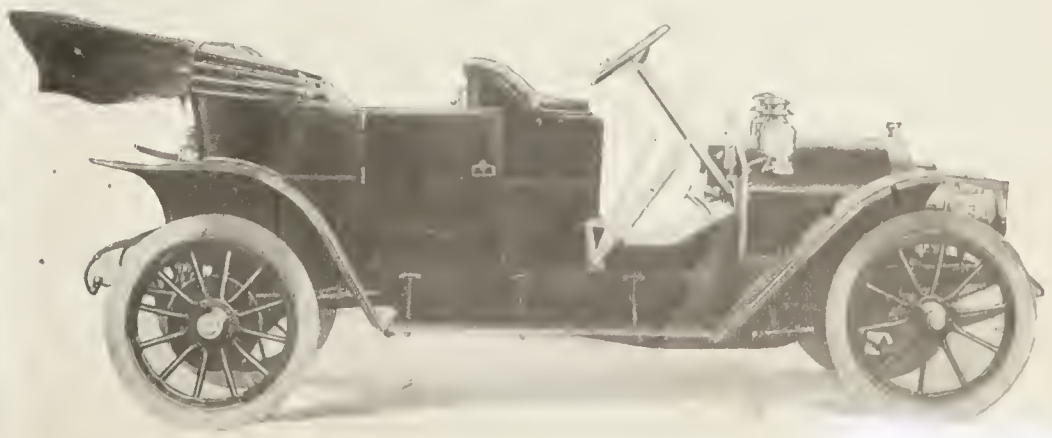
County .....

State .....

Collier's, New York

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1,500

Made as Touring Car, Tourabout, Roadster

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER WITH SIX HOLE SIFTER

(Another Improvement)



CONCENTRATES ON THE SPOT

ECONOMY:—No scattering, no waste, no sprinkling dress or coat. The position and number of the holes put the distribution of powder always under your control.

You can both concentrate on a cut or the tiny fold of baby's skin, and just as easily spread it over a large surface by merely moving the hand.

REGULATES THE FLOW

DOUBLE ECONOMY:—By turning the sifter top the six holes are made smaller or larger. This permits the most careful economy, and is possible only with **this non-leaking screw** top.

THE SAFETY POWDER IN THE SAVING BOX

The antiseptic and soothing ingredients of our Talc Powders, Violet, Cashmere Bouquet and Dactylis are prepared from formula of an eminent physician. Their exquisite perfumes also are **antiseptic.**

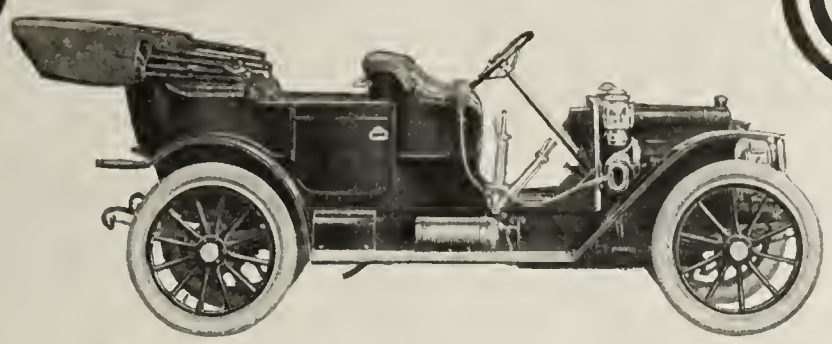
COLGATE ECONOMY is shown not only in this new Talc Box, but also in our **Ribbon Dental Cream**; which in our now famous tube "Comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush," with only half as much flow of cream as from the old round-mouth tube.

For trial size of either Talc or Cream, send 4 cents in stamps

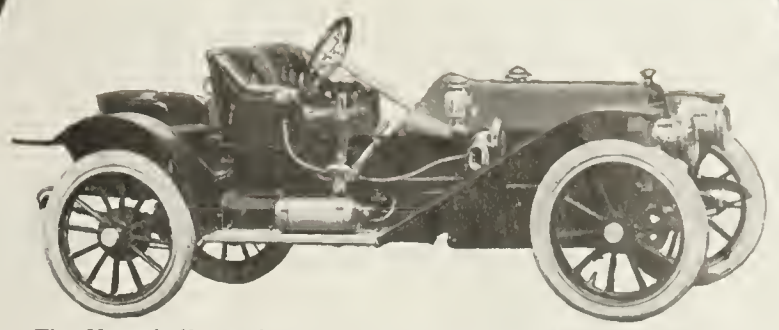
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Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap



Herreshoff Touring Car, 24 H. P. $1500; with magneto, Prest-O-Lite Tank, and gas lamps $1650; and with top $1750. All prices f. o. b. Detroit



The Herreshoff Runabout, 24 H. P. $1500; with magneto, gas lamps, and Prest-O-Lite Tank, $1650; and with top $1725. All prices f. o. b. Detroit

HERRESHOFF

A New Standard In Motor Car Construction

THE Herreshoff Car is an expression of an entirely new idea in motor car manufacture. It is not a car built to sell for $1500, but is a smaller edition of the highest priced cars with all their excellence and elegance, which happily can be sold at that figure. Our endeavor has been to produce a car of light weight of as excellent design and careful workmanship as the big expensive cars and built of the same materials. We have approached its production in a wholly different spirit from that which has previously actuated the small car manufacturer.

The name Herreshoff has never been associated with anything but the highest type of production. Charles F. Herreshoff has maintained this standard in the Herreshoff Car. He is responsible for the entire design of the car, which follows the best and proven mechanical principles. In the production of the car he has employed the best materials and every detail is as carefully thought out as in the cars of highest price.

Harry S. Houpt has had as wide experience in the sale of motor cars as any one identified with the industry. For five years he has conducted investigations, taking down in the repair shop in connection with his garage nearly all types of American and foreign cars. He has expended in racing for experimental purposes possibly more money than any other motor car manufacturer. We believe, therefore, he is qualified to judge motor car values. It is on this account that he is willing to put his guarantee behind Herreshoff's and behind the guarantees of the makers of such parts as are best made by specialists who have been called upon in the production of the car.

The car speaks for itself. No car at any price is better finished, has more grace of line, or better workmanship or material. Its power is ample to drive it at a speed of 45 to 50 miles an hour or to climb any hill anywhere. Its riding qualities and easy handling cannot be adequately described but must be demonstrated. We are demonstrating them daily.

The Herreshoff Car

THE especial merit of the Herreshoff Car is its extreme simplicity and efficiency. Every principle employed in it is proven good practice. In the ingenious application of these principles the car is unique. Use of the best materials permits the reduction of weight without sacrifice of stability. Light weight means economy and easy handling. The owner of a high powered car pays an inordinately high price for the usual service to which he puts his car when he could use a light car more satisfactorily as well as more economically.

The peculiar efficiency of the Herreshoff Car is derived from the correct inter-relation of its parts. Each individual part is designed to harmonize with every other part. By designing both the intake manifolds and the valves to suit the cylinders, by designing the exhaust manifold and valve to relieve the cylinders quickly, by designing the carbureter to feed gas into the cylinders at the proper velocity at all speeds of the motor, the maximum efficiency of the engine is secured.

The unit power plant and simple shaft and rear axle construction, with an absolutely horizontal straight line drive, conserve the power developed so that more power is delivered to the rear wheels in proportion to the cylinder size than in any other car in the market. It has greater horse-power per pound of weight—and larger tires and larger brakes in proportion—than any other car. These are factors of the greatest moment to the car owner. Its economy of running expense and upkeep will commend it.

As wholesale dealers, we have disposed of our entire product for the year, and we could dispose of double the number without difficulty. At our various agencies there are a limited number of these cars for retail sale which can be delivered promptly. We invite inspection of them and the opportunity to demonstrate them. Inquiries addressed to us will be forwarded to the nearest dealer.

Manufactured by The Herreshoff Motor Co. at Detroit exclusively for

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO ASSIGN TERRITORY FOR 1910 AGENCIES

Harry S. Houpt Co.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO ASSIGN TERRITORY FOR 1910 AGENCIES

Broadway and Sixty-Eighth Street, New York City

The Herreshoff Car does not take the place of the big car but supplements it. The place it fills among light cars the Houpt will fill among high-powered cars. Each in its class establishes a new standard.

The Houpt will represent to the big car user the best thought in automobile design,—the final word in motor car construction. The car is now being manufactured at our factory in Bristol, Conn., in two types:

A 60 horse power 4 cylinder car with 127 inch wheel base, weighing 3100 pounds.
A 90 horse power 6 cylinder car with 140 inch wheel base, weighing 3900 pounds.

Each will be made in touring car, tourabout, runabout, limousine, landaulet, and brougham bodies. They will be ready for delivery in midsummer.

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An Armful of Burning Newspapers

We have perfected a heating system so sensitive that the flames from an armful of newspapers will send a glow of warmth over every radiator in the house.

A system which insures plenty of heat *everywhere*—on the coldest day of January; and perfect comfort without overheating, on cool evenings in June.

A system so flexible, and so economical of fuel that it pays its own cost and saves its own maintenance.

And its *first* cost is no more than that of common heating systems.



"RICHMOND"

Boilers — Radiators

The Richmond System of heating represents the climax of inventive ingenuity.

Compare the Richmond boiler, for instance, with any other boiler for producing steam or hot water.

You will find that the same fire which in common boilers heats 90 square feet of water surface, heats in the Richmond, 128 square feet, or over 40 per cent more. Think of it!

You will find that instead of the cumbersome, heavy iron castings enclosing the water circulation of common boilers, there is no waste metal in the Richmond to absorb costly heat.

Strong, Even Castings

The castings commonly used in boilers are too thick in some places—too thin in others. The castings used in Richmond boilers are uniform. They are stronger than common castings, but because of their evenness, waste no heat.

The flues used in common heaters deliver the burned gases and smoke to the chimney before it is half used.

While our *diving flue* forces the fire to travel over the heating surfaces until its heat-giving power is exhausted.

You will find that common heaters are perched on separate bases and that the cold water enters them at the fire level.

The result is that the fire is chilled and that for two inches around the edge of the fire box, where fire is most needed, there is nothing but dead ashes.

Adds Strength—Lessens Cost

The water line of the Richmond extends to the bottom of the ash pit. This water base level adds strength and lessens cost.

But more, it absorbs the heat of the ashes and warms the water before it reaches the fire. The result is that the Richmond boilers have no dead line of ashes or clinkers adjoining the water surfaces—but instead a hot burning line of flame.

There are countless other points of economy and of efficiency which are to be found only in Richmond systems. Points of superiority to be found in the ash pit, in the fire box, in the water circulation, in the regulation devices and in the radiators and their control.

Find Out For Yourself

The selection of heating system, whether it be for a home, a public building, a factory or a business block, is too important to leave to the judgment of others.

By inefficiency it may render comfort impossible; by improper design it may run the coal bill into an endless extravagance.

Write Us

If you contemplate building, please write us for full details of the new Richmond system of heating, which saves itself on costs and pays for itself on maintenance.

Address in the West

Cameron, Schroth, Cameron Co.
Western Distributors for
Richmond Boilers and Radiators
189 Michigan Street, Chicago

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs and Enameled Ware

If you are about to build, investigate, too, the Richmond line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware, from kitchen sinks to bath tubs, which bears the name, "RICHMOND" is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. 49 East 20th Street, New York City

New Address after June 15th, Park Avenue and 41st Street

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

BOSTON, MASS.

*** United States Hotel** Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. $3. E.P. $1 up. In center of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.

* **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

*** Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?

*** CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL** 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Homelike, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET B WITH MAP OF CITY.

*** Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, $1.50 and up. With bath, $2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

PITTSBURG, PA.

*** Hotel Henry** 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan $1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mngr.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*** Powers Hotel** recently remodeled and refurnished. A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary ventilation; Rathskeller. European plan.

ST. LOUIS

*** American Hotel** Absolutely fireproof. European plan. Finest hotel in heart of St. Louis; everything new. $1.50 up. Every room with bath.

HEALTH RESORTS

WALTER PARK, PA.

The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York. 94 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

* **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.



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made from your photos

$5.00 per 1000

Send us a photograph of any kind or size and we will furnish you 1,000 Biotone Post Cards for $5.00.

Quadrotone colored post cards, $8.50 per 1,000 for 2,000 of a subject. These are far superior to hand colored cards.

Send 4 cents (stamps) for free samples and complete information.

Day and Night Service.

Barnes-Crosby Company

E. W. HOUSER, Pres.

Artists : Engravers : Catalog Makers

215 Madison Street, Chicago

Branch Offices in fifteen principal cities.

Collier's

Saturday, May 29, 1909

June Fiction Number

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Volume XLIII Number 10

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 5

ADVERTISER AND PUBLISHER

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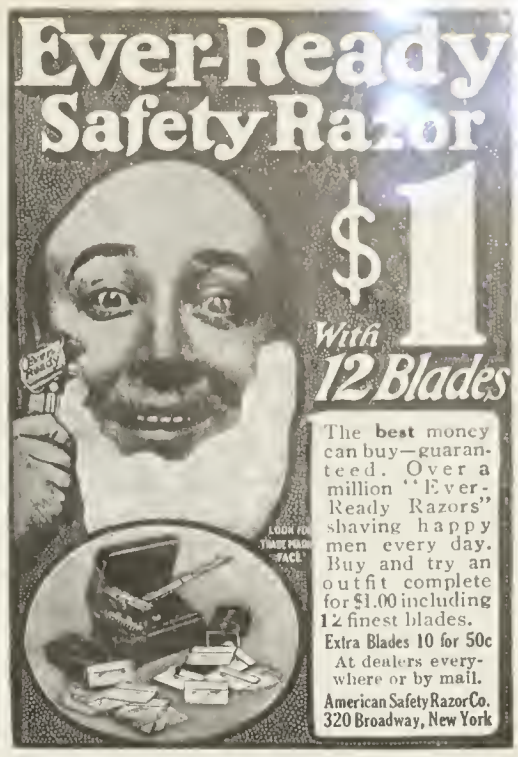
The 10 cents that you pay for Collier's is not enough to pay for the art and editorial matter it contains and for the cost of printing and mailing it. The deficit is paid out of the advertising revenue. It is easily understood, then, what part advertisers play, and, as we admit none but responsible ones, it is to our interest to tell you these things so that you may place the same confidence in them that we do.

Think of this when you go over the business section of the paper!

E. C. PATTERSON

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Standardized Merchandise"





THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND

If you travel, wear **LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs.** They save "carrying space" in the grip, "stop-overs" for delayed laundry, and make you comfortable. You *know* your collar is in shape always, and clean- or that you can make it white as new in a minute with a damp cloth. Never wilt, or fray. The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed. All styles and sizes. If you don't travel, wear LITHOLIN just the same, and save expense.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Always sold from a RED box. Avoid substitution.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Styles booklet on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY

Dept. 3 7 Waverly Place New York



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A Gibson Head

IN FULL COLORS

25 CENTS

"Gertrude" is one of the most popular Gibson heads ever drawn. It is handsomely printed in colors on the best art paper, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect. Size, 11 x 13 inches, at 25 cents.

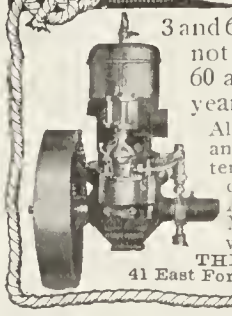
Order from any reliable art dealer in the U. S. or Canada

Or, will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Address Print Dept., Collier's, 412 W. 13th St., New York

If you will send us 15 cents in stamps, we will mail you a copy of our new Print Catalogue.

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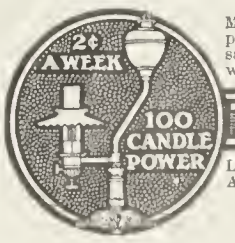


3 and 6 *actual* Horsepower, not over-rated. Weight 60 and 110 pounds. Five years' successful record.

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Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

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Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog

THE BEST LIGHT CO.

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ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 1 W. South Street, Boston, Mass.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

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LIVE SALESMEN MAKE 20% TO 40% SELLing new gold-border local view post cards. Great side line graft for regular post card salesmen; quick delivery. Pocket samples. Specialty Post Card Co., 127 River St., Chicago, Ill.

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 29, 1909

$50,000,000 in Library Gifts

¶ *There is only one man in the world who can tell from actual experience how it feels to give away fifty million dollars, and he has never told it before. In next week's issue of Collier's, Mr. Andrew Carnegie writes of his library gifts, and for the first time makes public the number of buildings he has given, the amount they cost, and some of his feelings and opinions in regard to this unique work.*

As widely known as has been Mr. Carnegie's plan of giving library buildings to any English-speaking community in the world, the public as yet little realizes the actual magnitude of the work accomplished through his world-wide benefactions. The people in each locality know chiefly of their own library buildings, and, except for occasional press comment, have had no way of knowing how many buildings were being given in other parts of the world. Even Mr. Carnegie's closest friends may be surprised with the announcement that eighteen hundred library buildings are the result of his gifts.

Where they are, and how much they cost, together with Mr. Carnegie's personal views on the subject, will make a feature that will be awaited with more than usual interest.

The Art of Pitching

¶ *The third article on Baseball, by Will Irwin, appears in Collier's next week. It tells all about pitching, from the early days up to the present time, and describes every kink anybody ever got into the throwing of a baseball. "Who pitched the first curve?" is a matter of controversy, but Mr. Irwin tells the story which has been generally accepted by the historians of the profession. When the curve was first introduced it was greeted with so much skepticism that it had to be demonstrated by throwing it between fixed poles. But after that the problem became that of inventing all the new varieties, including the "jump" ball, the "spitball," and a lot of mysterious kinks that never had a name.*

The pitcher (and latterly the catcher who directs his play) knows as by a note-book the peculiarities of every batter in his league—who can not hit a high or low ball, who will flinch and lose pose at the first direct approach of a fast outshoot, who will reach out foolishly for a slow ball. When a new player enters the league, pitchers and catchers experiment with him until they find out his weakness, and pass the information along to their fellows. That explains why certain players, lost afterward to fame, bat with the leaders during their first month in the league.

Year by year the strain on the pitcher has grown greater. Every pitch takes all the force there is in a man. The strongest pitcher leaves his game with a sore and battered arm. Two games a week about comprises the possibilities in any pitcher. If he does much more he shortens his life in the game.

¶ *The Art features for next week include a cover design, "The Black Fan," by Howard G. Cushing, and a double-page drawing, "Saturday Afternoon," by Charles Dana Gibson.*

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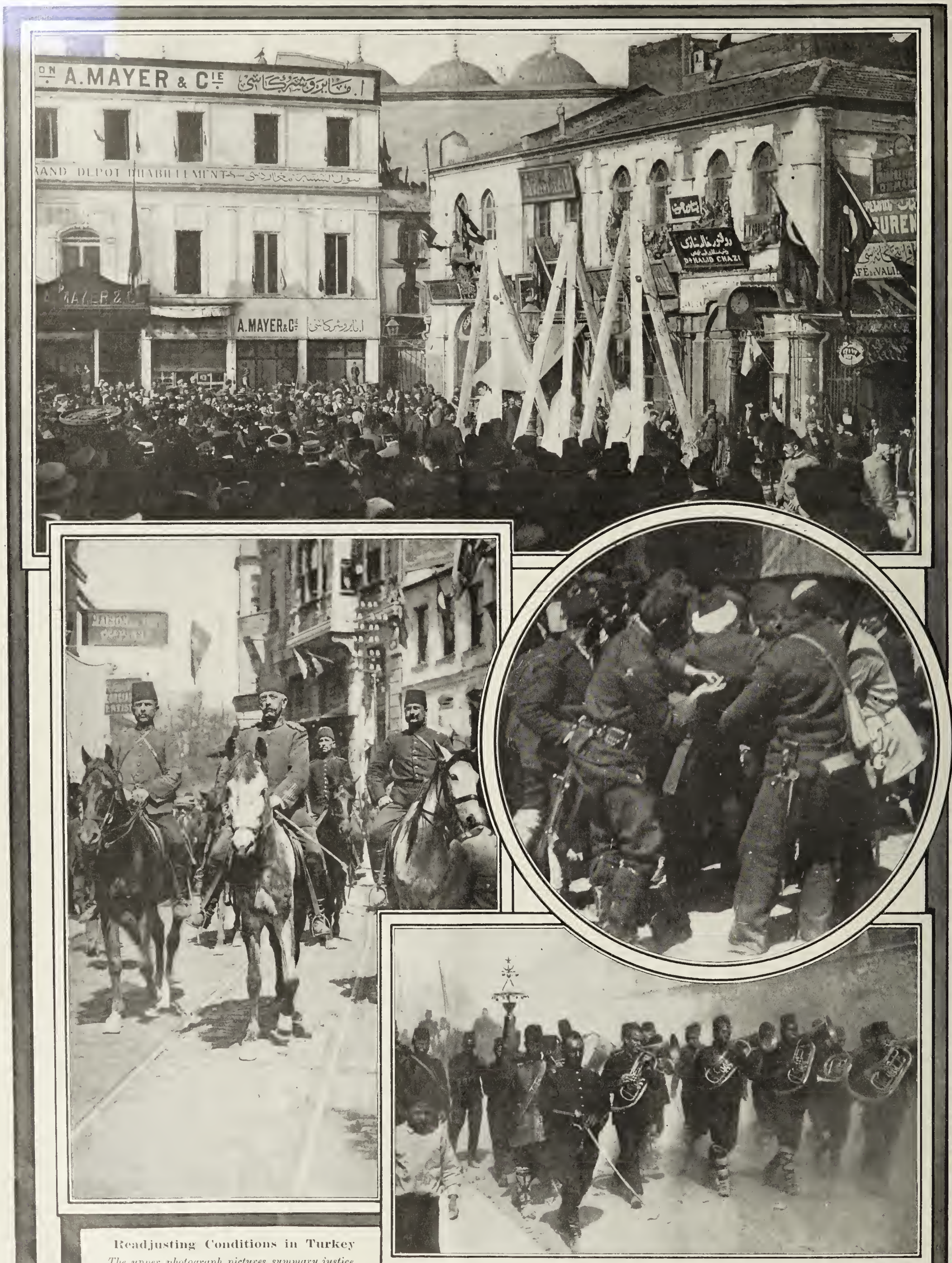
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Readjusting Conditions in Turkey

The upper photograph pictures summary justice as meted out by the courts-martial of the Young Turks to those of Abdul Hamid's partizans who incited mutiny and were treacherous to the Constitutionalist cause. As an example to the whole people, many of those condemned were hanged in the streets, from the bridges and in the public squares of Constantinople.—The central figure of the three officers on horseback is Chevket Pasha, the general in command of the Young Turks army, riding into Stamboul after the taking of Yildiz Kiosk.—The other photographs show soldiers of the Constitutionalist army searching a priest for seditious pamphlets, and the band of one of the Salonica regiments of the Young Turks army swinging through a street of Constantinople on the day of the city's capture

Collier's

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Action

MR. ROOSEVELT'S THOUGHTS ON TOLSTOY have naturally aroused attention, since their publication in the "Outlook." "I doubt if his influence has really been very extensive among men of action." Just who is this Man of Action? Mr. ROOSEVELT and others have been busily and reverently creating credit for him, but what Man is he? The Man of Action has a slight smack of the Man of Destiny. He is of faint kin to the Man in the Iron Mask. Mr. ROOSEVELT makes him the final test for literature as well as for other values. Imagine some such fragile growth as "The Eve of St. Agnes" brought to the Man of Action. "This will never do," says he. "I rather like it," he declares of some bouquet of TENNYSON. A few years ago the Man of Action was the great financier, running insurance or railroads. An obscuration took place, and several heroes resigned, died, or became insane. About every other century the worship of "action" returns to trouble this world with the notion that there is some virtue in action for itself. With it enters the companion idea that "action" consists in keeping busy in the external world. It means detonation, running about, jostling, talking, redistributing atoms. A man of our acquaintance is a physician who is forever working at experiments in an unfrequented office. He would blink among a Tennis Cabinet or at a gathering of politicians. He is unhappy in "rough-house" gayety. Discoveries and certain adaptations which he has made have lessened the death-rate among babies. The Man of Action, with bristling voice and busy ways, would deem the little doctor a feeble soul. He is not masterful. He clatters not about his victories. Mr. ROOSEVELT sheds no light when he condemns the world-figure and world-influence of TOLSTOY. He is right, we believe, in putting high value on his fiction; wrong in failing to appreciate the inspiration which the great Russian has been to a world which so easily tires of difficult, spiritual, patient, and long-continued work.

Chairs

CARLYLE WINS GLORY still with his reflections about clothes. Why has the chair never tempted essayists to rival "Sartor Resartus"? It, too, may reflect authority. It, too, changes with salary and station. The swivel gives orders to the high-desk stool. The straight-back chair of the stenographer differs much in meaning from the ampler piece of furniture which stands before the roll-top desk. In a wheel chair the child may see the world, and, after his pilgrimage, now an aged man, he may collect a little air. There are the chair of state and the electric chair of execution. The empty chair is a metaphor for all that is most tragic in our lives. What are the dreams of the artist's stool, and what of the milkmaid's, and which signify the more? How the rocking chair has been written about and despised by the haughty traveler from abroad, and how firm it stands—a great American conquest in domestic comfort. Around the chair also, and the attitude in which we sit, lie associations of our mental state:

> "The editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care.
> His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair."

When does thought come best from seat of ease and when from the severer bench, on which the schoolboy of old was wont to sit? You get the idea,—now go ahead with the immortal essay. All you need is concentrated thought and literary genius.

Cash Girls

HERE IS AN ADVERTISEMENT which seems to have about it a suggestion of movement and of changing times:

> "Enrich Brothers require cash girls. Promotion guaranteed to good girls; those who prove satisfactory have the advantage of evening instruction, library, and club membership free of charge."

Not elaborate these privileges, perhaps, but indicating that in the struggle, now waging, for happier human life, steady pressure, evenly applied and laid on with patience and good cheer, has not yet had the measure of its possibilities fully taken. Enrich Brothers presumably offer only what they must to obtain and keep cash girls. How long since would such an advertisement have seemed the proper method of securing help? Until in the progress of events some one invents a dustless battle, fighting in the thick of events must be done with little opportunity to see vantage-grounds most newly gained. Sometimes there is a sudden clearing and a revelation of new-won territory that surprises and gives hope.

Representation

WHAT A COMEDY is this tariff business at Washington, what a spectacle! A collection of adults, pretending to represent the people of the United States, when each in reality is fighting blindly for one locality or one group. How many men, in the Senate or the House of Representatives, in any sufficient way consider the welfare of the eighty million? Are there six? Limitations are to be expected in human beings. He who chaffs at shortcomings has but little understanding. It would seem, however, as if this degree of narrowness were extreme. It is our guess at present that the time will sometime come when a neighborhood can send to Congress any man from any State, instead of being forced to an absurdly local choice. If Illinois has no man whom it desires for the Senate, why should it not look to California or Massachusetts? Men elected under a broader system would probably study questions more on their merits than does the average gentleman now engaged in pulling for some petty industry of his own environment or some petty interest which helped elect him.

Indians

BUILDING A STATUE, heroic in size and conspicuous in location, to the vanishing Indian has at least an imaginative value. Whether the red men had all the virtues seen by COOPER, or all the vices seen by PARKMAN, they still stand pathetically as victims, exterminated by the white man's progress. He lied, no doubt, he changed his mind, he used the deadly rifle and the deadly whisky, but back of all incidents lay a more terrible fact, in which all these are swallowed up—the white man's need. We talk of right and wrong, and occasionally the distinction is clear; but who shall say it was wrong that the Indian should be exterminated? Had there been no trickery, no whisky, no needless cruelty, he would still have had to die. It is becoming, nevertheless, for the vanquisher to raise a memorial to the conquered. It is fitting to mark in this way a repentance over some unnecessary sins, and a deeper sorrow at the tragedy that was beyond avoidance.

American Germans

THE CLOSING of two American theaters in which German plays were produced has called out various explanations, one of which at least is true. Germans become nationalized easily wherever they go. Those who emigrate to the United States usually arrive equipped with some knowledge of our tongue and life, quickly extend their study of both, before long speak English with fluency and adopt our customs. You will often meet Germans here who decline to answer you in German. If you address them in that language they reply in English. Many children born here of people who came from the Fatherland can neither read nor talk the language of their parents. The closing of the German theaters, therefore, grows from the same causes which make of German immigrants such excellent American citizens.

Crusades

CRUSADING EASILY PASSES out of focus and out of perspective. It tends to a fury of praise or attack. The desire to score points, to heap up climaxes, grows on the practitioner. Take an article on "The Indecent Stage," published in an excellent periodical. The author, who has shown unusual ability both in investigation and in style, has here set out to prove something and to prove it hard. Some recent dramas have had salacious elements. The magazine writer decides to touch up this situation. If interpreted, rendered exactly as it is, it would make good reading now and a useful record in times to come. But this does not suffice. The author makes of the dozen unwholesome dramas a Saturnalia. He summons an atmosphere of decaying Rome—favorite device of those who specialize on evil. KIPLING'S schoolboy used to yell: "Watch me gloat." Even so our excellent friend and valued writer gloats on the festering trail. By isolating smutty blocks of dialogue, by writing in a heated way, he creates an effect that is momentarily gripping, but is no more of a contribution than an "Evening Journal" headline. After such a bout it is a relief to glide into the cool, easy prose of THACKERAY, because it is beyond all temporary cleverness. It sheds a steady light. It does not crack off into sparks. The historian of the future must discount much popular writing. Overemphasis is too characteristic of the general style. When men write with artificial emphasis the result may be high-colored, [illegible] doomed to perish early.

Real Dramas

LISTS OF GOOD PLAYS always have an interest, which naturally is greater if these dramas actually have been produced. A year ago we spoke with approval of the repertory of the Donald Robertson company of players, which finds increasing favor with the residents of Chicago. During the season just past the following were among the plays which they produced:

MILTON'S "Comus."
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS and WALLACE RICE'S "Chaplet of Pan."
RICHARD BURTON'S "Rahab."
IBSEN'S "John Gabriel Borkman."
GOETHE'S "Torquato Tasso."
LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH'S "The Art of Life."
VOLTAIRE'S "The Prodigal."
GOLDONI'S "The Curious Mishap."
BROWNING'S "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

For next season the plan is:

ALFIERI'S "Saul."
CALDERON'S "Mayor of Zalamaya."
ECHEGARAY'S "The Stigma."
MOLIÈRE'S "Tartuffe."
MARIVAUX'S "The Game of Love and Chance."
SHAKESPEARE'S "Timon of Athens."
SHERIDAN'S "The Critic."
SHELLEY'S "The Cenci."
BROWNING'S "The Return of the Druses."
SUDERMANN'S "Happiness in a Corner."
HEIJERMAN'S "Links."
VAN EIJDEN'S "The Ice Brand."
IBSEN'S "The Vikings at Helgeland."
BJÖRNSON'S "Marriage."

The list looks good, does it not? Mr. ROBERTSON is steadily increasing his audience, and is willing to wait for a building until a sufficient public demand has been created.

The Other Side

POINTERS TO THE PUBLIC are being put out by a certain street-railway company in a manner that shows intelligence, and in a spirit of friendliness and reason. This road admits its duty of introducing all possible safety devices, but it adds some clear opinions about the part of American impatience and carelessness in causing accidents. Men stand on the steps and jump on or off cars in motion. Women step off backward. Vehicles tear madly down the cross streets. Children steal rides and make the streets their home. Companies can do something to reduce accidents, but the public must do the rest.

Machine Guns and Worship

THE BRITISH EMPIRE is called to repentance. Troubled Englishmen ask for a period of religious fervor that shall rival the intensity of the Savonarola days. This brooding sense of divine immanence is to carry with it a régime of rifle practise and a preparedness for the battle-field. The "Spectator" acutely says: "'Peace in itself is no more virtuous than sleep.'" Most encouraging of all the tidings from the danger-girt isle is the report made by the school of gunnery to the army council, that the horse and field batteries of the Royal Artillery, armed with the modern quick-firing guns, are growing in efficiency. The "Evening Standard" puts it thus: "It is reported that the arming of the batteries with modern guns has raised a new spirit, which one general aptly calls 'the quick-firing spirit.' Such good guns as those now in use have raised an enthusiasm, the value of which can not be overestimated." Alas, these things do not stir the hearts of the youth in the land as once they did. There are times when an unbidden depression steals over us, suggesting that perhaps a something fierce and powerful has passed out of life forever. If that lust of carnage once goes, no faculty for prayer, no quality of mercy, no grasp of science, no wisdom in council, no tenderness in the home, can ever bring the ancient glory to the nation that has lost that battle fervor. But let us not be too ironical. It is easy for enlightened Americans to feel the anachronism of war. An Englishman is in a different plight. It is no small thing to him that his country in all seriousness is threatened. This danger may be the cause of hysteria, but danger nevertheless there is.

An Upright Judge

WHEN WE SPOKE last week of the case of Judge MACK, it was not because he is the only judge who is seeking reelection against unfair opposition in Chicago. His associates, Judges BRENTANO and CARPENTER, also amply deserve reelection. We selected the case of MACK, because the opposition seemed most intense, and because his standing was so striking. Outside of his admirable record on the bench, the measure of his general activity as a citizen is indicated by these positions:

Professor at the University of Chicago Law School, formerly Professor at the Northwestern University Law School; President of Friends of Russian Freedom, of Milk Commission of Chicago, of League for Protection of Immigrants, of National Conference of Jewish Charities, of Harvard Club of Chicago; Vice-President of Children's Hospital Society of Chicago, of Society for Social Hygiene of Chicago, of National Conference on Dependent Children, of Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago, of American Jewish Committee; Member of the Executive Committee (and formerly Vice-President) of the National Conference of Jewish Charities, of National Conference of Charities and Corrections, of Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, of Civil Service Reform Association, of Chicago School of Philanthropy and Civics; Director and formerly Vice-President of City Club of Chicago; Member of Publication Committee of the Survey; Member of Board of Directors of the Playground Association of Chicago.

Rather obviously, a man whose life takes this direction is not opposed to the welfare of the poor, however firmly he may refuse to be dictated to about the nature of his decisions as a judge.

Opium

OWING TO THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER of its population, San Francisco has had a harder fight against opium than most cities. The Chinese are, of course, more addicted to the drug than any other people. The Eastern States suffer more from the traffic in cocaine than from either opium or morphine. A systematic warfare has been waged by the California State Board of Pharmacy against all drug stores selling opium. To the surprise of the Board, the Chinese Six-Companies have cooperated in the campaign. Even among the Chinese the men who sell opium, those who use it, and those who conduct opium joints are the outcasts of society. It is the wash-house Chinaman, the fruit-picking Chinaman, and those who are forced to hard labor, that are most addicted to the drug. It has not touched the Japanese, who lives altogether apart from the Chinaman. The Board has prosecuted one hundred and fifty-two cases and secured convictions in every case. The third offense is punishable by a jail sentence only; the first two by fine or imprisonment. The Treasury Department at Washington not long since issued an order that no more smoking opium should be imported into the United States. At the time there was about eighty-five thousand pounds of smoking opium in the San Francisco bonded warehouses, the duty on which was $6 a pound. In forty-eight hours the opium was all gone. The Chinamen wanted it where they could be sure of it. Later, the Government extended the time for importation to April 1, 1909. Announcement was then made in the San Francisco press that some two hundred thousand pounds of the drug was on its way in a Chinese steamer that would arrive before April 1. The effect of the campaign in California has been to drive a great many of the lower order of "fiends" out of the State and to lessen considerably the sale of the drug. Men have been caught in the "Barbary Coast" district of San Francisco with the drug, prepared for sale and done up in small packages concealed in their pockets, their hats, and even their shoes. As a result of the Opium Congress which met in Shanghai in January last, the various countries are limiting the supply by curtailing the growth of the plant—a remedy still untested. The Chinese have six or seven alleged remedies for the cure of the habit. Every one of them contains morphine. The Six-Companies have earnestly sought a remedy. They manufacture and distribute free certain herb teas, but nothing, so far, has been found that will permanently cure.

Life, Etc.

A YOUNG WRITER the other day proposed to do an article for us on a "new" subject which he had just "discovered" in Ohio. It was one of those topics which are suggested at least once in every season, but such a proposal not infrequently reminds an editor that he must keep on guard. No matter how young he feels he must not forget that he does grow older, while his readers have everlasting youth. Life, the producer, and death, the destroyer, are the equalizing agents, and the average age of the readers of COLLIER'S actually remains approximately the same. An editor is wise who keeps the young about him. He must have them in his office; he must have them among his writers, and he must cultivate their interests. If he neglects to do so he will find that his periodical has passed beyond the crowd and is standing in curious isolation. In the same manner the individual reader must remember his own relation to the great body of readers. He also grows ever so little older year by year. That which interests him now may not have interested him in the past, may not interest him in the future, and does not necessarily interest every one else. In youth we enter eagerly into the life about us, pass through all the great centers of interest, and, at the end, emerge from the crowd. But the crowd remains—to be taught, to be entertained, and to experience for the first time the thrills and aspirations that make up life. The editor of COLLIER'S ought in spirit to remain forever, like the average of his readers, at about the age of thirty-five.

Truth

IT IS THE KEYSTONE in the arch of home, the mistress of its other virtues. It is the shield of innocence, the avenger of guilt. It is the highest strain in the music of patriotism. Prospering commerce will not survive its betrayal, nor will ambitious statesman, ignoring it, write his name upon the world's larger page. It is the final standard by which we judge men and nations. It is the coin and courage of the world's highest thought, the seed of the world's best literature. It is the dawn that has dispersed the night of error, oppression, cruelty. It takes its own time to command the attention of men, but it is the courser that, sooner or later, wins every race. It retreats not. It is the light that guides the heart of childhood and rules the spirit in its supreme hour. It is the balm of wounded souls. It is the rainbow of promise. It is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of the ages.











Mohamed V, the New Sultan of Turkey, Assumes the Throne

In one of the upper pictures the Padishah is shown on his way to the Mosque of Ayoub to take part in the ceremony of the sword on May 10 (see page 22). The lower photograph is probably the first one ever made of the Lower House of the Turkish Parliament in session. The other pictures show the troops of the Constitutionalist army occupying Constantinople after the overthrow of Abdul Hamid



Following the evergreen hedge around a final corner, she emerged stealthily

"Where Thieves Break In"

The Story That Lay Behind the College Pin

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Illustrated by ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"The Pretenders," the first of the adventures of Caroline, appeared in the issue of January 30

ONE glance at Caroline's shoulders, hunched with caution; the merest profile, indeed, of her tense and noiseless advance up the narrow gravel path, would have convinced the most casual observer that she was bent upon arson, at the least. At the occasional crunch of the gravel she scowled; the well-meant effort of a speckled gray hen, escaped from some distant part of the grounds, to bear her company, produced a succession of pantomimic dismissals that alarmed the hen to the point of frenzy, so that her clacks and cackles resounded far beyond the trim hedge that separated the drying-ground from the little kitchen garden.

Caroline scowled, turned to shake her fist at the hen, now lumbering awkwardly through the hedge, and sat down heavily on a little bed of parsley.

"Nasty old thing!" she gulped; "*any*body could've heard me! And I was creeping up so still . . ."

She peered out from behind a dwarf evergreen and made a careful survey of the situation. The big square house stood placid and empty in the afternoon sun; not a cat on the kitchen porch, not a curtain fluttering from an open window. All was neat, quiet, and deserted. Caroline set her lips with decision.

"We'll pretend there wasn't any hen," she said in a low voice, "and go on from here, just the same."

Rising with great caution, she picked her way, crouching and dodging, from bush to bush; occasionally she took a lightning peep at the silent house, then dipped again and continued her stalking. Following the evergreen hedge around a final corner, she emerged stealthily in the lee of the latticed kitchen porch and drew a breath of relief.

"All right so far," she muttered; "I wondered if that old gray cat with the new kittens is fussing around here?"

But no breath of life stirred under the porch as she stooped to peer through a break in the lattice, and with a final survey of the premises inserted her plump person into the gap and wriggled, panting, into the darkness below.

It was stuffy and dusty there; the light filtered dimly through the diamond spaces, and the adventurer, crawling on hands and knees, cannoned into a shadowy pile of flower-pots, sneezed violently and groveled wrathfully among the ruins for at least five minutes, helplessly confused. Quite by accident she knocked her cobwebbed head against a narrow, outward-swinging window, seized it thankfully, and plunged through it. Hanging a moment by her grimy hands, she swayed a little fearfully, then dropped with a quick breath to the concrete floor beneath, and smiled with relief as the comparative brightness of a well-kept cellar revealed her safety. Vegetable bins, a neat pile of kindling-wood, a large portable closet of wire netting, with occasional plates and covered dishes suggestively laid away in it, met her eye: on the floor in front of this last rested a little heap of something wet and glistening. Untidy as it looked, it had an eatable appearance to Caroline, whose instinct in these matters was unimpeachable, and, bending over it, she inserted one finger.

"Currant jelly!" she whispered, thoughtfully licking the inquiring member. "The idea!"

She approached the wire closet and peered along the shelves; there was no jelly there.

"Dropped it getting it out," she pursued. "I wonder why Selma didn't wipe it up?"

Suddenly her face brightened.

"We'll keep right on and pretend '*twas* burglars," she announced to the quiet cellar, "and they stole the jelly in a hurry and dropped this and never noticed, and went upstairs to eat it and get the silver! And so I found 'em after all!"

Still on tiptoe she left the cellar, stole through the laundry, and crept mysteriously up the back stairs. So absorbed she was that a creaking board stopped her heart for a breath, and a slip on the landing sent her to her knees in terror. The empty quiet seemed to hum around her: strange snappings of the old woodwork dried her throat. With her hand on the swing-door that led into the dining-room, she paused in a delicious ecstasy of terror, as the imagined clink of glass and silver, the normal clatter of a cheerful meal, seemed to echo in the air.

It was always difficult for Caroline in such moments of excitement to distinguish between what she saw and heard and what she wished to see and hear, and at this ghost of table music she smiled with pleasure.

"The house is empty," said her common sense, but she pursed her lips and whispered: "They're up here eating—they've come for the silver!"

By fractions of inches she pushed the door on its well-oiled hinge and slipped noiselessly into the dining-room.

A broad beam of light fell across the dark, wainscoted room, and in the track of it sat a handsome, well-dressed man busily eating. In front of him was a roast chicken, a cut-glass dish of celery, and a ruby mound of jelly; a crusty loaf of new bread lay broken at his right; at his left, winking in the sunbeam, stood a decanter half-filled with a topaz liquor. He was daintily poising a bit of jelly on some bread, the mouthful was in the air, when his eyes fell on Caroline, an amazed and cobwebbed statue in front of him.

The hand that held the bread grew rigid. As spilled milk spreads over a table, the man's face was flooded with sudden grayish-white; against it his thin lips were marked in lavender. While the grandfather clock ticked ten times they stared at each other, and then a wave of deep red poured over his face and his mouth twitched.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" he demanded sternly, pointedly regarding her dusty, rumpled figure.

Caroline gulped and dropped her eyes.

"I—I—nothing particular," she murmured guiltily.

The man laid the piece of bread down carefully and wiped his fingers on the napkin spread across his knees.

"Some time," he said in a leisurely drawl, "you'll burst into a room like that, where a person with a weak heart may be sitting, and that'll be the last of 'em."

"The last of 'em?" Caroline repeated vaguely.

"Just so. They'll die on you," he explained briefly.

Caroline stepped nearer.

"Is—is your heart weak?" she inquired fearfully. "I'm so sorry. So is my Uncle Lindsay's."

"What were you sneaking about so soft for?" he demanded.

She flushed.

"I—I was playing burglars," she confessed, "and I got to where they were in here with the silver, and—and I was coming in to—to get them, and I didn't expect anybody would be here, really, you know, and I was surprised when I saw you. I didn't know about your heart."

"Burglars?" said the man, laughing loudly. "Well, that's one on me! I must say you're a nervy young party. So you thought I was a burglar, did you?"

"Oh, no!" Caroline cried. "Of course not—I meant I was playing it was burglars; I didn't mean you. I—I didn't know anybody was here."

"Humph!" said he. "What made you play burglars? Anything in that line yourself, ever?"

Caroline stared uncomprehendingly.

"My mother doesn't think it's right for Aunt Edith to go off and leave the house all alone the way she does," she explained. "She's always telling her some one will break in if she doesn't leave Selma or a dog. And she never locks a thing, you know—she says if they intend to get in they will, and that's all there is about it. So this time she went for three days, and Miss Honey and the General and Delia; and Selma and Anna went to a wedding, and Ed went somewhere about a lawn-mower, and little Ed was going to get the pony shod. I told Aunt Edith I'd—" she coughed importantly—"keep an eye on the house."

"I see," said the man.

He poured himself two inches of the topaz liquor; it rocked in the glass.

Caroline sniffed inquiringly.

"That's the Scotch," she said; "I know by the smell, partly like cologne and partly smoky. Do you like it?"

The man raised the glass to the level of his eyes and watched the light play through it, then made a slight movement of his arm and the whisky disappeared smoothly.

"Your Aunt Edith's taste is as good as her voice," he said, eying Caroline carefully.

"Oh, that's not Aunt Edith's—that's Uncle Joe's," she explained. Then, as it flashed across her suddenly: "Did you want to see him? He's in New York, too. They're going to have pictures taken of Miss Honey and General. But after that Uncle Joe's going to Chicago. Did you want him?"

"N-no, not exactly," said the man, studying his well-kept finger-nails. "I can't say I do. No, my business is with—is more—"

He stopped suddenly and followed the direction of Caroline's eyes.

There on the sideboard behind him stood a leather suit-case, long and solid-looking. It was open, and tight rows of forks and spoons filled it.

The room was quite still for a moment. Caroline wanted to show by some intelligent remark that she understood the situation and could easily imagine what the man was doing with the silver, but she found this difficult.

Strange people came to Aunt Edith's house. Dark, foreign-looking men ate meals there at unusual hours; once Caroline had seen with her own eyes a plump, yellow German fall suddenly on his knees at Aunt Edith's feet, as a hand-organ struck up its brassy music under the window, and burst into passionate singing, waving a whiskbroom in the air and offering it to Aunt Edith with the most extraordinary force of manner. And her aunt, who wore at the time a raincoat and tam-o'-shanter cap, had leaned forward graciously, gurgled out a most delicious little tune, accepted the whiskbroom, affected to inhale its fragrance rapturously, and whirled into a big and beautiful song in which the plump, yellow gentleman joined, and, rising, seized her in his arms, at which point they drowned the hand-organ completely, and the hand-organ man and Uncle Joe applauded loudly and they gave the hand-organ man all he could eat and a dollar.

You may see from this that one did not look for the commonplace in Aunt Edith's house. Moreover, the stranger was not unlike some of her aunt's friends; though he was handsome and assured and noticeably at his ease, Caroline felt that his manner was subtly different from that of the friends of her own family. But even the most unconventional guest had never collected the sideboard silver, and a little feeling was growing in the air . . . doubt and a bit of what might have begun to be fear . . . when suddenly the man began to laugh. It was abrupt, and it rang harshly at first, but grew with every moment warmer and more infectious, so that Caroline, though she felt that she was in some way the cause of it, joined in it finally, in spite of herself.

"If you knew what a sight you were!" he exclaimed, wiping his eyes with the napkin, "with your hair all cobwebs and all that dirt on your knees and those finger-marks on your apron, and being so small and all—" he began to chuckle again.

"Small?" she repeated portentously.

"Oh, I didn't mean small compared with—with anybody else the same size," he assured her quickly.

Catching her mollified glance, he went on more soberly:

"And how did you get in, now? No doors, I'll bet."

"Under the kitchen porch, through the little cellar window and up the back stairs," she explained.

"You mean to say you were out in that little back hall and I never heard you?"

She nodded. "I took pains to be still," she added, "so as to surprise the—so if there had been—"

"I understand," he said gravely—"so as to get them if they had been there. Well, you'd have done it. You're all right. Now, I suppose you're wondering what all this means, aren't you? You haven't got any idea who

I am, have you? You don't know one single thing about me, and you may be thinking—"

"I know one thing about you," she interrupted: "I know you went to Yale."

The man's jaw dropped, his hands gripped the arm of the chair.

"And how in—how did you know that?" he cried roughly, with blazing eyes.

Caroline shrank a little, but faced him.

"Your pin," she said, pointing to his vest. "I saw it when you held your arm up."

The man sank back in his chair and fingered the little jeweled badge unconsciously.

"Well, of all the cute ones . . . so you've seen this before?" he suggested.

"Of course I have—my brother has one and my Uncle Joe and Uncle Lindsay and Cousin Lindsay and Cousin Joe."

"All went to Yale?" he inquired.

"Lindsay and Joe are there now—they're seniors," she informed him. "The General's going when he grows up. All the Holts go there. Grandfather Holt went."

"You don't say," said the man, bending forward in genuine interest. "I guess it's a pretty good college, eh?"

"The best of them all," she assured him. "I'll tell you an awful funny thing," she went on abruptly. "You know all the Holts look alike. Well, when Uncle Lindsay first went to Yale he was walking along the campus and right by Old South Middle he met the president. And the president stopped and said: 'Well, well, I see the race of Holts is not yet extinct. Good afternoon, sir!' The president. And he never saw him before!"

"You don't say," he repeated. "Old South Middle—that's it. That's the one."

Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and took out his watch. "This'll never pay the rent!" he said briskly. "Now let's get to business. I suppose you were surprised to see all that stuff in the suit-case?"

Caroline nodded and grinned back at him, his own quick smile was so friendly and compelling.

"Well," he continued, rising and bunching the napkin beside his plate, "I don't blame you. Not a bit. I'd have been the same myself. And you'll be even more surprised when you find out what I'm doing—that is" —he stopped abruptly—"unless your Uncle Joe has told you already and sent you over to help?"

She shook her head.

"Didn't, eh?" He stepped over to the sideboard, wiping off the knife and fork he had been using, and packed them with the others. Caroline, watching his hands, noticed in the corner of the case a familiar chamois-skin bag; she had often seen it on Aunt Edith's bureau.

"Well, now," he continued, "if I had a niece as sharp and smart and quiet as you are, Missy, I'd tell her my plans, I would, and get her to help me. I wonder your uncle didn't. Sure he didn't mention me—Mr. Barker?"

Again she shook her head, her eyes fastened to the bag.

"Well," said the man, shutting down the cover of the suit-case and strapping it tightly, "it's this way. You may have heard your uncle say something about it being kind o' careless, leaving the house so much alone? Anyhow, whether he's talked to you or not about it, he has to me often enough."

"Oh, yes!" Caroline was conscious of a distinct sense of relief. "I've often heard him. Then you *do* know Uncle Joe?"

The man faced her, starting in violent surprise.

"Do I know Uncle Joe?" he repeated. "Do I *know* him?" He shook his head feebly and gazed about the room. "She says do I know Joe Holt! And what should I be doing eating my lunch here if I didn't?" he demanded. "What should he tell me about his troubles for and ask me to help him, if I didn't know him? Is it likely I'd be packing his silver in my suit-case if I didn't know him?"

Caroline stood abashed.

"I should think you might guess by this time what the joke is," he went on forgivingly, seeing that she was quite overcome with her own stupidity; "but as I have to get away pretty quick now, I'll tell you. You see, Joe isn't coming right back with your aunt; he's going on to Chicago, and that may keep him some time away—"

"I know," Caroline interpolated.

"And he wanted your aunt to have somebody stay in the house to look after it—he felt worried. But no, she wouldn't. Wouldn't even get a dog—that is," eying Caroline steadily, "unless she's got one lately, but when I last heard—"

"No," she assured him, "she wouldn't. Aunt Edith hates dogs."

"So Joe told me. 'Now what would you do, Henry,' says Joe to me—that's my name, Henry Barker—'what would you do with a woman like that?'

"'Do, Joe?' says I. 'Why, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd teach her a lesson—that's what. I'd give her one good scare, and then you'd find she'd take your advice after that.'"

At that point the man reached for his overcoat and began to struggle into it.

"'But I don't know how to, Henry,' says he. 'You don't,' says I. 'Nothing easier. Just tip somebody off when the house is empty and they'll run up and slip in, take what silver and jewelry they can find in a hurry, pack it up careful and hide it away wherever you say. Then when your wife gets back and finds 'em gone there'll be the d—— there'll be a row, and when she says it's her fault for not leaving the servants in the house, and she'll never do it again, then you say: "All right, my dear, I'm glad you've learned your lesson," and step out and get the bag! How's that?' I said."

He put his hat on, drew a pair of gloves from his pocket, and looked hard at Caroline; her answering glance was troubled and non-committal. He scowled slightly and rested one hand on the bag.

"'All very well, Henry,' says Joe to me; 'but who's to do all this? I don't know any one that would dare to, let alone be willing,' he went on, glancing hurriedly around the room. 'You know as well as I do that if they should get caught doing it, anybody would swear 'twas burglary, plain and simple, and run 'em right in. They'd call the police. It would look bad for whoever did it, you know,' he said."

"He might have asked me. I'd love to do it," Caroline muttered resentfully.

As a matter of fact, the scheme was sufficiently like many a practical joke of her irrepressible uncle. Better than any one, Caroline, his conspirator-elect, knew the lengths he was capable of going to confound or scandalize his adjacent relatives.

"Of course," said the man, with relief in his voice, "that's why I asked you if he hadn't. I guess he was afraid you wouldn't dare. I'd have trusted you, though, myself."

She looked gratefully at him.

"Then I said: 'Why, Joe, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll do it myself,'" he concluded, lifting the suit-case from the sideboard and grimacing at its weight.

"'What's the good,' says I, 'of calling yourself a friend if you can't run a little risk? Just tell me the day to come and where you want 'em put—where you pick a good safe place—and I'll 'tend to it that hour,' I said, 'and you'll do as much for me some day when I'm in a tight place.'"

He settled his hat firmly and moved to the long window.

"I'll have to hurry if I don't want to lose my train," he explained.

"But where's the place?" Caroline cried excitedly. "What place did Uncle Joe pick out? Won't you tell me? I won't tell—truly I won't!"

The man paused with one hand on the window button and looked thoughtfully at her.

"By George," he announced, "I've a good mind to tell you! I'm not supposed to tell a soul, you know, but you've been such a brick, and being his own niece and all, I think you've got a *right* to know: I really do."

Caroline nodded breathlessly.

"Look here!" he cried. "I'll trust you if your uncle won't. I don't like the place he told me, much—it isn't safe enough. There's two thousand dollars' worth of stuff here, counting the—counting everything, and an old barn's no place for it. See here. You promise me to stay here for an hour—one hour exactly, by the clock—and I'll leave this bag at your house for you. Then you can hide it under your bed, or anywhere you want, till to-morrow, and then you can manage the rest to suit yourself. How's that?"

"Oh, that will be grand!" she gasped.

"You can just tell your uncle that I saw you were game and I trusted you, if he wouldn't," he concluded, opening the window, "and I'll take this to your house in half an hour. Will you promise not to leave for an hour? We mustn't be seen together, you know, or people might suspect, and then the game'd be up. And will you look this window after me and go out the same way you came?"

"Yes, yes! I promise, I promise solemnly," she assured him, flushed with importance; "and tell 'em not to open it, will you? They might. Say it's private for me, will you?"

"All right," he said soberly. "I'm kind o' sorry they went to Yale," he added abruptly. "I'd rather—s-sh! What's that?"

He stood rigidly listening; his eyes rolled back, his hand raised in warning.

"I don't hear—" she began, but his angry gesture and the furious whisper that went with it cowed her into a silence as strained as his own.

For a moment it seemed to Caroline that she heard a faint snap as of a board released from pressure, but dead quiet followed; she held her breath with excitement as the man lifted the suit-case over the ledge and, peering over the balcony, stepped out. Suddenly he paused, one leg over the sill; his eyes rolled back toward the room, his lips tightened. So terrible and so despairing his face had turned that Caroline rushed to the window. Even as she started she heard quick, soft steps in the hall, and pointed to the freedom outside.

"Jump! Oh, jump, Mr. Barker!" she whispered in a glow of terror. "Hurry! It *is* somebody!"

He pointed silently to the ground below, and with her heart pounding heavily she peered over the sill. Directly below them crouched a Great Dane, brindled, enormous, one eye fixed sternly on the window.

The soft steps paused: perhaps she had imagined them! Perhaps, if they kept quite still, that quaking pair, perhaps . . . the man breathed like a drowning swimmer; it seemed to Caroline she must scream.



While the grandfather clock ticked ten times they stared at each other, and then a wave of deep red poured over his face and his mouth twitched

A door flew open.

"Look out there—it's loaded!" the voice came sharp as a cracked whip.

Caroline gave a shriek of joy.

"Why, it's Lindsay!" she cried. "It's just Cousin Lindsay!"

A tall, powerful young man came in behind a leveled revolver.

"Car—what—be still, there!" he gasped, steadying the weapon. The man stood motionless, his eyes on the ground.

"It's all right—I never carried a gun in my life," he said quietly.

"Oh, Lindsay, it's only a joke!"

Caroline ran toward him, stopping in horror at the ugly winking eyes of the revolver.

"Mr. Barker only meant—tell Lin about it!" she entreated, sick with foreboding at the dogged man before her, the scornful, flushed boy at her side.

"I guess you better tell him, Missy," said the man in a low, empty voice.

"Go home, Caroline; go straight home this moment."

Caroline had never heard her cousin speak in that tone, and it was partly in tears, partly in wrath, that she answered:

"I will *not* go straight home, Lindsay Holt, and you needn't talk to me that way, either! Uncle Joe himself asked Mr. Barker—"

She began glibly enough, but even to her simple consciousness the story wavered and rang false, with this stricken, passive man before her. Her voice faltered, she choked . . . had Uncle Joe really asked this man to get the emeralds? Was it possible that—Lindsay laughed disagreeably.

"If you've quite finished, Caroline, will you go home?" he demanded, his eyes still on the revolver.

She gulped painfully; her faith tottered on the last brink.

"Oh, let it go at that; can't you?" the man broke in roughly. "What difference does it make to you, eh, how this part of the job gets done? Have I made any trouble yet? My goose is cooked, all right, and we'll—we'll talk that over, later, when Missy goes, but—but couldn't you"—he looked almost appealingly at the young fellow—"couldn't we—it's all there in the suit-case—"

"It was going under my bed, Lin—I'd have been careful." Caroline was hoping against hope, now.

"You see, Missy," said the man quickly, in almost his old manner—"you see how it turns out. It was a bad plan, I guess—you can see how your cousin takes it. You'll have to—to tell your uncle how it worked; it's one on me, all right."

"Suppose we put it all back and—oh, Lord, what's the use?" he ended suddenly. "Cut it short—what the hell do I care?"

He dropped suddenly into the chair behind him; his head fell over on his arms, and the stiff hat rolled along the floor.

The young man stared curiously at him, but the weakness was genuine; every muscle was relaxed.

Lindsay's face softened a little. "As far as that goes, you're right," he said curtly, "though it's a little late in the day. Look here, Caroline. Mr.—Mr. Barker and I don't agree very well on the best way to teach people to lock their houses. I—it seems to me a pretty poor joke. Uncle Joe never meant it to go quite so far, I'm quite sure," he concluded jerkily. "I—I want to do the best thing all around, but," looking anxiously toward her for a second, "this is a little too—a little too—"

Her face cleared at his change of tone. "I know," she returned eagerly—"I know just what you mean, Lindsay; I think so, too. Anybody would think—"

"That's it," he said briefly.

"You say you thought so yourself at first," she added, looking uncomfortably at the bent figure in the chair, "and that made him feel—"

"Well, well, I understand now," Lindsay interrupted irritably; "it's all right now, Caroline. Hadn't you better go? Mr.—Mr. Barker and I will come along later."

"Oh, I'll wait and go with you, Lin," she returned, almost assured, now. "Why do I have to go first?"

The man lifted his head; at sight of the young fellow's nervous perplexity he smiled faintly.

"Suppose you run along, Missy," he suggested; "your cousin and I want to talk business—and then I must be hurrying on—hurrying on," he repeated vaguely, with dazed eyes. He raised his hand to his head; Lindsay started forward, the revolver loose in his hand.

"Where did you get that pin?" he cried sharply. "Give that to me."

The man fingered the pin thoughtfully. "You're 'way off there," he said. "That's not—that's not—"

"Not one of your 'jokes'?" Lindsay's voice rang disagreeably. "I happen to know the contrary. I'll trouble you to hand it over. I'll soon know to whom it belongs."

Caroline, hanging over the sill, lost in talkative admiration of the Great Dane, was oblivious for the moment of the room behind her.

"It belongs to my son," said the man. There was a moment of silence. Outside the great hound whined softly.

"His name Barker, too?" Lindsay asked coldly, half-rising.

"No, sir. His name is James Wardwell," said the man defiantly.

Lindsay sprang to his feet.

"That's a dirty lie!" he shouted. He stood over the man, careless of the revolver. "And you'll pay for it, too!"

Caroline stared aghast at them.

"Look out for the gun," the man warned him, and, as with a flush of mortification Lindsay mastered his weapon, he added quietly: "You can't be too careful with firearms."

Lindsay gritted his teeth.

"You—you—" he began furiously. The man met his eyes for a second, then with a dark, slow blush dropped his arm.

The boy drew back uncertainly.

"What's the good of lying like that?" he said. "How's it going to help you?"

The man looked at the floor.

"Don't be a fool—how's it going to?" Lindsay repeated irritably.

The other did not move.

"Is that the truth?" Lindsay's voice was strained and worried.

The man drew a long, uneven breath. "Yes," he answered.

Lindsay glanced at the suit-case, at the man in the chair, at the revolver.

"Jimmy!" he muttered. "Jimmy B.!" For the first time since he had last addressed her, he noticed Caroline. He frowned, then suddenly his face cleared.



The man half rose, but fell back with a grunt of pain

"Look here," he said, his eye again on the man, "do you know where all that silver belongs?"

She nodded.

"I help Selma sometimes."

"Could you put it back so nobody would know?"

"Oh, yes," she answered him; "and the—the things from the bureau, too?"

His lips curled scornfully and his hold on the revolver tightened.

"A thorough job, wasn't it?" he muttered; then controlling himself, he answered evenly: "Oh, yes, might as well get 'em all back. We'll just step into the library a minute."

The man got up and went before him into the library, stumbling as he walked.

Lindsay watched him drop into a seat and stood in front of him.

"What proof have you got that what you said in there is true?" he asked abruptly. "Before we leave the house I must know."

"Proof?" the man repeated. "Proof?" He stared almost vacantly at Lindsay.

"Why, yes," the boy answered impatiently. "You say you're the father of one of the most brilliant men in my class; you wear the pin of his society—a pin I happen to know he lost recently—and I find you stealing my aunt's spoons! For God's sake, what's the meaning of it?"

The man twisted his fingers together and moistened his lips.

"It kind of settled on me all at once," he said in a hollow voice. "I felt it since morning. She scared me so to begin with—she came like a ghost—and then the dog finished me. I had one o' them once and he nearly did me up—turned on me. Jim pulled him off," he added; "but they give me a turn whenever I see 'em."

Lindsay stamped angrily.

"Will you prove what you say? Or shall we discuss it at the station-house?"

The man raised his hand deprecatingly. "No, no," he said hastily. "No—that's what I don't want. That's why I—that's the reason I don't—good Lord, don't you know you've given me a half a dozen chances, if I'd had the nerve for the risk? Why, I c'd've butted that gun out of your hand twice in the last ten minutes, you young fool! How long d'ye suppose it would take a husky man to back you into one closet and Missy into another and walk off with the stuff? Hey?"

His eyes flashed, he threw back his head and breathed hard, a cornered animal. Lindsay felt a tingle of excitement run down his spine: for a moment there was danger in the air.

"I—I notice you didn't see your way to all this," he said scornfully. But he blushed as he spoke, the man saw it, and Lindsay knew he saw it; he winced and drew himself up in a boyish attempt to save the situation.

"It's quite true—I'm not in the habit of catching house thieves," he said, drawling a little, "and I doubt if many of them are quite such accomplished liars as you appear to be; but my stroke will improve, I've no doubt, as we go on. Would you mind getting up and 'coming along with me,' as they call it, I believe?"

The man made no answer, but raised his hands high above his head.

"If you'll look in that left vest pocket, there's a little leather case there," he said; "and—and you'd better take the pin, too, I guess. I'd be obliged if you'd say you found it somewhere. I never should've put it on."

Somewhat clumsily Lindsay extricated the leather case, cursing his awkwardness and the patience of the man.

A worn little photograph of a boy of eight or nine was in his hand; across the bottom was scrawled in a childish hand: "Daddy, from your son James."

He drew a long breath.

"That's Jimmy, all right," he said, dully.

"If you'll just tear it up," said the man. "It's all I've got, and nobody'd know but some friend that—that would be lookin' for the likeness."

Lindsay threw the picture on the floor. "I won't believe it—it's too sickening!" he cried. "Jim Wardwell's a gentleman! I—I—why, I admired him more than—good God, he's a *friend* of mine!"

The man smiled faintly.

"Oh, Jimmy has fine friends," he said, almost complacently. "He's always gone with the best. He's very particular."

Lindsay's forehead was a network of pain and doubt.

"But Jimmy has plenty of money," he insisted. "He always had the—his things—oh, it's idiotic! You're crazy, that's all."

"Oh, yes, he always had plenty," the man said simply.

In the pause that followed they heard the soft chink of silver through the wall; Caroline was evidently busy.

Lindsay twisted his face into an ugly smile.

"And I thought he was the squarest of the lot," he said, slowly. "I've said so often. We all did. Pretty easy, weren't we?"

"He is!" The man half rose, but fell back with a grunt of pain.

"Oh, *damn* this heart!" he complained fretfully. "I don't know what's the matter with me. That fortune woman, she knew. Last week it was I went. 'You're making a plan to end up your business,' she says to me; 'and so you will, Mister, but not the way you think. There's some trouble coming to you, and a child's mixed up in it. Look out for strange dogs,' she says—they all tell me that—'and run no risks this month. I don't just like the looks of your hand,' she says. And when I saw that child, it was all up with me, I thought. I didn't think the machine would ever get started again. And then that infernal dog . . ."

"We were speaking of—of— Did you say that Jim—?" Lindsay's voice sounded strange even to himself.

The man blinked a moment.

"What—" he said vaguely—"what about Jim? Oh—he don't know anything about it, of course. I sh'd think you'd know enough for that. That's what I'm telling you, if you'd keep still a minute."

He stared thoughtfully at the floor, and Lindsay waited. Caroline ran up the front stairs, and he had counted each step before the man went on.

"So I sent the money regular every quarter," he muttered, as if continuing some tale, "and I'd go to see him

(*Continued on page 26*)

DECORATION DAY

by Bliss Carman

[The Capitol, West Front]

STAND *here in the shadow of the Capitol*
And let your eyes range down across the city,
Where marble buildings rise out of a sea
Of tree-tops, and the Monument floats up
All rose and lilac in the morning light,
A thing of magic by the Potomac shore.

ACROSS *the river on the wooded bank*
Where that colonial portico gleams white,
Is the nation's hallowed ground,—their resting-place
Who gave their lives up gladly for the truth,
Each, as he deemed, a soldier of the right
Impassioned by the justice of his cause.

AND *hark, above the car-bells and the cries,*
A band is playing! Troops are on the move.
Far down the Avenue a column wheels
To pass the pillared Treasury, on the way
To honor its dead heroes sleeping there
On the heights of Arlington ten thousand strong.

THERE *rests my old friend in his soldier's grave,—*
Old grim idealist with the tender heart,
The grizzled head, gray eye, and scanty speech,
And hand that never faltered in the fight
Through all the rough work of a long campaign.
God keep you, General, with the heroes gone!

IN MANY *a place through all the land to-day,*
Mourners will come, and with hands full of flowers
Pay loving honor to the valiant dead
Who gave their last breath for the cause they loved,
For liberty and justice, and flinched not
To pay the utmost for their noble dream.

AND *you, O fond and unforgetful ones*
Who have no graves to tend for all your loss,
No sacred spot whereat your love may kneel,
But must in silence let the proud tears spring,
Keeping the lonely vigil of the heart,
While the flags flutter and the dead-march plays;

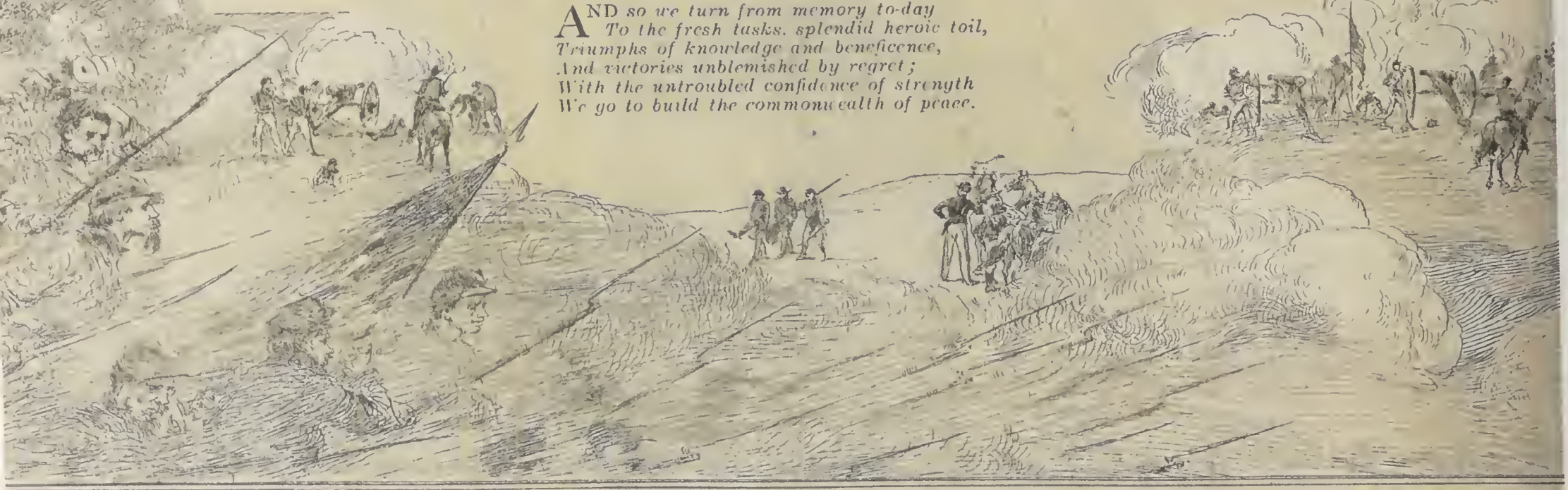
BEHOLD *for you the consoling rain shall fall*
In odorous assuaging woodland showers,
And wild wood flowers spring up to deck the ground
Wherever early summer passes now;
And in far valleys where no bugles peal
Shy birds will sing their requiems for your dead.

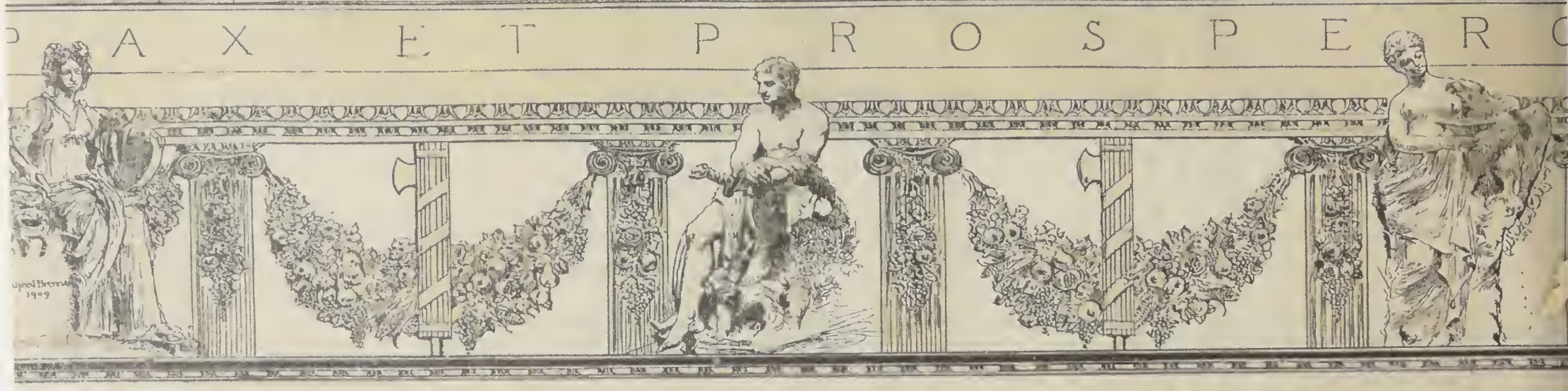
THEREFORE, *take courage, seeing all natural things*
Are not left desolate, but lovely earth
Transmutes each scar and sorrow to her gain,
And from the flux of time and growth renews
Her seasons of indomitable joy,
And breeds new beauty each reviving year.

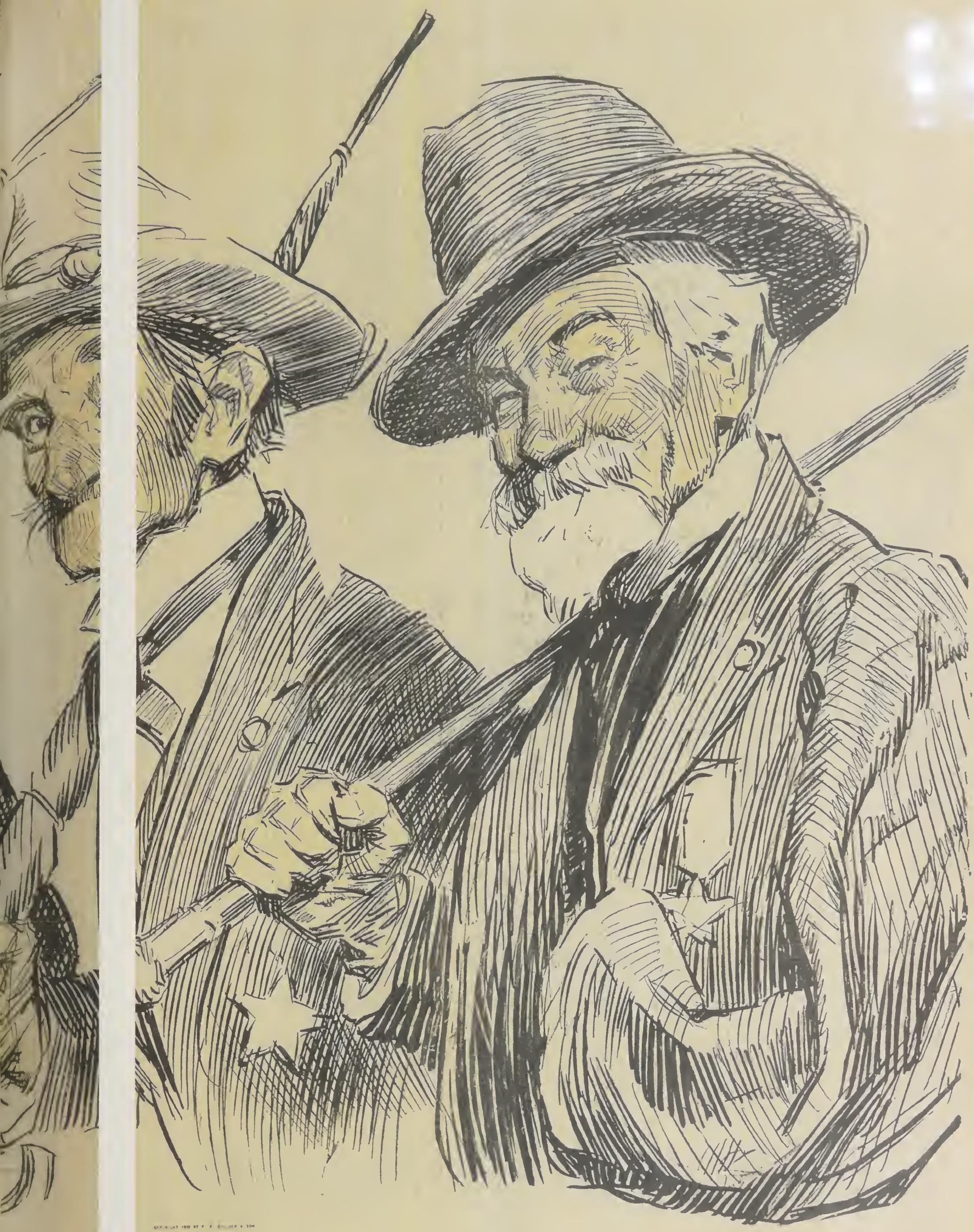
LET *us too live with gladness, and become*
A part of that which never can be lost,
But must be merged forever with new power,
The urge, the aspiration, and the gleam,—
All that is infinite and divine in man,
The eternal rescued from mortality.

LET *us not doubt, but with an unvexed mind*
Bring truth to pass with beauty and with good,
One and sufficient in the last event,
The work made perfect by the loving hand,
The fair ideal translated into fact;
And heaven can not be far from this our world.

AND *so we turn from memory to-day*
To the fresh tasks, splendid heroic toil,
Triumphs of knowledge and beneficence,
And victories unblemished by regret;
With the untroubled confidence of strength
We go to build the commonwealth of peace.







ıth, an Vest

A GIBSON



North, East

The bookseller rose spryly, animated, diminutively urbane.

"Anything in particular?" he twittered.

The boy, thus accosted flatly, gazed at him with startled eyes, blushed, turned as far from me as possible, and, finally, blurted out something in a low tone.

"Sappho?" repeated the old man, blankly, fumbling at his chin. Disappointment clouded his face. He sighed: "I never heard of it."

With a gulp the boy was gone.

Smiling, I said:

"Now, if he had only asked for—" (I picked up a book at random) "the 'Scottish Pulpit,' say—"

A yellow photograph slid from between the leaves. I handed it to the bookseller. He stared at it dumfounded. His fingers trembled.

"You found it there? Well, well! So it was right there, all the time!" Holding it on his knees, he fell into a reverie.

It was the portrait of a woman, her hair arranged under an elaborate chignon, her graceful figure all but concealed by a voluminous ball gown of half a century ago—a shimmering costume decked with trailing fringes and thickly sewn with wax pearls. She was depicted leaning over a low chair in one of those attitudes of exaggerated grace which ladies once assumed before the camera; and her whole beauty had been so remarkable, so full of smothered fire and piercing secrets, that, contemplating this faded memorial of it, the mind was filled with an indefinite regret.

"What a wonderful face!"

"Ah, yes, indeed. It's Adelaide Neilson, the great actress."

"You remember her?"

"Not personally. I just kept this picture, long ago, because it was the perfect image of some one else." And while we sat silent, there entered the doorway a soft breeze, a breeze filtered through the spring rain and exquisitely perfumed thereby, a breeze redolent of sweet, fresh things, revivifying the air, purging the corners of their mustiness, making a different place of the old bookshop.

"A face to make one sad," I said at last.

He raised his eyes to mine wonderingly. Clearing his throat, he uttered, in a sharp, thin tone:

"Why should you think so, if I may ask?"

"Doesn't one often get a curious sadness from looking at such faces in old pictures? They are souvenirs of something vanished, the vivid, personal charm of which we deem ourselves supremely unfortunate never to have known. There, we say, was a beautiful being whose beauty was all for our predecessors, who thrilled the hearts of others, but never our hearts, who was everything to some one, but, alas! never could be anything to us."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, staring at me intently.

I said:

"I don't think that an extraordinary emotion: isn't it merely a variation, a reaching into the past, of a feeling one may experience any day? In a street which you have frequented unthinkingly for years, have you never seen, amid the passers-by who mean nothing to you, one face suddenly stand out—the face of a stranger, and yet surely not of a stranger, since it seems for the moment to contain something you have always dreamed of, something mysterious, impossible to name, but more valuable to you than anything else in the world? Then, when that face has vanished in the crowd, you say, with a feeling of profound melancholy: 'Why just that one priceless glance, and nothing more forever!'"

"Ah!" he exclaimed again. His eyes seemed larger and more watery. He made a tremulous grimace.

"I ought to know what you mean!" He looked down at the photograph. "Something of that sort once happened to me. I—I was standing at that very door, taking the air, one spring evening nearly forty years ago, when she"—he raised the photograph—"came by, out there."

Involuntarily we both looked through the doorway. The rain was still falling heavily in the empty street.

"Yes, sir, I can remember it as if it was yesterday, though I was a young man then."

He was a young man then; and as he told me of that day, with my mind's eye I could see him rejuvenated—a delicate, pale, gentle boy, a boy of dreams and timid impulses, a stay-at-home without ears for the echoes of the great world, a soul brought up between close walls and always content with restriction and monotony. Such a young man he was, leaning against the lintel of the bookshop in his quaint garments of another generation, gazing out idly at the little street washed in the spring sunset, when she came by.

At his first glance he must have recognized some indescribable, poignant charm in her, or rather, perhaps, about her like an aura—for thus, an old philosopher has said, do lovable attributes envelop, rather than pervade, a loved one, so that one loves not the material self so much as the unique atmosphere surrounding it. At any rate, it was in that first instant of perception that everything was done. Such a slight incident! She approached; she passed, probably unconscious of him; she was gone. But from that moment the whole world was changed for him.

The next day he waited in his doorway for her; and, at the same hour, she passed by again.

"And every day for five years," he said, "I saw her go by."

"For five years! And never in that time became acquainted with her?"

He stared at me with his large, timid eyes.

"How would I?"

"Ah, that's right," I agreed, looking at his face, his figure, his gnarled hands lying half-open and limp on his knees. "How would you?"

"That's just it, you see!" he chirruped quickly, cocking his head seriously on one side. "But"—after a moment's thought—"it was something, wasn't it, to see her every day?"

She was still a young girl, on that first evening; so, through those five years, he watched her blossom, though so subtly—since he saw her every day—that he himself would have been at a loss to tell wherein she grew more charming month by month, and how it happened, as her emotions and her mind unfolded, that her first virginal attractiveness was intricately enriched. In his eyes, every day she was more beautiful than the day before: and it never failed that her appearance gave him the same thrill, a thrill unweakened by many repetitions, that intense, indefatigable thrill—in most lives accompanying but one romance and in some lives never felt at all—with which the whole nature rouses at the approach of a personality loved absolutely.

For he poured into his mute adoration of her all the inchoate emotions of his youth. She embodied for him all the vague, glittering visions, the tender and extravagant fancies, the wild flights of imagination toward the stars, with which sensitive young hearts are stirred. For him she was Beauty and Love unattainable, and for that reason to be dreamed of in a sweet melancholy. For him she became like an apparition from some superior world, an apparition ineffably lovely, passing every day along the horizon of his humdrum life.

"And so it went." Five years of peering from the doorway, watching and waiting, seeing her go by!

In all that time he learned nothing of her—save, through conjecture, that she must have a superior sort of employment somewhere, since her passing was so invariable and so regular. Where she went, whither she returned, he never knew. Out of the maze of the great city she emerged, crossed that placid district, and vanished into the maze again.

"It didn't occur to you to follow her?"

He seemed astonished, perhaps a little frightened.

"Oh, never! Suppose she had seen me doing it! Besides, what would have been the use? And then"—gazing round vacantly at the cubby-hole wherein we sat—"who would have looked after the store?"

"Yes, of course, the store. . . . Well, after she had been passing for five years, what then?"

"Ah!" His face darkened. "That's what I'm coming to."

One day, when she passed, she was not alone—a man accompanied her. "He was a tall fellow with black, curly whiskers—a big, red-faced brute," said the little, pale bookseller, with an accent of bitterness—intense bitterness, cherished after all those years. "He was one of those fellows with trousers skin-tight, so that he could show his legs, and yellow gloves, and a rattan cane. He was puffing on a cigar! Quite a swell, some might say; but I can judge them—I seem to have a knack that way—and I set him down, right off, as nothing but a vulgar cad. And to be walking with her, blowing smoke in her face!"

His old, mild eyes suddenly struck fire. He exclaimed, in a flat, metallic voice:

"Do you know, I was frightened at myself afterward, for I wanted to rush out and—well, I don't know what I wanted to do!"

In short, the silent watcher in the doorway, always hitherto, in his sequestered life, a stranger to violent emotions, was stabbed to the heart with a terrible jealousy. Not so remote, for all his hermitage from the hurly-burly of passions that love could not exist to fire, he had also to experience its torments—as to the measure how well he had immured himself, Fate, with intense experiences to distribute, had inexorably dug him out.

For there began for him, that day, a period of agony in which he had to see the divinity he worshiped—if he was to see her at all—pass every evening with a man who was all that he was not. His keen eyes perceived in those two strolling figures innumerable minute signs eloquent of developing courtship, until he could not bear to go to the door when it was time for her to pass. In the back of his shop, surrounded, in the dusk, by his musty wares, he sat gnawing out his heart while listening for their footfalls, unfortified by any philosophy, feeling always at his heart the same dumb despair, because he was losing something that he had never tried to gain.

Then, one day, she disappeared.

"They had got married, I suppose, and she had gone away with him."

So he was left with dreams for company, dreams of experiences inexpressibly tenuous—adventures only of stolen looks and solitary raptures—yet surely, for all their slightness, precious dreams, since the mind does not find anywhere in life an allure so delicate, so touching, so exquisitely haunting, as from the thought of unrequited love. . . .

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen!"

An old man was in the doorway leaning on his cane: a lean, solemn old man wearing a threadbare frock coat and a rusty top-hat. He bowed to us.

"May I ask if you happen to have a copy of an old book by Holland, called 'Bitter-sweet'?"

The bookseller rose with an eager smile.

"Oh, that I have!" And he took from the shelf a slim, faded volume, beat the dust from it, and handed it, with a little flourish, to the customer.

The old stranger, tucking his cane—which lacked a ferrule—under his arm, turned the pages slowly, with a lingering touch, his face wearing an expression of solemnity. Now and then, when he read a passage, his chin moved up and down upon his frayed cravat, and he remained for a moment motionless, gazing before him, rapt in thought. For a long time he pored over the pages. The shower was over, and in the street a hazy yellow radiance, the glow of the sunset, was prevailing. The little shop was filled with a mellow light. The bookseller turned off the gas.

At last the stranger looked at us with a sweet smile.

"This is a very beautiful work, gentlemen," he assured us. Then, with a sigh, putting the volume down reluctantly, for the first time losing a little of his composure: "I—I didn't want to buy it. I—merely wanted to look at it again. I thank you."

He bowed and went out, clearing his throat repeatedly from embarrassment.

The bookseller, all the animation banished from his face, mechanically picked up the faded photograph and contemplated, absent-mindedly, the beautiful face that reminded him of his lost goddess.

"So that," I asked, at length, "was the end, then, of your romance?"

"No," he replied, glancing at the clock. "Though for thirty-odd years I thought it was. Through all that time I used to wonder: was she still with him? Was she fortunate? Was she happy? Had she children? Or was she dead? Every day I thought of her. Sometimes, about this hour, I'd go to the door and say: 'Nearly time for her!' And, one day, a few months ago, when I was standing there, pretending, I saw her coming! She had come back!"

"She had come back!"

"Yes." His pallid face was transfigured; his eyes seemed about to overflow. Then, as if this were the greatest boon that life could have granted him: "Imagine, after all these years, she came back to me! Every evening, now, I see her pass!"

He looked again at the clock, went to the doorway, and peered out. The clouds had broken in the west; the street was flooded with a golden light.

Suddenly he whispered:

"Quick!"

And, standing there in the shelter of the lintel, so close to him that I could feel him trembling, I saw a little old woman, poorly clothed, with the disfigurements of toil and suffering on her wrinkled face, pass by at a tired sort of trot, without a sidelong glance.

Medals for the Men of the Hour



THE WRIGHT BROTHERS *have at last come into their own. The rewards and applause which a fickle public are so ready to bestow after the worry and struggle are over and the battle won are now theirs. By the end of the summer the two modest young men of Dayton, Ohio, ought to have enough medals to cover their coats. The one represented here is to be presented to the Wrights by President Taft in the White House on June 10. It is given by the Aero Club of America. On June 17 and 18 the city of Dayton is going to turn itself loose for the Wright Brothers Home Celebration, during which National, State, and city medals will be presented to the brothers. There will be parades and general jubilation, and the enthusiastic Daytonians expect from 150,000 to 200,000 strangers to attend*





¶ *"The Trouble Hunter," the first adventure of Bill Simms and his Circus, appeared in the issue of April 24*

The King of Cocoanut Island

"John L.," the Yankee Elephant, Puts his Trunk into International Complications

By

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Illustrated by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

WHEN Willie Simms reached the mature age of seventeen he decided on a life of danger and adventure. He therefore ran away from his Salem home and joined a circus. At twenty he was an animal trainer, and at forty he was sole proprietor of the Simms International Circus and Menagerie. For nearly a quarter of a century he conducted the affairs of this enterprise, amassed a modest fortune, but constantly bewailed the enervating placidity of his career.

In all these years nothing really thrilling had happened to this daring but shrewd Yankee. He went to the extreme of making a trip along the dangerous coasts of South Ameriea. This added to his bank account, but he did not lose a man or an animal, neither did he have a single experienee worth relating. In sheer disgust he headed his circus and menagerie for the tropical islands of the south seas.

"Perhaps somethin' may happen," old Bill Simms argued, "if I go battin' intew places whar thar's likely tew be earthquakes, volcano eruptions, cannibals, etcetera."

Mr. Simms had an inspiration while in Suva, metropolis of the Fijian Islands. He chartered the little trading schooner, *Daisy D.*, owned and commanded by Captain Jed Blout, and set forth for Sydney, Australia.

"I reckon nobody ever pulled off a stunt like this," he said. "If I can tote this bunch of animals on this sailin' tub through all them islands on the map without nothin' happenin', why, I might as well give up huntin' fer trouble."

Five days out of Suva the *Daisy D.* ran into a typhoon, was blown like a chip against the coast of a small island on which was a large volcano in violent eruption: Mr. Simms and most of his menagerie were washed from the deck into a sea bombarded by white-hot rocks, but were carried ashore on the back of "John L.," the massive and intelligent elephant who gave a tone of real distinction to the Simms aggregation. By a miraculous chance the schooner was driven into an inlet and was safely anchored in a secluded eove.

MR. SIMMS was bruised but delighted when he stood on the deck of the schooner the following evening.

"That sure was worth while, eap'an!" he declared to the owner of the *Daisy D.* "I reckon that breaks my spell of tough luek. This is the only exeitin' thing that's happened tew me like what I've read in books. It kinder gives me faith, cap'an, an' perks me up a lot. How long dew ye ealculate tew stay here?"

"No longer than I can help," gruffly responded Captain Blout. "I'd head her out now if I had a little more wind. Don't like the way that volcano's acting," and he glanced to the east and shook his fist at a huge column of smoke and fire.

There were constant rumblings, frequent heavy detonations, and other manifestations that the initial upheaval had not restored an equilibrium of what Bill Simms termed its "infernal forces."

"That old mud-drum sure has got indigestion," he said, reflectively. "The next time the old belcher turns loose I speaks fer a bomb-proof reserved seat erbout a hundred miles ter win'ard. Look at that, will ye!" he exclaimed. "Somethin's startin' over thar right now!"

It had been pitch dark save for the intermittent flare from the tortured mountain, but Bill Simms pointed to a strange light whieh suddenly erawled along the edge of a cliff that reared a thousand dizzy feet above the waters of the cove. A broad river of lava poised an instant on the brink of this preeipiee, then fell the drop of six Niagaras into the deep water at its base.

"Let's pull our freight, cap'an; an' pull it darned quick," exclaimed old Bill Simms, shading his eyes from the heat. "I've read erbout aetive volcanoes ever since I'se a kid, but this busy old hummock's too active fer any use. Let's beat it."

The retreat of the ambitious tyrant

The captain of the *Daisy D.* needed no urging. There was barely enough wind to stir the sails, and its slant required a taek which brought the schooner still nearer the cataract of white-hot lava. When Captain Blout put her about the breeze failed entirely and the ship drifted still nearer the eolumn of plunging fire. The heat was intense. A stay-sail burst into flame.

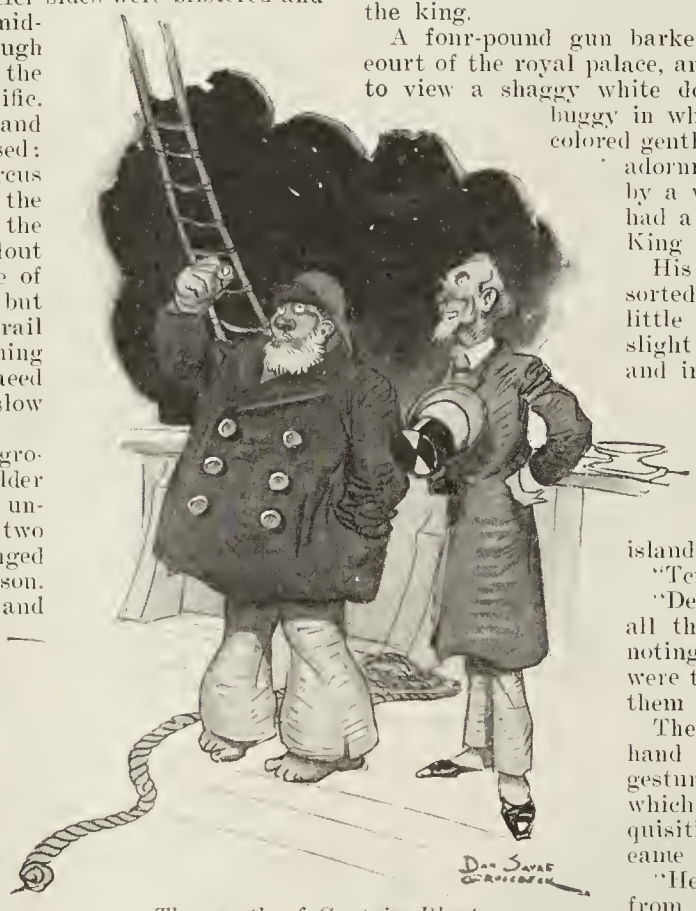
"Guess we're goners, cap'an," stolidly muttered old Bill Simms, "but I'm gettin' a run fer my money. Driftin' with a menagerie intew a waterfall of lava sure is a thrillin' finish fer an old fool who went browsin' 'round the tropics huntin' fer trouble. Thar blazes 'nuther sail, eap'an!"

In the nick of time a puff of wind filled the unburned sails of the *Daisy D.*, and ten minutes later she was out of the immediate danger zone. Her sides were blistered and smoking, but shortly after midnight the schooner crawled through the inlet and was again on the broad expanse of the South Pacific.

The moaning of the scared and half-suffocated animals ceased: the wearied sailors and circus men threw themselves on the deeks and drank deep of the glorious air; Captain Blout turned the wheel over to one of his men and staggered below, but old Bill Simms leaned on the rail and gazed long at the flaming torch of the volcano and traeed its angry reflection on the slow heave of the sea.

A waning moon lifted a grotesque horn above the shoulder of the mountain and east an uneanny shimmer on the deep; two sea monsters fought and tinged the water with their crimson. "John L." lifted his trunk and sounded a sympathetie blast, and then silence fell, save for the ereaking of the rigging under the strain of a freshening wind.

"That's a fine summer resort,", mused old Bill Simms. "Just the plaee fer an old ladies' home or a san'tarium fer nervous folks seekin' absolute quiet. Guess I'll rub somethin' on my blisters an' turn in. Things sure are happenin'."



The wrath of Captain Blout

Mr. Simms learned in the morning that they were headed for Cocoanut Island, an elongated atoll about one hundred miles away. Its single village was oeasionally visited by trading vessels, and boasted a lumber yard and appliances for ship repairs—hence this ehange of course by Captain Blout.

"Be the inhabitants of this here Cocoanut Island cannibals?" asked the circus man.

"They uster be," admitted the captain, "but they don't cannibal much these days—only when they have wars."

"Progress has ruined purty everythin' worth while—'eept voleanoes," sadly asserted Mr. Simms. "Now I don't suppose these reformed heathen have even got a king?"

"They had the last time I was there. Big fat fellow with eleven wives. Calls himself Jingo—King Jingo."

"'Leven wives," repeated old Bill Simms, thoughtfully poising a ehunk of meat on a fork. "This here King Jingo's a brave old sinner; eh, eap'an? 'Leven wives almost under the equator. Beats thunder what folks will do."

The wind held true, and early that afternoon the *Daisy D.* droped anchor a quarter of a mile outside the tumbling surf. Canoes put out from shore and some favored savages were admitted on board, among them a half-naked pilot who skilfully worked the battered and scorched craft in past saw-edged reefs and warped her to a wharf which projected well out into the lagoon. Mr. Simms studied the straggling village and its assembled inhabitants with keen interest.

The bamboo "palaces" of King Jingo fronted the wharf, and five or six hundred huts lined the beach on both sides of it. There were smelly piles of eopra, crates of cacao beans, nodding palms, picturesque groups of natives, swarms of nude children, a dapper little missionary and two white traders. The latter annoyed Mr. Simms, who wished this scene set with no reminder of civilization, but he forgot these intruders when he saw the king.

A four-pound gun barked a salute from the sandy eourt of the royal palace, and when it ceased there eame to view a shaggy white donkey hitehed to a side-bar buggy in which reclined a stout, copper-colored gentleman scantily arrayed in hip adornments, his head surmounted by a white plug hat. The vehiele had a generous width of seat, but King Jingo completely filled it.

His Majesty was unloaded, essorted aboard the schooner by the little missionary, greeted with slight humility by Captain Blout, and introdueed to Mr. Simms.

"Mighty glad tew meet yer R'ile Highness," heartily exclaimed the eireus man. "Climate seems to agree with you, king. How long have you ruled this here island?"

"Ten year," replied the monarch.

"Dew yer men tote spears 'round all the time?" asked Mr. Simms, noting that most of the savages were thus armed, and that some of them carried rusty rifles.

The king frowned, waved a fat hand to the south in an eloquent gesture, and muttered something which was unintelligible to the inquisitive visitor. The missionary eame to the rescue.

"He says he fears an attack from the natives of an island thirty miles to the south of here," he translated. "The two tribes have been at war for years, and I have been unable to put an end to it."

"They come—I lick um—I do um!" cried King Jingo. "Damn! Caramba!" he added.

"Surest thing you know, king," declared the delighted Bill Simms. "I only hope they'll come while I'm here. Put her thar," he said, offering his hand. "Put her thar, king; bully fer you, an' I'll be mighty glad tew help ye."

At that inspiring moment one of the Bengal tigers emitted a blood-eurdling yell, and it was with diffieulty that His Majesty was restrained from jumping into the lagoon.

"Shoo! yer R'ile Highness," soothingly said old Bill Simms, "that's nothin' but one of the animals in my menagerie. I don't reckon ye ever saw a menagerie, eh, king? Come below an' look 'em over."

The purport of the Simms International Circus and

Menagerie was finally made partially clear to the ruler of Cocoanut Island, and after much urging he went down the companionway, and cautiously approached beasts never imagined even in his dreams. His island domain boasted no fauna larger than a rat, and the sight of "John L." dazed and entranced him, but he had an instinctive fear of the big cats, and frankly indicated the same.

"No like! Bad! Malo! Damn! Caramba!" he fluently said, pointing to the tigers' cage.

"Yer R'ile Highness makes me tired," scornfully asserted old Bill Simms. "Let me show ye somethin'."

To the horror alike of the king and the Reverend Reginald Jones he threw open the door of the cage, grabbed the larger tiger by the scuff of the neck, yanked him to the floor, kicked his striped sides and cuffed his ears. King Jingo crowded against the uprights which confined "John L.," and that playful pachyderm deftly removed the royal head-gear and waved it triumphantly abroad. An employee rescued the white plug hat and returned it to the frightened monarch.

"This is Prince," explained Mr. Simms. "I'll take him out tew the beach an' put him through some of his stunts. Come on!"

He dragged the tiger up the companionway and sprang with him to the wharf. The clustered subjects of the monarch were precipitate in their eagerness to yield a right of way. King Jingo hesitated, but pride gave him courage and he followed at a conservative distance. Simms piloted the beast to a clump of tall palms which fringed the edge of the lagoon, and here was joined by the king and a few of his more intrepid officers and soldiers, all of whom watched with delight the exhibition which followed.

The daring trainer made Prince jump through his hands, turn handsprings, stand on his head and perform other acts, the great cat growling, spitting, and glaring at his master with flaming eyes. The king's fear vanished, and he finally stood so near that he could almost touch the flanks of the leaping animal.

Bill Simms paused. It was hot work. The tiger turned, took one ugly look at the tyrant of Cocoanut Island, gave vent to a prodigious roar and sprang over the head of that exalted personage and stuck his claws in the pulpy bark of the tallest pine. He went up it like a kitten chased by a dog, then snarled down from a nest of drooping fronds, full seventy feet above his angry owner and the startled king.



"How much you take for he?"

Persuasion and commands were wasted by Mr. Simms in attempts to lure the tiger from his lofty retreat, and the old man was in a quandary. He could not climb the palm, and to cut it down would likely maim or kill the beast, and Prince was a valuable member of his animal family. He walked around and around the palm, and perspired and swore profusely. King Jingo shook his fat sides in unrestrained royal delight, Simms glowering alternately at him and the tiger. Then he had an inspiration.

"Wade out into that water, Jack," he said to one of his men, pointing to the lagoon, the waters of which lapped the roots of the palm. "See how deep it is twenty or thirty feet out."

The test indicated four or five feet of water.

"That's all right. Now bring "John L." an' erbout three hundred feet of rope," he ordered, mopping his brow and turning to the king. "Keep yer eyes on yer Uncle Dudley," he said. "I'll show yer R'ile Highness a Yankee trick worth knowin'. An' as fer you," he yelled, shaking a bony fist at the elevated tiger, "as fer you, consarn yer barber-pole hide—I'll see whether yc'll come down outer thar."

A few minutes later an elephant set foot for the first time on the hot sands of Cocoanut Island, and the total population followed at a safe distance.

"Shin up that tree with the rope an' hitch it purty well up the trunk Jack," was Bill Simms' next order.

The acrobat climbed the palm with the dexterity of a monkey, nor did he stop until he was almost within reach of the lunging strokes of the tiger's claws. Then he made fast and slid down. Simms dragged the rope directly away from the lagoon, then handed the end to "John L."

"Pull, darn ye; pull!" he commanded.

The huge elephant coiled the rope around his trunk and moved away from the shore. As the line tightened the top of the palm began to bend. Lower and lower it sagged as "John L." applied his enormous weight and strength. Simms backed with him, knife in hand, until the fronds were at a sharp angle from the base of the palm, the taut rope quivering like the string of a bow—then he slashed it.

As the palm shot back there was catapulted from its apex a tawny, furry, yowling streak which spread out four helpless claws in vain imitation of a flying-squirrel. Prince struck the water of the lagoon fully fifty feet from the beach, and when Bill Simms lassoed and dragged him ashore the beast was so cowed that the old man had not the heart to whip him. Jack led the coughing and dripping tiger back to the schooner.

"I did that ter show yer R'ile Highness that a man has tew know a heap before he can run a menagerie," modestly asserted old Bill Simms.

"Fine! Gran'! Bully!" exclaimed King Jingo. "How much you take for he?" pointing to the elephant. "Me do dat to Laopepo. Fine! Gran'! Damn! Give t'ree esposas for he."

"What's that?"

"Laopepo is the king of the tribe he is at war with," sadly explained the little missionary. "King Jingo wishes to buy the elephant so that he can throw Laopepo out of a palm. He offers three of his wives for him."

"Not enough," grinned the circus man, "but tell his R'ile Highness that I'll jolt that Laopepo guy outer a tree for nothin' if he'll catch him."

Bill Simms was the guest of the king at dinner that evening, and was in high spirits when he returned to the schooner.

"I'm tew give a circus performance by R'ile Appointment," he announced to Captain Blout. "We're goin' tew set the tents up in the R'ile front yard to-morrer, an' give the first show in the evenin'. These savages have no real money, so I've agreed tew take pearls, an' the king an' his bunch will be the only dead-heads, 'ceptin' the missionary an' you, cap'an."

Fully fifteen hundred copper-colored natives exchanged pearls for pasteboard tickets and crowded into the main tent. About half of them were armed with spears and guns. An attack by King Laopepo's tribe had been anticipated for months, and the ruler of Cocoanut Island was taking no chance of a surprise.

King Jingo, his eleven wives, his cabinet and war chiefs, Captain Blout, and the missionary occupied a box brave in tropical decorations. The delight of the assembled Cocoans was unbounded as the tawdry splendor of the circus was displayed before them. The antics of the clowns, the skill of the bare-backed riders, the daring feats of the gymnasts, the intelligence of the performing dogs, and other acts aroused these simple savages to frenzied yells of applause and the clashing of spears.

Then came the climax, the entrance of that most gigantic and wonderful of elephants, the peerless "John L." assisted by Mr. William Simms, gorgeous in a flaming suit of red velveteen. The elephant walked over him, the natives holding their breaths as each massive foot barely missed crushing him. "John L." waltzed to the cracked strains of an orchestrion, raised his master high in the air with his trunk, and did other wonders never before equally appreciated.

Attendants then covered the ample bulk of "John L." with a huge and tinseled blanket, and to this was added a clanking and glittering war harness, after which eight men with much difficulty hoisted and adjusted the most ornate howdah ever conceived outside the brain of a romantic novelist.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," shouted old Bill Simms, ignoring the fact that not five in the audience could understand a word of English, "ladies an' gentlemen, the performance will now conclude with a triumphant march round the ring, in which his R'ile Highness, yer gracious sov'reign, together with two or three of his favorite wives; yer affable missionary, the Reverend Reginald Jones, formerly of Ter'Hut, Injiana; also the commander-in-chief of yer army an' navy, will all ride in that howdah, an' totin' 'em is as easy fer 'John L.' as pullin' a baby carriage. Step right this way, yer R'ile Highness, an' don't lose yer nerve!"



This addition to the regular performance had been planned in advance, and those selected left the royal box and were assisted up a ladder into the howdah. Highly burnished native spears were handed to each of the passengers, thus vastly enhancing the warlike effect. The missionary hesitated to lend himself to a duty so unpacific.

"Don't crab the act," pleaded Bill Simms. "Take a spear an' be a good feller," and the Reverend Jones reluctantly yielded to this appeal.

"John L." lifted his master to his place as mahout, astride the leathery neck with his legs covered by the folds of the great ears. Mr. Simms carried a spear in one hand and a goad in the other. The orchestrion sounded the strains of "Hail to the Chief." "John L." started his lumbering stride around the ring, the howdah swaying with his uneven gait, the spears gleaming, the tinsel glittering, and the crowd so awed at the splendor of the spectacle that they forgot to cheer.

They had made half the circuit of the ring and were opposite the main exit when a distant shot was heard, followed instantly by a number of reports and an uncanny yell, then a savage dashed into the ring and shouted words which had a magical effect. King Laopepo and his warriors had attacked the village.

The armed portion of the audience slashed through the canvas walls in their eagerness to reach the open air and meet the invaders. The women set up wild cries and ran madly to and fro. The king was shouting at the top of his voice and vainly trying to find some way to reach the ground, but dared not jump.

"The king wants to get out and so do I," yelled the missionary, leaning over the front of the howdah.

"Tell the king that this is the best darned place in the world tew fight, an' that 'John L.' an' I are goin' intew action right now," old Bill Simms shouted back. "Stick tew yer perch, parson, an' I'll promise ye the time of yer life. Haw, 'John L.'; haw, darn ye, an' get a move on!"



Bill Simms swore profusely

The lumbering brute moved rapidly through the exit, which now was clear. The warriors were hurriedly being drawn up in front of the palace, and Simms steered the elephant that way.

"I sure am gettin' a run fer my money on this island," he soliloquized, as he peered out into the gloom. "It took a long time fer things tew begin happenin', but I've got no kick comin' lately."

From a distant grove of palms there came a fusillade of shots which did no damage, and then a fiendish chorus of yells as the naked warriors of King Laopepo charged across the broad court fronting the palace.

It must be explained that the interruption to "the triumphant parade" had robbed the spectators of a sight which had long been a special feature of Simms' International Circus and Menagerie, and of which Mr. Simms, its originator, was justly proud. Within the howdah was a powerful electrical battery, and on its framework and the connecting harness were hundreds of tiny incandescent globes, all of which glowed with light on the turning of a lever. With the regular circus lights suddenly turned low, and the mammoth form of "John L." thus concealed, the effect was one which never failed to appeal even to the most blasé of audiences.

The front rank of the oncoming savages was visible when Bill Simms turned the switch and spoke words to "John L."

The advancing hosts of King Laopepo saw a flaming monster dash toward them. His eyes were two blazing red balls; his snake of a trunk writhed high in air, and from his throat came a trumpet blast which rocked the night air and which would have appalled King Richard of the Lion Heart. On his brow was an armed red devil with a white beard, and on his back was a burning castle filled with shrieking warriors, their naked skins bathed with an unearthly light.

It is no more than just that Mr. William Simms should be permitted to give his version of what followed.

"I reckon it was the funniest battle ever fought"



"The slickest head-first dive I ever seen"

"One minute 'John L.' an' I was engaged in a peaceful pursuit of entertainin' them Cocoanut Islanders, an' the next we was plunged inter the horrors of war. I plumb forgot that them favorite wives of King Laopepo was on board, but it all happened so blame quick that I didn't have time to pay notice tew sich details. The big guy, who was a sort of generalissimo tew King Jingo, piled off when we got outdoors and jined his brave troops, but the king hisself an' his wives and the missionary stuck. They couldn't dew anythin' else.

"Back of us was erbout eight hundred of King Jingo's savages howlin' defiance tew the invaders, an' ahead of us was the oncomin' an' relentless foe. It was an awful racket, and the king an' them two wives of his'n helped a lot, an' when I turned on them lights—well, it sure was interestin'.

"The eight hundred brave warriers belongin' tew King Jingo was gettin' ready tew charge when old 'John L.' blazed up like a torch in the bottom of a well, an' they just naturally turned an' beat it one way, an' the savage fiends ruled by King Laopepo paused in their mad career an' just naturally beat it tother way.

"I suppose you know that an elephant can run like the devil, an' 'John L.' holds all records fer everythin'. He was in their midst in the jerk of a lamb's tail. I don't suppose 'John L.' ever enjoyed a happier ten minutes in his life, an' that animal has had lots of fun since I've owned him. He entered right intew the spirit of the thing. He made noises with that horn of his'n that I never heard him let loose before nor since. Perhaps 'twas the tropical environment—as my daughter Sally would say—then 'agin, mebbe he liked or disliked the smell of them savages, but anyhow, the way he rampaged erbout an' bellowed was worth livin' sixty-five years tew see an' hear.

"Did he kill any of 'em? Of course not. That ain't 'John L.'s' disposition. He was just playful, and he seemed tew know just what had happened an' what was expected of him. He'd pick up a slippery savage an' toss him heels over appetite intew a herd that was yellin' an' tryin' tew get away, an' then he'd up with his trunk and let out one of 'em cheerful blasts ye could er heard five miles away in the cellar of a rollin' mill.

"There was mor'n a thousand of them invadin' warriors, as we later larned, an' they had sneaked up the lagoon in a big fleet of war canoes. The main body whooped it back tew the beach an' piled intew them canoes, but 'John L.' cut off one division of the army an' chased it through a jungle, an' every minute I thought that howdah would be raked off his back. Them wives never let up their squawkin' fer a second, but King Jingo gradually got back his nerve, an' I afraid he jabbed some of them fleein' warriors with his spear, but the parson says he did his best to restrain him an' avoid the sheddin' of blood.

"All at onct his R'ile Highness leaned over the front of the howdah an' yelled in my ear.

"'Laopepo! Laopepo!' he hollered, pointin' with his spear tew a tall an' long-legged savage that 'John L.' seemed tew be headed right fer. 'Laopepo! Laopepo! Get he! Kill he! Damn! Caramba!' an' some more gentle exclamations in his own lingo.

"I spoke tew 'John L.' an' pointed tew that defeated an' hurryin' monarch with my spear, an' you can bet that the old bundle of leather understood just what I said to him. He let out his stride a few feet more an' overtook that ambitious tyrant like an express train does a lame tramp. Out went that long trunk. It gathered in that squeelin' savage an' histed him up an' back fer my inspection. King Jingo made a jab at him with his spear, but fell short, an' I pushed him back in his cage an' told the missionary tew take his spear away, which he did.

"'John L.' rested that Laopepo person on his tusks an' we withdrew from the field of battle because thar was no one left tew chase, an' went back tew the palace with two kings on board, King Laopepo restin' firmly out ahead, an' King Jingo yippin' joyously on top. The last war canoe was pushed out from shore just erbout the time them batteries give out. The war was over, an' when 'John L.' reached the palace I fell off his neck an' most died laughin'.

"First thing I did was tew have my men stand guard over the captured King Laopepo. What tew do with him, darned if I knew. If I turned him over tew King Jingo it was a sure thing he would adorn the dinner table as soon as we left the island. Then I had another inspiration.

"'See here, yer R'ile Highness!' I said tew that cruel monarch, who was prancin' erbout an' dyin' tew stick a spear intew his captured foe. 'Yesterday I promised you I'd jolt this Laopepo person off a tree, if we caught him. I'm a man of my word! Jack, go get that rope!'

"King Jingo was delighted, naturally, but suggested that it would be best tew jolt him off ontew the ground, but I wouldn't stand fer that. I wanted tew give Laopepo a swim fer his money.

"Laopepo was a slim-Jim of a king, an' when we boosted him part way up that palm an' said a few kind words an' pointed sky'ard he went up like that slippery bark was an elevator. Jack followed him with the rope, hitched it good an' strong, an' then 'John L.' an' I did the rest.

"In the mean time them intelligent savages had built a big bonfire, an' when I cut the rope and let that palm whip back, why, that King Laopepo shot intew the lagoon through a cloud of smoke an' sparks, an' it was one of the most effective acts I ever pulled off. He must er traveled seventy feet before he struck the water, an' blame' if he didn't right hisself in mid-air and strike the lagoon head-first an' make the slickest dive I ever seen.

"My men lined the beach an' kept them eager an' still hostile heathen from handicappin' Laopepo by stickin' his skin full er spears. He swum full two hundred feet under water, an' I watched him 'till he faded in the gloom. Did he get away? Sure he did! Rejoined his navy an' paddled with it to his own island, an' Cap'an Blout tells me he's never come back, an' I reckon he won't.

"That's erbout all thar is worth tellin' erbout the Cocoanut Island end of my hunt fer excitin' troubles, but plenty of things worth while happened later on. We left five days after the battle. King Jingo was so stuck on 'John L.' that he offered all 'leven of his wives in trade, but I'm not a marryin' man, besides I've got a little black-eyed wife back in Salem who can lick that whole Cocoanut Island harem as easy as 'John L.' an' I did that army of King Laopepo's."

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

In Toto

THE acute excitement in European Turkey and in England has a little subsided. The French strike of Government employees, after flaring up with threats of an unlighted Paris excommunicated from the rest of civilization, is again flattening off, apparently, into peaceable settlement.

As the mind runs all round the world and back again, it is good to see a lull in the rather savage activities of the weeks preceding. For the moment, the world is weary of its own unruly temper and passions, and rests from violence. By the time this is in the hands of our longest-distance subscriber, it may well be that we shall be back at our slaughterings again. But meanwhile we celebrate, however brief, the reign of peace.

Throughout our own borders we turn from tariff turmoil, and sugar and cheese pilferings and wheat crimes, to the gentle days of grammar school, high school, and college graduation. Soon the boy will take his stand on the flag-wreathed platform, and with occasional prompting speak brave words for God, for country, and for home. The white-gowned girl graduates will file by, carrying a shy promise of the wonderful years to be.

And then, a little later, the land will be filled with the kindly drone of conventions—educational, religious, economic—by lake and sea, where they take tired people to the islands of the blest.

The Newly Cast Shadow of God

WITH the Ceremony of the Sword, the Turks have brought a new Sultan into being; the uproar in Asia Minor is dying down; the golden nest-egg of Abdul, the dethroned, has been uncovered—these are the episodes of a week in the Ottoman Empire.

Mohamed V was girt with the sword of Osman on May 10 in the Mosque Ayoub. Standing in front of the buildings that compose the Sublime Porte, this new calif of the califs drew from its sheath the simitar and raised it on high. It is the ancient sword worn by thirty-four of his ancestors, and by twenty-eight of them since Constantinople was conquered. The sword was girded on the new monarch by the "Holy One of Konia," Chelibi, grand master of Dancing Dervishes; and the rite signifies that the spiritual power passes with the temporal to the new ruler.

A monarch he is, blue-eyed and fair of hair, with a pointed mustache, a kindly expression of face, and a rather diffident manner. The New York "Sun" is authority for the statement that he is a book-lover.

"A Paris Orientalist has in his possession an extremely rare volume of Persian poems translated into Turkish by Rechad Effendi, now Mohamed V. The book was intended for private circulation only, and very few copies were printed. The translation, it is said, shows a rare knowledge of Persian and a profound understanding of its poetic genius."

He is starred with as many titles as a "social worker." He is the Shadow of God upon Earth. He is Sultan of Sultans, King of Kings, Bestower of Crowns upon the Princes of the World, Emperor and Sovereign Lord of the White Sea and the Black Sea, of Rumelia and Anatolia, of Carmania, Roum, Kurdistan, Azerbaijan, Cham, Aleppo, Egypt, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem the Holy, of all the countries of Arabia and the Yemen, and, moreover, of an Infinity of Provinces Gloriously Acquired.

He is protector of the Mussulman religion, sovereign and padishah of all the Ottomans. His majesty is irresponsible, his person sacred. He invests governors, names ministers, coins money, declares war, makes peace, and commands the armies by sea and land.

Clad in olive-green khaki, and, later, inhaling a cigarette, the shy, kindly, weak-faced Rechad stepped in under this downpour of glory.

The anachronistic Sick Man on a Tottering Throne has been replaced by the modern problems of social reform, constitutional government, warring tribes, and tangled finance. And still to the faith of the Turk, high over all this quivering, intricate network of human affairs, sits Mahmud on his golden throne.



David Lloyd-George

Chancellor of the Exchequer, author of the tax on the rich called "the red flag budget"

Vivacious Paris

NEXT to a clever play or a daring novel, Paris enjoys a revolution. It makes for good talk and it keeps the world's most beautiful city fertilized with ideas. Paris is still tumultuous over the question of the right of Government employees to form unions, to affiliate with workmen in private employ, and to strike.

A brisk debate in the Chamber of Deputies on May 14 preceded a vote of confidence in Premier Clemenceau and his Cabinet, the vote standing 365 to 159. The Government's policy of opposing the employees in their efforts to unionize was indorsed by 454 to 59. The five hundred Deputies made a day of it before proceeding to the vote. They shouted, hooted, exchanged insults, and shook fists. The Socialist members sang the "Internationale," the Radicals replied with the "Marseillaise," and a Royalist statesman chanted "Monsieur de Charette."

The striking Government postmen of Paris have called on the General Federation of Labor for aid. No one knows how many men are on strike. M. Barthou, the Minister of Public Works, Posts, and Telegraphs, states that only 2,367 out of 24,205 postal employees in Paris and the Department of the Seine are out. The strike leaders allege that there are 8,538 strikers in Paris and that twenty-five provincial cities are without postal service.

The days and nights are made picturesque by knots of men singing snatches from the "Internationale," whose first lines run:

"Arise, accursed of the world,
Arise, slaves of hunger!"

Government employees are so snugly knit into the structure of the Republic that their united action is not of merely academic or class interest. The state is paramount and must remain sovereign over any body of citizens.

But the grievances of the men are real. They are fivefold: (1) There is too much Executive interference with the liberty of employees. (2) The friends and relations of Government supporters receive the preference in appointment. (3) The *viva voce* examination and the personality of the examiners lend themselves to favoritism. (4) The Government has been known to maintain a widespread intelligence department to spy on employees, with resultant favoritism in promotions. (5) Punishment has been dealt out with injustice.

Some such system as a new bureau, with a Cabinet member at the head, will be created, by which grievances may be registered and then redressed.

It is the task of Clemenceau to define the legal status of Government employees, and at the same time to conserve their well-being. This means neither repression nor demagoguery, but plain statesmanship.

"The Red Flag Budget"

FOR several generations England's Chancellors of the Exchequer have made the presentation of the Budget an annual event. It has been the occasion of brilliant oratory and renowned feats of memory. Goschen, Michael Hicks-Beach, Harcourt, Gladstone, Disraeli, and Peel were of those who gave a luster to columns of figures. But as a thought-producer, David Lloyd-George has outpaced his mighty predecessors. His Budget has distanced the *Dreadnoughts* for inducing panic and clamor.

The reverberations grow louder each week. On May 14 several well-known bankers and merchants protested by letter to Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, stating that: "We feel that the prosperity of all classes has been greatly due to the fact that this country has afforded indisputable safety for invested capital, and we should deeply regret it if this conviction were in any way weakened."

Among the signers are Rothschild & Sons, Baring Bros., Brown, Shipley & Co., J. S. Morgan & Co.

Those who dislike the death duties, income tax, and the other proposals to tax the rich call the document "Lloyd-George's Red Flag budget."







The Home-Coming of the Wrights

Wilbur and Orville Wright and their sister were welcomed on May 11 by New York City on their return from a triumphal European tour. Two days later their city of Dayton, Ohio, conducted them home in a carriage at the head of a procession to the tooting of horns and the booming of cannon. They will soon "demonstrate" at Fort Myer

The "Saturday Review" is displeased with his "preoccupation with the sick and old," which, it says, is "becoming morbid." It rebukes his "puling philanthropy." "We doubt whether he will be able to carry his Budget."

The "Spectator" disapproves of the whole affair, but says: "Those who are now howling should either not have approved or been so feeble in their opposition to old-age pensions, which are the cause of the whole trouble."

Lord Hugh Cecil calls the Budget "a rehearsal of the Day of Judgment."

After the various items—levying on income-tax payers, brewers, ground landlords, and motorists—have been studied, the dust and clamor raised by the Budget will be understood only by realizing that, wise or unwise, the Budget is a program of social reform. It is an attempt to lessen the almost unbearable burdens of those living in misery.

The Return of the Sky Pilots

TO A LAND that gave them scant honor and no contracts, the Wright Brothers return laden with trophy. As inventors of the first successful heavier-than-air machine, Wilbur and Orville Wright have had a triumphal tour on the Continent. More like royalty than anything else it was. In money they have made a fortune that would go far in Dayton, Ohio. As celebrities the crowd will gather and surge about them inside of ten minutes in any civilized country. They have won medals of honor and prizes for competitive success. And there are persistent rumors of contracts with the Governments of France, Italy, Germany, England, and Russia. Sixty aeroplanes of their design are now building.

The Wrights arrived at the port of New York on May 11. The dinner in their honor of the Aero Club on May 12 was notable in the absence of the men who should have been there. The brothers Wright made their customary two-minute speeches, tactful, modest, and non-informing. On the following day they went to their home in Dayton. President Taft presents to them gold medals, awarded by the Aero Club, on June 10 at the White House. At that time they will fly on the Fort Myer grounds. In the early fall they return to the hospitalities of Europe.

In answering a reporter's question about the future of the aeroplane, Orville Wright said: "I do not believe that the aeroplane will ever be a regular passenger carrier. Neither will it carry freight. Its province will be more in the nature of a special conveyance for quick transit, more like an automobile, only its operator will not have to confine himself to defined routes of travel."

The time is coming when the new product will be standardized. The Wrights have been quoted as establishing a minimum price for an aeroplane at $7,500; and a price of $25,000 for a high-speed and commodious cloud-skirter.

These men in their genius and modesty have "done us proud." It approaches the time when we should be willing to commit ourselves to official recognition. Even now we shall be almost the last of the nations.

Tuberculosis and the Employer

MANUFACTURERS in Worcester, Massachusetts, are open-minded men. In Worcester, city and county, enough of them have placed their names to a contract to affect the welfare of 20,000 employees. It was the result of a recent talk given at the factory of the Royal Worcester Corset Company by Dr. M. G. Overlock, State Inspector of Health. David Fanning, president of the company, announced that if any of his 1,200 employees fell ill of consumption he would receive thirteen weeks' treatment at the Rutland Sanatorium free of charge, at the expense of the corporation. This is the probationary period in the treatment of the disease. Mr. Fanning agreed in writing to pay the four dollars a week charged by the sanatorium. Other manufacturers followed him in signing the contract. The noonday talk by the health inspector is being continued through the sixteen health districts of the State, containing 22,000 manufacturing establishments. If the idea spread from district to district, from State to State, and from nation to nation, it would help to turn the fight against tuberculosis. The employer guaranteeing expert care of the employee means two things: the removal of the sufferer from proximity to a multitude of fellow workers and proper care for the patient.

The Disappearing Horse

WE SOMETIMES speak of the disappearing horse as if he were a white rhinoceros or a purple cow, or even a dodo—a memory of the Never-Never Land. "Nothing but motor-cars now," you can hear the people say. And yet it would puzzle a statistician to tell how many vehicles are horse-drawn and how many motor-propelled on the average public road.

A paper in the "Engineering News" gives the count.

Seven typical highways in Rhode Island are chosen. On all but two of the seven roads there is a large excess of motor vehicles over horse-drawn vehicles. Over the seven roads, in eight hours, 1,262 motor vehicles and 695 horse-drawn vehicles passed. The touring cars of four to seven seats each were 848 in number. "Nearly all the horse-drawn vehicles were of light weight, and most of them had rubber tires."

The paper concludes by pointing out "the improbability of being able to effectually control the speed of motor-cars, especially in isolated districts, except by an extensive organization of State police."

Melodious Atlanta

FORTUNATE among cities is Atlanta, Georgia, to open her Auditorium-Armory with such golden voices as sang together in the Music Festival week of May 4. Geraldine Farrar, Olive Fremstad, Antonio Scotti, Riccardo Martin, and Zenatello were of those who aided in the formal dedication of a noble public building. The Auditorium seats 7,500 persons. On the opening night every seat was taken, and such an audience assembled as only a few cities of the world could have accommodated in a single public building. In addition to the world-famous "evening stars," the Auditorium chorus of five hundred voices sang "Tannhäuser" music, and the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra of seventy-two musicians accompanied the various "numbers."

Atlanta is justifiably proud of her new building. No conference, convention, or musical assemblage that could crowd into London or Paris would overwhelm her. She is ready to play hostess to the world's best. The Atlanta "Constitution" says: "Perhaps it is not too ambitious even to look forward to the coming in the not very distant future of a great national political convention."



Holding Up a Nation's Mail

An episode in the May Paris strike of postal employees, some thousands of whom are claiming the right to unionize and affiliate with labor unions in private industry

Raisin Day

SOME of the California newspapers are lamenting that California's Raisin Day has not made much of a sensation in Eastern circles. A sovereign commonwealth devised a playful dodge for advertising a home-grown product, and too much silence followed the effort. Here, then, is at least a slight attempt at amends.

Raisin Day was instituted and fittingly celebrated in several parts of California on April 30. Its purpose was to aid the raisin-producing counties, such as Yolo, San Diego, Tulare, Sutter, Fresno, and Kings, to market their crops and to advertise to the great world that in raisins California has a toothsome product.

In San Francisco the celebration was enthusiastic. All public eating-places sprinkled the menu with raisins. Raisin sherbets and raisin cocktails cheered the sojourners in the palaces of drink. There were raisin luncheons and raisin dinners in clubs, hotels, and homes. One newspaper gave away to needy and greedy patrons 14,000 raisin sandwiches.

Fresno declared a half-holiday and enjoyed a night parade of illuminated automobiles—all for the cause.

George Meredith

IN THE death of George Meredith, on May 18, English letters have had one more grievous loss in a year of losses. Although recognition was tardy, in his closing years he was ranked as one of the great line of English novelists, continuing the tradition that opened with Richardson and Fielding, passed on with Smollett, and came to a full bloom with Trollope, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. At no long distance, he was one of that procession.

George Meredith was born on February 12, 1828, in Hampshire, England. He received a portion of his education—a portion that was shaping in its effects on his intellect—in Germany. He began his active life with the study of law, but soon turned to journalism, and thence swung into literature, where he continued steady production in poetry, narration, and essays till the closing years of his life.

He opened his strictly literary career with a volume of poems published in the year 1851. In 1855 appeared his Oriental prose phantasy, "The Shaving of Shagpat"; in 1857 a medieval Germanic tale, "Farina."

It was just fifty years ago, in 1859, that Meredith published perhaps the supreme book of his career. He called it "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." It is doubtful if he ever touched the high places again with so sure and light a tread. The book proceeds at a rush, as if it were written in a single burst of the creative effort.

Its theme is the tragic outworking of a father's attempt to rear a boy on a theory. Some of the love passages descriptive of Richard and Luey are among the most perfect bits of prose writing in the language. They have the rare merit of being lyrical without falling into the prose meters that deface some of the best work in Dickens, for instance.

And this novel was free from the crackling epigram and staccato style that are an annoyance to the fastidious reader and that limit popular appreciation.

In "Evan Harrington" he elaborated a satire on social discriminations, the chief character in which was the son of a tailor.

His "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside," appearing in 1862, showed that he had authentic though limited inspiration as a lyric poet. Throughout his poetry, as well as in almost all his prose, the intellectual quality is dominant—a talent for analysis, a desire to reveal the motives in human action, to probe conduct, rather than the rendering of the "soft play of life itself."

In "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," Meredith wrote a romantic adventurous novel, with dashes of "high life" at court interspersed with gipsy wanderings. It is the predecessor and model of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the multitude of high-colored, swift-moving novels of adventure.

"The Egoist" has made the strongest appeal of any of Meredith's novels to the Brahmanic few who enjoy the spectacle of ruthless character analysis. The book is a piece of spiritual surgery performed upon the hero, Sir Willoughby Patterne, who believes that the world, and particularly the world of women, exists for the purpose of perpetual adoration of his excellencies.

The opening chapter is akin to Meredith's famous 1897 essay on "Comedy, and the Uses of the Comic Spirit" in its "appreciation" of the "comic spirit" in life.

"Diana of the Crossways" was the searching study of a witty and beautiful woman who revealed a Government secret to a newspaper.

This list, with "The Tragic Comedians," probably covers Meredith's most competent and lasting work. His study of Ferdinand Lassalle in "The Tragic Comedians" has been accepted by critics and social democrats alike as just and fair to the "tribune of the people."

Other of his novels are "Sandra Belloni," "Rhoda Fleming," "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "Lord Ormond and His Aminta." He also published later volumes of verse.

The closing years of his life Meredith lived at Flint Cottage, Boxhill, Surrey.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE SENATE had its first line-up on an important matter when the vote was taken on free iron ore. And *that vote demonstrated that the Democratic Party in the Senate is even more demoralized than in the House—has bolted even farther and more riotously away from the ancient position of the Democracy as a party in opposition to the protective-tariff idea.* Among the traditions and principles of the Democratic Party free iron ore is one of the oldest and most conspicuous. When the Democrats last controlled the Lower House of Congress they passed a tariff, and in that tariff iron ore was free. When the bill went to the Senate free iron ore was changed to a duty of forty cents per ton; and that was one of the two changes which caused Grover Cleveland to cry "perfidy and dishonor."

The Reasons for Free Iron Ore

WHATEVER the reasons for free iron ore sixteen years ago, they are more than doubled now when by far the greater bulk of the available iron ore in the United States has passed within the monopoly of a single corporation. It was in recognition of this condition that Mr. Payne and his committee, in framing the present bill, put iron ore on the free list. With that status the bill passed the Lower House. In the Senate Mr. Aldrich's Finance Committee made the change to twenty-five cents a ton. In the debate on adopting or rejecting this change to twenty-five cents a ton, a Republican Senator from Michigan, Mr. Smith, argued for the duty as a protection to his local industry; a Republican from a State in exactly the same situation, Nelson of Minnesota, said his people did not need this duty, and argued that "if we want to build up independent competitors of the steel trust, we ought to give them this advantage" of free iron ore. Dolliver of Iowa made the same argument, saying:

"There is one thing which, in my judgment, will gradually shoot through and through the steel monopoly, if one exists in the United States, and that is to give American capital easy access to the materials out of which iron and steel are made."

The two promises of the Democratic Party, to fight monopoly and reduce tariff burdens, would be fulfilled by free iron ore.

Senators Who Voted for Free Iron Ore

FINALLY came the vote. That ballot found twenty-four Senators out of the ninety-one in all voting for free iron ore. These are their names:

Beveridge, R.	Culberson, D.	La Follette, R.
Borah, R.	Cummins, R.	Nelson, R.
Bristow, R.	Curtis, R.	Newlands, D.
Brown, R.	Dolliver, R.	Overman, D.
Burkett, R.	du Pont, R.	Rayner, D.
Clapp, R.	Gamble, R.	Shively, D.
Clarke, D.	Gore, D.	Smith (Md.), D.
Crawford, R.	Hughes, D.	Smith (S. C.), D.

Now mark this fact: out of those twenty-four who voted for free iron ore, *fourteen are Republicans—more Republicans than Democrats are found fighting against protection on an important raw material.* The ten Democrats on that list are the only ones among the entire party representation in the Senate who voted for free iron ore—ten Democrats out of thirty-two.

Are These Men Democrats?

THESE are the Democrats in the Senate who voted against free iron ore and in favor of a duty of twenty-five cents a ton. They compose nearly two-thirds of all the Democrats in the Senate:

Bacon of Georgia	Fletcher of Florida	Paynter of Kentucky
Bailey of Texas	Foster of Louisiana	Simmons of North Carolina
Bankhead of Alabama	Frazier of Tennessee	Stone of Missouri
Chamberlain of Oregon	Johnston of Alabama	Taliaferro of Florida
Clay of Georgia	McEnery of Louisiana	Taylor of Tennessee
Daniel of Virginia	Martin of Virginia	Tillman of South Carolina

A Matter of Fact

THIS paragraph deals with a question of fact. Whether or not there ought to be a tariff on crude oil is one question; whether the men who are in Washington advocating that tariff are Standard Oil agents, or are independent producers, is another question. That there should be much confusion on the latter question is not surprising, since it has long been the custom of the Standard Oil Company to do business under many aliases, and to cloak itself in inscrutability. The matter is settled by the following paragraph from a letter written by Miss Ida M. Tarbell:

"There is no question in my mind of the entire independence of the oil producers and oil refiners who are now in Washington petitioning Congress for a duty on crude oil. I have known many of them all my life, and am more or less familiar with their business careers. As to their contention that free crude oil would be a serious handicap to them in their competition with the Standard Oil Company, and an advantage to the Standard, they are undoubtedly right, *if* Mexico turns out the tremendous oil producer that oil men are predicting. If the field does not develop as they seem to think it will, there is nothing in the world for them to fear from free crude. As you know, I am myself a thorough believer in free raw materials, *including oil*, and I wish that the independent oil men felt that they were in a strong enough position to risk free crude oil. Their courage would be a great help in tariff reform, for undoubtedly, as things look now, there will be much more reason for a duty on crude oil than there is for one on wool, hides, coal, or iron ore."

If Congress puts the tariff on crude oil, the consumer in the immediate future will pay more for his petroleum, just as he will pay more for his steel and his clothes and his shoes if Congress puts a tariff on iron ore and wool and hides. So much is undeniable. Oil is in that respect on the same footing as other raw materials. A wonderful pool of oil, of unexampled richness, is discovered within a few hundred miles of the boundary of the United States. To make the path between this store of natural wealth and the citizen who uses kerosene just as broad and smooth as possible ought, it would seem, to be the most obvious function of Government. If it is true that doing this would play into the hands of a great monopoly, then there should be some more direct means of dealing with monopoly than through a high tariff. This is free-trade doctrine, and perhaps it is the counsel of perfection. On the other hand, for the independents who, during the past ten years, under favorable State and national legislation, have fought a slowly winning fight against a great monopoly, sympathy is human. And two matters of fact are clear: it is the independents—not the Standard Oil Company—who are asking for the tariff on oil; and a Congressman who votes for this tariff is in exactly the same position as one who votes for a tariff on lumber, or ore, or coal, or hides, and is entitled to credit for the same degree of good faith.

Senators Whose Terms Expire with the Present Congress

Aldrich, Nelson W.	R., Rhode Island
Beveridge, Albert J.	R., Indiana
Bulkeley, Morgan G.	R., Connecticut
Burkett, Elmer J.	R., Nebraska
Burrows, Julius C.	R., Michigan
Carter, Thomas H.	R., Montana
Clapp, Moses E.	R., Minnesota
Clark, Clarence D.	R., Wyoming
Culberson, Charles A.	D., Texas
Daniel, John W.	D., Virginia
Depew, Chauncey M.	R., New York
Dick, Charles	R., Ohio
du Pont, Henry A.	R., Delaware
Flint, Frank P.	R., California
Frazier, James B.	D., Tennessee
Hale, Eugene	R., Maine
Kean, John	R., New Jersey
La Follette, Robert M.	R., Wisconsin
Lodge, Henry Cabot	R., Massachusetts
McCumber, Porter J.	R., North Dakota
Money, Hernando D.	D., Mississippi
Nixon, George S.	R., Nevada
Oliver, George T.	R., Pennsylvania
Page, Carroll S.	R., Vermont
Piles, Samuel H.	R., Washington
Rayner, Isidor	D., Maryland
Scott, Nathan B.	R., West Virginia
Sutherland, George	R., Utah
Taliaferro, James P.	D., Florida
Warner, William	R., Missouri

The terms of the thirty Senators on this list expire March 3, 1911. That official date seems a long time away; actually the reelection of these men, or the choosing of their successors, is a matter of the immediate present. In practically every case the choice will be made by a State Legislature which meets either next winter or the winter following. The men who will compose these Legislatures, in whole or in part, are now being nominated at party caucuses. *In Wisconsin, for example, the holdover half of the State Senate, which will help determine the succession to Senator La Follette at the session beginning in January, 1911, is already elected. For those who approve, as well as those who disapprove, the course of any of these Senators, the time for action is the quiet* now, *not the noisy time a year or two years hence, when the Legislature is actually in session.*

The Voiceless Consumer

SENATOR SIMMONS of North Carolina, defending his position in favor of the present tariff on lumber:

"I have had letters and telegrams by the hundred from the people of my State protesting against putting lumber upon the free list. I have had no letter to the contrary. It is said that the farmers are demanding cheaper lumber and expecting to get it. I have not had a single letter from a farmer of my State asking me to vote to have this duty removed or reduced."

There are more people who want cheap lumber to build homes than are engaged in selling lumber. But business is organized, vigilant, and working all the time. Not only do they flood Congressmen and Senators with letters and telegrams, inspired by painstaking committees; they fill the Washington hotels and crowd the corridors of the Capitol. Senator Aldrich was right when he said that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who appear before the Finance Committee ask to have the tariff raised. The rich, and those who work for the rich, are making themselves heard. The forlorn ineffectiveness of those who bear the burden of the tariff is a pathetic spectacle.

The Democratic Question

SENATOR ISIDOR RAYNER of Maryland, speaking:

"Where am I and what am I? These are the momentous problems that are surging in upon me. . . . Where do I stand? . . . Am I a Democrat, for instance, on free hides, and a Republican on peanuts? Am I a protectionist on zinc ore and pig-iron and a revenue reformer on pineapples?"

Senator Rayner is a Cleveland Democrat who believes in a tariff for revenue. There are few such Democratic Senators left.

Shall Your Foods be Drugged or Not?

Much has been said about Benzoate of Soda in foods. It is not a matter, however, of mere press or political discussion —it is a vital health question that concerns you and your family.

Experts here and abroad, including Dr. Wiley, who has stood for the health of the American people for 25 years, have said that Benzoate of Soda in foods has an injurious effect upon the digestive organs. Benzoate of Soda is not a food. It is a tasteless, odorless drug made from coal tar.

Although used in many well-known brands of foods, the greatest danger in this drug is that it permits the use of inferior raw materials, as well as slipshod, unsanitary methods. In short, it is safe to assume that its use indicates uncleanliness or bad materials. It is never used to improve good materials. Does it mean anything to you that no manufacturer who uses Benzoate of Soda defends its use in his advertising?

Products of the best manufacturers (of whom there are many) do not contain or need Benzoate of Soda, because they are made of approved materials in clean surroundings.

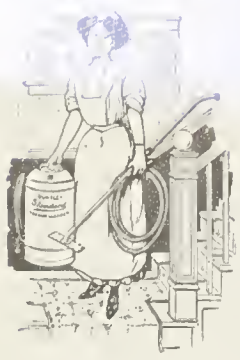
Heinz "57 Varieties"—Ketchup, Sweet Pickles, Preserves, etc., etc., are prepared without Benzoate of Soda or any other drug—yet they may be purchased any time, anywhere, with absolute confidence in their keeping quality. Money returned if you are not pleased.

No person need accept a food containing Benzoate of Soda, for the law protects you by requiring its presence to be stated on the label. This statement is generally hidden in obscure type, an acknowledgment in itself of the maker's desire to conceal it. Read all type on labels; it is for you to choose whether food brought to your own table, or served to you on a public table, shall be drugged or not.

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What I want to prove to you is that you can make a fine income with the most perfect and convenient vacuum cleaner. The

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I establish you in business, show you how it is done, and assure you an income of at least $5.00 a day while learning.

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The offer is made to you—now—today. It is your great opportunity to start in a new business—in a coming business—in a profitable business—in a business of your own that will grow bigger each year. You simply write me and ask for my "Pay from Profit Plan." Do it now—at once

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"Where Thieves Break In"

(Continued from page 14)

sometimes all dressed up, and I tried to talk like he did. He thought I was traveling and didn't want to be bothered. But I couldn't see him mueh—was I going to drag him down, just as I'd got him started right? Not mueh. 'Go and visit your friends, o' course,' I used to tell him, 'and you can write to me.' The best schools I picked out, the very best. And they came high. But I was good for it."

He shifted and rubbed his eyes.

"I had a huneh when I bought the ticket," he muttered. "It just come over me: 'You ought not to go to a place you got the idea of from Jim.' And everything so still, and the stuff so easy. And the last time, too—the last time."

"But Jim—he thought—" Lindsay prompted. A dreadful curiosity held him.

"So then he wrote. 'Of course it's Yale, dad,' he wrote; 'we're all going up together. You don't mind if it costs a little to get settled, do you?' And was I going to go to him—he was head of his class, mind you—and say: 'The Trust has treated me the way I wouldn't treat a dog—it's all up with me and you? I can go baek and be foreman again at the works—we're bought up, ehewed up, and spit out like a wad o' paper'? Not much, I guess. No. Here's where I quit the honesty game, I said, for it don't pay. You stole my patent, and I shut up because I couldn't afford to fight you. Now, I says, since my boy's edueation has been stole from me, I'll steal it back, and only from them that can afford it, too! And I'll use no lawyer to do it, either, and no triek-work with papers. I'll get it straight from the big thieves that pass the plate on Sundays."

Lindsay listened to Caroline moving over their heads; her steps seemed the only reality in this horrid dream.

"It will just about kill Jim," he said.

"It would have killed him not to go to college," the man returned sharply, "and he had a right to go."

"But, good heavens, there are ways—he could have earned money—he's clever enough to work his way through a dozen eolleges!" Lindsay cried despairingly.

"There wasn't any working his way through for *my* boy," said the man with a eunning grin. "I've done enough o' that for the family, thank you. So did his mother—she died of it. No, there's money enough for all, and it only needs a little planning. Take from the kind that takes from *your* kind—they'll never miss it. I've just done for myself, and only wanted to get my twenty-five hundred a year for Jim—and enough to dress as I may need to."

Lindsay cleared his throat.

"Do you mean to say that Jim never asked you what your business was?"

"He didn't know I ever changed till last month. He thought I traveled for the comp'ny. Of course, he didn't like that any too well—brought up as he's been—and I guess he thought 'twould be kinder to me not to mention it much. He thought I didn't know, but I did. Last month—last month—" The man paused and bit his lips.

"Well, last month?" Lindsay repeated.

"I got my huneh to quit. That fortune woman and—and other things. The doetor told me to keep quiet. And I sort of fixed it up with Jim in a letter. I told him I was going to send him one more thousand for graduatin' with and I was going to let him try for himself after that. I knew that was all right, beeause he's told me of plenty of rich young swells who had to. Fathers believed in it."

"He was going with Buek Williamson on the ranch," said Lindsay slowly.

"That's it! Buck Williamson. He asked me wouldn't I look 'em up after they got settled and try it out there. It was an awful niee letter," said the man softly. "He's a real gentleman."

Lindsay looked toward the dining-room.

"Was this the 'thousand'?" he asked.

The man nodded.

"I've never been with him more than a day or two, and I thought I'd go up to Yale this spring—when he graduated—and see him. And then—I was planning to drop out. Of course I never meant to see him mueh. I was always deadly afraid something'd happen. But I've been careful."

"But your friends—" Lindsay was wrung with an angry pity.

"I don't care for mueh of anybody but Jim," said the man.

Caroline was moving about in the dining-room again. Lindsay shook himself.

"Of eourse this is very awkward for me," he began. "I mean—I—oh, the devil! You know what I've got to do, of course?"

The man looked appealingly at him. "You've got it all back," he said quickly, "and you know Jim—"

"Yes, plague take it!—I know Jim," the boy muttered. "We all know Jim."

"Known well, isn't he?" the man inquired

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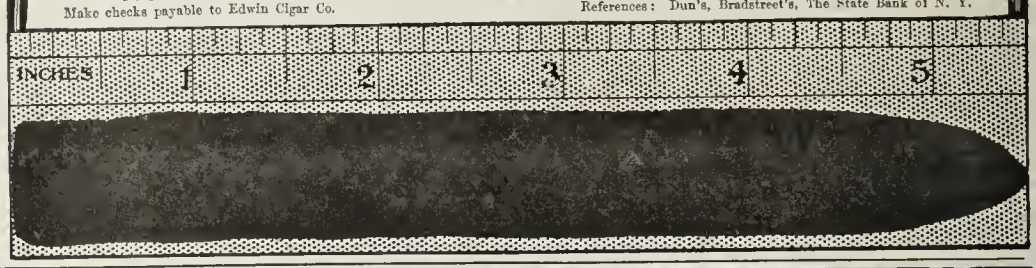
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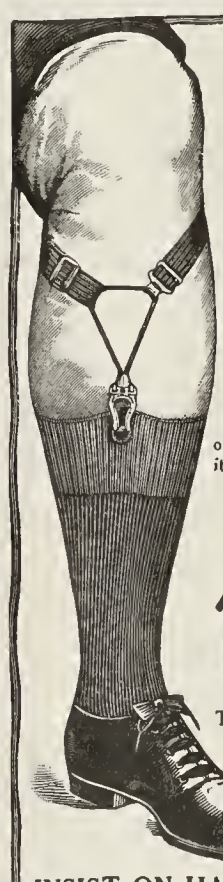
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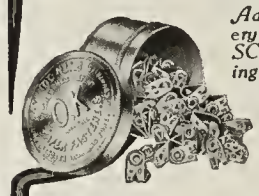
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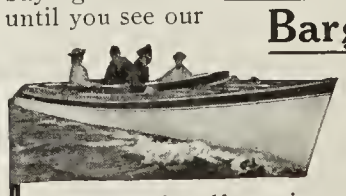


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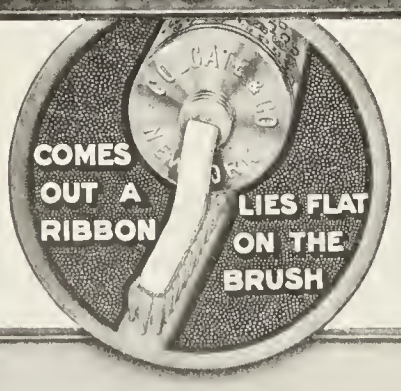
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eagerly. "There's no cleverer scholar there, much cleverer, I mean, is there?"

Lindsay shook his head. "Not that amounts to anything," he said shortly.

"I'll bet there's no better fellow there than Jim—none of the big bugs?"

"There is no better fellow anywhere," said Lindsay.

Caroline tapped fretfully on the door. "Aren't we ever going, Lin?" she begged; "it's all put back."

"Yes, yes, in a minute!" he answered, and turned to the man. "I'm mighty sorry to have to do it," he began; "it's a horrible thing to do, but I can't see that there are any two ways about it. I don't want to hear you say any more. If you'll come quietly, well and good. If it was anybody else—but in my uncle's house—and—well, will you come?"

The man sighed. He looked ten years older. "All right," he said, "I didn't know but—well, never mind. My nerve's gone. I never had a failure, you see. But it's hard. Jim was telling me last month about this singer that he'd heard was so careless, and I noted it down for use some day. He never said his friends lived here. I—it makes me feel dreadful when I think how he'd feel if he knew I'd been working his *friends*—he'd never stand for that, Jim wouldn't. It makes me feel—oh, well, what's the odds? But I wish you didn't belong to Yale College."

Lindsay scowled, motioning to the door. "Shut up and come on, will you?" he blurted. The man got up.

"I guess I won't see Jim again, then," he said. "There isn't one chance in a hundred he'll ever know, but I couldn't explain why I didn't go up to New Haven, nor send the thousand, and it'll be five years, anyhow—ten, maybe. And I shan't hold out that. The doctor only gave me two."

"Ten years? Oh, no," Lindsay cried.

"It's grand lareeny," said the man.

"Lin, Lin, come *on!*" called Caroline.

"You've got the pin, and I'll tear the picture up," said the man. "I've got it all planned, o' course—I give the name of Barker. And—and *if* Jim ever says anything to you or any of his friends about me being mean about the thousand, when I'd promised it, just kind of give a hint, will you, that things may have happened so's I couldn't? I hope he'll think I died. I wish he was through Yale, though. The thousand won't make any difference with graduatin', will it?"

Lindsay swallowed hard; his nerves were strained to snapping.

"Good God, no!" he shouted. He opened the window and threw the revolver away.

"Get out!" he said briefly, turning to the man. "Get out of my sight! If Jim ever receives another penny from you, I'll tell him all I know."

The man swayed toward the chair. "Do you mean it?" he gasped. "Honest?"

He began to sob and choke a little.

"Get out!" Lindsay repeated, looking persistently sidewise. The man leaned over and fumbled for the picture on the floor, found it, and straightened himself.

Suddenly he leaped back and fell into the chair again; a dreadful pallor reached the roots of his hair.

"All up, I guess—twice to-day— Jim, good-by," he said very quickly, and rolled against Lindsay, holding the picture tight.

"Lin! If you don't come pretty soon—" Caroline pushed open the door a little.

"Hush! Run and bring that whisky!" Lindsay whispered with a frightened face.

She waited outside while he labored mysteriously, breathing hard.

"Is Mr. Barker sick, Lin?" she whispered fearfully when he returned to the door.

"Y-yes. I guess he's pretty sick," he said slowly, stepping out and turning the knob carefully. The dining-room reeked with the whisky on his hands and coat.

"We'll go for the doctor," he went on, "both of us, because we'll have to fix—you needn't hurry so, Caroline. There's no—we don't have to hurry." He tried the outside door twice, to make sure it was latched, and glanced hastily at the windows.

"I'd better wire Uncle Joe," he said, half aloud; "he'll know what to do—oh, there's the dog. Come on, Hamlet—he's Buck Williamson's—gentle as a kitten."

"Yes, he'll know," she repeated contentedly, reaching for Hamlet's black muzzle.

"But I don't think that was right, do you, Lin, even for a joke?" she queried, following him down the side path.

"No," he agreed briefly.

"Wasn't it funny he had one of your pins?"

Lindsay stopped short and almost faced her. He looked very young and tired.

"I swear, Caroline, I believe worse men have worn it!" he said.

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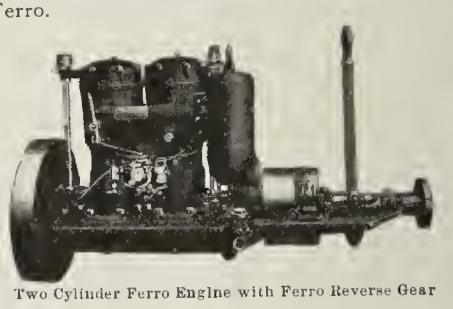


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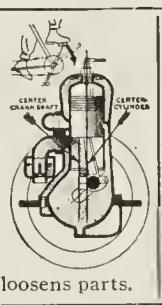
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Office of Collier's Weekly,
New York, May 4, 1909.

Hon. John F. Dryden, President,
The Prudential Ins. Co. of America,
Newark, N. J.

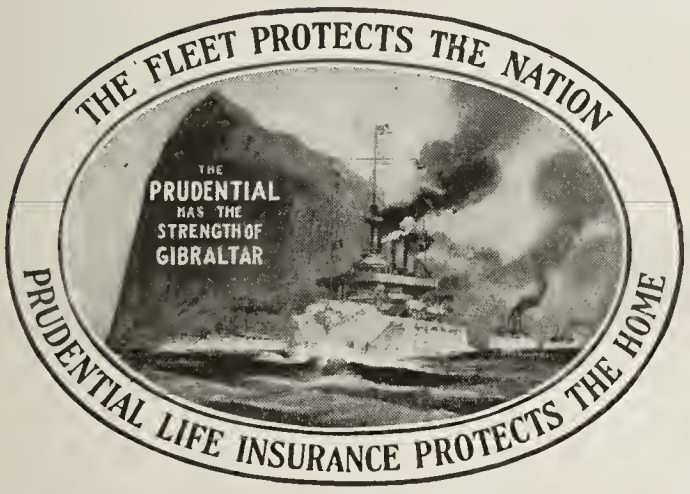
My Dear Sir:

Permit me to thank you, and through you The Prudential Insurance Company of America, for the very prompt receipt of checks for $50,000 in full cash settlement of claim on the life of my father, Peter Fenelon Collier, who demonstrated his belief in Life Insurance in The Prudential by carrying policies in your Company for several years.

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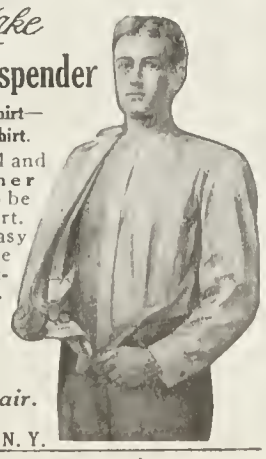
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FOR THE READER OF BOOKS



Friends in the House

By MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

THEY have never a word to say.
Each one turns a quiet back
And sits, a little monk in gray,
Or sober brown, or honest black.

BEHIND the guests of my desire
I make fast the outer door.
And lo! before the crumbling fire
These await one mute word more.

AND when at dawn, from out my ease
Up springs some half-forgotten care,
At my bed's head, thinking peace,
Two and three, the monks are there.

IN THE noon when traffic swims
Like a gulf about my brain,
One that has gone out with me
Divides with me the press and pain.

AND he comes in with me at night
And says no word and makes no sound:
But sits within the candle light
And calls the gentle brothers round.

AND from the cowls, fallen low with time,
I have all kind and human looks,
And life once more sings out in rime. . . .
The happy brothers are my books.

By Airship from London to Quebec

RUDYARD KIPLING'S power to dramatize machinery and the peculiar tang and sweep of what might be called his geographical poetry were perhaps never more vividly exhibited than his airship story of the year 2000 A. D., published in "McClure's Magazine" a few years ago. He not only constructed an airship, perfectly plausible for literary purposes, but his story was firmly set in a background of entirely new experience. His airship people had their own lingo, as well-worn apparently as the slang of sailors and railroad men to-day. The latter part of that stirring flight, with the "dawn-gust" tingling on the taut skin of the "Postal Packet 162," the dark being crammed back over her bow and the sun coming up the curve of the earth behind, was a work of real imagination, a *tour de force* which no one else could have done. By printing on one side of the paper, using wide margins, and adding fanciful advertisements "from the contemporary magazine in which it appeared," the story is now padded into a book and published by Doubleday, Page & Company. "With the Night Mail" is quite the best airship story yet written. A. R.

Good Temper in Controversy

IT IS as it should be when a clergyman has the boldness to lead thought. This Professor Walter Rauschenbusch has done in his book "Christianity and the Social Crisis." There is scarcely a book on a controversial matter since the "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" in such all-perfect tone. It is good to move about amid that serenity, that fairness and tender courtesy to opponents, that avoidance of dogmatism. Men begin to listen when we give our hopes and conclusions tentatively in a quiet voice. So Professor Rauschenbusch is winning many readers in this urgent but temperate appeal. He feels that the Christian Church fails to see and then to seize its opportunity in the present world-wide crusade against poverty. He believes that the common people are going to gain a more just distribution of opportunity, and he fears that the Church will continue to play a hesitant part in that ongoing.

It is a little more than a coincidence that the rejuvenating plans of the conservative Socialists, such as Thomas Kirkup, should precisely duplicate the social reforms of modern philanthropy. Kirkup and Rauschenbusch ask for no single item of change that is not called for by the charity organization societies. There is only one point at which they differ. Philanthropists believe that the present industrial structure will permit all their beneficent tinkerings without sagging at the center or breaking off at the rims. The other folks say with equal cheerfulness "go ahead. Abolish child labor, overwork, underpay. Fight congestion, tuberculosis, the saloon evil. When you've made your alterations, you will have broken down the competitive system."

One says you will have the same old fellow, only sounder. The other says you will have a new man and, particularly, a new woman when you have administered the drugs and used the knife. A. H. G.

More of Ferrero

TO A large part of the human race, history means dulness. To others it may be as interesting as anything outside of our immediate private concerns and the relative standing of the Chicago and Pittsburg Baseball Clubs. If you like history at all, you can hardly fail to be interested in Ferrero, and his fifth volume is better fitted for general popularity even than the preceding four. It has to do with the reign of Augustus, and treats largely of social questions not very different from those which we are all talking about to-day, such as luxury, divorce, war and peace, and the relations of various classes. Signor Ferrero is the same man in this volume that he was in the preceding four. It must be remembered that he is a very young man for a historian, and it may well be that his arrogance and love of sensational effect will vanish as he grows older. Time and again, in this volume, he takes a position with emphasis obviously because it is the opposite of the position which has been taken by all ancient and modern historians. He is, in short, in this regard, the George Bernard Shaw of history. Granted this weakness, his books are, nevertheless, very stimulating and decidedly worth while. This volume especially will give a great deal to think about to any one who is interested in public affairs, and, moreover, it accomplishes the difficult feat of treating history from the economic and political standpoint, rather than from the standpoint of battles and personalities, and at the same time making it readable. Signor Ferrero is extremely interested in Augustus, who had a type of mind which he is able to grasp much more adequately than he could grasp the mind of a genius like Julius Cæsar. This interest helps him to give a larger proportion of positive thought and interpretation and a smaller proportion of mere combativeness than he gave in most of the other volumes. N. H.

One Man's Reading

FROM one interesting letter relating to literature we clip the following:

"What I have in mind to read now is the Fiftieth Chapter of 'Decline and Fall' (spread of Mohammedanism), 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'Merchant of Venice.' My character is slowly dissolving, I fancy. For instance, I'd just as soon read the Fiftieth Chapter of 'Decline and Fall'—but the whole thing straight off—no. I did the first two volumes, when I was younger, straight off. Doubt if I could now. Recently saw Sothern in 'Hamlet.' Think he makes him too robust, insufficiently neurotic, but a great performance. Bob Davis's play—'The Family'—is, I understand, a hit here. Haven't seen it. Liked your editorial about Mademoiselle Kellerman. She and her sisters ought to be cast for the Rhine Maidens—that's obvious.

"I'm going to patronize vaudeville instead of drama my Wednesdays in town. It is the expression of America, and drama is exotic here."

A Wells Novel

"TONO-BUNGAY" is good for the inquiring mind. It is by H. G. Wells, and is the latest and most human and interesting of his more recent stories.

With mature skill the philosophy of the intellectual Socialist is woven into the history of three people—Uncle Ponderevo, originator and promoter of the patent medicine "Tono-Bungay, the Secret of Vigor"; Aunt Susan, his optimistic wife; and the waif nephew, business manager for his imaginative uncle and even-tempered observer of the absurd life drama.

Wells is a lover of his trade. It is a delight to follow his sentences. He has created half a dozen characters that any reader with curiosity will be glad to meet. The whole group is real. Lovers, promoters, maiden ladies, servants, shopkeepers live through the pages. It is a novel with a purpose, but a novel which would be alive even without its purpose.

J. M. O.

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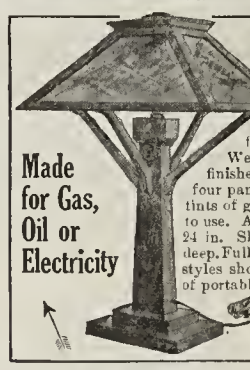
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Sent prepaid the day order is received. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Reliable Agents wanted. Highest references required. Catalog "F" showing belt buckles and bag monograms sent free. *Write for it to-day.*

John L. Des Lauries, Manufacturing Jeweler
1127 F Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

BELLE ISLE Marine Engine



2 to 3 H.P. Bare Engine $23

Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable 2-Cycle engine of its size on earth—entirely new design, improved and perfected in every detail—makes speedy little launch from an ordinary row-boat. Catalog describing all sizes FREE.

New Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS

NEW BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.
O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.



GENUINE NAVAJO Ruby FREE

To introduce our beautiful genuine Gems, sold direct from mine to customer at ½ to ¼ jewelers' prices, we will send **free** a genuine Navajo Ruby, uncut, and our beautiful 36 page Art Catalogue showing Gems in actual colors and sizes, for 10 cents to cover cost of mailing. Send today.

Francis E. Lester Company, Dept. C5, Mesilla Park, N. M.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Black Fan

VOL XLIII NO 11



THIS may well be called the "Oldsmobile Limited" since it is limited in its appeal to those who desire the practical efficiency so long associated with the word Oldsmobile, together with almost daring originality of design. This originality, however, has for its basis the soundest of all mechanical principles;—and the six-cylinder cars with the forty-two-inch wheels are the "final word" in motor car manufacture, not solely on account of the merit of the large wheels, but because the car as a whole is the most satisfactory product for those who insist on the *maximum* of speed, comfort and reliability.

It is almost impossible to describe the "riding qualities" of this car, because no other car ever built compares with it in luxury. With wheels of this diameter it is as easy to turn out of a deep rut as out of a shallow car track; every small inequality of the road is levelled out for the passengers; large ones are fairly bridged over and hence hardly noticeable.

We have to buy our own billets, in order to be sure of second growth hickory for the wheels.

Special molds were made for tires of this size, which give the car the greatest road resistance of any car of its weight.

Tire replacements are only necessary after many thousand miles of travel—and then cost no more than for wheels of 36-inch diameter. Hence the greatest possible economy is added to its luxury and efficiency.

The 1909 production of these cars has been allotted and it is probable that no present order can be delivered;—but the 1910 production will be delivered comparatively early in the season, and orders will be filled strictly according to date of receipt. Only 50 of the roadster types will be manufactured. Our branch houses and agencies will inform you as to details and first dates of delivery. Six passenger cars and roadsters, $4500 and $4600.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Mich.

The Oldsmobile Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Agent for Canada

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

You ought to see Yosemite



Santa Fe

In the Sierras of California, a mile above the sea, is **Yosemite,** rimmed by sheer cliffs, thousands of feet high.

Can you imagine a more delightful vacation than camping among its giant redwoods?

Yosemite is now reached by rail. Through Santa Fe Pullman from San Francisco.

En route visit the **Colorado Rockies** and stop a few days at **Grand Canyon of Arizona.** Also bathe in the Pacific at **Coronado Beach.**

Afterwards take in the **Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition** at Seattle. A cool trip all the way.

Low excursion fares all summer.

Won't you let me assist in planning your tour by mailing these Santa Fe '09 Summer books?

"A Colorado Summer." "Titan of Chasms" "California Summer Outings" "Yosemite"

Also special convention folders for N. E. A. at Denver, G. A. R. at Salt Lake, Elks at Los Angeles, and the Seattle Exposition.

Free on request.

Say which ones you want.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.,
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
1118-R Railway Exchange, Chicago.

"KEEP YOUR EYE ON CONTINENTALS"

Continental

READY-FLATED TIRES

"Good Tires and Good Cars Go Together"

Carry Your Tires Ready-Flated on Spare Rims

Make Motoring a Pleasure



Continental Flat Tread T. C. Tires "America's Best Pneumatic"

Outwear All Others

The combination of Continental demountable rims fitted with Continental flat tread (T. C.) tires is the equipment automobile owners have longed and waited for. Used by those who have tried and found out by experience their superiority over *all* others. *We can prove it.*

Use the annexed Coupon when writing for our beautiful brochure entitled "Continental Ready-Flated Tires," and receive full information with price.

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		Toledo, O.

B 4

Return this Coupon and we will send beautiful brochure, "Continental Ready-Flated Tires."

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Address.....

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The Call of the West

Is in the lure of the mountains, woods and lakes. In the glorious summer time Nature demands that we leave our tasks to recuperate our energies. For your vacation trip go to the mountains of

Montana, Idaho Washington

Climbing glacial peaks in the Lake McDonald country—fishing in the Kootenai or traversing the canyons of the Cascades will give you a new lease on life. The West is always interesting, but an additional attraction this year is the

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Seattle, June 1 to Oct. 16

Round trip fares every day this summer only $50 from St. Paul and Minneapolis Duluth and Superior; $62 from Chicago. For a delightful scenic trip over the Rockies and through the Cascades, take the ORIENTAL LIMITED or FAST MAIL.

Send for Free Booklet "To the Scenic Northwest"

A. L. CRAIG
General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Rose Festival, Portland, Ore.
June 7th to 12th, 1909

National Irrigation Congress
Spokane, Wash.
Aug. 9th to 14th, 1909

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS AND ENAMELS — THE ACME QUALITY KIND — STAINS VARNISHES

Paints and Finishes

For the Home

At this time of the year there are many little jobs of painting and finishing about the home that anyone can accomplish successfully by following the Acme Quality plan.

Now is a good time to repaint the floors, to refinish the woodwork, to brighten up the furniture, to redecorate the walls, or to enamel the bathroom.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are put up in convenient form for ready use and easy application—just tell your dealer what you want to do and insist on goods bearing the Acme Quality trade-marked label, for—if it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.



Acme Quality Enamel (Neal's)
Gives that smooth, beautiful, sanitary enamel surface so easy to keep bright and clean. In white or dainty tints.

Acme Quality Kalsomine
For walls and ceilings. Mixes with *either* hot or cold water. Flows freely, covers with one coat and does not show laps.

Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel
For finishing porch and lawn chairs, settees, swings, flower stands, railings, etc. Imparts a tough, durable finish and prevents rust and decay.



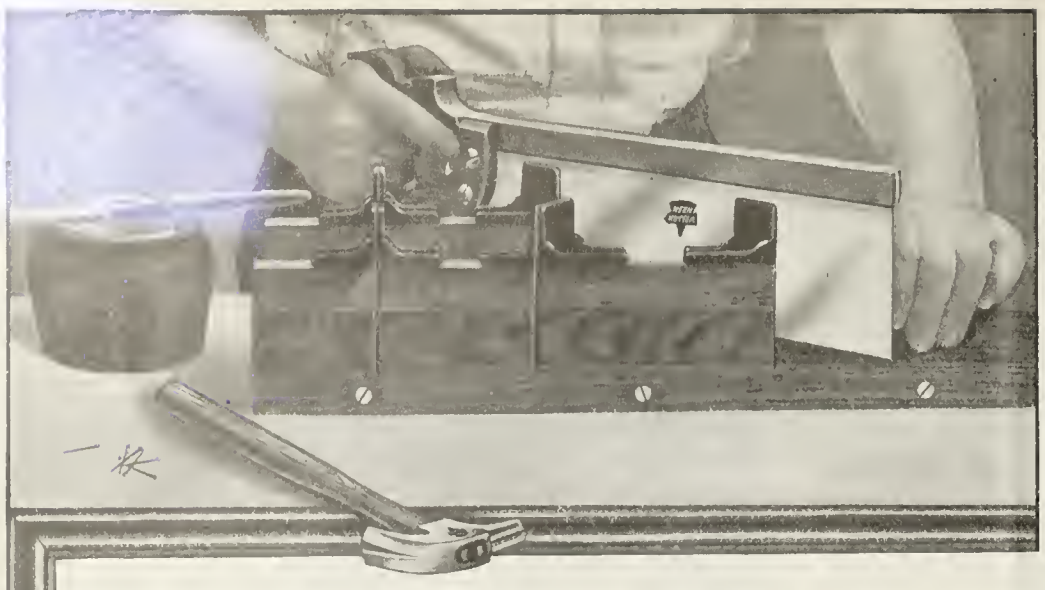
For example, a treasured old chair or other piece of furniture that is badly marred and scratched can be made as good as new. Simply refinish it with Acme Quality Varno-Lac—a stain and varnish combined that imparts the elegant effect and durable, lustrous surface of beautifully finished oak, mahogany or other expensive woods.

Acme Quality Text Book

The Acme Quality Text Book tells just how to get best results. It is an encyclopedia of paints and finishes, covering every phase of home painting. Tells what to use and how to use it. Free to any address on request.

ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS
Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.

IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living



For Home Work or Shop Work

If you have made a failure of home work, look at your tools. Are they the kind an experienced carpenter would use, or are they "any old kind"? The success of any work depends largely upon the tools.

How could you make a neat joint for a picture frame unless you had a fine true saw and mitre box to guide it? You couldn't use the same saw you would use to cut a two-inch plank.

KEEN KUTTER
Quality Tools

are for home work or shop work.

Every tool is the very best that can be made in quality, temper and adjustment. No others hold their edges so long nor are so accurately set, balanced and adjusted. With Keen Kutter tools, home work becomes a pleasure and many conveniences and improvements may be made.

Every Keen Kutter Tool is guaranteed.

Look for the name and trademark on each tool.

Keen Kutter Tools include Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives, Razors and Table Cutlery.
Keen Kutter Tools have been sold for nearly 40 years under this motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."—E. C. Simmons
(Trademark Registered)

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

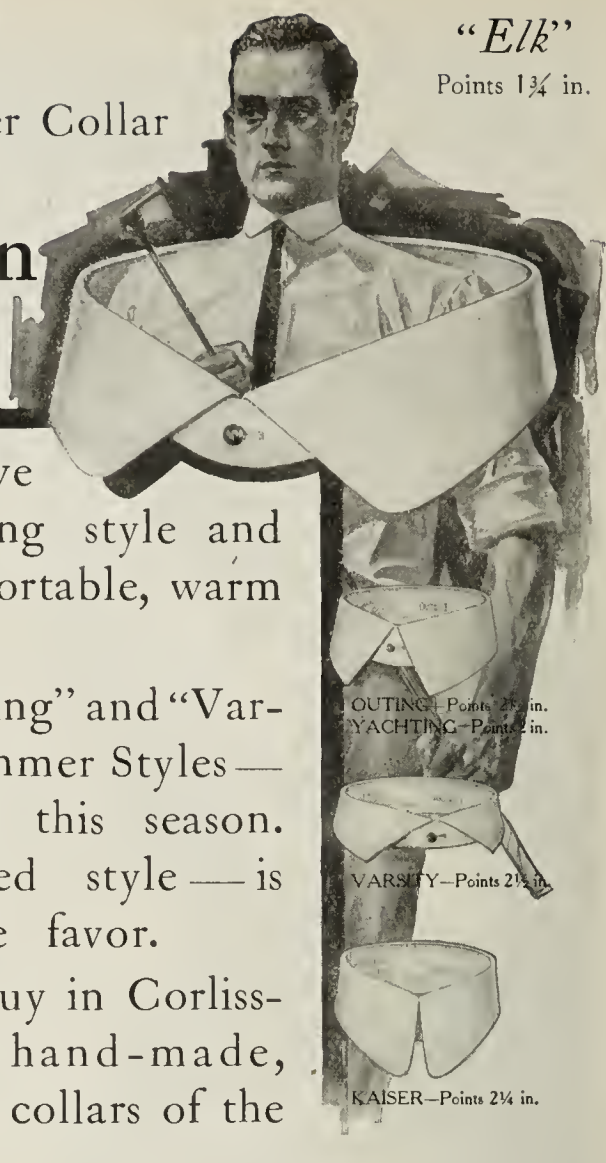
SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

"Elk"

The Newest Summer Collar

A Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collar

2 for 25c.



In "Elk" we have succeeded in putting style and snap in a low, comfortable, warm weather collar.

"Outing," "Yachting" and "Varsity"—Standard Summer Styles—will also be worn this season. "Kaiser"—a revived style—is meeting with some favor.

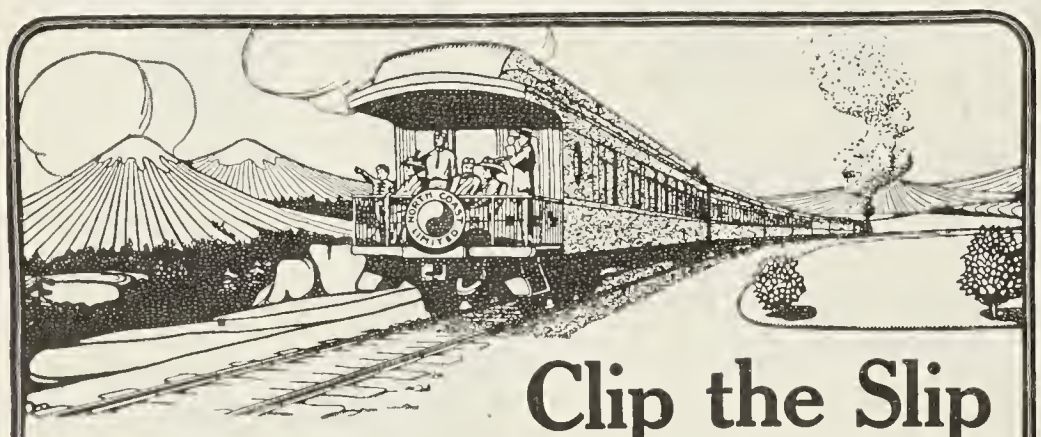
Any styles you buy in Corliss-Coon Brand are hand-made, strong, long wearing collars of the "Better" sort.

Sold by Furnishers everywhere—especially by those who seek to give undoubted value.

If not readily obtainable, order from the factory, enclosing the regular price, $1.50 per dozen or 25c for two, and prompt, prepaid delivery will be made.

Send for our new Style Book, showing all the best shapes—it will help you in your collar selections.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. T, Troy, N.Y.



Clip the Slip
For Facts About this Trip

This summer brings the grandest outing opportunity of a lifetime.
You may travel in trains which are unexcelled in their appointments, see some of the greatest sights in the world, visit all the hustling Northwest cities and explore the marvelously productive Northwest country. The

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

The Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune

Northern Pacific Railway

offers choice of four electric-lighted daily transcontinental trains and daily through service between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and North Pacific Coast. Only line to **Gardiner Gateway** of Yellowstone Park.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle: June 1 to Oct. 16;
Rainier Nat'l Park and Paradise Valley, from Tacoma: June 1 to Oct. 1;
Annual Rose Festival, Portland: June 7 to 12;
National Irrigation Congress, Spokane: August 9 to 14;
Yellowstone National Park, Season: June 5 to Sept. 25.
Such a combination of attractions was never before known.

SUMMER TOURIST FARES to North Pacific Coast points, May 20 to September 30: $50 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior; $62 from Chicago; $57.50 from St. Louis; $50 from Kansas City and Omaha. Round trip, with return limit of Oct. 31. Liberal Stop-overs. Good on the **"North Coast Limited."**

Use coupon or write for full particulars.

A. M. CLELAND, Gen. Pass'r Agent
Room 161, N. P. Bldg., St. Paul

Name
Address
Pacific Coast-Yellowstone Trip

GLIDDEN'S
GREEN LABEL VARNISHES

SUPERIOR WHITE ENAMEL

is the finest quality of white enamel that can be made. It dries quickly, with a beautiful glossy surface that retains its beauty through exposure and wear and does not turn yellow. Is easily kept clean and is not affected by repeated washing.

It is intended for use on the finest interior woodwork, and can be used over old varnished or painted surfaces with most excellent results after the surface is properly prepared by a competent painter. Can be rubbed to a dull finish, or will accept a most beautiful polish.

Price $5.00 per gallon. Quarts $1.35 each



VELVET WHITE ENAMEL.

Similar to the above (and at the same price) except that it dries with an egg shell gloss, producing a natural rubbed effect without the necessity of rubbing. Is waterproof and not affected by washing or changes in temperature. Can be successfully used on new or old woodwork as directed above.

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price.

FULL DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION

The Glidden Varnish Company
Makers of High Grade Varnishes for all purposes
2807 Rockefeller Building
CLEVELAND, OHIO

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

BALTIMORE, MD.

* **The Rennert** E. $1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

CHICAGO, ILL.

** **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

** **Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P.$1.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?

** **CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL** 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET B WITH MAP OF CITY.

** **Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, $1.50 and up. With bath, $2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

PITTSBURG, PA.

** **Hotel Henry** 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan $1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mngr.

HEALTH RESORTS

WALTER PARK, PA.

The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York 90 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

* **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

CAPE COD, MASS.

"Quaint Cape Cod"

Send for this Book

Cape Cod's the place where you would enjoy yourself this summer.

We've a beautifully illustrated book that tells about the summer pleasures that await *you* on Cape Cod—the yachting, the bathing, the fishing and the social life.

Before you decide where to go this summer, send for "Quaint Cape Cod."

It's Free

Write A. B. Smith, G. P. A.,
Room 183, New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

TOURS

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W 13th Street, N w York

"SEE AMERICA FIRST" Send for circular "Rates and Routes" to the Pacific Coast, Alaska-Yukon Exposition. California, Colorado, Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon of Arizona, etc., etc., to MARSTERS TOURS
31 W. 30th St., NEW YORK 298 Washington St., BOSTON

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE
By S. S. ARABIC, 16,000 tons, Oct. 16—$650 up
30 TOURS TO EUROPE, $270.00 UP.
FRANK C. CLARK Times Bldg., New York

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa. | THE IDEAL WAY

Collier's

Saturday, June 5, 1909

The Black Fan. *Corer Design* . *Painted by Howard G. Cushing*

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Volume XLIII Number 11

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. *Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son.* *Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 6

STANDARDIZED MERCHANDISE

IN 1908 advertisers spent upward of $100,000,000 to standardize their goods through the medium of national advertising. Did you ever stop to think what this means to you? Here it is in a nutshell. Whenever you go to buy a piece of silverware, what do you look for? The stamp "Sterling," and on solid gold in any form you look for the "14-k." If it is there, you are satisfied; you need no further assurance of the quality of the goods; they are standard.

On hundreds of articles that you buy from time to time you look for the same token of merit. For instance, on collars and shirts the names Cluett-Peabody, or Corliss-Coon, or E. & W. are enough to satisfy you of their merit. Go to a grocery and you ask for "Ivory," "Fairy," "Pears," or "Swift's" soap. In buying breakfast foods, you may ask for any one of a dozen well-known brands, all good and all standardized on account of merit and advertising.

Standardized goods sell better than unknown brands. I have in mind a sale that was carried on by a department store in Chicago. They had bought the complete stock of a house that had failed. Among the goods were shirts and collars, a quantity of which carried only the name of the retailer, who had failed, while the balance bore the name of a well-known manufacturer. They were marked to sell at the same price, but the well-known, trade-marked goods were sold out almost immediately. It proved that the purchaser knew that he was taking no chances with the goods with which he was familiar. The dealer who had gone out of business was no longer responsible, but by purchasing the standardized goods, a man could procure a style of shirts or collars which he had been wearing, or could continue to get the style of any new shirt or collars that he might purchase. With the unknown goods this would have been impossible.

The double guarantee—that of the manufacturer and also of the retailer—is what you, as a consumer, want.

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN — "Outdoor America"

You Should Read This New Bond Book

"The World's Greatest Industry"

Every investor, small or large, should ask for our **New Bond Book.**

It tells some facts, now too little known, about the most attractive bonds that we know. The book is written after fifteen years of experience in selling these particular bonds.

They pay **6** per cent interest—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds equally secured.

They are secured by first liens on valuable farm land. Some are tax liens—Municipal obligations.

They are serial bonds, so afford opportunity for either long or short time investments.

They are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to both small and large investors.

They are by far the most popular bonds that we sell. You will want some of them when you know all the facts.

Send us this coupon or write us a postal. Please do it now.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.
(Established 1893)
Municipal and Corporation Bonds
First National Bank Bldg. CHICAGO — 50 Congress Street BOSTON

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name _____
Town _____
State _____
34

LOOK for THIS LABEL



"The Underwear of a Gentleman"

The only sensible, durable and economical summer under wear made; loose fitting

Knee Drawers
Coat Undershirts
$1.00 and more the garment

Pajamas
$1.50 and more the suit

specially woven fabrics

Nainsook, Pongee, Linen and Silk

At all good stores everywhere throughout the country. Style book about the "Underwear of a Gentleman" free on request to Dept. W.

GOTHAM UNDERWEAR CO.
93-95 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK

"The Eternal Question" by GIBSON

25 CENTS

"THE ETERNAL QUESTION" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now presented in a new way and sells for 25 cents. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, die stamped and richly tinted, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect all ready for framing—no frame needed. Size 11 x 18 inches. Sent postpaid to the best picture on the market for 25 cents.

Address PRINT DEPT.
P. F. COLLIER & SON, 412 W. [illegible]

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

Of Interest to Readers

The small advertisements on this page are classified so that, at a glance, you can select the article or proposition that interests you.

Look over the various headings and write a letter to those advertisers whose offer interests you, and return mail will bring you their whole story. You will find nearly every variety of legitimate business in these columns—from an opportunity to start in business, to furnishing your home or learning domestic science.

REAL ESTATE

ARIZONA

BUY LAND IN SALT RIVER VALLEY, Arizona, under Roosevelt Dam. Raise oranges, fruit, alfalfa. Get highest returns; no failures. Land [illegible] $40 an acre and up. Write today for new booklet and six months' subscription to "The Earth" free. C. [illegible] Graves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Railway Exchange, Chicago.

CALIFORNIA

$100 CASH AND MONTHLY PAYMENTS secure 10 acres near Los Angeles, cultivate it, give income 2d y'r, independence, competence. New plan. Write Nat'l Homestead Assn., Chamber of Com. Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

$3 PER ACRE MONTHLY WILL BUY RICH frostless Orange and Grape lands in fertile El Cajon Valley, a famous beauty spot in Southern California's most delightful climate. Have subdivided 300 acres into small homelands. A good living in 5 acres. Unusual opportunity. Write immediately for free illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, Cal.

COLORADO

IRRIGATED ORCHARD HOMES, 2½ MILES from Denver, overlooking city. Apples, cherries, plums, truck, small fruits, poultry. Big high-priced home market. Easy terms. Literature shows plan and our responsibility. Write The Denver Suburban Homes and Water Company, 618 Commonwealth Building, Denver, Colo.

FARM LAND

GOT ANYTHING TO SELL? ADVERTISE in the classified columns of Farm Life magazine and reach 750,000 farm folks in the rich, central west. 20c per line, cash with order. Minimum ad five lines. Maximum ad twenty lines. Forms close 25th of month preceding date of issue. Address Farm Life, 1322 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., Desk D.

NEW YORK

MANY DESIRABLE FARMS EVERYWHERE. Gentleman's farm, Col. Co., N. Y., 175 acres, very fertile, mostly level; good orchard; large house and barns; running water; fine location; near station and markets. List and particulars of farms and other country properties sent. Wolfe, Hartmann Co., 1123 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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FOR SALE. FARM OF 375 ACRES 2½ MILES from Appomattox, Appomattox Co., Va.; fine agricultural land, near scene of Gen. Lee's surrender in 1865. C. Wiley Ely, Brooklyn, Indiana.

WISCONSIN

RACINE, BUILDING LOTS, $125, VALUES increasing rapidly. Pop. 40,000. On two main railroads. $1 down, $2 per mo. A golden opportunity. Buy now. Catalogue Free. Chas. R. Davis, Milwaukee, Wis.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MANUFACTURING CONCERN DESIRES LOcal manager for apparatus, selling to farmers chiefly. Must be well acquainted in locality and furnisb satisfactory references. Davis Co., 30 Prospect St., Elkhart, Ind.

ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 W. South Street, Boston, Mass.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

ESTABLISH PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE business by operating best peanut and match vending machines. Never out of order. Price $3 per machine. Makes big money. International Vending Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

CHAMPION VENDING MACHINES FOR OUTdoor trade. Strongest, most durable slot machine made. Variety of patterns. Enormous bus. in summer mos. Send for prices. Boston Coin Mach. Co., Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 5, 1909

OUTDOOR AMERICA

For June

Edited by

CASPAR WHITNEY

¶ Outdoor America *is striking its gait. This will become apparent after looking over the list of articles selected for the first summer month. The range is from rowing to baseball, from farming to ballooning. The articles are all important, and, what is more, they are entertaining and profusely illustrated.*

¶ *Some people think the man up in a balloon is at the merey of the whimsical wind—and so he has been, and is still to a considerable extent. Aeronauts, however, are pushing their researches farther and farther into the heavens, and learning a whole lot about air currents they never even dreamed of. David Torrey Wells has been interviewing the men "higher up," and has written a most interesting and informing paper under the title of* "Ballooning with a Scout."

¶ *Every season countless parties of nerve-racked city folk move countryward seeking abandoned farms. A certain percentage of them actually think there are lands to be had for the taking. There is a pathetic human doenment in the story of these abandoned farms, and Ralph D. Paine offers it, after journeying all over New England, in his article—*"Abandoning the Old Farm."

¶ *Since the manufacturers have been making small motor boats at a cost within the average man's income, the gasoline craft has become a fun-giving essential of the holiday equipment. No home near the water is complete without one—at least so Winfield Thompson decides in his* "Shipmates with Gasoline."

¶ *President Taft not long ago declared golf to be* "The Poor Man's Game," *but van Tassel Sutphen thinks the President didn't say half enough, and undertakes to show how, in its conquest of America, it has really become every man's game.*

¶ *Last year when Harvard raced the Yale crew off its slides, so to say, at the same time administering a decisive beating, the question of* "The Relation of Pace to Four-Mile Rowing" *became a burning one among oarsmen. Harvard's policy at New London last year spoke the lesson her crew had learned on the English Thames. What Cambridge did to Harvard, Harvard did to Yale—and in the same way. Roger A. Derby, an old Harvard oarsman, takes up the question in an entertaining and illuminating manner.*

¶ *If wishes were horses, polo would rival baseball in number of players. Unhappily, horses are not to be had so cheaply, and thus it comes about that a comparative few play this most spectacular, courage-testing game. America is making another attempt this month to get back that polo championship cup which the English took away from us over twenty years ago. You will find in the June number photographs of the American team, and the story of what we have done in the game and where we stand.*

¶ *The number will also contain Mr. Will Irwin's final article in his series on baseball—*"The Business Side of the Game."

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Reading for Americans

NEVER HAD THE CITY OF FLORENCE more than seventy thousand inhabitants, in the days when she was the mother of DANTE, PETRARCH, MICHELANGELO, BOCCACCIO, MACHIAVELLI, and GIOTTO. Discussing creative genius in the United States, the soundest of our critics, JAMES BRYCE, in a fascinating chapter, speaks with moderation and fine enthusiasm of the reading which gives keenness to the eye and strength to the wings of the mind; and this is the reading not of daily newspapers, or of national weeklies, but of BACON, MILTON, BURKE, or GIBBON. What time you spend in perusing scandal, meaningless politics, news of racing, gossip of society, would be more than enough to make you, in the amplest sense, an educated person. It is not the number of volumes, but how we read, and what.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, for forty years President of Harvard University, has undertaken to lend his experience and his intelligence to collecting in fifty volumes such of the world's literature as he deems most useful for Americans. That collection we are to have the satisfaction of presenting to the world. Amid the wheat and chaff of life, this particular bit of work seems to us occasion for rejoicing. Writing in this paper at the beginning of the year, the then junior partner told something about what his father's existence had meant to the reading public of America. Of the literature which he made accessible to those who are not rich, there have been 5,720,000 volumes of Dickens, 1,592,000 of Cooper, 992,500 of Scott, 732,000 of Shakespeare, 616,000 of Thackeray, 1,905,000 encyclopedias, and 9,174,000 histories, including such writers as GREEN, GIBBON, MOTLEY, PRESCOTT, GUIZOT—writers who, as Mr. BRYCE would say, give strength to the wings of the mind. The best literature creates those faculties which sensational papers and ephemeral novels destroy. It develops powers of enjoyment unknown to the hasty. It helps us to rise above poverty and above wealth. It is to the mind what air and exercise are to the physique. It is the recorded human best in thought and feeling—the company of the deepest and most gifted, expressing what in them was worthiest of expression. Lamps of the intelligence, good books burn brightest in adversity. CARLYLE exaggerated but slightly when he said no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all, and still less did he exaggerate when he found in a collection of books the truest university.

Dr. ELIOT in his selection will include mainly entire works. A collection of short extracts too easily produces the same effect as the passing novel and the daily paper, weakening the attention and destroying the power of larger thought. Reading only in that way, we can never make of great writers our lasting and close companions, increasing ever in value and affection, even as the best among our mortal friends. This familiarity with *the whole* of a number of great books is a necessary part of "well-reading," to use a quaint old phrase that ought still to be alive. It is by such knowledge that we lend to our lives something of the sweep of centuries—an ampler spirit, a something larger, crowded into our little moment of existence. Although skipping doubtless is a useful art in our less important reading, what needs careful tending is the fragile gift, so readily lost, of serene and deep attention. The man who spends the bulk of his reading time among those volumes which seem masterpieces to so fit a judge as Dr. ELIOT will spend the hasting hours to better purpose than he who reads by accident. Our civilization, rich in triumphs, nevertheless includes among its evils an encouragement to living scattered and in detail, without concentration, poise, and purpose. If the foundation is soundly laid, we read by some compass when we stray off into the natural relaxations of the newspaper, the periodical, and the passing novel. A man who constantly reads well can, without harm, indulge some curiosity also about the frivolous accidents of his day.

Another of Dr. ELIOT'S guiding principles is that we should read as sensible men and women, not as pedants who follow sheepishly ideas built upon Greek and Latin courses in British universities. Much academic deadwood will receive the ax from him. Books marrowless to-day will not be included because they have long been famous. Moreover, the collection is being made by an American for Americans, and Dr. ELIOT would never have gained so distinguished a leadership had he not been a man of his own era and his own country. An American must have read with small intelligence if he has never found in EMERSON, WEBSTER, LINCOLN, and FRANKLIN words that enlighten, lift, or stir. He who reads CICERO and CÆSAR in a never-faltering pitch of admiration, through inspired and shallow parts alike, has a nature somewhat lacking in freshness and reality. To admire the orations against CATILINE and not the speech at Gettysburg is to belong with the dust upon the shelves.

"We must educate our masters," the British statesman said. Our masters in America are eighty million people. Our masters are ourselves.

Reflective Lords

THE ENGLISH have a decorative and at times humorous institution, known as the House of Lords. Recently the members bent their minds on a detail of government in which they are recognized authorities. The subject, in short, was motoring. "I always give instructions to my driver," said the Earl of Dartmouth, "to go round a corner with the expectation of finding on the wrong side of the road an old lady in a governess cart." The Earl of Dartmouth is one of the most sensible men in the upper chamber, and this detail of his life is worthy of his general reputation. Another principle laid down is of more doubtful value. Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE introduced a bill for less noise. He told of his past life, which had been rich in experiences with all sorts of vehicles, from hansom cabs to four-in-hands, and asked the honorable gentlemen to forbid "hooters, horns, or other loud instruments of warning." "At present," he observed, "motorists assume to themselves the privileges of the fire engine." Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE has no invention to take the place of noise as a warning to pedestrians. He admits the need of noise, but desires a quieter one.

If

A CONTEMPORARY for whom our esteem is high has produced this wild surmise:

"ABE ERLANGER has been mentioned for Mayor of New York. If ABE should ever be elected to this job, we know a certain weekly in New York which would have to come out on asbestos."

The Richmond "Times-Despatch," which is a paper of principle and ability, thus shows itself gifted in horrible imaginings. Two theatrical writers, who belong to ABE, have mentioned him for Mayor. One of these it was who printed seriously the story that ERLANGER had outboxed Kid McCOY; the same, and another, who told about his scholarship and library. The "Times-Despatch," however, is the first to raise the nightmare of what in such an Alice-in-Wonderland occurrence we ourselves should be compelled to say. Asbestos is expensive. Perhaps we might hire a funny man and depart on a vacation.

Graduates

DON'T BE TOO SEVERE on him. The yearly jokes about the college graduate form one of the largest and most reliable of crops, but why forget that vanity seldom disappears with age? Those who have had the advantage of twenty or forty years of conflicts still admire themselves. Vanity is among the most difficult traits to understand. It might be supposed that even a limited intellect would appear to itself a pathetic atom in a mighty universe; yet self-admiration exists, and occasionally even in superior men. Go easy, therefore, on the graduate. Youth is often out of focus, but that lack of perspective is not peculiar to our early years. If one is ever conceited, is he not likely to remain conceited to the end?

Travel

WHERE BEST TO GO depends upon what the traveler is. The man who imagines nothing to exist beyond American boundaries would do well, if opportunity offers, to observe sympathetically other lands. He, however, is less frequent than he was. The opposite type invites more attention now. Knowing any part of the world may give refreshment and rejuvenation, and none offers more inspiration than portions of North America. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will have part of its usefulness in causing Easterners to see more of the continent on which they live. Many of them, even of the prosperous

traveling class, although they may go every season to England, Italy, or France, pass from the cradle to the grave with no knowledge of the Colorado mountains, the great desert, the Sierras, the colors of Arizona, the Canadian Rockies, the vigorous cities of the Pacific Coast, the picturesqueness of New Orleans, the beauties of Florida, the thousand aspects of their own country, which, if seen abroad, would fill them with curiosity and admiration.

The Soul of Meredith

SAYS JOHN KEATS: "I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest." But again he says: "There is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object." And he knew disease and poverty as elder brothers, nearer than hands and feet. To do your best, and then have it fall short of requirements; to aim your full strength and all your working hours at just the one point of sincere product, accurate, true, and free from bitterness and malice—and then to find it all inadequate to demands—is starvation necessarily a keener pang? No equalization of worldly goods, no dispensation of golden opportunities, will reach down to a bruised spirit. "There is a certain grief in things as they are, in man as he has come to be, over and above those griefs of circumstance which are in a measure removable." There is "a capacity for sorrow in his heart, which grows with all the growth, alike of the individual and of the race." So speaks PATER in the loveliest chapter of "Marius the Epicurean." But there is an overword back of all these elements of our distress—the failure that is the sure comrade of all brave attempts, the ingratitude that answers back our every true effort of unselfishness, the nobler ambitions that will always overleap accomplishment. The hope that we carry is a dark-veiled hope. The message of those that have gone ahead is stoical. KIPLING speaks the larger language when he says: "He who hath not endured to the death from his birth, hath never endured." We live in the Valley of the Shadow. And if there is radiance to light it—not of the starlight, not of the moonlight, is that light for young mariners. Hidden in the unconquerable soul—only there—is the flame that is steady to the end. Something like this is the valiant spirit that GEORGE MEREDITH has left with us, he who never knew success till the fulness of years made him indifferent and he could only coolly enjoy it, till he was solitary and could not personally impart it, till he was known to the wise and did not need it. He was renowned, but never popular. He lived many years after awakening from "that dream of hope" which makes youth glorious. To a friend he wrote: "As to us two, we will say that the gods may rob us of everything except the heart to endure." Perhaps he speaks a greater word than any swift ripening and resonant early triumph would have brought forth.

Extreme

IF JUDGE BEATTY of California is in sympathy with the reform of criminal procedure, it is difficult to understand the attitude of himself and his court at a banquet recently in Los Angeles, when COLLIER'S was denounced. At the close of the feast Judge BEATTY, in a loud tone of voice, pointing his finger at our representative, said he was a "damned scoundrel," and that he intended to wait a year and then answer him. This announcement makes it worth while to live a year if possible. During that period, also, it may be that the Supreme Court of California will pass upon the case of RUEF, and, if CALHOUN is convicted, even upon that still higher power. Truth is popular provided it does not strike near home. Mr. T. T. WILLIAMS, in disapproving of COLLIER'S, said there is "not a man on the Supreme bench of California against whom suspicion or distrust has ever been directed." The Oakland "Inquirer" recalls a former editorial in Mr. WILLIAMS'S paper in which, in speaking of HARRIMAN'S counsel, HERRIN, it said:

"It is the influence that protects criminals from justice. It is the influence that takes the kernel from the lives of ambitious men and throws the husks aside. It is the influence that drags the ermine of the bench in the filth of dishonesty. It is the influence that makes a mock of right living and right thinking in politics. . . . WILLIAM F. HERRIN is the hired bribe-giver of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Not a great lawyer, he is hired to bribe judges. It is said of him that 'no man can so easily slip an overcoat on a judge's back at Christmas time.' He has his own way of influencing courts. In one great case he was hired at a salary of $150,000, and the Supreme Court of California at once reversed itself, while honor held her breath and turned away her nose."

That is the Hearst-Williams style, not our own. What is the explanation of the mighty change? It is merely a detail in that far-reaching *entente* between Messrs. HARRIMAN and HEARST, by which the magnate accommodated the publisher and the publisher called off his papers from damaging criticism of HARRIMAN or any of his interests.

Trees and Money

PLANTING EUCALYPTUS TREES in California is undoubtedly a good thing for the State and the nation, and under favorable conditions should mean gain to the owner. Owing to their comparatively rapid growth and various excellent qualities the eucalypti give promise of unusually large returns on the money invested after comparatively short periods. The speedily diminishing hardwood supply of the East is an important factor in directing attention to the possibilities of eucalyptus culture. It is unfortunate that many of the one hundred or more eucalyptus companies which have recently sprung into existence show a tendency to exaggerate the possibilities. Their printed statements indicate that they are more concerned with selling stock and land than with insuring legitimate returns. Land, planted to eucalypt, costing certain promotion companies from $40 to $60 per acre, is being sold for $185 to $250 per acre. Agents of some of the companies are now conducting an aggressive campaign in Eastern cities searching for the man who is willing to make one hundred per cent or more on his money. The doings of the Mexican rubber companies are recent enough to supply material for comparison. The eucalypts are trees, after all, however fast and well they grow; and although the wood they produce means a fair rate of interest on the capital invested, it is nevertheless wood, not pockets of gold. A check will result to the legitimate growth of this most commendable industry if there is much cheating of that easy mark, the small investor.

An Authoress

TO WRITERS of the feminine gender frequently falls the journalistic task of enlightening everybody on the homely troubles of this world. For example, one of them brightens the columns of a certain magazine with pin-money papers. From month to month her "healthful hints" "lighten the burdens" of "everyday life," to use her own apt phrases. Seldom has she been more helpful than in her June answer to Gladys P. She writes:

"Before trying to break a cocoanut put it in the oven to warm. When heated a slight blow will crack it, and the shell will come off easily."

This accurate and pointed reply will, we are convinced, lighten the burden of life for many a struggling Gladys, who might, without such assistance, have spent years endeavoring to open a cocoanut, cold, with an ordinary monkey-wrench.

Patriotism and Taxation

IF ALL INTERNATIONAL scolding matches had resulted in shooting matches, the globe would have been completely depopulated long ago, with not even a newspaper writer left to prophesy what countries would next go to war. Even within twenty years there have been several political flurries which were going to bring on the worst war in history, but which did not. At one moment Germany and Russia were supposed to be on the verge of fighting, at another it was France and England. The United States and England had their turn, so had Austria and Italy. Still other conflicts were, no doubt, entertainingly imminent, but it is impossible to remember between whom or what about. Recently the patriots of Germany and England have been shouting at one another in vociferous terms. They cry that sacrifices must be made, etc., but since the English Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his budget some weeks ago, which of course included the price of warships, his scheme of taxation has met with almost unanimous censure. The proposed income tax, legacy duties, land tax, liquor licenses, stamps on stocks and bonds, excise duties on spirituous beverages, and import duty on tobacco were all attacked by the people whom these respective forms of taxation would have affected. Last year Germany's Minister of Finance had the same experience when he suggested the means of defraying the Empire's public expenses, which, of course, also included its naval amusements. Everybody who was to be taxed thought somebody else ought to be taxed instead. As in England, nobody thought he was the proper person to be taxed. In all countries of the world every one is willing to "make patriotic sacrifices" out of every one else's pocket.

Aim

WHAT MAKES A PLAYER in the healthy and absorbing game of golf? One critic, MARSHALL WHITLATCH by name, observes:

"The difference between the good players and poor players is more in accuracy than in power. The vast majority of golfers expend more energy than they can control accurately. The increase in distance comes from increase in accuracy. No one will ever be bothered in not applying enough power."

Such doctrine is good also for citizens of every sort. All along the line it is controlled and directed energy that tells. It is never the volume of force, proceeding at a rush, shattering itself on the first chance obstruction. It is raw power leashed and governed. Power in itself lacks virtue, and splurges of undirected force fail of accomplishment.

The Brewers' Gospel

WHEN WEARINESS THREATENS we turn the pages of the "Brewers' Year-Book," vintage of 1909. There is surcease for wo. Here is optimism all hearty and simple faith. Here is one cure for all afflictions. There is but one simple, all-sufficing rule. Drink beer, and you empty your jails. Irrigate the dry soil of humanity with clear-flowing channels of Piel. When will the towns and counties learn that when you are harsh to cheery saloons, citizens reel, mothers sob, and crime walks at noon? The brewers are almost too good for human nature's daily food. They are lonesome in a heedless world. They believe in unspoiled nature. Trust it, nourish it, feed it on malt. Let melody and Würzburger flow, and we shall enter upon our heritage. Such is the gospel of the brewers, and if it leaves anything to be desired it at least does not lack enthusiasm.

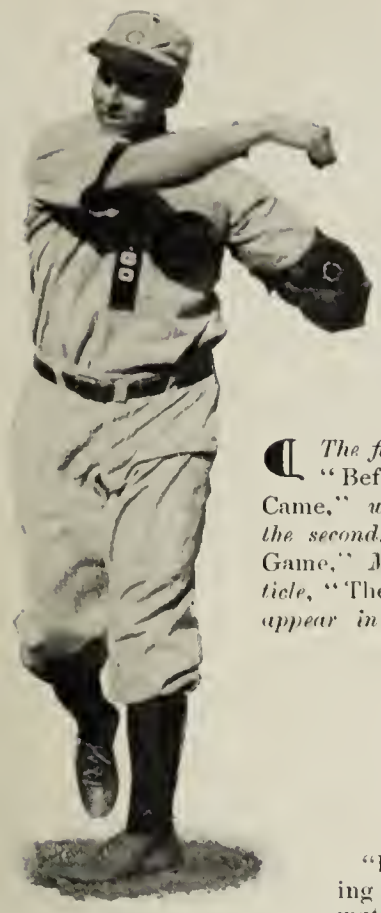
Collier's

BASEBALL

The Art of Pitching

The Third of a Series of Four Articles on the National Game

By WILL IRWIN



Mordecai Brown, *of the Chicago Nationals*

¶ *The first paper of the series,* "Before the Professionals Came," *was published May 8; the second,* "Working Out the Game," *May 15. The last article,* "The Business Side," *will appear in the issue of June 12*

"Baseball? There's nothing to it but a guessing match between the pitcher and the batter."

—*Addie Joss.*

WHEN the first man-monkey discovered the low, elemental ruse of throwing a stone at his adversary, instead of smiting him with it at close quarters, he discovered also the principle of the first "curve ball." Men were "curving" hand-thrown projectiles during all the long centuries between the caveman and the baseball player. For nothing which comes away from the human throwing arm, except the spitball, travels without a "spin," and the spin, given that the projectile is sent with enough force, usually becomes a curve, however infinitesimal that curve may be. Americans were playing baseball for twenty years before they discovered this simple fact in physics; and they were pitching intentional curves for fifteen years more before the men of science explained to them why a spinning baseball behaves as it does.

In the early days when the Knickerbockers, the Eagles, and the Gothams used to play their matches on the Elysian Fields, it began to dawn on pitchers that they could reduce batting by fraud and device. Restricted to a wholly artificial delivery—a perpendicular underhand toss "without throw or jerk"—they found only two ways to accomplish their purpose. In the first place, they could deliver a succession of balls beyond the reach of the batter, at him, behind him, and so confuse and harry him that, when an unexpected good ball came over the plate, he would smite it without "getting set"—and so score only a one-base-hit, perhaps, instead of the home run which every good batter of the time hoped for when he stepped to the plate. In the second place, the pitcher could vary fast balls with slow ones, thus taking advantage of what physical-culture experts call "muscular memory." So "change of pace" was born. In the pleasant amateur days of the fifties Harry Wright, ex-cricketer, learned this trick. He learned also to deliver his fast and slow ball with the same motion and apparent force of the arm. This, therefore, is the oldest ruse in pitching.

"Phonnie" Martin's Zephyr-like Delivery

IT WAS in 1863, the year which saw the first "called ball" rule for the restriction of pitchers, that a new star blazed in the baseball firmament. Alphonse Martin, known as "Phonnie" or "Old Slow Ball," a boyish veteran just home from the war, opened on the teams about New York City a delivery which puzzled the best players. His ball came toward the batter like the lightest zephyr, so slow and weak was it. At the plate it died—dropped wearily away and burrowed in the earth. Furthermore, it seemed that batters never could meet it squarely for long hits. They popped it into the air or they sent it skimming along the ground. For years the why and wherefore of this ball was a puzzle even to Martin. Critics noticed only one difference between his method and the accepted one. Instead of keeping the ball above his hand at the moment of release, as a tenpin bowler does, he kept it *below* his hand. Moreover, he released it with a little dip of the wrist. Martin himself did not understand then why this method made the ball behave as it did. He knows now. That action of the wrist sent the ball spinning vertically *toward* him—the "reverse English" of billiards, the very spin which, given infinite speed to counteract the attraction of gravitation, produces the rare "rise" ball. In Martin's case the ball had but little speed, but the spin was just strong enough to make it "hesitate" when it came near to the plate; and then, because of the arrest of motion, it dropped. (Diagram B.)

"There is nothing new in baseball," say the critics of to-day; and, in fact, there is difference of opinion over the origin of every single improvement. So the question, "Who pitched the first curve?" is a matter of controversy. I but tell here the story which has been generally accepted by the historians of the profession.

The Stars of Brooklyn were a famous war-time nine. Arthur Cummings, a tall, loose-jointed boy with a flexible arm, was their substitute pitcher. As a stripling he had exercised his throwing arm by spinning clamshells on the beach. He noticed how they curved, and he speculated idly on the possibilities of a curving baseball. When he became a real pitcher, Cummings plotted to beat the rule which provided that the ball must be sent in without "throw or jerk." Having a loose, strong wrist, he learned to give it a horizontal whip as it left his hand. That whip of his wrist, though he did not know it, imparted to the ball a fast horizontal spin from right to left—the spin of an outcurve to a right-handed batter. One day in practise he pitched against the wind. Every pitcher knows now that a head-wind produces wide curves, since the curve is only a matter of atmospheric friction. Both Cummings and his catcher noticed that the ball was behaving curiously; the catcher nearly wrecked his bare right hand in reaching for it. It seemed to curve away from him. Cummings announced his discovery to the older members of his nine, and invited them to watch him. That day the wind was at his back, and he produced no curve. His elders laughed at him, but Cummings persisted in his practise.

In 1867 the Stars of Brooklyn went to Boston to play the "Harvards of Cambridge," and Cummings went along as pitcher, the regular being sick. Here was his chance to try that ball in a game. That day the wind was in his face. The Harvard nine, a stronger team, went down before the Excelsiors because they could not hit Cummings. After the game a Harvard player bespoke him.

"What were you pitching to us?" he said. "It came at us and then it went away from us!" From that time the curve, a simple out, was Cummings's chief reliance.

The Discovery of the Outcurve

THE historians add that "Bobby" Matthews, the next great curve pitcher, watched Cummings until he learned the trick. Matthews was the sphinx of baseball. He never talked much anyway; and he only smiled when asked about his methods. He died without enlightening the world on the subject. Some believe that he had the "spitball" twenty-five years before Stricklett rediscovered it.

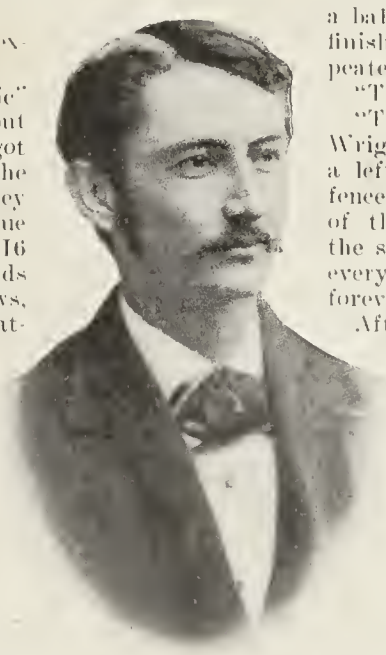
"Phonnie" Martin is now a hale and strong man of sixty-four, an employee of Harry Stevens, the caterer of Madison Square Garden in New York. He will maintain to his dying day that Bobby Matthews had the first curve. "Harry Wright was scouring New York in 1868 and 1869 to get a pitcher for the Red Stockings," he says. "Do you suppose if Cummings was there with the curve, Wright would have passed him up? I never saw him pitch a curve until the seventies." Martin has a vivid memory of the first curve he encountered. In 1869 his team, the Eckfords of Brooklyn, were national champions. He himself was the greatest pitcher in the country. The Eckfords went South to play the Marylands of Baltimore. This was an obscure, new team; but one Bobby Matthews, unknown to fame, was its pitcher. The Eckfords, through Maryland errors rather than their own merits, got a victory by one bare run. After the game the Eckfords put their heads together and inquired:

"What was he serving us? It was out in front when you looked at it and right beside you when you hit at it!"

The Marylands challenged for a return exhibition match.

"Don't you accept it, boys," said "Phonnie" Martin. "I'm supposed to be a pitcher, but I can't do what that fellow does. He's got something brand-new." But the rest of the Eckfords were foolishly confident; and they forced Martin to yield. The exhibition game was a pitchers' battle royal—score 21 to 16 in favor of the Marylands. The Eckfords went back to spread the fame of Matthews, who became a star at once. By 1871 Matthews had won the record "low-score" game of the time—Kikeongos of Fort Wayne 2, Forest Citys of Cleveland 0. The curve was then a simple "out."[1]

When the pitcher, released a little from the artificial limitation, could use a side-arm motion, some one discovered another spin which produced the "in." And before the middle seventies Bond discovered the "drop."



Arthur Cummings, *generally recognized as the first curve pitcher*

But it remained a "freak" delivery, a thing doubted and distrusted. Harry Chadwick admitted that it could be done, but what was the use? "It is uncertain," he argued; "neither catcher nor pitcher knows when it is coming; it delays the game."

In the spring of 1874 Princeton had a pitcher with an arm like a tree—"Mac" Mann, now James McElroy Mann of the Scribner publishing house. Mann had heard of the new delivery. In the final campus game of that season, he went into the box with a sore second finger. To "favor" it, he twirled the ball off his forefinger. Lo, the curve! All fall and winter he practised it in the gymnasium. He applied his physics to it, too; crudely studied out the reason. So he developed an out, an in, and a drop. Pitching curves became the rage at Princeton. Visitors saw ten or a dozen men, on any bright day, tossing balls against a wall with the "Mann snap" of the wrist. As for Mann, he became invincible with it. The Princeton students, in the summer vacation of 1875, carried the secret of curve pitching to every part of the country. By 1876 there was a rush for men who could command this new delivery. Old-timers had to learn it or get out of the game.

And still the public and even the savants doubted. When A. G. Spalding took to England the first American baseball invasion, the British sporting authorities told him that a curve was impossible.

"But your cricket bowlers do it!" said Spalding.

"Oh, yes, but their ball strikes the ground first," said the lordly British. "You can't do it in the air!"

Proving the Actual Possibility of the Curve

PART of the American public remained just as incredulous. It was not until 1878 that the question was settled once for all. George Wright's Boston nine was playing the final series of that year in Cincinnati. The curve-ball controversy raged in the city of the Red Stockings. Wright was asked to prove that a ball could be curved. He agreed to test the matter after the final game.

The Cincinnati team put up two ten-foot fences about twenty yards apart, with a post between them—all on a line. Tommy Bond, a right-handed pitcher, stood at the left of one fence. After two trials he threw a ball which went to the right of the post and finished to the left of the second fence. He repeated this six or seven times.

"The wind did it," said the doubters.

"Then we'll try it the other way round," said Wright. He stationed Mitchell of Cincinnati, a left-handed pitcher, to the *right* of the first fence. Mitchell threw a curve ball to the left of the post, which finished to the right of the second fence. News of this, telegraphed to every part of the country, settled the question forever.

Afterward slow-moving, skeptical science explained the phenomenon. It is all a matter of air friction. You could not pitch a curve in a vacuum. When a ball is sent forward spinning, one side is traveling toward the air, the other receding from it. The side which keeps striking the air gets, therefore, the greater friction. (Diagram D.) And since moving bodies take the line of least resistance, the ball, in its forward motion, edges away from that friction. In other words, the air is always pushing it aside in the direction of its spin. Any one, in throwing a ball, spins it. But he does not spin it rapidly enough, usually, to produce a perceptible curve.

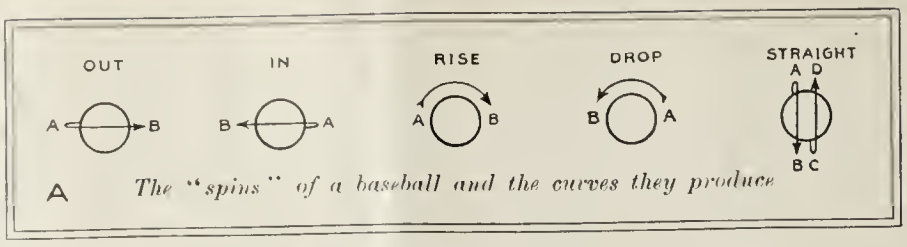
That is not quite all. Roughly speaking, there are six possible spinning motions to a baseball, corresponding to the six faces of a cube. We have the horizontal spin from right to left which produces the "out," the horizontal spin from left to right which produces the "in," the vertical spin away from the thrower which produces the "drop," the vertical spin toward the thrower which produces the "rise." But what of the vertical spins toward the right and left of the thrower? If you are really [illegible], consult Diagram A. And you must find [illegible]

[1] Baseball terminology is a little confusing. When the pitcher throws, to a right-handed batter, a ball which curves to the left of the plate as the pitcher faces it—and therefore away from the batter—it is called an "out." But that same curve, when delivered to a left-handed batter, standing on the other side of the plate, is called an "in." In other words, they describe curves from the standpoint of the batter. For the sake of clearness, I assume in describing curves that all pitchers and batters are right-handed. Of course, the spin and motion which produce the "out" of a right-handed pitcher produce the "in" of a left-handed one.



Christy Mathewson, *of the New York Nationals*

¶ *The "fade-away" ball, that is Mathewson's chief reliance, is merely an indrop. He is the only first-class pitcher who can throw this ball with the same overhand motion as is used for other deliveries and control its direction. To get the curve, he sweeps his fingers across the ball horizontally at the moment of letting go. There is nothing in his whole act of delivery to betray to the batter whether the ball is to come over straight or drop suddenly as it approaches the plate*



A *The "spins" of a baseball and the curves they produce*

the air, and produce, therefore, these are precisely the spins effect is to steady the for- to increase velocity; that is displaced the smooth bore. And the two have their place in baseball; consciously or unconsciously, pitchers employ them in their straight, fast balls, to give speed and accuracy.

Curve-pitching got its greatest development after 1883, in which year the artificial restraints were removed, and the pitcher was allowed to deliver the ball as he pleased —which means overhand. At that period the "out," easiest of all curves to throw, was falling into disrepute among major leaguers. The incurve, by the limitations of the human arm a smaller but quicker deviation than the out, was temporarily much in vogue. The drop remained, as always, a favorite. Scientific change of pace, the standby of such great early-day pitchers as Harry Wright, Asa Brainard, and Al Spalding, was temporarily lost. Radbourne, a tremendously speedy overhand pitcher, came along with the first "rise" or "jump" ball. He had wonderful development of the wrist, the thumb, and the two first fingers. The limitation of the arm, as well as the hostile attraction of gravitation, make the rise difficult —many believe it to be impossible. This curve can be delivered only with a straight overhand throw; and the only way to give the ball a back spin is to jerk the fingers down its surface as the hand passes down to release it. But Radbourne had the speed, the flexibility, and the grip to do it. So has "Old Cy" Young of this day. When Young gets it to "working right," his team-mates recognize it by the number of men who go out on little pop flies and fouls. For it has only a slight jump, two or three inches.

There is a jump ball, however, which does not depend on spin, and which may be called the "false rise." A very tall, long-armed pitcher, like Addie Joss of the Cleveland Americans, gets it when he throws an over-arm ball toward the batter's knees. The ball, coming downward with great speed, *packs* the air below it. Just when the ball begins to lose speed, the elastic air-cushion, for a fraction of a second, has equal power with the attraction of gravitation. This air-cushion carries the ball horizontally for a few feet, until further loss of motion brings it to the ground. This parallels the old exemplar of the school-books—the windows broken by an exterior explosion fall *outward* because of pressure from the air-cushion within. (Diagram C.)

The Incurve Is Lost

WHEN batters began to study pitchers, pitchers found that, to be effective, they must deliver all balls with the same motion of the arm, the same grip of the fingers. Once they "fingered" the ball differently for different shoots. Now, the accepted hold became a tight grip of the thumb and the first two fingers. And the necessity for moving the arm always on the same line had one unexpected result. It banished the incurve —of a right-handed pitcher to a right-handed batter—from first-class league baseball. For to throw a good, controllable incurve, every pitcher, with certain golden exceptions, must throw round-arm, giving the ball its spin as it slips from the end of his fingers. Since the round-arm is no man's natural throw, the pitcher, by changing his style, "telegraphs" this curve to the batsman at the moment of delivery. The great exception is Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants. His famous "fade-away" is a slow indrop. He gets it by whipping his hand from right to left behind the baseball at the instant of release. When it is "going right" this ball, delivered with low speed, "breaks" about a foot. Other men can pitch this ball, but none other, with the possible exception of Sparks (Philadelphia Nationals), can control it or can make it take so wide a course as does Mathewson (Diagram F.)

However, this came not until after the rule-makers, in trying to delimit the pitcher and to increase batting, passed an amendment which had the final effect of putting the whole game into the pitcher's hands. The pitcher's position had been continuously receding from the plate. In the game which the Knickerbockers played on the Elysian Fields, the "line," nucleus of the "box," had been forty-five feet from the batter. In 1892, for the season of 1893, the league finally anchored the pitcher's hind foot on a mound exactly midway between first and third, or sixty-three feet from the plate. The longer throw, they reasoned, would reduce the effective speed of pitchers, would give the batter more time to [illegible] the ball

But the recession of the pitcher's position overturned all calculations. In the first place, it assisted his fielding, giving him more time on grounders and liners. His throw to all the bases became shorter and easier.

Getting the "Break" on the Ball

IT WORKED just as definitely to increase skill in delivery to the bat. Certain pitchers had been working to produce a sharp "break" on curves. At forty-five or fifty feet from the plate, that was hard. At sixty feet it was easier. The slow, wide curve became a "roundhouse," a "farmer slant," a thing less than contemptible.

The "break" or "shoot" is a curve which travels straight through most of its distance and then swerves suddenly. It is a matter of speed combined with quick jerk of the wrist. Its physical principle, a little mysterious, appears to be this: A ball thrown with sharp spin and great force travels at first with enough speed to overcome the air-pressure on the side which is taking the greater friction. It cuts through the air, spite of all resistance, just as a rifle-bullet has a "flat trajectory" against the attraction of gravitation for the first two hundred yards or so. The instant comes when it begins to lose its speed; and then the effect of pushing air comes upon it all at once. It "breaks," taking a fast shoot in the direction of its spin. Now at the old distance, a ball thrown full force hardly decreased in speed at all before it passed the plate. At the new distance the swiftest spun ball had begun to lose its velocity as it approached the batter. Only a few feet, but enough.

The "Cross-Fire" Tried and Abandoned

WHEN this change of position and condition was new to pitchers, they tried two innovations, one of which died a natural death, while the other survived. With his left foot on the mound, a flexible-armed pitcher would step far out to the right and deliver the ball round-arm. The "cross-fire" they called it; and it had virtue. But, like the round-armed inshoot, it "telegraphed" the delivery. Further, it was hard on the pitcher's shoulder. The cross-fire ran its course and practically died, although a few league pitchers still employ it occasionally.

Scientific change of pace, however, came back —to stay. It is not enough that the pitcher shall vary fast balls with slow; he must deliver both speeds with the same effort, the same apparent sweep and motion, else the batter will know what to expect before the ball starts. E. C. Patterson, who made a season's strike-out record with the New York State League in the nineties, was perhaps the first to revive this old ruse of the ancient giants. The pitcher about to deliver a slow ball holds it absolutely loose in his fingers, whereas for a fast ball he grips it with all his strength. He lets go his sweep full force. The ball, by virtue of the loose hold, loses all effect of that snap from wrist to elbow which finishes off a fast throw. It has "nothing behind it"; yet it starts with speed, which it loses with each foot of advance. It has very little spin; this also makes it lose force. Not until it is half-way to the plate does the batter know whether it will be fast or slow.

At last, in the opening years of the twentieth century, Elmer Strieklett of the Brooklyn Nationals introduced the latest thing in fancy pitching — the "spitball." Probably it was not quite new. James H. Hart, Tim Murnane, and Will Rankin agree that Bobby Matthews "had it." They noticed that the silent Matthews always kept one side of the ball clean; also, he was observed holding it to his mouth behind his hands. And at the same time he got a sharper drop-ball than any other pitcher.

"It's a messy proceeding—that's the main objection to it," says Overall of the Chicago Nationals, regarding the spitball. For that reason as much as for any other, pitchers of nice instincts, in these days of the gentleman professional, do not like it; and the National League, which has few "spitball" pitchers, would abolish it if the American, which has many, would agree. The pitcher moistens one side of the ball with saliva, until it is as slippery as ice. Gripping with his fingers over the wet spot, he throws full force without trying for a "spin." As it nears the plate, the ball drops always, and with a break far sharper than that of any spun ball. But it may drop to the right, to the left, forward—in any direction below the horizontal. The pitcher himself never knows just what direction the ball will take at the plate. "It behaves as if haunted," says an eminent "spitball" artist. Because of this, it is destruction to the hands of catchers.

The Puzzling "Spitball"

A PROFESSIONAL pitcher who studied physics in college has given the only satisfactory explanation of this behavior. The "spitter" does not spin at all. It slips straight off the fingers—the batter can see the seams as it passes him. *It is the only thrown ball which has consistently no revolving motion whatever.* A spin of any kind tends, first, to add to the "endurance" of the motion, to help the projectile resist the attraction of gravitation, and second, to keep it in a regular course, straight or curved.

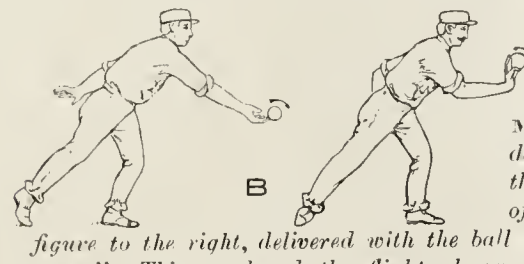
The air, as the Wright Brothers have discovered, is an unstable element, shot with invisible, intangible whirls and currents. The spitball travels through this maze with an initial velocity which cuts straight through everything, resists everything, just as the first course of a "shoot" resists the tendency of its own spin. But all the time the ball is practically in a kind of unstable equilibrium, "trying to find its own center of gravity," says the philosopher-pitcher. At the instant when it loses its momentum, it falls rapidly because it has no spin to resist the attraction of gravitation. At that instant, also, it encounters some air current which deflects its drop to right or left as though it were a feather.

It is hard on the arm; few pitchers can stand its consistent use. For, what with the slippery surface, one must "follow through" his throw; he can not snap off a wet ball midway of his arm-sweep as he can a dry one. That follow motion gives the shoulder and upper arm a sharp jerk.

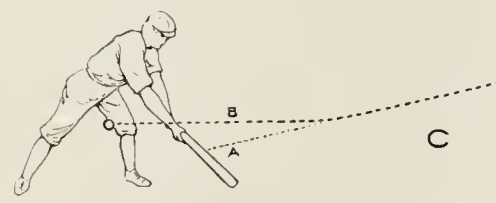
In the season of 1904 Jack Chesbro, learning the spitball from Strieklett, all but pitched the New York Americans to the pennant with it. His arm has never recovered from the strain. Walsh of the Chicago Americans, by contrast, although averaging for the past four years more pitched games than any other pitcher in his league, has used the spitball three-quarters of the time—and his arm remains as good as ever.

When all this tale of skill is told, the fact remains that first-class pitching, now as in 1860, is still a matter

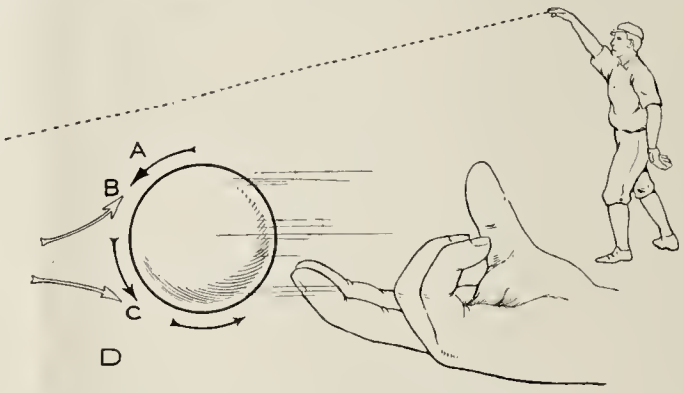
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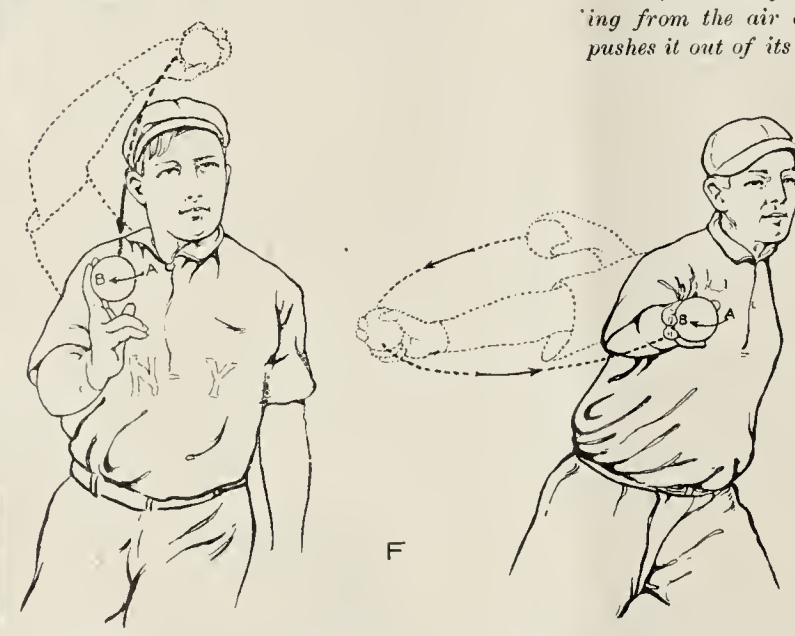
Martin's Slow Ball.—*The figure on the left is delivering a baseball as most pitchers did in the underhand days—with the hold and motion of a tenpin bowler. Martin, as shown by the figure to the right, delivered with the ball under his hand and gave it a sharp back-spin as it "came away." This produced the flight shown by the dotted line—for reasons which the text explains*



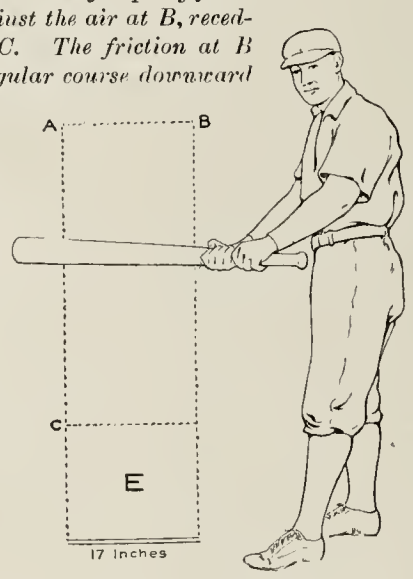
The "False Rise."—*A tall pitcher, throwing a fast low ball overhand, produces this course of flight. Just before reaching the point B, the ball has begun slightly to lose velocity. The cushion of air packed under it has for an instant equal force with gravity. So for a few feet the ball takes a horizontal course*



The Principle of the Curve.—*Illustrated by a "drop." The ball, revolving rapidly from A to C, is rubbing against the air at B, receding from the air at C. The friction at B pushes it out of its regular course downward*



The Incurve.—*The right-hand figure is throwing an incurve in the old-fashioned way—round-arm, the ball getting rotation from the ends of the fingers. When pitchers were required to throw all balls with the same arm motion, that went out. Mathewson's "fade-away" is illustrated in the left-hand figure. That is the only genuine incurve used to-day in first-class baseball. Mathewson gets it by whipping his fingers across the back of the ball at the instant of release*



Why the Drop is More Effective Than the Out.—*With the drop the pitcher has the distance A C to fool the batter, with the out only the distance A B. The batter presents only the width of the bat to the drop, but the whole length to an out. "Cut that out and make it an outdrop," say the big league managers to the recruit who throws a pure out*



An old rhinoceros, disturbed at his feeding time, decides to charge upon the intruder



Mr. Dugmore in camp



He charges, gets his photograph taken at a distance of about twenty yards, and is shot





Another rhinoceros awakes from a nap in the grass to the scent of approaching humanity and subsequently assumes discretion to be the better part of valor

Photographing the Rhinoceros in Advance of the American Invasion

Collier's photographer, Mr. A. R. Dugmore, passed along the trail now being followed by Mr. Roosevelt's party several months ahead of the Smithsonian Institution's expedition, and photographed some of the specimens-in-waiting as they roamed their native pastures

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Fifty Million Dollars

The First Accurate List of Mr. Carnegie's Gifts, and a Statement by Him of How it Feels to Give Away Half a Hundred Millions



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The Library Gift Business

By

Andrew Carnegie

MANY times have I been asked whether I am satisfied with the result of my gifts of library buildings to communities willing to maintain and keep them open free to all the people. I have always replied in the affirmative. Yes, in the fullest measure I am more than satisfied, and rejoice that it has been permitted me to stand ready to give to any English-speaking community in any part of the world a sum necessary to erect a library building on the conditions mentioned.

Perhaps I owe something to heredity in following this library development, but it was not until long after I had begun that I learned that my father, a weaver in Dunfermline, was one of five fellow weavers who agreed to combine their few books and give them out to applicants. A vacant space in my father's loom-shop was filled with the few books, and this was the beginning of the library movement in my native town. This was shortly after I was born. The records show that this collection was moved seven times, the first time in the aprons of the pioneers, each move increasing its sphere until it was merged in the Mechanics' Library. So that my father may be said to have assisted in giving the first public library to Dunfermline, and his son has been privileged to give the last. I have often said that I do not know a lineage which I prefer to that of a library-founding weaver.

My secretary tells me we have given 1,800 library buildings, all under the same conditions, scattered among the English-speaking peoples of the globe, including New Zealand, the West Indies, Australia, and all English-speaking countries. So far Canada has taken almost as many as our own land in proportion to population.

The letters received from parents thanking me for libraries established and telling of the change these have made upon their children are numerous. It is not only what a library does in a community; that is only one-half of its sphere. What it prevents is equally important. If young men do not spend their evenings in the library, where will they be spending them? If the young do not acquire a taste for reading, what will they otherwise acquire?

It is often charged against public libraries that they supply so much fiction. There is something to be said upon that side, but the impression received by the figures is greatly misleading. The novel is returned on an average in a few days, but the solid book, conveying instruction, is kept five times longer; so that when we read of fiction being one-half of the total books read, if the time consumed be compared with that spent upon instructive works, then the time spent upon fiction is ten per cent, one-fifth of that which the reader would suppose, after reading that fiction is fifty per cent of the whole. But even if fiction be read far more than any other one branch, provided the fiction be good, it is salutary.

It means much to young men and women that after their dreary, uneventful toil during the whole day they should be admitted to the world of good fiction. The masters of fiction are benefactors to the race, and the librarian is becoming fully alive to the fact that his mission is not only to hand out the book asked for, but to lead the applicant into green pastures—the best fiction.

I like library giving for one reason particularly. The library gives nothing for nothing. The youth who is improved by it must cooperate. If he does not read and study he finds no reward. Nothing for nothing is the law within the walls. Help yourself is the decree.

Another feature pleases me greatly. The library supported by taxation is owned by the community. It is no gift to the poorer classes. They also contribute their mite. It is the library of the people, and within its walls the poorest citizen has all the rights of the Mayor.

Free public libraries are the cradles of triumphant democracy. The working man showing his friends who have come to visit him the buildings of the town can stop as he comes in sight of the library, which I rejoice to say is almost without exception an ornament to the town, and say to his astonished guests: "Here is my property. I am an owner of this building. The Mayor has not any more rights within its walls than I have. I am part owner with him."

Another consideration most grateful to the giver: he has not pauperized the community in any degree; he has only given the building. The community gives the site and maintains the library.

When I gave Dr. Billings the note agreeing to furnish New York City with seventy-eight library buildings, which was the largest wholesale business I ever did at any one time in library giving, I was met by many who offered their hands and wished to congratulate me upon having given New York such a gift. My invariable reply was: "No, I can not receive your congratulations upon that account; but if you wish to congratulate me upon having induced New York City to agree to supply its inhabitants with free libraries everywhere, then shake." It is not what the individual gives, but what, by giving part, he thereby induces communities to give, that really counts. My part is small, but it stimulates cities to do great things, and I am grateful for being even so humble an agent in bringing within reach of the poorest—the "people's university"—a collection of books free to all.

Distant is the day when the free public library, maintained by taxation, will cease to be recognized as a fountain from which only healing waters flow.

The Total of Mr. Carnegie's Library Gifts

(Revised to December 31, 1908)

United States	959	buildings	208	branches	$34,870,745
Canada	86	"	5	"	2,059,415
England & Wales	329	"	59	"	7,859,550
Ireland	42	"	21	"	724,610
Scotland	105	"	18	"	2,075,080
New Zealand	14	"			146,250
British West Indies	5	"			119,000
Australia & Tasmania	2	"			47,500
South Africa	3	"			23,500
Seychelles Islands	1	"			10,000
Fiji Islands	1	"			7,500
College Libraries					3,653,753
				Total	$51,596,903

Distribution of the Carnegie Libraries

ALABAMA
12 Libraries, $186,300
Avondale, Bessemer, Decatur, Eufaula, Ensley, Gadsden, Huntsville, Montgomery, Selma, Talladega, Tuskegee, Troy.

ARIZONA
3 Libraries, $54,000
Prescott, Phoenix, Tucson.

ARKANSAS
3 Libraries, $125,600
Eureka Springs, Fort Smith, Little Rock.

CALIFORNIA
69 Libraries, $1,752,787
Alameda, Alturas, Anaheim, Auburn, Azusa, Benecia, Berkeley, Biggs, Chico, Colusa, Corona, Covina, Colton, East San José, Escondido, Eureka, Fresno, Ferndale, Fullerton, Gilroy, Hanford, Hayward, Hollywood, Los Gatos, Long Beach, Lincoln, Lodi, Monrovia, Merced, Monterey, Nevada City, Oakland, Ontario, Orange, Oxnard, Pacific Grove, Palo Alto, Paso Robles, Petaluma, Pomona, Porterville, Redding, Redwood City, Riverside, Salinas, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Francisco, San José, San Leandro, San Luis Obispo, San Mateo, San Pedro, San Rafael, Santa Ana, Santa Cruz, Santa Maria, Santa Monica, Santa Rosa, Selma, South Pasadena, St. Helena, Tulare, Vacaville, Vallejo, Visalia, Watsonville, Whittier, Woodland.

COLORADO
20 Libraries, $522,943
Alamosa, Boulder, Canon City, Colorado City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Durango, Fort Collins, Grand Junction, Idaho Springs, Lamar, Leadville, Loveland, Longmont, Pueblo, Rocky Ford, Salida, Silverton, Steamboat Springs, Trinidad.

CONNECTICUT
7 Libraries, $85,100
Darien, Derby Neck, Norwalk, Orange, Saybrook, South Norwalk, Thomaston.

DELAWARE
1 Library, $6,000
Georgetown.

FLORIDA
4 Libraries, $95,000
Jacksonville, Ocala, Pensacola, Tampa.

GEORGIA
16 Libraries, $373,200
Albany, Americus, Atlanta, Atlanta (for negroes), Augusta, Columbus, Cordele, Dublin, Macon, Monlezuma, Moultrie, Newnan, Norcross, Pelham, Sparta, Waynesboro.

IDAHO
6 Libraries, $78,500
Boise, Lewiston, Moscow, Mountain Home, Nampa, Pocatello.

ILLINOIS
81 Libraries, $3,203,430
Arcola, Aurora, Beardstown, Blue Island, Bunker Hill, Carrollton, Centralia, Charleston, Chicago Heights, Danville, Danville (Soldiers' Home), Decatur, De Kalb, Des Plaines, Downer's Grove, Du Quoin, Edwardsville, El Paso, Evanston, Fairfort, Farmington, Flora, Freeport, Fulton, Galesburg, Galena, Galva, Gardner, Geneva, Greenville, Greenup, Harrishurg, Harvey, Havana, Highland Park, Hillsboro, Hoopeston, Jacksonville, Jerseyville, Kewanee, La Grange, La Harpe, La Salle, Lewistown, Lincoln, Litchfield, Macomb, Marseilles, Mattoon, Maywood, Mendora, Milford, Moline, Mount Carroll, Mount Vernon, Olney, Onarga, Oregon, Paris, Paxton, Pekin, Piano, Polo, Petersburg, Pittsfield, Robinson, Rockford, Rushville, Savanna, Shelbyville, Springfield, Sterling, St. Charles, Streator, Sycamore, Taylorsville, Tuscola, Urbana, Vienna, Wilmette, Winchester.

INDIANA
65 Libraries, $4,528,680
Alexandria, Anderson, Andrews, Attica, Batesville, Bedford, Bluffton, Bicknell, Bloomington, Brazil, Columbus, Clinton, Connersville, Crawfordsville, Crown Point, Danville, Decatur, Delphi, Des Plaines, East Chicago, Elkhart, Elwood, Fort Wayne, Fowler, Frankfort, Goshen, Greencastle, Greenfield, Greensburg, Hammond, Hartford City, Huntington, Jeffersonville, Kokomo, Lebanon, Ligonier, Linton, Logansport, Madison, Marion, Martinsville, Monticello, Montpelier, Mount Vernon, Muncie, New Albany, Noblesville, Peru, Portland, Poseyville, Princeton, Rensselaer, Rochester, Salem, Seymour, Shelbyville, Sullivan, Tipton, Union City, Valparaiso, Wabash, Washington, Waukegan, Whiting, Winchester.

IOWA
78 Libraries, $1,284,906
Albia, Algona, Ames, Atlantic, Bedford, Charlton, Carroll, Cedar Falls, Cedar Rapids, Charles City, Cherokee, Clarinda, Clinton, Colfax, Council Bluffs, Davenport, Denison, DeWitt, Dubuque, Eagle Grove, Eldora, Estherville, Fairfield, Fayette, Fort Dodge, Glenwood, Grinnell, Hampton, Hawarden, Humboldt, Guthrie Center, Indianola, Iowa City, Iowa Falls, Jefferson, Lake City, Laurens, Lemars, Leon, Manchester, Manson, Maquoketa, Marengo, Marion, Marshalltown, Mason City, Monticello, Mount Pleasant, Nashua, New Hampton, Newton, Odebolt, Oelwein, Onawa, Osage, Osceola, Oskaloosa, Ottumwa, Pella, Perry, Red Bluff, Red Oak, Rockwell City, Sheldon, Shenendoah, Spencer, Spirit Lake, Storm Lake, Stuart, Tama, Tipton, Villisca, Vinton, Waterloo, Waverly, West Liberty, Winterset.

KANSAS
31 Libraries, $495,340
Abilene, Arkansee City, Anthony, Blue Rapids, Chanute, Concordia, Council Grove, Dodge City, Downs, Emporie, Emporia College, Fort Scott, Frankfort, Girard, Goodland, Great Bend, Hiawatha, Hutchinson, Independence, Iola, Kansas City, Lawrence, Leevenworth, Manhattan, Newton, Ottawa, Parsons, Russell, Salina, Washington, Winfield.

KENTUCKY
15 Libraries, $775,500
Covington, Elizabethtown, Henderson, Hickman, Latonia, Lawrenceburg, Lexington, Louisville, Middlesborough, Newport, Owensboro, Paducah, Paris, Shelbyville, Somerset.

LOUISIANA
4 Libraries, $305,000
Alexandria, Jennings, Lake Charles, New Orleans.

MAINE
19 Libraries, $209,800
Auburn, Eastport, Freeport, Guilford, Harpswell, Houlton, Lewiston, Madison, Milo, Norway, Old Town, Pittsfield, Presque Isle, Rockland, Rumford, Vinal Haven, Waterville, West Gouldsboro, Wiscasset.

MARYLAND
4 Libraries, $555,000
Baltimore, Cumberland, Hagerstown, Laurel.

MASSACHUSETTS
29 Libraries, $740,000
Ashland, Athol, Chelsea, Chicopée, Clinton, Dighton, Edgartown, Holliston, Hudson, Lee, Leominster, Marlboro, Melrose, Needham, North Andover, Reading, Revere, Rockland, Rockport, Somerville, Southbridge South Hadley, Springfield, Stoneham, Teunton, Turner's Falls, Walpole, Williamstown, Winchendon.

MICHIGAN
40 Libraries, $1,471,700
Adrian, Albion, Ann Arbor, Belding, Benton Harbor, Birmingham, Cadillac, Charlevoix, Charlotte, Cheboygan, Detroit, Dowagiac, Eaton Rapids, Escanaba, Flint, Houghton, Howell, Hudson, Iron Mountain, Ironwood, Ishpeming, Jackson, La Grange Township (Cassopolis), Lansing, Ludington, Manistee, Mendon, Morenci, Mount Clemens, Niles, Petoskey (2), Port Huron, Portland, Saint Joseph, Sault Ste. Marie, South Haven, Sturgis, Tecumseh, Three Rivers, Traverse City

MINNESOTA
42 Libraries, $562,900
Aitkin, Albert Lea, Alexandria, Anoka, Austin, Bemidji, Brainerd, Coleraine and Bovey, Crookston, Duluth, Fairmount, Fergus Falls, Glenwood, Grand Rapids, Hibbing, Hutchinson, Litchfield, Little Falls, Luverne, Madison, Mankato, Mapleton, Marshall, Montevideo, Moorhead, Morris, Northfield, Park Rapids (2), Pipestone, Red Wing, Redwood Falls, St. Cloud, St. Peter, Sauk Center, Spring Valley, Stillwater, Two Harbors, Virginia, Willmar, Wortbington, Zumbrota.

MISSISSIPPI
2 Libraries, $21,000
Houston, Meridian.

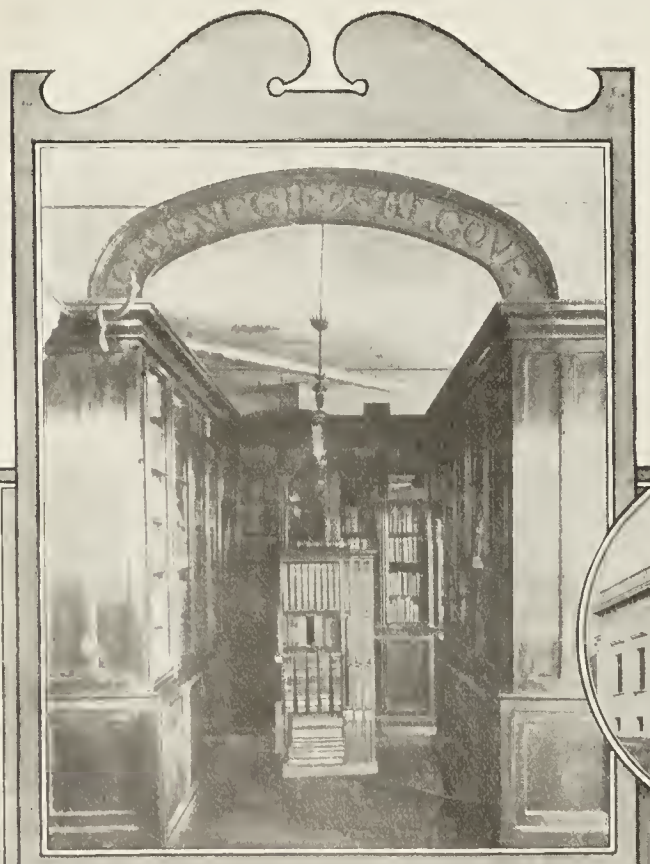
MISSOURI
19 Libraries, $1,354,000
Albany, Bethany, Carthage, Carutbersville, Chillicothe (2), Eldorado Springs, Jefferson City, Joplin, Kirksville, Louisiana, Maryville, Moberly, Oregon, Richmond, Sedalia, Springfield, St. Joseph, St. Louis.

The Earliest and the Latest Carnegie Libraries

From the Little 1886 Alcove of Cases to the Fiji Island Structure

IN A BRICK school building of Knoxville, across the river from Pittsburg, is a library with a "Carnegie Alcove."

Thereby hangs a tale. Sixty years ago when the twelve-year-old boy, Andrew Carnegie, arrived in Pittsburg with his parents from Scotland, a project was on foot among Pittsburg leaders to incorporate the Mercantile Library and Mechanics' Institute, and the Legislature granted the request a few months later, namely, on February 12, 1849. The library grew and the boy likewise. In about a dozen years he was serving in the Civil War as Government superintendent of military railways and telegraph lines in the East. With the close of hostilities in 1865 this old Pittsburg library on Penn Street received young Carnegie as a life member. It was but three years after this date that Carnegie introduced into this country the Bessemer process



The first Carnegie library, Pittsburg



The libraries at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; Tuskegee, Alabama; Danville, Illinois, and Valley City, North Dakota

MONTANA
11 Libraries, $154,200
Bozeman, Dillon, Glasgow, Great Falls, Helena, Kalispell, Lewistown, Livingston, Miles City, Missoula, Newport.

NEBRASKA
21 Libraries, $318,000
Albion, Alma, Auburn, Beatrice, De Witt, Fairbury, Fremont, Grand Island, Hastings, Havelock, Holdredge, Kearney, Lincoln (2), McCook, Nellgh, Norfolk, Pawnee City, South Omaha, Superior, Tecumseh.

NEVADA
1 Library, $15,000
Reno.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
12 Libraries, $159,000
Berlin, Dover, Claremont, Franklin, Hampton, Lebanon, Littleton, Peterborough, Raymond, Rochester, Somersville, Whitefield

NEW JERSEY
20 Libraries, $626,385.50
Atlantic City, Bayonne, Belleville, Caldwell, Camden, Cape May, Cranford, East Orange, Freehold, Kearney, Montclair, New Brunswick, Pautsboro, Perth Amboy, Red Bank, Union, Vineland, Westfield, West Hoboken, West Orange.

NEW MEXICO
2 Libraries, $20,000
Las Vegas, Roswell.

NEW YORK
47 Libraries, $6,538,873
Albany, Amsterdam, Binghamton, Canandaigua, Canastota, Catskill, Chatham, Coboes, Dunkirk, Frankfort, Freeport, Fulton, Gloversville, Granville, Hornell, Johnston, Kingston, Medina, Mount Vernon, Niagara Falls, Nyack, New Rochelle, Naw York, North Tonawanda, Olean, Onaida, Oyster Bay, Patchogue, Penn Yan, Plattsburg, Port Jervis, Riverhead, Rockville Center, Sandy Hill, Saranac Lake, Saratoga, Saratoga Springs, Schenectady, Sea Cliff, Solvay, Syracuse, Ticonderoga, Warsaw, Watervliet, Wellsville, White Plains, Yonkers

NORTH CAROLINA
9 Libraries, $147,945.71
Charlotte, Ooldsboro, Greensboro (2), High Point, Rutherford College, Statesville, Wilmington, Winston-Salem.

NORTH DAKOTA
8 Libraries, $117,700
Dickinson Devil's Lake, Fargo, Grafton Grand Forks Mandan, Minot, Valley City.

OHIO
71 Libraries, $2,320,783.64
Akron, Alliance, Ashtabula, Athena, Bellefontaine, Bellevue, Bryan, Bucyrus, Cambridge, Canton, Carey, Celina, Chillicothe, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Cleveland Heights, Clyde, Columbus, Conbocton, Conneaut, Coltinwood, Delaware, Defiance, East Cleveland, East Liverpool, Eaton, Findlay, Fostoria, Germantown, Greenville, Galion, Gallipolis, Genava, Glenville, Jackson-Kent, Kenton, Lakewood, Lancaster, Lebanon, Lima, London, Lorain, Mansfield, Marion, Marysville, Mentor, Miamisburg, Middletown, Norwalk, Norwood, North Amberst, Portamouth, Ravenna, Rockport, Salem, Sandusky, South Brooklyn, Steubenville, Toledo, Urbana, Warren, Washington Court House, Wauseon, Wellston, Willoughby, Wilmington, Wooster, Xenia, Youngstown, Zanesville.

OKLAHOMA
9 Libraries, $143,000
Ardmore, Bartlesville, El Reno, Enid, Guthrie, Oklaboma City, Ponca City, Shawnee.

OREGON
6 Libraries, $165,000
Baker City, Eugene, Grant's Paaa, Portland, Salem, Tha Dalles.

PENNSYLVANIA
39 Libraries, $3,179,215.65
Allegheny City, Beaver, Beaver Falls, Bradford, Blairsville, Carbondale, Carnegia, Chartier's Township, Clarion, Clearfield, Connellsville, Dunmore, Easton, Erie, Oreeaaburg, Greenville, Hamburg, Huntingdon, Johnstown, Kennett Square, Knoxville, Lansdowne, McKeesport, Nawcaetle, Norristown, North Bessemer, North East, Oakmount, Oil City, Phoenixville, Philadelphia, Pittaburg, Royersford, Sheridanville, Slatington, Tyrone, Uniontown, Wilkinsburg, York

SOUTH CAROLINA
6 Libraries, $71,200
Anderson, Greenville, Honea Path, Marion, Spartanburg, Union.

SOUTH DAKOTA
15 Libraries, $171,000
Brookings, Canton, Deadwood, Dell Rapids, Huron, Hot Springs, Madison, Milbank, Mitchell, Pierre, Redfield, Sioux Falls, Varmilion, Watertown, Yankton.

TENNESSEE
8 Libraries, $245,000
Chattanooga (2), Cleveland, Columbia, Harrimaa, Jackson, Johnson City, Nashville.

TEXAS
27 Libraries, $574,200
Abilene, Ballinger, Beaumont, Belton, Brownwood, Bryan, Clarksville, Cleburne, Corsicana, Dallas, Denison, Denton, El Paso, Fort Worth, Greenville, Houston, Jefferson, Nacogdoches, Paris, Pitteburg, San Antonio, Stanford, Temple, Terrell, Tyler, Waco, Winnaboro.

UTAH
3 Libraries, $52,500
Eureka City, Provo, Ogden.

VERMONT
3 Libraries, $73,000
Burlington, Fair Haven, Rockingham.

VIRGINIA
3 Libraries, $201,000
Charlottesville, Manassas (books), Norfolk, Richmond.

WASHINGTON
16 Libraries, $686,500
Aberdeen, Anacortes, Ballard, Bellingham, Chehalis, Ellensburg, Everett, North Yakima, Olympia, Ritzville, Seattle, South Bend, Spokane, Tacoma, Vancouver, Walla Walla.

WEST VIRGINIA
4 Libraries, $91,500
Huntington, Hinton and Avis, Parkersburg, Williamson.

WISCONSIN
47 Libraries, $849,861
Antigo, Arcadia, Baraboo, Bayfield, Beloit, Berlin, Chippewa Falls, Columbus, Cumberland, Darlington, Durand, Eau Claire, Edgerton, Elroy, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Hayward, Hudson, Janesville, Kakauna, Kewaunee, Ladyamith, Madison, Manitowoc, Merrill, Monroe, Neenah, New London, Plymouth, Portage, Racine, Rhinelander, Ripon, Rice Lake, Richland Center, Sheboygan, Sparta, Stevens Point, Stoughton, Viroqua, Wasbburn, Watertown, Waukesha, Waupun, Wausau, Wauwatosa, West Superior.

WYOMING
9 Libraries, $161,000
Casper, Cheyenna, Douglas, Evanston, Green River, Lander, Laramie, Rock Springs, Sheridan

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
2 Libraries, $725,000
Washington (2) (branchea).

INDIAN TERRITORY
3 Libraries, $30,000
Chickasha, South McAlester, Tahlequah.

PORTO RICO
1 Library, $100,000
San Juan.

* * *

Mr. Carnegie has also given 85 libraries in Canada, amounting to $2,069,915. They are distributed as follows: 2 in Alberta, $60,000; 1 in Saskatchewan, $10,000; 3 in Manitoba, $130,000; 65 in Ontario, $1,339,000; 3 in British Columbia, $121,915; 1 in Cape Breton, $15,000; 1 in Newfoundland, $50,000; 1 in New Brunswick, $50,000; 4 in Nova Scotia, $94,000; 3 in Quebec, $175,000; and 1 in Yukon Territory, $25,000. He has also given one library at Matanzas, Cuba, $1,000.

For Housing Books

of making steel, and but fifteen years after when the firm of Carnegie Brothers & Company presented to each of their office employees an annual membership in the library. Excellent as the collection was for general purposes, the next half-dozen years of experience with it convinced Mr. Carnegie that it needed a scientific and technical department. This was the day of small things, and when the directors of the library received his offer to put in an alcove of cases, filled with volumes of that character, they expressed their appreciation in appropriate resolutions on April 3, 1886, and thereby enabled Mr. Carnegie to try an experiment in library founding. The authorities gave it the name "Carnegie Alcove," and placed an appropriate arch over its entrance.

Over a score of years have passed. The great Carnegie libraries of Pittsburg came into being. The old Mercantile Library belonged to the past. From one cause and another it began to decay. Claims against it were presented. It was offered at sheriff's sale. A suburban company bought up the claims against it and placed it in their school building. There in the midst of it, after all these vicissitudes, stands "Carnegie Alcove."

It is an easy leap from this ealm scene to the Fiji Islands, where the Governor, Sir Everard im Thurn, recently laid the foundation stone of a Carnegie library in Suva, Fiji. Fifteen months ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie was approached by a member of the Board of Fiji, who had an ambition to start the building of a literary home in Suva. Mr. Carnegie donated $7,500, providing that the sum of $750 yearly were forthcoming from the inhabitants of Fiji for the maintenance of the proposed building. And this is the library started on September 1 last at Suva.

The Magnitude of the Gift

BROOKLYN, which has seventeen Carnegie libraries, large and small, in districts varying enormously as to size and quality of population, has calculated that in 1909 about three and a half books will be circulated from these libraries for every dollar Mr. Carnegie has spent on the buildings. The figures are based on the actual circulation of previous years, and as some of these buildings are brand-new and others several years old, they may be taken as the basis for a rough estimate of the circulation this year from all Carnegie libraries. Multiplying the total amount of his gifts on December 31, 1908, $51,596,903, by three and a half gives us 180,589,160.5, roughly the circulation from all Carnegie libraries in 1909. Mr. Carnegie gives libraries only to English-speaking communities, but there are not 180,000,000 people in all the English-speaking countries of the world. So that figure, relating only to Carnegie libraries, must indicate a vast annual reading for this one race.

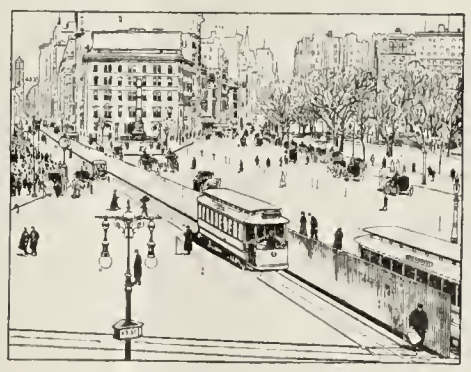


A vault that could hold $50,000,000

What Fifty Million Dollars Mean

IT IS hard for the every-day, garden variety of mortal to understand that, after all these years of library giving, the industry —for it has become such—should be increasing rather than diminishing its output. Yet such is the case. Mr. Carnegie is giving more libraries this year than for some time past. In the panic years of 1907 and 1908 library giving, like every other industry, suffered. Mr. Carnegie stood ready to do his share, but not so many towns and cities were prepared to pledge the money for maintenance. But in the first four months of 1909 just flown his secretary reports the receipt of more offers to maintain buildings than were made in the whole of either 1907 or 1908. That is the same as saying that more libraries are being given.

It is within the last six months that the library gifts have passed the fifty-million-dollar mark. In giving this vast sum, Mr. Carnegie has caused the towns and cities benefiting to pledge a sum, varying in specific cases, of course, but on the average ten per cent as large annually for the maintenance of the libraries. So every year it costs the nearly two thousand communities having Carnegie libraries $5,000,000 for the privilege. In other words, it is taking these many millions of taxpayers just a decade to contribute for their own welfare in this one respect an amount equal to that which one man has given them.



Over a mile of silver dollars

Could you see one thousand silver dollars piled in a single stack 8 feet 4 inches high, you would partly understand the meaning of a small fraction — one-fifty-thousandth—of $50,000,000.

Could another such pile be stacked beside the first, and then another and another, continuously, making a silver wall a mile long and 8 feet 4 inches high, and you were to walk its whole length, you would still have to walk over a fifth of another mile before you reached the end of the $51,596,000.

Could those stacks all be gathered into a single great steel vault, 32 feet by 25 feet, and 8 feet 4 inches high, there would still be a remnant of $396,000 left outside.

That, however, means only about half of the real value, for the intrinsic value of a silver dollar has been only about 50 cents (on the average) during the past fifteen years. Therefore the vault should be built 16 feet 8 inches high, or double the size shown in the cut, towering a long way above the 6-foot keeper's head. Were you to count out one-dollar bills into packages of $100 each, and pin each package in a paper band, after the manner of cashiers and their assistants, at the rate of one package a minute, every minute day and night, without food or sleep, for the period of 358 days, 7 hours, and 12 minutes, you would have a still more vivid realization; only, of course, you would be dead, as would also your forty or fifty successors, for none of you would last over one week, at most, under those conditions.

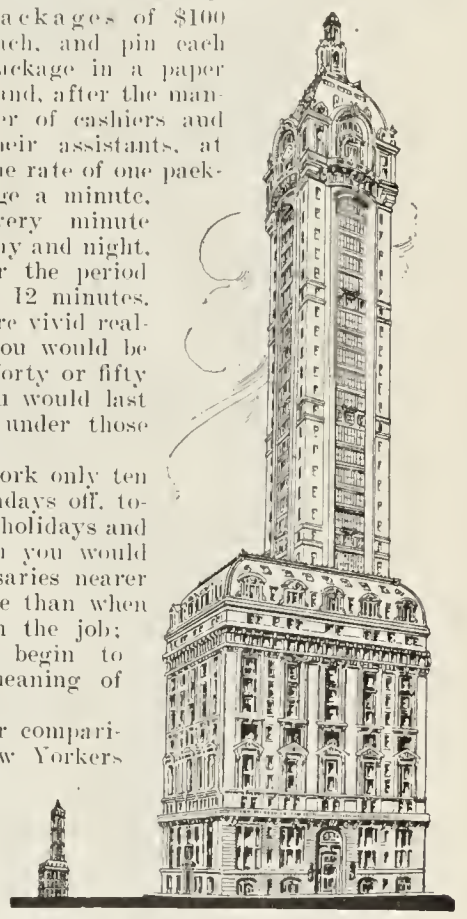


A New York Carnegie library

However, suppose you work only ten hours a day, and take Sundays off, together with the customary holidays and half-holidays, at the finish you would be three birthday anniversaries nearer the final finish of your life than when you started in on the job; and you would begin to discern the meaning of $51,596,000.

A single further comparison will help New Yorkers (and others familiar with the tall Singer Building) to "size up" the $51,596,000 of library gifts. To show that comparison graphically to the eye, one picture must be eighty-one times as large as the other. That means nine times as high and nine times as wide. Such a comparison is presented herewith.

Or, if the reader prefers, he can, in imagination, place eighty-one Singer Buildings in column, one above the other, reaching to a height of almost exactly ten and a half miles.



The Singer building and a similar structure made of all the Carnegie libraries



The Carnegie libraries at Victoria, B. C.; Sandusky, O.; Pittsburg, Pa., and Norwood, O.



Laying the corner-stone of the latest Carnegie library, in the Fiji Island



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Saturday

CHARLES

ER'S



fternoon

GIBSON



The team that carries the mail from Nome to Council City,—an entry in the sweepstakes



Last year's start in the All-Alaska Sweepstakes

The Derby of the North



The Sutor Trophy

THE great sporting event of the year in northern Alaska is the dog-sled race, conducted by the Nome Kennel Club, over the 412-mile course between Cripple Creek and Nome. The race this spring started on April 1, and resulted in knocking twenty-four hours off of the previous record. The winners, the Berger team, finished the run in 82 hours and 2 mimutes. They were awarded a purse of $11,000 and the Sutor Trophy for the All-Alaska Sweepstakes, to be held for one year. The second to cover the distance—another Berger team—drew in just seventeen minutes behind the first.

The start was made in a blizzard, and the temperature ranged from 15 to 20 degrees below zero. However, this did not chill enthusiasm, for the stores were closed in the settlements along the way and the people lined up to see the competing sleds go by.

Bets were made in mining-camp proportions, and aggregated a fortune. The favorites among the fourteen entries were Fink's Siberian dogs, and $100,000 had been wagered on them; but during the race they became afflicted with snow-blindness, and finished third.



Another United States mail team near Nome, Alaska

What Are Women Anyway?

They Are as Intellectual as Aldermen, and Trained for the Primary by the Wash-tub and the Bargain Counter



By

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

THE amount of discussion aroused by women throughout history is enough in itself to prove that they were not in their true place in life. A normally placed creature attends to its business without fuss, and gives rise to small comment, but if any living thing is put in an unnatural position, and kept there by force, it makes trouble.

Such a creature is uncomfortable; if it is able to protest or rebel it does so; and this protest and rebellion create a disturbance. Our ideas regarding woman's place, and our efforts to keep her in it, resemble the process described as "putting a quart measure into a pint cup."

Men have been talking about women since the world was, or since language was; they have been writing about women since literature was; and the burden of all their discourse is a threefold paradox. They express, first, a boundless admiration; second, an as boundless condemnation, and, third, a continuing bewilderment.

What women said about men was in private. However garrulous they may have been in the harem or at the well, there is no literary output of women's opinions as to men as a class until recently. It may be here noted that man, the critic of five thousand years, is extremely sensitive to being criticized for fifty.

Men Afraid to Write, Now Women Can Read

SINCE women have learned to read, the offensive opinions about them have been much modified, though still an occasional Weininger or Möbius arises to proclaim that the female of our species has neither mind nor soul, and that her body is but an instrument of evil.

In our immediate time the subject of this long-vexed dispute is coming forward with a rush. She has, during the last century, gained a share in education, some justice, and much liberty. She is now gaining economic independence at a rate which alarms those who disapprove of it, and she is fairly bursting into the field of political activity.

Against all this growing change rises the intensified protest of the reactionaries, the real base of whose opposition is a misapprehension of the nature of woman. They believe, sincerely and solemnly, that woman is "the female of *genus homo*"—and nothing more.

The rapidly increasing group of the progressives, on the other hand, hold that whereas women are unquestionably women—females like other females—they are also something more. They are people. They are human beings.

If this point could be cleared up; if it could be proved to the satisfaction of the general public that women are persons, citizens, just as much as men are, the major part of the long discussion would be settled. We should then be able to discriminate between the duties of women as citizens and the duties of women as females.

It is not easy to disabuse the popular mind of a belief which has been immovably embedded in its deepest part for the whole historic period. No one belief is so deep-rooted and universal as this misbelief about women; no prejudice so heavy, no group of associate emotions so morbidly sensitive.

Our theory is that the major purpose of woman's life is to be a mother, that the minor purpose is to be an agreeable and serviceable companion to man, and that she has no other.

Note in perfect expression of this view the delicately explicit statement of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson in his article in the "Nineteenth Century and After" in June, 1905, on "The American Woman," of whom he says: "Her constitutional restlessness has caused her to abdicate those functions which alone excuse or explain her existence."

It is on this ground that there appear such widespread alarm and displeasure at our decreasing birth-rate; that woman's assumption of civic rights and duties is held preposterous; that her development of personal interests and activities is condemned as selfish and unnatural.

This is the position of the doctors who rise up against us with warnings and threatenings, dilating upon the fragility, the exceeding weakness of the mother of all industry; and this is the position so frankly taken by Mrs. Gilbert E. Jones, the anti-suffragist leader, in her recent statement of the objections to women's voting. "Sex is the first reason," says this lady. "Sex is the second reason." "Sex is the third reason"—and she gives no others.

How if the error in our treatment of women lies in precisely the above misconception—in having focused all our attention upon her sex and completely overlooked her humanity?

We broadly divide ourselves into two great classes, men and women. We divide our fields of action on these lines, and call them the Home and the World. We further divide our duties on the same basis, as those of "wife and mother" for the woman; for the man—everything else. We appear to suppose that being a plumber, or a legislator, or a policeman, is a duty peculiar to a "husband and father."

Here is our mistake, our double mistake. In the woman's case we try to confine a human creature to sex functions only; in the man's we cheerfully assume that all the activities of human life are sex functions—his.

The facts are these: Physically we differ, and each sex has its exclusive duties; but humanly we are of the same species, and share the same duties.

Cooking and Politics

FOR instance, here is a mother, female; a father, male; and a cook. Is a cook male or female? We are familiar with both. Is the cooking of either to be distinguished by those who eat? Is a woman any less a woman, a wife any less a wife, a mother any less a mother because she is a cook? Or is a man any less a man, a husband any less a husband, a father any less a father because he is a cook?

Obviously the general activity of cooking has no connection with the special activities of sex. Neither has politics. The femininity of woman has no more relation to politics than the masculinity of man, but it does have as much, and has the same right to expression.

As a human creature she is responsible with him for that orderly management of our common affairs called government. When this management is in the hands of kings and queens they show equal ability; in proportion to their number we have as many great queens as great kings.

Democracy is a form of government which demands the intelligent participation of all its citizens. The young princess and the young prince must be carefully trained for the duties of their coming reign; so should both our young citizens be trained for their coming service.

Cure for Man-Made Troubles

WHEN government consisted chiefly in making war and raising taxes, men might have had some excuse for objecting to being governed by women; now that government means service, why should men object to being served by women? They never have before.

Those who see nothing but sex in woman claim that her inherent qualities as such forbid her taking efficient part in public affairs, ignoring every instance of kingdom or republic which proves the contrary. Queen Victoria, affectionate wife, prolific and devoted mother, took large part in world politics—but what has that to do with the question?

What has any fact or any number of facts to do with a feeling—a feeling as old as Adam?

As to these medical opinions—they not only present women from the sex viewpoint, but from the pathological. Few are the doctors whose observations are drawn from the millions of healthy, hard-working mothers who do so much of the heavy labor of the world.

In bodily strength any active washerwoman is equal to the labor of casting a ballot, any theater-goer to attending a convention, any bargain-hunter to bearing the pressure of a primary.

In mental strength any competent housewife is equal to the average alderman, and our exceptionally intelligent women are numerous and able enough to equal the exceptional intelligence of our majestic legislators.

The time given to political duties by the average man could be given by the average woman without harm to her other work. Foolish girls or young matrons with abounding babies would not be elected to office—at least not by women voters.

As to that ancient bugaboo, "the filthy pool of politics," this is evident: Those things in the world which are unsuited to women are due to the absence of women, due to the presence of unmitigated men. Those things in the home which we love and revere are due to the presence of women—somewhat modified by men.

When women share the world's work they will bring to it precisely those elements of peace, order, comfort, and affectionate service which we so prize in the home—and so miss in the world.

Developing as human beings they will be far more agreeable wives, far more competent mothers. It will do the women good, do the world good, do the home good, do the children good. And what will be the effect on men and on our man-made troubles?

Shall we call it—mitigation?



As they went out and reached the street, he was aware that Harris was ahead fighting off the men from him

The Choice

Which Only Goes to Prove Again That It Is an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good

By EDWIN BALMER

Illustrated by LESTER RALPH

"THEN I must—I shall give, sir," the secretary shut his books slowly, "the warning to the men to-morrow morning!"

"I have still one other chance. I shall hear from it to-morrow noon," the president evaded, unlike his usual way. "Till I know finally that I can not find the money, be careful to keep this from the men."

He felt himself fingering guiltily, and still with some strange sense of an intolerable injury and injustice to himself, the long letter concealed in his pocket. It had come to him that morning, special delivery, and marked "personal." He knew that his secretary had not opened or even seen it; yet he seemed to feel, somehow, as Harris watched him doubtfully, that the secretary's keen eyes were boring through his pocket and into the envelope, and that the man was reading, even at that moment, the plain proposition which that letter put.

The president crushed the paper vengefully in his palm, therefore, as though to crumple the lines and prevent the other from reading.

"But we really know to-night, sir," Harris only continued respectfully the discussion between them, "that we can not get the money. So is it not better, if we must turn them off, to warn the men as soon as possible?"

"They can find no other work this winter anyway," the president returned sharply. "So see that you need not excite them before I have—it has been decided, Harris," he substituted quickly.

"Very well, sir," the secretary acquiesced. He went to the office closet where the coats and hats hung, and handed out the president's first and helped his employer on with them; then he buttoned his own coat close about him and put on his muffler slowly. The president, as he waited impatiently, had gone to the window and stood looking out.

It was after ten at night in December and already very cold. The lights of the cheap saloons and the nickel theaters, which dotted the black streets beyond the shops and toward the bordering tenements, glowed luridly in the chill, clear air. And though the regular patrons of both and of the lodging-houses beyond must have established themselves within long before, still the streets were dotted everywhere by restless single figures pacing up and down wearily in the cold; and larger groups moved together, as if in packs for warmth.

For a month and more they had been a familiar and common sight during the day—these scores and hundreds who kept applying daily, almost hourly, for work at the big, sounding shops and foundries whose loud clanging and humming had kept proclaiming proudly their continuing activity in the face of the panic. Mr. Ford had been able to employ a score or two of the first who came six weeks before when the last additions to his new plants were completed. And since then, though he had detailed a special clerk merely to turn off the applicants who persisted in spite of the dozen displayed signs, still scores of others pressed after him every noon when he went out to lunch. As he could not help these, and as it added only another and a useless distress to his own increasing trouble, recently he had taken to sending out a boy for his lunch and had eaten it in his office. But in the morning, before he could reach his refuge within, and in the evening he had had to encounter them.

Yet in the daytime they had seemed very different and less hopeless than to-night, pacing up and down in the cold—some, he knew, still waiting hopefully to importune him again, but the most watching for their more fortunate fellows to be settled for the night when they could steal some place to sleep upon a saloon floor, in an entry, or in some other spare, warm place. And it was perhaps most particularly different to Mr. Ford just at that moment when, at last, he must consider himself consciously before those men, no longer as the strong shelterer and employer of five hundred of their fellows, but as one who must now turn out his employed and pretended hundreds into the streets to join those before him. *Must?*

He started, wincing a little, again apprehensive that Harris, touching his side, might read his thoughts or the plain proposition of that letter still hidden under his hand in his pocket. He turned to his secretary impulsively, then, to give himself the crumb of comfort he might.

"Even if we shut down, Harris," he said kindly, "of course I will need you to keep on here. Your salary goes on."

"Yes, sir," the secretary nodded his acknowledgment. "But if we must shut down for this season, sir," he stated rather than asked, "it means, of course, that we can scarcely hope for a start again till this time next year?"

"No — scarcely till then, Harris," the president shrugged himself about cheerfully, as if resigned at last, "when my sons will be able to start with me, in their places in the new shops. So we shan't have to find temporary superintendents for them after all, Harris."

"They have been watching our light, of course," the secretary answered absently, "and are waiting. We may as well go down, sir."

He put on his hat and handed his employer his. "I beg your pardon, sir," he recollected himself then. "We will all be glad surely, sir, to have your sons starting in the places you intended for them when we start again next year. But just then, Mr. Ford, I was thinking of those men there in the street. I had to think, sir, of our men there—to-morrow night."

"Yes, Harris," the president acknowledged. He thumped heavily after the younger man down the echoing stairs; and as they went out and reached the street, he was aware that Harris was ahead fighting off the men from him somehow; so that when they came to the car-line the crowd had been discouraged and dropped away. Harris was holding out his hand to him tentatively as he saw their car, which would take them both home, slowing for them.

"You have kept them on, sir, longer than many have this year, anyway." He hesitated. "Here's to better times when we start again—with your sons!"

The president started suddenly back. He pushed the secretary quickly toward the car and himself stood back from the track. "I think, after all, I'll walk, Harris," he said. "But you get on. No; go home. I won't be bothered or followed now. The men I'll pass now," he forced a laugh, "won't mistake me for a man with jobs to give. Go on, Harris."

He waited till his subordinate obeyed him, protesting a little; and then he turned abruptly on his heel and started along the street with the winter wind sweeping it aslant.

He lived a little over two miles north of that portion of the city where, after crossing a park, the fashionable and comfortable homes suddenly began. At his vigorous fifty-third year he had made it more than ever his habit, for his health's sake, to walk those straight two miles either in the morning or the evening of every fair day. And it was known that, in trouble, he turned to that walk unfailingly in any season, any weather. And trouble truly held him now. For to-morrow he knew—one vanishing chance excepted—in default of the additional $75,000 which his banks had promised him and suddenly claimed inability to deliver, he must shut his shops—the new ones, just completed, the old ones and all—and he must turn his five hundred men out of employment for the year; or—as the letter in his pocket kept branding upon his brain—he might now turn himself out and sell out, at a panic price, all the achievement and the establishment of his life, and turn his plants over to others to keep them open and his men employed and make himself a mere menial manager of his own shops for those others.

His new improvements had heavily involved him. Everything was bonded or mortgaged somehow; but—he had gone over the figures carefully again that night—if he shut his shops at once, and dismissed all his men, he could carry them over till next year and better times, and then open them again safely—and still *his*. But if his shops were to run and his men have work in them that winter, it could be only for another and with another's ownership and control.

The hopeless injury and the unthinkable injustice to

him in such a situation stung and slashed him more sharply and bitterly than the knife of the winter wind which stabbed at him at the street corners. What did he owe these shivering, cringing men who met and stared at him, without recognition, as he hid from them behind his coat collar? What had they done or would they ever do for him or his which demanded from him such a sacrifice for them? For they were asking him—they or their fellows at any rate—that he must sacrifice for them now his whole hope and independence, his past and present achievement, the hard-won establishment of his life. No; as they scurried, scared and slinking past him, they demanded from him not only that, but also they cried and required from him that he must sacrifice his sons too, as well as himself—their promise and independence also and their sure future!

His sons! He caught himself up, incredulous that he could have entertained it a moment, had he remembered what it meant to them. It was not himself and his own merely; it was they and theirs which he was thinking of selling out!

For it was when Harold, the elder boy, was born twenty years before, he recalled to himself hotly, that he first had the thought and the courage to strike out for himself and start the establishment of the business which men called his, indeed, but which he had always felt he held as regent to pass on to his son. And when Robert, the second son, was born a year later, he had formed his hope and his resolve to have the business so that his boys could possess it, in time, as partners together. He recalled to himself how, during all the years since, he had planned, prepared, and provided in the business for their places there—their places for which he had just finally enlarged and extended the shops and plants so that, when they finished their engineering course together at the end of the year, they could start with him at once in the direction of the plants. And now he was being demanded, not only to sell out himself and make himself a menial, but to sell out his sons too, and make them mere mechanics in some one else's shops. To spare his workmen a little!

He felt himself drawing back, as if to strike at those now brushing past him. He turned angrily upon the figure which, he felt vaguely, had been following him from the block behind; and he faced the man challengingly. He recognized him suddenly, then, with a quick-shamed sense he could not entirely conceal, as Allen—one of his subforemen.

"Well, Allen, what is it?" he acknowledged his recognition gruffly.

"I saw you walking home past here, sir," the man apologized, confused, "and I thought I would watch after you a piece, sir. There's many a man about now to do things they wouldn't think of a few months ago, and—no, sir," the man substituted frankly. "The truth, sir, I heard a bad bit of news after quitting to-night; and then one of my boys brought me the word of your light up there late in the office window. So I waited to watch after you, Mr. Ford. For I thought perhaps you might tell me—"

"One of *your* boys, Allen?" the president muttered. "Well, to tell you what, Allen?" he demanded then quickly.

"If it is so, sir, that you have come to trouble too, and must turn us all off to-morrow!"

"So that was it!" The employer considered a moment. "Come along with me, Allen," he granted then suddenly and shrugged himself about again with a start, "if you want to talk to me."

"It is true then, sir?" the man caught step fearfully. "You mean, sir, you mean that you must—"

II

"FATHER has come in now, mother."

"Harold? Oh—where is he?"

"In the dining-room."

"What time is it, son?"

"Twelve—a little after."

"Where has he been all this time?"

"I met him on Oak Street, this side of the park, just ten minutes ago. He started to walk home, as Harris told us; but he met one of his men and has been walking with him, for some reason, ever since. They both were very cold, so father brought him in to be warmed before he would let him go back."

"Oh! Your father has eaten?"

"Nothing since noon anyway, if he had much then. He seemed to like it that I went to meet him; but he didn't want to talk to me for some reason or other."

"You told him that I was waiting here, Harold?"

"Yes; but he said if you were asleep, not to wake you. He told me to go to bed. And he said he would wake you himself in a moment, when he comes up. I got him into the dining-room to eat some fruit or crackers or something; and he sat down while I was watching him. But when he thought I had gone, he got up again and began tramping up and down. He hadn't even taken his coat off. Do you think, mother—do you think he has—he must fail now and lose the new shops—the new plant and all just when he has them and—and Robert and I are to go to him?"

"No, son, no!" the mother kissed her boy, defiantly. "No; he—"

"But he scarcely could speak with me, mother, when I—and he wouldn't tell me anything when I asked what the matter was, and—"

"Go on to bed now, son, as he said;" the mother caught and kissed him hurriedly again. She straightened her skirt and pressed back her hair carefully from her face. "And tell Robert—he was down here a moment ago—that father is in now; and everything is all right. And—don't worry yourself, Harold!"

"No. But you will go to him, mother?"

"Of course, son," she tried to let him go carelessly as he started to obey her. She turned quickly then and hurried into the hall.

Her husband, as was his habit when coming in late, had evidently extinguished the lights left for him in the front of the hall; but those which the boy had lit in the dining-room were burning; and in the shaft of yellow which they threw between the portières and into the darkened hall, the husband's shadow moved restlessly back and forth—back and forth twice while she came the length of the long rug. She pushed between the portières quickly then and came face to face with him. He still had his overcoat on, as the boy had left him, and his gloves crushed in his hand. His eyes lifted suddenly and met his wife's.

"Edward!" she moved to him in quick concern. "Why, my dear, how cold you are! What a night and a time to walk home! Why, my dear!" she exclaimed again.

"Allen—my foreman—he is gone, Edith?" the husband replied tensely. "He didn't want to come in—that was what kept us out. But I made him come in a moment anyhow to warm himself at the hall heater before going back. He is gone? I thought I heard the door shut a moment ago."

"He is gone, Edward. There is no one in the hall. So, my dear, why—why—"

"You telephoned Harris, Harold told me, Edith."

"Yes. You said at six, Edward, that you would not be in till ten and to have something. So at eleven, when you were not here, I telephoned the office, and then Harris at his house. He said you had started to walk some time before, so Harold went out to look for you. There are so many, many unemployed now, Edward, that you *must* be more careful, and—and—"

"I know, Edith," he cut her short, not unkindly. "But Allen, the man who just left, came with me. I had to walk because—"

He stopped. His wife knew, and he knew that she knew, the meaning of his walks at such times, and particularly of such a delay in reaching either his home or his office. It brought her at once to the heart of the matter, and she faced him fairly.

"Harris told me that you could not get the money to-day, Edward."

"No, Edith."

"And it is absolutely impossible for you to go on now without it?"

"Absolutely, Edith."

"But, Edward; Harris told me, too—I made him tell me, too"—she caught her husband and held him with the reckless, defiant cling of the woman whose husband not only, but whose children, too, are threatened—"that you need not lose the business! I made him tell me that if you only closed down now at once and [illegible] all your men for the year, you can keep the [illegible] business yours and start it again—yours, Edward!"

"Yes"—the husband put her from him gently—"if I only shut the shops now, Edith, and turn out all my men for the year I can keep the business mine and start the shops next year—still mine, Edith."

"Then what is it? What is the great matter, Edward?" She dropped back and regarded him, puzzled in her quick relief. "Then what has troubled you so terribly? Oh, my dear." She moved back to him quickly when he did not answer and she thought she understood. "Why, Edward, of course I know you must be sorry to have to close the shops now when you thought you were ready to start them better than ever and were getting things running and ready for the boys. I know you must be disappointed, for you wanted to give us—oh, so many things when the 'shops should be finished.' But you can give them to us next year as well—when your sons will be starting in your shops with you, Edward! So what is the great difference now?" she demanded inspiritingly.

"I have not told you the whole matter, Edith. It was true, as you knew yesterday, that either I must find fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars at once or I can't run a machine any longer or have material to keep a man at work, and so must shut down the shops. And it is true, too, as I just told you, that I can not find the money—for myself. But to-day one thing was offered me, which I must pass on at once—and which I may do. I can sell out now—to-morrow—to the Stokes-Campbell combined companies to have them take over, at once, but at a panic price, my plants and my business with a guarantee that they will run the shops full force, full time this winter—all this year."

"*What, Edward? What?*"

The husband repeated, automatically.

"But *you*, Edward, *you?*"

"The proposition provides to keep me, upon a fair salary, as inside manager of my—the shops, Edith."

"*What?*" the wife made him repeat, dazed again. "*What? You sell and take a salary to manage your shops for them?*"

"It is the one way, Edith, that those shops—my new shops which I have just built—can stay open this year; and it is the only way that my men—the five hundred men who work in those shops—can have work this winter—this year."

"But—but, Edward, the shops won't be yours! Why, Edward, of course the plants may keep running; but

(Continued on page 26)



"Held him with the reckless, defiant cling of a woman whose husband and children are threatened"

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

SIMPLICITY and directness are engaging qualities anywhere. If there is one section of this country beyond another where public opinion is more moved by human qualities, that section is the South. Little wonder then that the South has heard and read with greater hope and enthusiasm, than they have had reason to get from any other utterance of a President since 1860, that speech of President Taft at Charlotte, North Carolina, the other day, which concluded with these words:

"Let me again say to you how my heart has been aroused by the cordiality of your reception . . . and say to you that I haven't spoken here consciously a word to influence you in a partizan way, but it is impossible to discuss the conditions without mentioning the parties. I hope you will therefore forgive me for an apparent reference to political conditions when I am really only extending to you the right hand of fellowship as Americans, explaining possibly by inference some of the difficulties of conducting this Government as its Chief Executive. I thank you."

Here is the simplicity that goes with sympathy unaffected, and the candor that proves good faith. And the President *is* in good faith. His words are backed up with such deeds as appointing Democratic Federal judges on their merits, instead of Republicans on their party records. The South throbs with promise. Virginia, with its iron ore and coal and timber, has probably ten times the natural wealth of Indiana. So, also, have Georgia and Alabama. Within a decade or two that natural wealth will be transmuted into more than Indiana's personal prosperity, schools, and all that goes with material abundance. All the South needs is capital and efficient labor. The money that has been busy and profitable in the West for thirty years is beginning to look southward, and when capital arrives either the negro will become efficient or our immigrants will debark at Charleston instead of New York. Capital always finds labor. One can imagine a man like James J. Hill casting toward the Mississippi Delta that same far-seeing and practical eye which, twenty years ago, he bent upon the Far Northwest. The railroads that now conduct home-seekers' excursions to Saskatchewan and Assiniboia will carry the restless Iowa farmer south to land of half the price and twice the plenty, with three times the aggregate of sunshine, and under the American flag. Material prosperity, the freedom that every other section already has to solve its own problems in the way its own thinkers and leaders lay down, and a public opinion accepted in the same good faith in Washington, and carrying the same weight as New England—these will make a new South. The nation will be the gainer by the South's resumption of its old-time weight in Congress. Some Southern members may then vote for protection—but they will first have to be elected on that issue. It will not then be possible for protectionists to come into Congress from the South, by default, simply because they happen to be labeled Democrats. On the other hand, the South's well-known fidelity to conviction, when they know the issue before election, will contribute to Congress the backbone of that healthy opposition to the present dominant party which is the country's chief political need to-day. The South is full of promise, material and political.



Southern Newspaper Sentiment

This cartoon appeared in the exceptionally able "Times-Democrat" of New Orleans. It illustrates how far apart are Southern sentiment and the action of many Southern Democrats in Congress. From the same State, where the "Times-Star" is a leading exponent of public opinion, both Senators voted against free iron ore, and all of Louisiana's six Representatives in the Lower House voted against free lumber. The Richmond, Virginia, "Times-Despatch"; the Fredericksburg, Virginia, "Star"; the Raleigh, North Carolina, "News and Observer"; the Columbia, South Carolina, "State"; the Charleston, South Carolina, "News and Courier," and the Florida "Times-Union"—all have condemned these Southern Senators and Representatives who have voted for protection. The Norfolk, Virginia, "Pilot" says that the Southern "country press, with scarcely an exception, has treated this departure from Democratic policy as unwise and misrepresentative of the sentiments and interests of the constituencies directly concerned"

Where the Shoe Pinches

A SECOND LIEUTENANT in the army is a good type of the Ultimate Consumer. (Thank Congressman Henry S. Boutell of Illinois for that phrase.) He gets a fixed salary of $1,700 yearly, roughly the same income that is received by some millions of average Americans. This personal experience of one young lieutenant, who writes from the Philippine Islands, is therefore illuminating:

"When a cadet graduates from the Military Academy he will buy at least five hundred dollars' worth of equipment before entering the army as a second lieutenant. Four hundred dollars of this amount will be spent for clothing that he must have, and this clothing is made from the best English manufactured broadcloths and olive drab goods. I don't know exactly the duty on these goods, but I believe it is about forty or fifty per cent. [The writer of this letter understates the facts; the duty is roughly about ninety-six per cent.] Although protected by this tariff, no American manufacturer can produce goods of the quality suitable for officers' uniforms, and we poor devils are forced to pay almost double the price for our clothes. . . . A graduate of '07 class went to London and bought his first outfit of clothing in that city. He saved enough by buying his outfit in London to pay his way to Europe and back again. He got a complete outfit and a trip to Europe for less than I paid for the same goods in New York. He wrote our class, '08, advising us all to go to London to get our uniforms, assuring us we could save money and have the trip, too. The tariff hurt me for two hundred dollars this year, and will keep on hurting me for about the same amount each year until it is changed."

This young officer is taxed something over ten per cent on his income. Hundreds of thousands of salaried men, cashiers, expert mechanics, doctors, and small shopkeepers, who have about the same income, if they analyzed their expenditures, and compiled the tariff-tax in them, as this lieutenant has done, would find that they pay an income tax of something more than ten per cent. Is this more fair, or less, than to make men with an income of $10,000 a year or more pay a direct income tax of three per cent?

Soliciting Bids

SENATOR F. M. SIMMONS—he is a Democrat, always bear in mind—of North Carolina was arguing for the retention of the present tariff on lumber:

"I am ready, with him and with any other man on either side of this chamber, to extend the same treatment to every product embraced in this bill, I do not care in what section of the country it is located."

That's the way to get a high tariff through Congress—"you vote for my lumber, I'll vote for your steel."

Looking Forward to the Accounting

THIS sentence was uttered by Senator Borah of Idaho in the course of his speech on the income tax:

". . . No man is politically so short-sighted or politically so blind as the man who thinks that the steamer *Hamburg* carried away the policies and principles, the public interests, the aroused public conscience, and the searching inquisitive public concern which this remarkable man bequeathed to his countrymen."

The *Hamburg*, it may be said for the benefit of short memories, is the ship that carried Roosevelt away from New York.

The Moral Aspect of Protection

THE amount of revenue raised for the Government by the present tariff is about three hundred millions; the amount which that tariff makes the public pay for what they buy, more than they would pay under a tariff for revenue only, is about two billions. The difference is one of those forms of acquisition which can go by no other name than graft. It is money taken from the pockets of some and put in the pockets of others, without compensation. The tariff is a moral question. Some day we shall vote on it with public attention focused on this point of view.

Lost in Pittsburg

COMES now the Pittsburg "Post" to proclaim that it still stands guard on the ancient battlement. "For nearly sixty-seven years we have been conscientious and consistently loyal in our support of the Democratic party and policies." Such a history deserves a better fate. We wish either that the "Post" had had a more responsive habitation all these years, or that Pittsburg had had a more persuasive exponent of Democracy. We have never heard that the spirit of tariff reform had made much headway in Pittsburg. Can't the "Post" keep John Dalzell at home? For twenty-two consecutive years now he has been the plumed knight of high protection in Congress. In all Pennsylvania there are thirty-two members of the Lower House of Congress; five of them are Democrats—and no one of the five comes from Pittsburg. We wish, indeed, the "Post" were a more persuasive thing. By the way, which Democracy does the "Post" now profess—that of Governor Johnson and the national platform, or the more practical tenets of those eighteen Democratic Senators who voted against free iron ore and the thirty-eight Democrats in the Lower House who voted for a tariff on lumber?

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Georgia Race-Strike

THE firemen of the Georgia Railroad are on strike to enforce the supremacy of white men over negroes. From Atlanta to Augusta main line and branch lines are tied up. The mails are delayed, and some communities are lacking the "necessaries" of life. As we go to press the strike is in its tenth day, with arbitration probable and an end of the strike in sight.

Five hundred miles of road had been cleared of train service, and a territory, 170 miles long and from 25 to 100 miles wide, thrown back to old post-road days.

The town of Crawfordville wired to the State Railroad Commission: "For God's sake, do something, as we are threatened by famine." The same condition prevailed in Athens, Warrenton, Greensboro, Covington, Lithonia, Stone Mountain, and Decatur.

Three thousand pounds of mail heaped up in the Atlanta post-office.

Flour, fresh meat, ice, and other staples and "necessaries" ran out during the early days of the strike.

Relief was had by the ninth day by the use of automobiles for passenger, mail, express, newspaper, and pack service. Fifty towns installed motor-car communication, by which both food and passengers were exchanged. A few of the machines gave a seventy-mile route. Wild-cat prices prevailed, in some instances twenty-five cents a mile.

Charles P. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor, is in Atlanta, interviewing all concerned, and it is expected that he will arrange arbitration and a settlement.

The immediate cause of the strike was the discharge of ten white firemen and the filling of their places with negroes. Another cause was the recent reduction in the wages of white firemen.

But the fundamental question at issue is: Shall negro firemen be allowed on passenger engines? On most of the Southern railroads negroes are not permitted to become engineers. But they have been permitted, when their work was competent, to rise through the various grades of "firing" to the highest position to which a fireman may reach (without becoming an engineer)—that of "firing" on first-class passenger trains.

The Augusta "Chronicle" says editorially:

"Inasmuch as the negro constitutes the bulk of the South's laboring population, to take away from him his right to labor—'side by side with white men,' when necessary—would place the heaviest possible handicap upon the South itself; for it would not only have a surplus of idle negroes to contend with, but a scarcity of labor in all industrial pursuits."

Thomas K. Scott, general manager of the Georgia Railroad, sent word, on May 23, to Hoke Smith, Governor of Georgia: "The whole responsibility for this condition rests upon you as Chief Magistrate of the State of Georgia for failing to exert your power to the fullest extent in maintaining order."



Mr. Roosevelt Riding on the Cowcatcher

Some members of the Smithsonian Institution's expedition on the locomotive that drew them out of Mombasa into the British East African hunting-grounds

The New York "Sun" says: "It was Smith who elected to play the part of an Altgeld when fate put him in a situation in which he had a choice to make."

Healing the Ancient Wounds

THE President paid equal and ringing tributes to the soldiers of the Blue and of the Gray on the Petersburg battlefields, once the "citadel of the Confederacy." Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson greeted him at Charlotte with the words: "I am indeed delighted to know the harmonizer of all our hearts."

By those two incidents in Mr. Taft's Southern visit of May 19 and 20, it was made clear that a new era was well under way. Sectionalism was far off for those two days of grace.

The "Times-Dispatch" of Richmond, Virginia, said:

"The historic Cockade City will welcome to-day a President of the United States who has shown a juster and kindlier understanding of the South than any Republican President since the war." It speaks of his "genuine affection for the South."

Petersburg opened its gates to the largest invasion, in number of human beings, since the incoming of Grant's army in 1865. The occasion was the dedication of the sixty-foot shaft at Fort Mahone, erected by the State of Pennsylvania in memory of the Pennsylvania volunteers.

Next day, at Charlotte, North Carolina, the home of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, which it is claimed antedated the 1776 Declaration, the President joined in the "Mecklenburg Celebration." In his address he pleaded for "a complete tolerance of opinion." He said he wished to wipe out the feeling that the central Government was a Government alien to the Southland.

"I am going to appoint Republicans and I am going to appoint Democrats, striving in each case to get a man who will commend himself to the community in which he lives."



"The Harmonizer of All Our Hearts"

On the Petersburg battlefield on May 19, the President helped to dedicate a monument, erected by the State of Pennsylvania, to the Pennsylvania Volunteers of the Civil War. The monument is a sixty-foot shaft. One day later, Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson used the above phrase in meeting Mr. Taft

Henry H. Rogers

"THE master-brain of the greatest and most successful commercial enterprise in the world" ceased to exist on May 19 by the death of Henry H. Rogers. He was executive head of the Standard Oil Company, his official position being vice-president. He is reputed to have held over 16,000 shares in that corporation, and to have left a fortune of $50,000,000.

His career was as picturesque as any of the historic and literary Poor-Boys-Who-Have-Become-Famous. He was born sixty-eight years ago in the town of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, where he worked as a newsboy, clerk in a grocery store, and baggage-master. This town, which gave him his start, he made his summer home in later years, gave it a church, school, and library, macadamized its streets, and altogether enriched it by over three million dollars' worth of benefactions.

At the age of twenty-one he went to the Pennsylvania oil fields, where he became associated with John D. Archbold. Later he came to Brooklyn and joined Charles Pratt, of "Pratt's Astral Oil" fame, and for eight years he continued there, among other things developing the machinery by which naphtha is separated from crude oil. In 1874 the Rockefellers formed "Standard Oil," and Rogers and Pratt were brought over into the company in New York City. Mr. Rogers organized the pipe-line system for the transportation of oil.

His most recent exploit was the construction of the Virginia Railway—442 straightaway miles of track from Deepwater, West Virginia, to Norfolk, Virginia. This gives a tidewater outlet for the coal mountain regions.

As a witness in court, Mr. Rogers had made several silent or laconic appearances. He was quoted as saying that there is "but one lawyer in the United States whose cross-examination on the witness stand could afford him anything but amusement and recreation, and that is Samuel Untermyer."

His association with Thomas W. Lawson in the Amalgamated Copper Company transactions increased the public fame of Rogers. All through the rushing paragraphs of Mr. Lawson's book, "Frenzied Finance," the figure of Rogers moves jovially and mightily—like Long John Silver in "Treasure Island." He storms and rages, or bellows in mirth. He was never a national character—though for years a well-known name—till Lawson shot him up into the firmament, like a Pain portrait done in fireworks. Lawson's sketch may be too intense—but it is living. Some such man lived and moved in that vital way. (To say that is not to endorse or criticize Lawson's interpretation of certain transactions between the two men.)



Henry H. Rogers

Master mind of the Standard Oil, who died on May 19

Like so many little jets of flame, the paragraphs spurt up and reveal a lovable, strong figure. Lawson tells of Rogers at a directors' meeting surrounded by financiers.

"You will surely hear his sharp, incisive, steel-clicking, 'Gentlemen, are we ready for the vote. For I regret to say I have another important and unavoidable meeting at ——' (twelve or fifteen minutes away)."

Another time Lawson has Rogers say to "King Charley" Schwab, then head of the Steel Trust, who asked him to "wait": "All meetings where I sit as director vote first and talk after I am gone."

He then renders him as "terrible in anger":

"I have seen many forms of human wrath, many men transformed to terrible things by anger, but I have never seen any that were other than jumping-jack imitations of a jungle tiger compared with Henry H. when he 'lets 'er go'—when the instant comes that he realizes some one is balking the accomplishment of his will.

"He jumped backward. The next second I was in the storm-center. The room was small. Suddenly it became full of arms and legs and hands waving and gesticulating, and fists banging and brandished; gnashing teeth and a convulsed face, in which the eyes actually burned and rained fire. And the language—such a torrent of vilification and denunciation I had never heard."

Often there was "kindly good-will in the eyes when they are at rest."

"The moment Mr. Rogers saw the deal was a 'go,' all his hardness melted as the snow upon the mountain-sides under the April sun. Nothing could be softer, kinder, and fairer. The blood had disappeared; the tiger was a great, purring house-cat, intent only on catching naughty rats and mice for the good of the household."

"Mr. Rogers smiled one of his thin, easy smiles."

"The tiger was awake, his cage rattled: it was raw meat time."

"The keen, penetrating eyes of the great tra[illegible]

"Onyx" Hosiery

Extract from speech delivered in Congress, April 6, 1909, by

Hon. Sereno E. Payne

Chairman Ways and Means Committee

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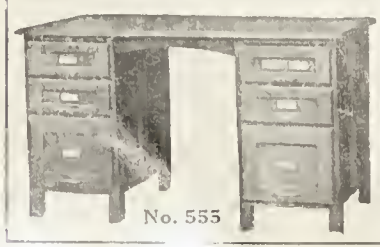
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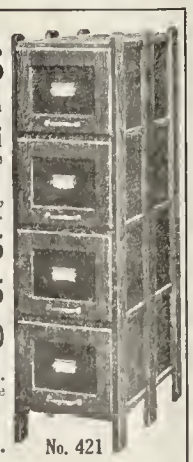

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"Instantly came one of those flash decisions for which H. H. Rogers is noted among his business associates, the oft-proved correctness of which goes far toward making him the preeminent American financier of the day. Sunday is Mr. Rogers's pick of days for a lengthy hearing, and, returning from church, he came directly to the 'stowaway' rooms at the Murray Hill Hotel, where we frequently met while the Wall Street world was trying to trace and keep track of our movements."

It is plain that Lawson had the same literary experience with Rogers that Milton had with Satan. He started in to make him devilish and ended by painting him the dashing hero.

Peace by the Golden Horn

THE lull continues on the Continent. In Turkey events have ceased to move with that dizzy rapidity which made April and most of May seem like a set of rather tragic moving pictures exhibited at full speed. The Sultan or the strong men that direct him and speak through his lips is acting and talking with consistent firmness. Aware that the murder of 25,000 Armenians in the Alexandretta Bay region is so hateful to the nations as to make intervention a possiity, Mohamed V, in his speech from the throne on May 20, promises punishment to the guilty and relief to the suffering.

The situation in Asia Minor is largely in his hands. As head of the church, his word is law to the wildest tribes.

But in the Western Empire, the construction and administrative ability of the Young Turks will have full scope. The two irreconcilable elements inside the Western Empire are the soldiers and the priests—the one with the modern view of life, and the other with the traditional.

It was the German-trained military that rendered the new régime victorious.

In 1883 the Central Military School in Constantinople, using German methods with German instructors, had 450 pupils; in 1895, 1,700, with 14,000 pupils of all classes. The number of officers going from this military school system into the army was 456 in 1895; 700 in 1903; about 1,000 in 1909. These officers and these soldiers were the core of the Young Turk movement, which took its inspiration from Japan and its training from Germany.

The rising hope of the Young Turks is Mahmoud Chevket Pasha, Inspector-General of the Constitutional forces on land and sea. As Commander-in-Chief, he will have opportunity to show statesmanship of the highest order in handling factional fights, and the racial and religious differences of the conglomerate empire. Thus far his ability has been shown in terms of swift military action. He it was who invested and then entered Constantinople with the Third, and part of the Second, Army Corps.

One of the slight but illuminating incidents of the April 13 revolution in Constantinople is recorded by a writer in the "Contemporary Review":

"In one case, where a poor dressmaker was half-frightened out of her wits, she was gently led by a white-haired old Turkish officer through the crowd until she was able to be put into a tram which should take her home."

Presbyterians and Sunday

IN THE very week when Ray Stannard Baker's article on "The Godlessness of New York" was appearing in the June "American Magazine," the Presbyterian General Assembly was meeting at Denver, Colorado. Baker says:

"We find the united clergy of various cities, campaigning with enthusiasm against Sunday baseball, Sunday concerts, vaudeville, and moving picture performances—the amusements of the poor. I am merely illustrating this tendency to preach and organize *against* things instead of preaching and organizing *for* things. They (the churches) devote tremendous energy in attempting to suppress vaudeville shows while hundreds of thousands of women and children in New York are being degraded, body and soul, by senseless exploitation—too much work, too small wages, poor homes, no amusement. They have no vision of social justice; they have no message for the common people.

The Special Committee on Sabbath Observance recommended to the Presbyterian General Assembly on May 21 that resolutions be adopted "that the General Assembly reiterate its strong and emphatic disapproval of all secular uses of the day, all games and sports, in civic as also in army and navy; all unnecessary traveling and all excursions;" and "that the General Assembly hereby reiterates its emphatic condemnation of the Sunday newspapers," and "that the General Assembly respectfully requests the faculties of colleges and seminaries, if the way be clear, to omit recitations on Monday mornings, so as to have



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For Interurban Service. Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars are now filling a long felt want in the interurban passenger and freight business. Cars like the above carry nine passengers and about 1400 pounds of freight. This is a very profitable vocation. Requires no experience and is a clean cash-in-hand every-trip business. As feeders to steam and electric railways. Rapid Combination cars are coming into great prominence and favor as factors of no mean importance in solving vexatious traffic problems.



For Stage Line Service. The above car is one style of Rapid Passenger Traffic Car which has met with great success in transporting passengers between small towns, country clubs, hotels and depots. It is beautiful in design, handsome in appearance, and luxurious to a degree unknown to any but owners of Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars. Summer resort owners are respectfully asked to write us about this car.



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When you travel this year look for this name plate on the front of the sight seeing car in which you ride. The name RAPID is an assurance that you will see the sights aright; that you will enjoy a comfortable, pleasant trip and that you will be charged only a reasonable fare for high class service. Look up the man with a Rapid Sight Seeing Car. "You don't miss the return train when you ride in a Rapid."

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No hunger like the hunger that comes from hunting, fishing, picnicking, and out-door-ing.

No taste like the taste of Underwood Deviled Ham to feed that hunger. It's the delicious ham taste of salt, and sugar and hickory smoke, blended with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of 42 spices.

Handy? Handiest food there is for out-door-ing—a can of it in one pocket, bread in the other pocket, a jack-knife. Result? Good taste quick! Exit hunger!

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and you'll want it for in-door-ing too—teas, luncheons, light cookery. Makes all manner of new, rare, delicate morsels. Our free Recipe Book tells how.

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the Sabbath free from the felt necessity of some of the students to prepare their lessons on that day."

On the Trail of the Higher Education

THERE is simultaneous agitation in England and in the United States for reform in college administration. The feeling grows that higher education does not completely meet to-day the efficiency tests to which other activities are subjected.

Picturesquely radical words are those of R. T. Crane of Chicago to the members of the Illinois Legislature. He had been solicited for funds by President James of the University of Illinois, and he says:

"Instead of appropriating funds for such institutions, it would be a good deal better for the State to put a torch to them and burn them down; to go out of the 'higher education' business and permit the boys to go back to their homes and assist in supporting their families, instead of causing them a heavy expense."

In New York State on May 21 the Higher Education Association was incorporated with a capital of $300,000. Its purpose is to work improvements in American colleges. One of the incorporators, Clarence F. Birdseye, has for years made a study of colleges. He believes that they have overlooked the problem of training of the individual student. He would create an administrative department inside the college to study the local conditions and plan organization, in just the way that a business corporation studies and analyzes itself and eliminates waste motion.

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Baseball

(Continued from page 12)

of brains, of "athletic sense." With the increase of strategy and "inside play" in every department of the game, pitching has more than kept pace. What made Clark Griffith an able pitcher; and why, to-day, a bench manager with gray in his hair, is he able to go into the box and pitch out victory in a pinch? He had no speed; his ball would scarcely have broken a window-pane at the plate. He had little curve; his best ball in that regard bore a mild resemblance to Mathewson's "fade-away." But he did have control—and brains. He knew where the batter could not hit; he took advantage of every change in his pose to land a ball out of effective reach; he cut the corners; he toyed with his opponent's psychology.

The pitcher (and latterly the catcher who directs his play) knows as by a notebook the peculiarities of every batter in his league—who can not hit a high or low ball, who will flinch and lose pose at the first direct approach of a fast outshoot, who will reach out foolishly for a slow ball. When a new player enters the league, pitchers and catchers experiment with him until they find his weakness, and pass the information along to their fellows. That explains why certain players, lost afterward to fame, bat with the leaders during their first month in the league.

Nailing the "Waste" Ball

THE player who is good at them all, like Lajoie or Wagner—he is the despair of pitchers. "I've tried to pass Wagner and Donlin to first again and again," complains a star of the National League, "and they've reached clear over the plate and gobbled 'em up!" The "waste" ball is a maneuver which has come with "inside" baseball. The catcher, believing from the coacher's signals that a runner is going to steal, will signal for a straight, fast ball far to the right, out of reach of the batter but convenient for a quick throw in case of a steal. Wagner, Donlin, Lajoie, and Cobb have a fashion of converting "waste" balls into hits!

As a matter of fact, the repertoire of most really first-class pitchers is more limited than the public believes. The catcher of one pennant-winning team went through last season with just four signals to his pitchers besides his signals for height—"curve," which meant usually an outdrop; "straight ball," which meant one of those cannon-ball throws that sometimes shoot inward a shade; "slow ball," and "waste ball." With one of his pitchers, "curve" meant a drop. The plain horizontal outshoot, by the way, is no more in fashion—for reasons which Diagram E will explain better than words.

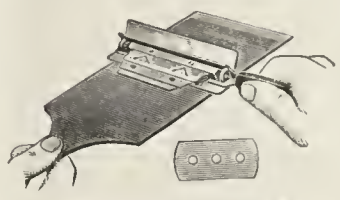
The selection given above is the effective repertoire of three pitchers in four. The "jump" of Old Cy Young, the "fade-away" of Mathewson, and the spitball of Walsh, Chesbro, and others are only fancy additions.

Control is the thing. To know where the batter can not hit is one matter, to

Don't Throw Dull Blades Away—Strop 'Em!

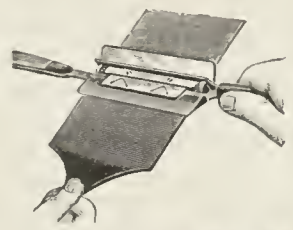
Not One Man in Fifty

Strops his Razor properly. Not one in a thousand knows how to Hone a Razor. The almost invariable result is a "rounded edge" instead of the keen, sharp edge so necessary to a clean and satisfactory shave.



Stropping Wafer Blade with the FLEMING

Shaving troubles are not caused by a poor Razor, but by the poor condition of the Razor. A Razor will not shave well if not properly Stropped or Honed. A keen edge for a clean shave in a minute if you use the



Stropping old-style Razor with the FLEMING



Fleming Razor Stropper and Honer $2

Strops and Hones All Razors and Blades, Old-Style and Safety.

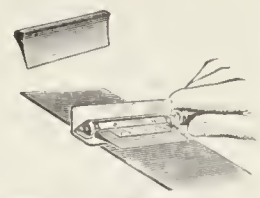
The Fleming Stropper and Honer firmly grips the blade of the Razor and lays it **flat** on the strop or hone. By an automatic reversing action, both sides of the edge are Stropped or Honed uniformly, without removing the Stropper from the strop or hone. You cannot press too hard, you cannot strop at the wrong angle, you cannot "round" the edge of your blade. The **Fleming** automatically Strops and Hones Razors and blades of any style, thickness or width, and does it in a minute, almost without effort. The most expert barber could not do it better. It is perfection itself! It requires no skill or experience!

Honing Safety Razor Blade with the FLEMING

Purchase a **Fleming Razor Stropper and Honer** and *stop the everlasting expense of new blades!* The **Fleming** will last forever, and it will make your present blades last almost as long, and give you a clean, easy, satisfactory shave every time.

Ask your dealer for the **Fleming.** If he cannot supply you, we will send it, prepaid, on receipt of **$2**—cash, money-order or bank draft.

Our Illustrated Booklet is FREE for the Asking.



Stropping hollow-ground Safety Blade with the FLEMING

FLEMING SALES CO., 253 Broadway, New York

Make Your Razor a Shaver—Not a Scraper!

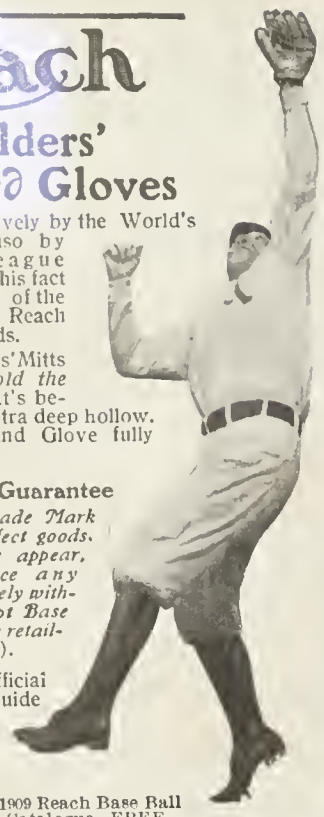
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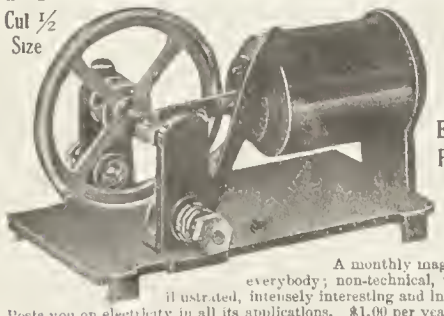
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put the ball there another. On his good days, the pitcher has that perfect coordination of hand and body and eye and brain which enables him to do this; and, if calculations go right, it is a shut-out game. On other days, when he goes into the box feeling just as strong and able, his control mysteriously fails. Courage and nerve enter mysteriously into this personal equation. A succession of hits deprives some pitchers of all control; they are good only until the hitting begins. The heart in him, his fellows say, is the open secret of Mordecai Brown. No accident, no miscalculation, no momentary loss of skill, can disturb his incomparable control of himself and the ball.

Year by year the strain on this position has grown greater. The old-timers probably talk foolishness when they say that the modern pitchers are mollycoddles; that Radbourne and John Clarkson, were they recreated as in their prime, could carry again the lone burden of a pennant-winning season. The "shoot" needs infinitely more power of the arm than the old wide curve, besides a livelier snap of the wrist. The slow ball, under modern conditions, is exactly as exhausting as the fast ball. And the necessity of delivering everything with the same motion puts the strain all on one set of muscles. Every pitch takes all the force there is in a man. The strongest pitcher leaves his game with a sore and battered arm. "I can hardly lift my fork at dinner on the days when I play the whole nine innings," says one of the most stalwart pitchers in the major leagues. Two games a week about comprise the possibilities in any pitcher. If he does much more, he shortens his life in the game.

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The Choice

(Continued from page 21)

they won't be running for you! And your men may have work; but they won't be working for you!"

"Yes, Edith." The husband turned away. "That is it. You have put it precisely."

He moved away a little, to give her some time, at least; and as he waited for her to gather herself, he recollected himself also and laid off his coat. When he came back to her a moment later, he knew that she appreciated a little better; for she had been crying; but she controlled herself rebelliously before him.

"But Mr. Stokes and Mr. Campbell both have sons, Edward! Mr. Campbell, I have heard, has five grown!" she met him then. "So—think, Edward!—you are not only selling out yourself to your sentiment, but Harold and Robert, too! Suppose you have the right to give up all your own past and present to spare your feelings; can you give up your sons' future, too?"

"For a sentiment? To spare my feelings?" the husband rebuked.

"Oh, I didn't mean that! But—"

"I have been thinking of my sons, too, Edith."

"I know! Of course I know you have." She touched him quickly in amends. "Harold told me you could scarcely speak with him on the way home."

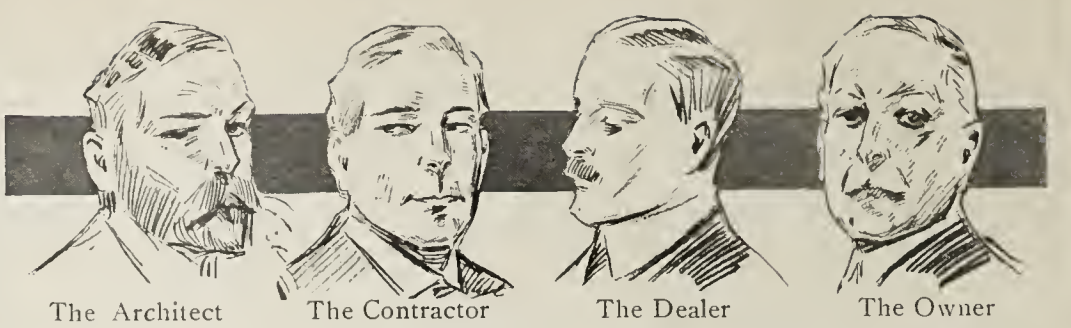
"He was talking, to cheer me, I suppose, of how he and Robert wanted to be with me now—and how soon I would let them come to help me. No; I could scarcely speak with him. But before he met me, Edith, one of my men—the one I brought in here, who just went—one of my men was talking to me of—some other things." The husband turned away a little. "I was able to speak a little with Harold, my dear; but that man—that man, my dear, when I made him tell me—those things—I could not speak with him at all."

"He—knew, Edward?"

The man flushed scarlet. "That I could keep him and all his five hundred fellows in work if I wanted to? No! He thought only that I had held on for all as long as I could and now was being forced to turn my men out. So instead of striking me down, or letting me go on alone to be struck down at some street corner, as he ought if he knew, he told me some things about my men—to make it easier for me to turn them off, since he thought I had to.

"He felt badly for himself first, of course: but then he told me I need not worry much about my men, if I had to turn them off—that is, about most of them. For he himself, he told me, and a good many of the others have saved up and have a fair amount of money—many of them at least a thousand dollars, and some of them more. So, he said, they and their families can live safely on those savings for the year—quite safely.

"I knew, of course"—he raised his head—"that many—most of my men, perhaps, might not starve or freeze if I had to turn them out of work for a year. But, though they might not have to ask alms, it never



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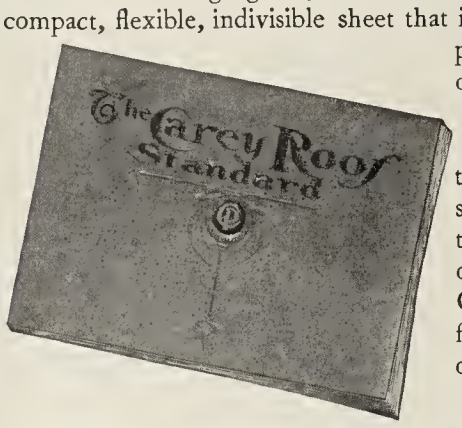
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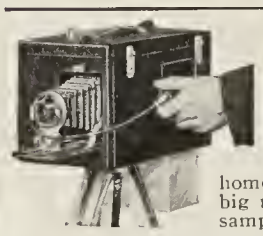
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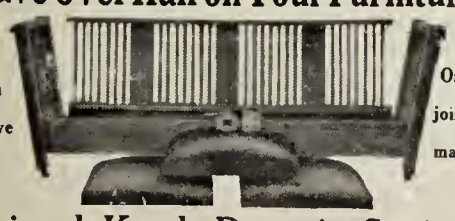
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Originators of the "Knock-Down" System of Home Furnishing

came to me quite so close before—the rest."

"The rest?" the wife asked curiously.

"Yes; the rest which goes from them when their savings go—as we are thinking of letting them go this winter—though they may not become paupers. That man—Allen—has been with me almost fifteen years. I knew he had saved. I asked him why. He started his saving when I started my business for myself—when his first boy was born. He has four. He had hoped to send them at least through high school. I asked him of some of the other men. They—most of them—were the same way. . . .

"You and I, Edith," he went on after a minute. "I—we thought first, when this thing came to us, of my—giving up my place. Allen and my men must think first, too, of losing theirs—their places in my shops. But the hardest, the bitterest, thing which we face is not alone that I can no longer maintain what I have fought for and won; the far bitterer thing, when we think—is it not?—is that to-night, having gained it and held it for them, I can not give it on to my sons, and that they, who carry on my life, can not carry it on from where I leave it; but they must go back to the beginning, and after all my life struggle for them, I must see them begin again where I began.

"So to-night, Edith, we need not think of the many, many of my men whom I would put out to-morrow to beg or to starve—we need think only of the most fortunate, of those who may have saved and who—have sons, too. For to-morrow, if I turn them out of work for this year, the terrible, the bitter thing is not the loss to themselves alone; but it is that they must eat and burn, to keep bare life for their families, the savings they have struggled and scrimped and spared to give their children a better chance than they had—to send them, perhaps, through the high schools or the technical training shops. For not I, the master, alone, but the man—even the mechanic—must live in hope that his son may start at least as high as he leaves off. But if those men must go without work this year, their children can not! They must go back to the very beginning, and, after all their fathers' struggles for them, start again at the bottom where their fathers had to start and—mostly—have remained.

"You have asked me, have I thought of my sons, Edith? Yes; but now I have had to think of theirs, too! One way to-night may mean a sure future for ours and a safe start for them where I stop; but the other—it means the slow, slipping start at the black bottom from which their fathers have fought to raise them, for the scores of sons instead—the hundreds—I don't know how many."

The woman lifted her eyes at last. "You are thinking of their sons, Edward," she said slowly. "But would they—would they ever think of yours? You will sell out and sacrifice yours for the sons of your mechanics! But who of them—even the man who told you all this to-night—would risk a thing of his for yours?"

"Hush!" The husband started quickly. "What is that?"

"It is Harold, your son," the woman said as she listened. And:

"Father," the boy said, as he came quickly between the portières to the two standing before each other beside the table in the center of the room, "there is trouble, I know. So why can I not come with you this year instead of next—why can not Robert and I come to you now, father?"

"My boy!" The father held him before him. "My boy!" he faltered. But the mother moved quickly.

"Because your father has to close his shops this year, Harold," she answered. "Father can't take you now, for the shops must close. But next year he holds your places for you both."

"Father?" the boy turned to him in appeal.

But the father had turned away. "Go and fasten the outside door, Harold," he put the son off. "I must have forgotten to close it. It is shutting in the wind."

III

"HARRIS!" the president demanded.

He had told himself, the night before, that he had not to decide till he could have the answers from his last appeals to the banks that morning. But even before he left his home he had realized that no hope could meet him at his office. The morning papers could chronicle only the further spread of the panic. Those who crowded about him in the car seemed to wear only a more hopeless look than the day before. The streets seemed more filled than before with the shuffling groups of the idle; and the lines before the offices of the trust companies and banks were clearly longer and more weary and anxious than before.

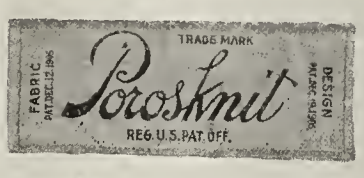
As he had left the car and passed

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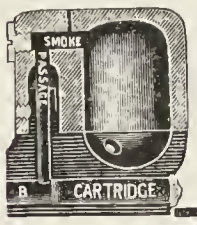
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through the waiting ranks before the branch bank near his shops, the line there seemed to him especially swollen in comparison with any other day in that week; and he recognized, as he hurried by, some score or more of his own men, who looked aside as they saw him.

He had met the demoralization even within the shops. Men whom he had never known to desert their machines in work hours before stood about idly in whispering, muttering groups; and as he passed between them he had felt them peering at him, some strangely distrustful and hostile, but others clearly confident, still, and hopeful.

"Harris!" he demanded from his secretary, then, as at last he reached his refuge and closed the door. "What has happened to the men? What do they know—what have they heard?"

"They have heard from somewhere early this morning, sir"—the secretary rose respectfully—"that the shops must close down, sir." He hesitated, doubtfully.

"Yes, I admitted the probability of that to one of them—Allen—who stopped me on the street last night. But I have just come up through the shops, Harris. That is not all."

"No, sir. I have been denying it, of course, sir, all morning. But some of the men think—they say they have it sure and straight, sir—that you received yesterday an offer from the Stokes-Campbells to buy you out and run the shops full force all winter; and that if you do not accept that to-day you must shut down. So, sir—so they—"

"I see!" The president started quickly. "But—so they what, Harris?" he demanded.

"So they are waiting, I think, sir," the secretary answered, "to see what you are going to do. But, sir, I don't understand; did you say—"

The president jerked away quickly, shutting the other off, and took up the correspondence waiting him upon the desk. He scarcely glanced at it before he hurled it down again, impatiently.

"The banks, Harris—what have they done?"

"Regretted again, sir, that they are unable to extend further aid under the present conditions."

"Even the Merchant and Traders'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the material men—Beals and the rest?"

"They have had to repeat their refusal to ship without a better guarantee of payment."

"There is nothing else here, then, Harris?"

"Nothing, sir."

The president jerked himself about again and stood, studying a moment, at the window. His hand, as upon the evening before, closed upon the papers in his pocket. But now, as his secretary watched him closely, he did not crumple them; but he turned and took them out and tossed them before Harris upon the table.

"You need not deny the Stokes-Campbells offer for me any more, Harris," he continued. "There it is. I received it yesterday. Read it."

"You mean, sir?" the secretary stammered. "You mean—"

"Read it, Harris," the president commanded again coldly, "and then—"

He shoved back, roughly and almost angrily an hour later, the push of his men waiting him outside his door; he strode defiantly between them and, reaching the outer door, he sucked in deeply the keen, free air of the street. As he still met his men outside that morning, he put three hurried, breathless blocks between him and the shops—in which direction he scarcely noted—before he dared even slacken his pace to think. Upon crossing another street, then, he half slipped upon the ice in the gutter; and the shock, as he caught himself up, steadied him and he slowed a little.

Well; he had decided it now, at last, and done it. He found himself reflecting as strangely without satisfaction as without bitterness just yet that Harris was reading at that moment his decision to his men, and would post it up afterward to let the more doubting reassure themselves with a personal reading.

"On and after Monday, the 16th, these shops shall be owned and operated by the Stokes-Campbells Companies as one of their plants. Full time for the entire force is assured for the year," etc., etc.

He laughed a little, as he recollected now, that he had included in that preliminary announcement, that he himself would remain as manager for the Campbells. It amused him, now, that he had let Harris convince him half an hour before that the men could care for that. They were assured now of their jobs and they themselves were safe. That was what was vital to them, and what set them whispering and peering at him when he came in, and, pushing and exclaiming, to hinder him when he rushed out.



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Just as individuals in your locality use the telephone for mutual convenience, so towns and cities in *different* localities are served and advanced by the long distance telephone.

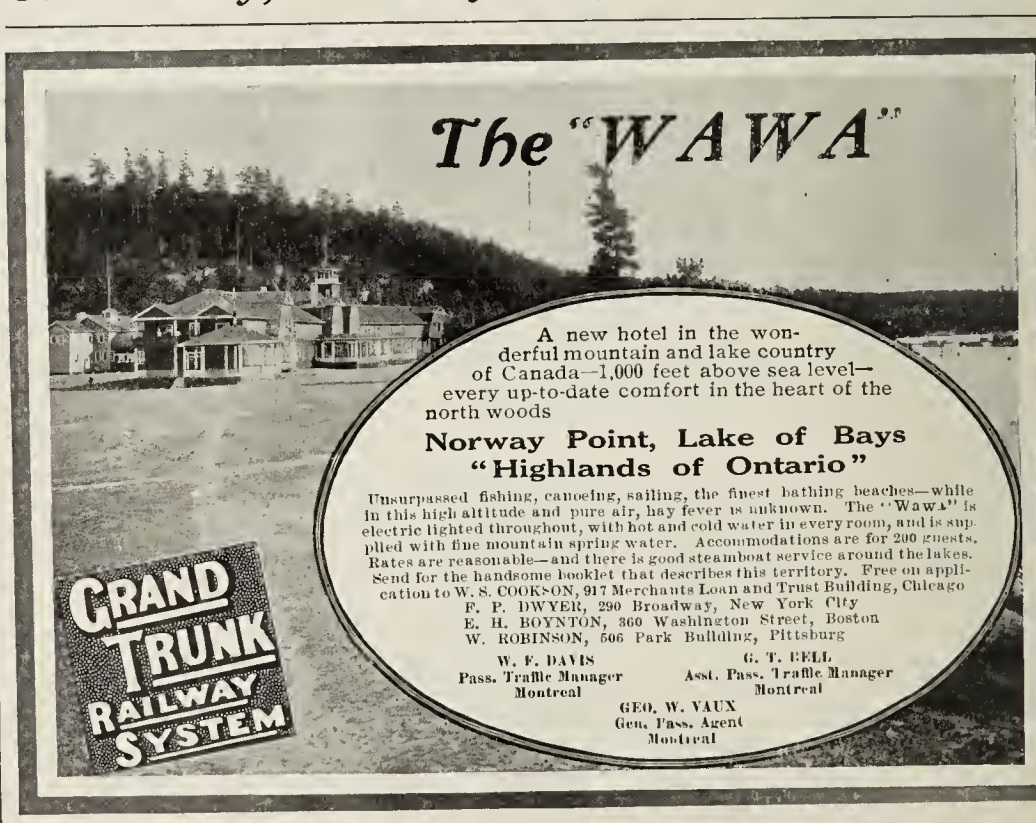
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As surely as a streak of "yellow" marks an all-smiling loser, a streak of black insincerity marks a man who can sacrifice his life achievement for anything and at once glory in it. Ford found no glory. At that moment his whole performance came to him chiefly as the act of a coward, he told himself, and a cheap sentimentalist.

As a cheap sentimentalist, he assured himself, he had listened to his man the night before; and as a coward he had been shaken and swung by his wife and son later. As a sentimentalist he had returned that morning; and as a coward again he had been driven finally to his decision before his men—his men who knew all that morning.

He merely had not had the nerve—the plain courage to face them and tell them practically that those shops must shut because he couldn't make the profit from them that year; and that they, the men, must go without work because he could not set them to work for him.

Yes; he was a coward and a cheap sentimentalist, he told himself again. He drew back, with a greater loathing for himself than for them, as he passed the poor and idle in the streets and glanced at them with a cheated hate. He had to admit bitterly in his revulsion from these poor who had bullied and betrayed him to his ruin, that his wife was right. Now that he had done it, what would any of these people—his own workmen—think to do for him? They were selfish—all selfish. He had imagined what *he* would do in their place—not what *they* would do.

He recollected, with a pitying smile at himself as he passed a certain street, how he had turned down it twice in the cold the night before to hear of his men and their hopes. Well, who of those men cared for his? He rasped his heel as he thought again of what he had done. And he must face his wife and sons now in a moment, and tell that to them! He found it even a proof of cowardice in his decision that he had not driven at once or taken a car to tell them; but he had let himself walk and take an indirect way.

Again he caught himself back, angry and self-accusing under his breath, he forced forward again. He had not only sacrificed himself, as his wife said, for his cheap sentiment; but—yes, he had sold his sons too—and his men, they— He hurled himself up the steps of his house to have it done with his wife and sons at once. But when Harold opened the door for him and his other son stood looking at him so strangely behind, he knew that they knew already. For they could not speak to him nor he to them. He turned upon them dizzily; but heard the voice of Harris, his secretary, down the hall. That was how they knew. And his wife too, for she came to him and had been crying.

"Edith!" he started to her. "Edith!" he called bitterly.

"Edward! Oh, Edward!" she caught close to him. "Oh, Edward, Harris has just come on the car, and—he told us what you did. But he says that a quarter of an hour after you left, and he had made the announcement to the men, the Merchant and Traders' telephoned him that they had reconsidered and will give you the money you need—in time!"

"Edith!" he held her. "Edith!"

"But before he came, Edward, before Harris came, Allen—the man who came with you last night—he came with some more of your men."

"Allen!" the employer faced his men the moment later. "Allen!"

"I was still here in the hall, sir, last night," the foreman flushed redder as he had to reply, "after you thought I was gone. And before I could tell you, I heard—how it was with us, sir."

"With us?" the employer repeated, "with us, Allen?"

"I heard you say, sir," the man explained, reddening deeper, "that the trouble for us—yes, sir—was you couldn't get the banks to give you the money; so you would have to give up. But I told the boys this morning that we could save you if we would only get the banks to give us for you—what we had there. So we brought it—but I'm glad, sir, you don't need it now."

"But you brought your money for me and—I told you, Allen—I told you all," the president stammered, "that you were safe—your work would go on—without me—owning things."

The foreman raised his head a little more boldly. "You said to Mrs. Ford last night, sir, that you found what it meant for us to lose—though we wouldn't starve. And maybe we—we found too, sir, for the first time how you felt; and perhaps we felt—we men, sir—the same way."

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SEA LION and RELIANCE *Guaranteed* **Leather Belting**

Center stock—cut from choicest, selected hides, oak bark tanned in the old-fashioned way. Not a single process is hurried in the making. Everything is done well and done right. Long practice has given our workmen such deft hands, quick eyes and all 'round skill that each is master of his special task.

That is why leather belting that bears the Reliance or Sea Lion Waterproof Brand means greatest economy—longest wear—highest efficiency—thorough reliability. We also make Imperial, Sterling and Dynamo brands that are equally as good values for specific purposes.

Under what conditions do you have to run your belts?

Write and describe them and we will advise you what is best to buy and send an interesting book on leather belting.

CHICAGO BELTING CO., 16 S. Green Street, Chicago, Ill.
Branches—New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.

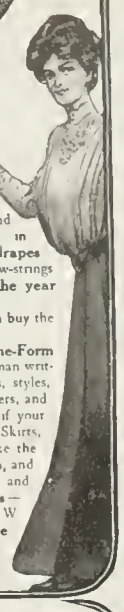


Write With Comfort

Tower's Ventilated Elastic Penholder accommodates itself to your hand. Bends to ease pressure of the muscles, and prevents writers' and bookkeepers' cramp. Eliminates perspiration; makes the day's work easy and pleasant. Price 25c., five for $1.00. If your stationer cannot supply you, send us his address and 25 cents in silver or postage, and we'll send you Penholder post-paid.
CUTTER-TOWER COMPANY, 307 Hathaway Bldg., Boston, Mass.

307 Enclosed find 25c. for VENTILATED ELASTIC PENHOLDER.
Name.....
Address.....
Stationer's Name.....

Fine-Form
TRADE MARK
MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S. Pat. Office



of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society.— **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting — **Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home

FREE Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"** — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days,** and **if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts** — If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you — **same guarantee** — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 51, Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the **Fine-Form Maternity Skirt** is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

Investing Under Expert Direction at 6½ to 7 Per Cent

LET us send you our circular telling just what the above means and describing the methods that have made us one of the most reliable investment houses in America.

We are now offering a well-seasoned public utility bond to net the investor 6%. Financial statement and legal opinion furnished on application.

The Geiger-Jones Company

Specialists in Securities of Old, Successful Industries
205 North Market St., Canton, Ohio

CALOX

The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

Prevents Decay

Dentists advise its use.

All Druggists, 25 Cents.

Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on receipt of Five Cents.

McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., New York.

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STUDY LAW Leading Law School in Correspondence Instruction. Established 1892. Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Method of instruction combines theory and practice. Approved by the bench and bar. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states.



Chicago Correspondence School of Law
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THE **UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO** OFFERS

350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farm and Home Economists, and many in other vocations.

The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.



Do You Like to Draw?
That's all we want to know

Now we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
314 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

AMERICAN WIRELESS INSTITUTE
27 William Street, New York
University Building, Detroit
Address Nearest Office

Wireless telephone and telegraph operation and engineering opens lucrative field for men and women. Practical instruction, six weeks. Catalog on application.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every state. 16,712 appointments last year. Full information about all Government Positions and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission free.

Columbian Corresp. College, Washington, D. C.

SCHOLARSHIPS One in a leading Girls' Preparatory School and a number of paid scholarships for both deserving girls and boys. Scholarship Agency, 527-41 Park Row, New York.

In the World's Workshop





Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

A NEGLECTED ART FIELD

IT IS not unlikely that artists will some day discover a new world of subjects for pictures in the field of business. Although the activities of industrial pursuits occupy such a large part of human life, and art is supposed to be an expression of the human spirit in its typical phases, the fact remains that very few pictures really deal with business. There are perhaps a few book illustrations showing a business man seated at his desk with a scowl on his face and some half-scared individual trembling beside him. Occasionally you see a picture of a man at work, or a row of factory chimneys, or a business street, or something of the kind. But, aside from a limited number of such pictures, it is fair to say that business life does not figure in art at all. Almost every such picture is made as an accessory to something else, either as an illustration or an advertisement, and the true art motive is secondary, if present at all.

With all his millions the railroad president can not buy a really suitable picture to adorn the walls of his private office. He may have a painting, but it would be as appropriate in the office of a shoe manufacturer as of a railroad man. He may have an enlarged photograph of some bit of scenery through which the railroad goes, or even a lithograph of the car shops. But art—something that suggests the poetry of railroading, such as the engineer plunging forward into the night, the lonely switch-thrower in his tower at the end of a long watch, the crowd waiting for the train in the country town, the greetings of friends when the train comes in, the men at work in the freight yards—few such pictures are available either in originals or reproductions.

The same is true with other industries. There are few pictures that make you feel the spirit of the human being at work in the world. You see pictures showing a great telephone switchboard, but no pictures expressing the life and feelings of one human operator. You see pictures of commercial travelers, illustrating some story, or adorning some advertisement, but no pictures conveying to you the feelings of the human being at some critical and typical point of his strenuous work. Check down a list of occupations, from agents to zinc etchers, and you may realize how paltry is the art which undertakes to express the common emotions of human beings under the thousands of trying situations which go to make up the world's work.

There seems a real opportunity for service in such pictures as would put business men in touch with the actual and typical feelings of their workers, or would in any way emphasize the human element in business. Business life is sadly in need of more poetry, and there is a vast amount of unexpressed poetry in it, awaiting the eye of sympathy and the brush of an artist.

STEEL TREATMENT

WHEN the average person undertakes to judge the relative value of automobiles, without such information as the manufacturer alone can supply, he little realizes how much of a task he has attempted. If he is accustomed to think of a bar of steel as being merely a bar of steel, and that is the way many people think of it, he has much to learn. Even if he attempts to go by the names of the various kinds of steel, such as Bessemer steels, nickel steels, chrome-nickel steel, vanadium steel, and the like, he is totally in the dark as to the quality and treatment represented by a given bar. Experiments have shown that a half-inch square bar of nickel steel, six inches in length, supported at both ends, would resist a load of nine hundred pounds, but take a permanent set. The same steel, after proper treatment, sustained a load of twenty-seven hundred pounds before taking the slightest set. A vanadium-steel bar, under the same conditions, resisted nine hundred pounds before treatment and four thousand pounds after treatment, and even then did not take the slightest set. Of course no one could tell from merely looking at the bar which would stand the strain and which wouldn't. The manufacturer's statement that it was thus and so would be the only means of knowing about it.

The problem of steel treatment has been one of the most important in automobile manufacture. At one time the success of the whole industry was threatened by the inability to make certain parts stand the strain to which they were apt to be subjected.

PREVENTING ACCIDENTS

THE idea of preventing street-car accidents by educating the public through a series of newspaper advertisements is the latest thing in street-car management. A Boston operating company has recently issued such a series in various parts of the country where its lines are located. Each advertisement takes up some typical accident, and explains "How It Might Happen." By picture, diagram, and text the public is warned against those common errors of judgment to which almost all street-car accidents are attributable. One picture shows two cars passing each other, with a woman alighting from one and going directly behind the car to cross the tracks, only to be struck by the other car. This is clearly a case where nothing but public education could prevent accident, and numerous other diagrams prove that the company is getting at the root of the trouble by showing the people how to do their part. Although it costs the company thousands of dollars to put out these advertisements, it is considered cheaper than the cost of accidents and damage claims, as well as an obligation to the public.

PRINTING A PAPER

THE mechanical work connected with printing a periodical, whether daily, weekly, or monthly, differs from that of ordinary manufacture in one important particular—it must be done according to a schedule. If a flour-mill receives more orders for flour than it can produce, the order either waits until its turn comes or is given to another mill. An accumulation of orders waiting to be filled is the normal condition of any prosperous manufacturing business. But with a periodical it is different. The full number of copies must be printed and distributed regularly on time, no matter how much trouble or expense it takes to do it. The presses can not start until every line of type and every cut is in perfect shape. One thing waits on another, and no man, no matter how hard he works, can do his full part until the previous workers have done theirs. The pressman may have everything in readiness, but he can do nothing until he gets the plates. The stereotypers or electrotypers can not turn a hand until they get the type forms, and the type forms can not be passed on to them until every line is correct and every doubtful point verified. The strain of making everything fit into the schedule is very great, in some cases more trying than almost any other form of occupation. The relief which comes when the last thing in each department is successively O.K.'d is very welcome, and is marred only by the recurring imminence of another issue of the publication, demanding the same kind of strain, with ever-varying features of delay. Every well-printed publication is a significant achievement of ingenuity and skill, and hard work.

TOUCH-BUTTONS

The Metropolitan tower began its career as a pencil mark on the back of an envelope.

Whatever ceases to grow must some day cease to live.

More business battles have been won with a pointed anecdote than with a blunt argument.

The chief asset of humanity is the conviction that the game is worth while. To lose that would mean universal bankruptcy.

"TWIN GRIP"
PAPER FASTENER

It's just that double grip and the turn-down lips at the tip that make this fastener ideal for your office. Neither top, bottom nor middle paper can become loose—the twin prongs hold them all.

The De Long Hook and Eye Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Send for free samples in four sizes.

2000% PROFIT

Here's an opportunity, in a clean legitimate business, to clear 2000% on an investment of 7 cents, day after day. The

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

will do it for you. For five years it has made this big money for others at street fairs, race-tracks, summer resorts or anywhere a crowd collects. A pound of sugar makes 30 five-cent packages of candy floss, which sells like hot-cakes in a blizzard. If interested ask for catalog 10.



Ask for special catalog for pop-corn, peanut roasters, ice cream cone machines, all winners

Empire Candy Floss Machine Company
Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Allen's Foot-Ease



"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

FREE Trial Package Sent by mail

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N.Y.

"Get There"
at a price to suit you direct for a

BLACK MOTOR BUGGY



Built for country roads hills and mud. Engine—14 H. P., 2 cylinders, air cooled, chain drive rear wheels, double brake. Speed 2 to 25 m. per hr.—30 miles on 1 gal. of gasoline. Highest quality finish, workmanship and materials. Absolutely safe and reliable. **Write for Book No. A-66.**

BLACK MFG. CO., 124 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY



Manufacture concrete building blocks and make money. Demand is practically unlimited. **Big profits** on small investment. Machines **$16.25** up. Artistic face designs, face down. Free catalog.

Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Centerville, Iowa

HOT BATH IN TWO MINUTES FOR TWO CENTS



Moses, by the aid of a rod, struck a rock and got cold water. You, by the aid of a

HUMPHREY HEATER

strike a match and instantly get hot water. Easily connected, simple, durable. Write for Booklet and 30 days' Trial Offer.

HUMPHREY CO., Dept. 456, Kalamazoo, Mich.

25% to 75% Saved On Any Typewriter

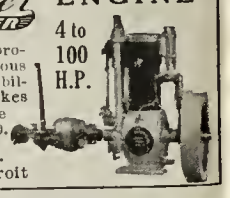
Rebuilt by Us.

Let's Prove It To You

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
345 Broadway, New York
Branches in All Large Cities.

The Strelinger 4 CYCLE I-6 CYLINDER

MARINE ENGINE



First quality from fly-wheel to propeller. Built for heavy duty. Famous for fuel economy, power and reliability. The engine that always makes **good.** 4 to 100 H.P. Write for Free Catalog, lists all sizes, $35 to $2500.

4 to 100 H.P.

Strelinger Marine Engine Co.
40 Congress Street, East, Detroit

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Containing

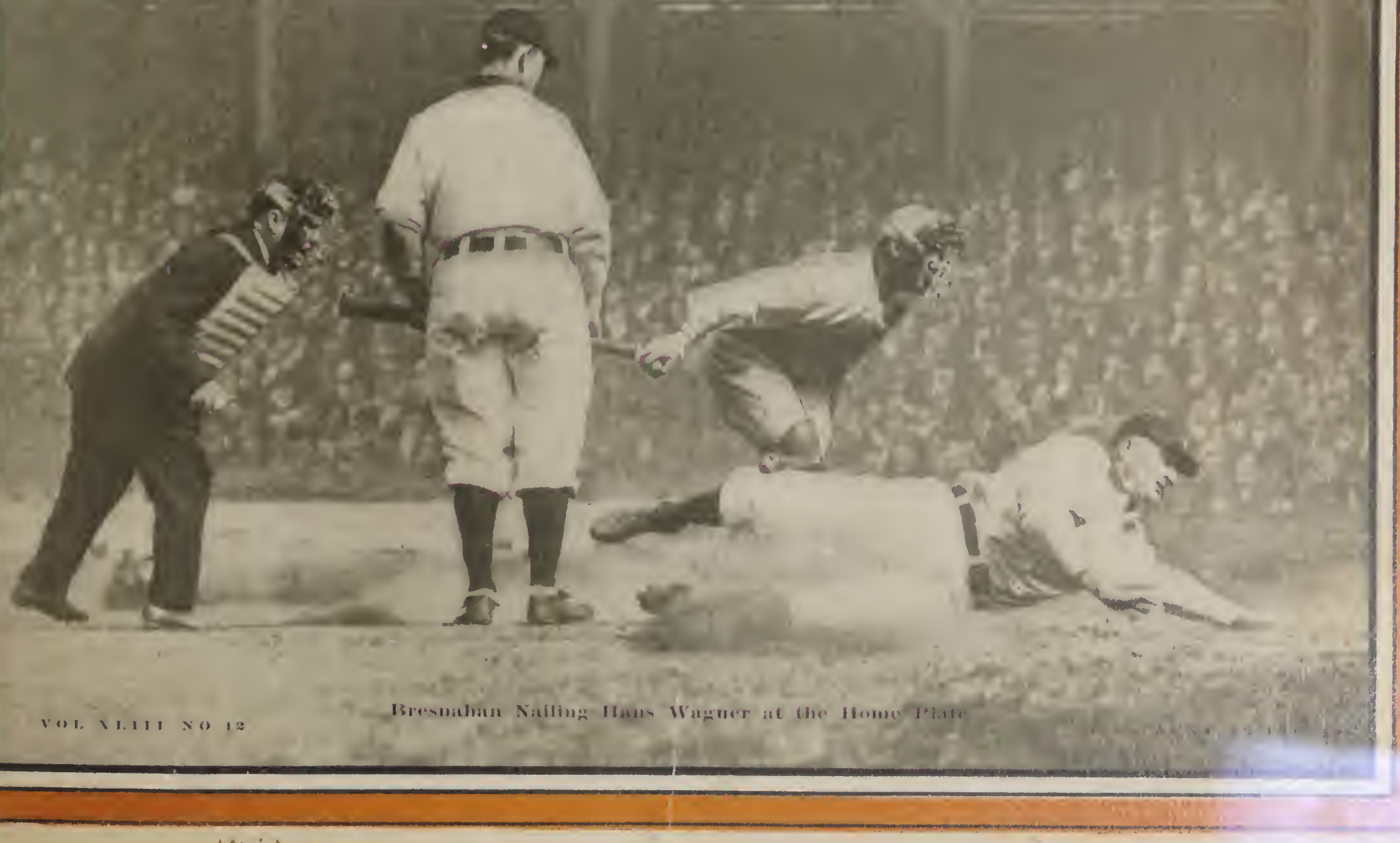
The Business Side of

Baseball

and

Outdoor America

Edited by
CASPAR WHITNEY



Bresnahan Nailing Hans Wagner at the Home Plate

VOL XLIII NO 12



Take off the Cap

Squeeze Out a Bit of Berset

Replace Cap—then Lather Up

Quick, Simple, Clean

You need no mug or soap case.

No wetting the face and rubbing the soap in before lathering up.

No second lathers when first has dried, because Berset doesn't dry on the face.

No wet soap to put back in mug or case, to gather dust and dirt.

Every bit, for every shave, has never been touched by face, hair, dust or air.

And, best of all,

BERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Cream Soap

IS THE HEALING LATHER

Composed of Glycerine and Cocoanut Oil, it heals the skin, keeps it smooth and soft, prevents soreness and dryness, and is guaranteed to contain no free alkali.

At all barbers' and dealers'. 25 cents a large tube.

Send dealer's name and 4 cents in stamps for 10-cent sample tube.

RUBBERSET COMPANY

Sales Dept. No. 5
Hudson Terminal, 50 Church Street, New York City

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory:
59 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal
LONDON BRANCH: 2 Stonecutter Street, London, E. C., England

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

The only shaving brushes whose bristles are held in a setting of hard, vulcanized rubber.

This setting is patented and therefore not possible to be used by others. Others claiming this feature are impostors. Look for the name on each brush.

Guaranteed *never* to lose a bristle from their setting.
At all barbers' and dealers', 25c., 50c., 75c. to $6.00.
To the average man we commend the $1.00 brush.

RUBBERSET COMPANY



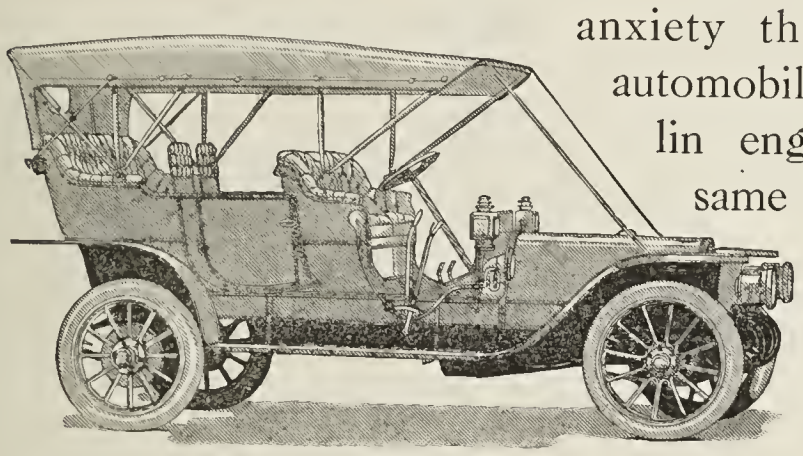
Bristles Held in Hard Rubber

Franklin automobiles run with less tire trouble and less tire expense than any other automobile—because we use larger tires for less weight. You may not mind the heavy expense of tire trouble, but you do mind the delay and the annoyance. Ninety per cent of road stops are due to tire trouble. The reliability question of automobiles then is one of tires. And Franklins with their tire equipment are by far the most reliable automobiles on the road today. Franklins have practically no tire trouble. Light weight and large tires is the secret. Franklins run with less spring trouble and with greater riding comfort than any other automobile—because we use full-elliptic springs in combination with a shock-absorbing laminated-wood chassis frame. Ask any expert spring maker if like results can be obtained by any other form of construction. Franklins make the best time over American roads—because with their light weight, reliable tires and easy riding you go along smoothly and consistently. And for the same reason you can ride more miles in a day without fatigue than in any other automobile. In fact, lameness and "motoring headaches" are never experienced by Franklin owners. Franklins in all respects are comfortable—and comfort is what you want. They are the easiest to handle and control. There is none of the burden and none of the anxiety that goes with the heavy-weight automobiles. It is well known that the Franklin engine delivers more power for the same weight and gasoline consumption than do water-cooled engines. We won and still hold the gold cup of the Automobile Club of America for the best record on two gallons of gasoline. Again, on May 7 last, a Franklin touring-car against nineteen competitors established a new world's record and won the grand prize offered by the New York Automobile Dealers Association by carrying the greatest load the greatest distance on one gallon of gasoline. Horsepower does not mean anything by itself. The thing that counts is the power actually at the disposal of the driver. In the Franklin not only do you get highest engine efficiency, but the power is not handicapped by a useless load—there is no dead weight anywhere. Then with non-jarring, easy-riding construction you can apply the power; you can make time; the automobile is not racked and strained; you are not jarred and jolted.

Franklin Model H is different from other six-cylinder automobiles in a very essential feature.

The average six-cylinder automobile has excessive weight. Practically the whole advantage of the six-cylinder principle is missed—the chief gain being an enormous horse-power output applied more smoothly than it could be in four-cylinders.

The main advantage of a six-cylinder engine in an automobile is to get a high proportion of power to weight. A six-cylinder engine gives steady torque, an explosion every one-third of a revolution.

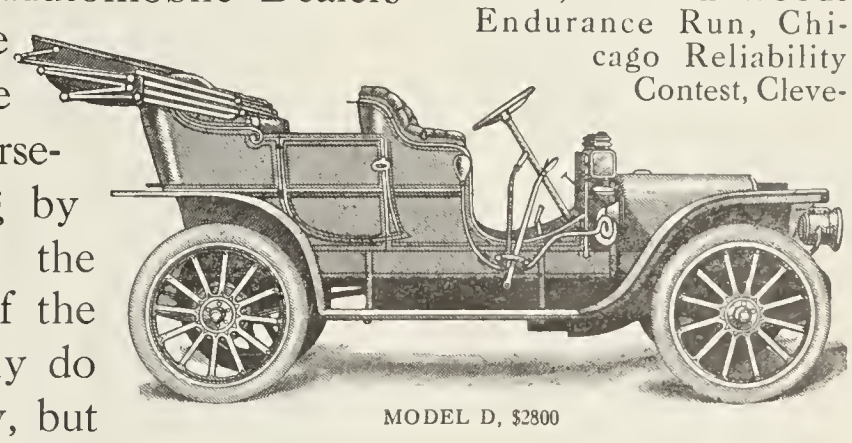


MODEL H, $3750

Steady torque, since it reduces the stress on all working parts and supporting members, permits lighter construction throughout the whole automobile.

In Model H this advantage is fully utilized. We get practical results—high power with light weight. With 50 per cent more power than Model D with its four-cylinders, Model H, though seating two more passengers, weighs only 20 per cent more.

Model H is the automobile selected by men of experience who know automobile economics, who study automobiles from the efficiency and endurance standpoint, who want a large automobile, free from useless weight and tire annoyance. Model H holds the San Francisco–New York Record of 15 days, the most severe test of strength and endurance ever made. It also won a perfect score in the last Glidden Tour, and although it carried a much heavier load than required it went the 2000 miles without any tire trouble.



MODEL D, $2800

There are many reasons why you should own Franklin Model D.

In the first place it has been chosen by so many who know automobile merit, who are familiar with motor-car construction and have had automobile experience, that if you are to be guided by others you can make no mistake in selecting Model D.

Then there are the Franklin principles, every one logical and demonstrated correct through eight years' use. And when it comes to the question of service, the fact that this automobile will stand for hard work every day in the year is another reason for your owning Franklin Model D.

In tests for endurance and economy Model D outclasses all automobiles. One of its late achievements was winning the Governor's Trophy, the highest award in the Harrisburg 700-Mile Endurance Run. In the Pittsburg Endurance Run, April 30, Franklin Model D had no penalization for car troubles. It also won perfect scores in the Glidden Tour, Bretton Woods Endurance Run, Chicago Reliability Contest, Cleveland Reliability and Efficiency Contest and the Worcester Endurance Run. It also holds the Chicago–New York record of 40 hours, 18 hours better than the record of any other make of automobile.

Many more reasons could be given for your choosing this automobile, all of them convincing, but what you want is an actual demonstration, some real live proof—the experience of others. This can be had by asking Franklin Model D owners or calling on Franklin dealers for any kind of a demonstration you may desire.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y



THERMOS THE BOTTLE

Follow the Lead of Col. Roosevelt and

Take It With You on Your Vacation Trip

No matter where you go—to the mountains, to the country, to the seaside—whether you travel by rail or water—whether your recreation is boating, fishing, driving, motoring, golfing or hunting—the Thermos Bottle adds immeasurably to your pleasure and comfort and makes your vacation trip more enjoyable ten times over.

You Know What the Thermos Bottle Means

It means a freezing-cold or a steaming-hot drink always at hand—whenever you want it—wherever you may be, miles away from your base of supplies—in the forest, on the lake, on the road—anywhere. The Thermos keeps ice-cold liquids freezing cold, without ice, for 72 hours, and hot liquids steaming-hot, without fire or heat, for 24 hours.

In the new model Thermos Bottle, the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only bottle in which this separable-case feature has been patented. Pints, $3.00 up; Quarts, $5.00 up.

Get all the pleasure possible out of your vacation trip this year. Take a Thermos Bottle with you. It's guaranteed by 30,000 dealers. Look for the name "Thermos" on the bottle. If the dealer tries to sell you a substitute, hand it back, and go to a reputable dealer who handles genuine goods.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
1175 Broadway New York City



2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

The choice of the Navy

10c.

At all Dealers

The F. F. Dalley Co. Limited.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Hamilton, Can.



Wear Loose Fitting

B. V. D.

Trade Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Office

Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers

50c. and upwards a garment

You'll enjoy the pleasant freedom of motion that they allow. You'll delight in the cool comfort that B. V. D.'s afford. You'll be gratified with their long wear, because they are made from thoroughly tested woven materials.

You'll be pleased with their shapely, generous cut; their neat, attractive finish.

Every B. V. D. garment is

Identified *Only* By This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Write for Booklet "B"—"THE COOLEST THING UNDER THE SUN"

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, NEW YORK
Makers of B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. 4-30-07) and B. V. D. Sleeping Suits

COPYRIGHT 1909 THE B.V.D. CO. N.Y.

Send 10c for a great treat

When you send a dime to pay the packing and postage, I will send you as my gift a generous sample package of my newest candy—"White Cherries in Maraschino, Chocolate Dipped"—

It makes one's mouth water just to think of them. Yet you can hardly imagine the enticing flavor of this happy combination.

Johnston's

WHITE CHERRIES

In Maraschino

CHOCOLATE DIPPED

The plump, luscious white cherries are smothered in Maraschino—then dipped in rich, pure chocolate.

One taste of this nugget of goodness, and you get the delicious flavor of all three, fruit, liqueur and confection. It's more than mere candy.

I pack this "combine of sweets" in handsome white embossed packages—daintily tied with red satin ribbon—in 25c, 40c, 50c, 80c and $1 sizes.

My gift package is an exact fac-simile of the regular sizes with plenty chocolates to know their goodness.

I make also, Dutch Bitter Sweets and Swiss Style Milk Chocolates in handsome boxes. I will send a sample size of either for a dime.

When you send the 10c—say which candy you want and address me—

Johnston
Dept. C, Milwaukee, Wis.



Established 1847



Here's a new Stetson Last that gives real snap and style without the least sacrifice of wearing-ease or comfort.

THE "STYLENFIT"

This latest Stetson model is the best demonstration yet that style and comfort in a shoe at times go hand-in-hand. Note the foot-room—note the graceful, tapering lines. No extreme of either style or comfort, yet both are built together in this shoe. And wear! Try STETSON shoes—just once.

Your STETSON dealer has the "Stylenfit." You can locate him by the "Red Diamond Sign." Look him up. Try on the "Stylenfit." $5 to $9 the pair.

THE STETSON SHOE

Write for our book, "The Right to Know," and learn how to judge a good shoe when it's shown you. Send for this book and read it.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.
SOUTH WEYMOUTH *Dept. E* MASS.
New York Shop, 7 Cortlandt St.





More Than Speed

The R.S. Motorcycle has all the speed you care to ride; speed to win and speed to spare, with service, safety, comfort and economy.

R-S Motorcycle

Built and Tested in the Mountains

1909 Models the most simple, speedy, powerful and durable that can be produced. No "special" machines because we need none. *Every* "R-S" will do *all* that *any* motorcycle can do. Perfect score in New York-Chicago 1000 mile F. A. M. Reliability Run. Catalogue free. Agents wanted.

READING STANDARD CO.
403 Water St., Reading, Pa.
Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles.

R-S

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

Chiclets

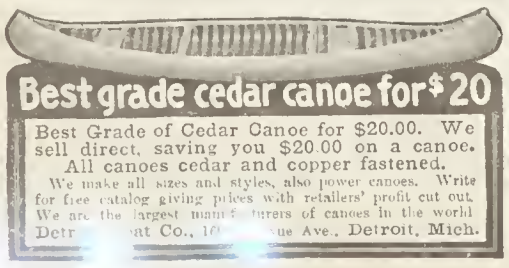
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR FRIEND GOING TO CAMP KNOWS the value of Chiclets in his outfit

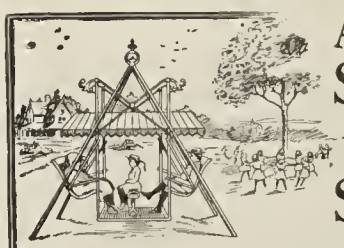
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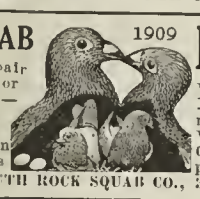
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 12, 1909

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition Number

¶ *Next week's issue of Collier's will be largely devoted to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle.*

The Art features will include an appropriate cover design, many photographs of the Exposition and of the Northwestern Pacific Country and Alaska.

¶ *Hon. Walter E. Clark, recently appointed Governor of Alaska, will contribute an article in which he will discuss the great industrial and commercial possibilities of Alaska. The facts contained in this article will doubtless come as a surprise to most of our readers. Few have more than a vague idea of the almost untouched mineral resources of Alaska in gold, copper, and iron. And yet, great as are the possibilities in mineral development, it is as an agricultural country that Alaska is destined to show its greatest strength. Incidentally, some of the grandest scenery on the American continent is to be found in this wonderful country, so that its growth as an objective point for tourists is also assured.*

¶ *An article entitled "A Fool's Bargain," by Richard Lloyd Jones, will deal with the significance of the Exposition. If it hadn't been for the "fool," there would have been no Exposition. The "fool" in question was William H. Seward. This rather uncomplimentary title was bestowed upon him by a large number of his well-meaning but shorter-sighted fellow citizens in the year 1867, because of his activity in effecting a treaty with Russia, whereby what was then known as "Russian America" became the property of the United States, and was thenceforth known as "Alaska."*

¶ *The price the "fool" paid for this "Iceberg," as it was then called, was $7,200,000 in gold. Of course the people who thought this treaty a foolish act could not know that within the next forty years the "Iceberg" would yield products worth more than $300,000,000 and still be in the infancy of its development.*

¶ *The popular idea of Alaska has been greatly modified since Seward's time, but it needs still further revision. The average American citizen can shut his eyes and think of Alaska, and there will rise before him a few scattered mental pictures of icebergs, gold-mining camps, seals, and impassable mountains. It was chiefly to displace this fragmentary picture, and put in its place an impression of a wonderful country, alive with growing industries, and teeming with possibilities, that the present Exposition was designed.*

¶ *Outgrowing its original conception, the Exposition came to include the Yukon, and the countries, American and foreign, that are washed by the shores of the Pacific. The purpose of the Exposition, upon which ten million dollars is being expended, is to give to Americans—and others—a clear comprehension of what has been accomplished in the great Northwest during its first half-century, and to demonstrate the future possibilities of its natural resources, its industries and progressiveness, and its promise as a field for the investment of capital.*



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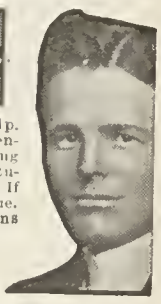
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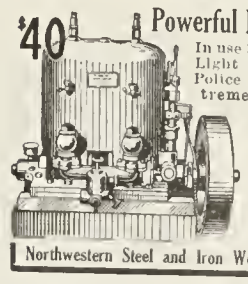


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Bulletin

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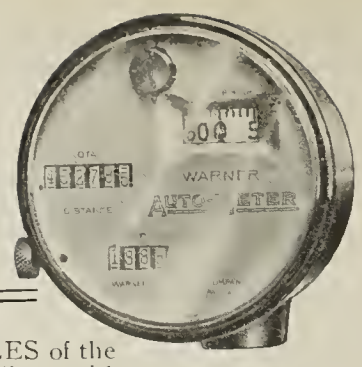
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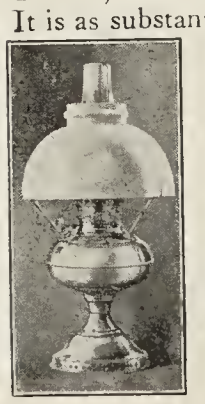
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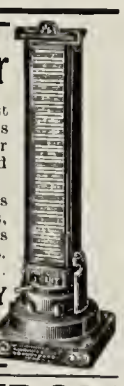
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Collier's

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Volume XLIII Number 12

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NO. 7

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THIS issue contains Caspar Whitney's monthly Outdoor America Supplement, a department that strikes a responsive chord in every one. The word "outdoor" makes the blood tingle. It suggests hunting, fishing, baseball, golf, tennis, automobiling, canoeing, gardening, and photography. You will find here not only practical suggestions but the kind of reading that makes you fairly ache to get out into the open.

As you read you will agree to this or that suggestion, and say: "I need some fishing tackle, or golf clubs, or tennis racquets, or garden tools," or a dozen and one things that seem to be necessary. This is how we have reasoned with advertisers and it is pretty logical reasoning. It is the power of suggestion.

Collier's has been soliciting advertising for these Outdoor America issues, knowing that the desire created by reading will be so strong that advertisers must reap the benefit of it.

A large sporting goods advertiser ran a page advertisement in March 13th, which was the Outdoor America issue for the month. It appealed to the sportsman, hunter, fisherman, motorist, camper, canoeist. So compelling was their argument, following in the wake of the needs created by Outdoor America, that over 7,000 replies came to this advertiser from Collier's readers.

In the editorial department Collier's endeavors to picture the joys of outdoor life and sport. In the advertising columns the advertisers tell you the practical side—cataloging the tools needful to accomplish your desires.

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Collier's Advertising Columns and Some Figures"

TOURS

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN [illegible]

Information regarding Tours to the world will be furnished free upon application to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York

Around the World in Luxury

The GREATEST VACATION TRIP the WORLD Can Afford for a FRACTION of the USUAL COST

Circling the globe ordinarily requires 6 months, 12 changes of steamers, with indefinite connections, trouble and discomfort, and costs nearly $3,000.

Clark's Cruises AROUND THE WORLD

start Oct. 16, '09, from New York, and Feb. 5, '10, from San Francisco, by the superb, new S.S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, large, luxurious, unusually steady; berths now available from $750 to $1,500, shore trips, hotels, etc., included. Avoids all the changes, delays and worry. Visits ports usually accessible only by "tramp" steamers or sailing ships, a route that would require 18 changes to cover otherwise. Less than 4 months. All first class. No steerage.

The FIRST OPPORTUNITY in HISTORY

made possible by the enterprise of the most successful cruise conductors. Write for itinerary.

12th Annual Orient cruise Feb. 5, 1910, $400 up, by Lloyd S.S. "Grosser Kurfuerst"; 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.

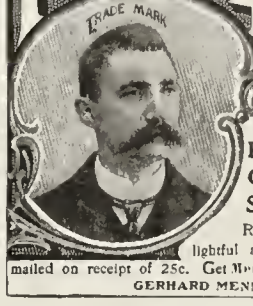
F. C. CLARK, 412 Times Building, NEW YORK

New Zealand and Australia New Service via Tahiti. Delightful South Sea Tours for rest, health and pleasure. S. S. Mariposa sails from San Francisco July 1, etc., connecting at Tahiti with Union Line for Wellington. The only passenger line from U. S. to New Zealand. Only $260 1st class to Wellington and back. Tahiti and back, 1st class only $125.
OCEANIC LINE, 673 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO

Yellowstone Park Camping Out

If you plan a trip to Yellowstone Park this Summer be sure to learn about **THE BRYANT CAMPS.** The ideal way to see Nature's Wonderland. Write for illustrated booklet.
BRYANT TOURS, 435 Monadnock Block, Chicago

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

The Day After Tomorrow

SOME people live only for today, some wiser ones provide also for tomorrow—but the thoughtful man is the one that is saving for the "day after tomorrow." A little money in a bureau drawer is a good thing, a little more in the bank is a better thing—but a definite compelling saving plan that saves $10 a month or more is the very best. It is this we have to offer you and your money earns 4½% from the day that we get it. The security is guaranteed first mortgages on New York City real estate—the safest thing there is.

Send postal or the coupon below for our free booklet THE SAFE WAY TO SAVE. The plan is worth knowing about even if you do not care to use it.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST Co

176 Broadway, New York

Please send "The Safe Way to Save," advertised in the Collier's [V] to

Name.....

Address.....

175 Remsen St., Brooklyn
350 Fulton St., Jamaica

Capital and Surplus $2,000,000



Unveiling the Monument at Gettysburg to the Regulars Who Fell in the Civil War

Close by the spot where Abraham Lincoln delivered the "Gettysburg Address," Miss Helen Taft, daughter of the President, on Memorial Day unveiled the monument erected by Congress to the regular soldiers who fell in the Civil War. After Miss Taft had pulled the cord which released the flags about the shaft, and the national salute had been fired, Secretary of War Dickinson, in a short speech, transferred the monument to the Gettysburg National Park Commission. Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Nicholson, chairman, responded. President Taft dedicated the monument. He sketched the history of the regular army, and pointed out the fact that half the number then on its rolls was engaged in the battle of Gettysburg. He recounted the disasters which befell the country during the War of 1812, owing to the fact that the Government was without regular forces. After paying a tribute to the effectiveness of the regulars in the War with Mexico and the Indian campaigns, he made a strong protest against any reduction of the standing army. Among his concluding words, the President said: "All honor to the regular army of the United States. Never in its history has it had a stain upon it's escutcheon. With no one to blow its trumpets, with no local feeling or pride to bring forth its merits, . . . it has gone on doing the duty that was its to do"

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

June 12, 1909

TRUSTEES LIBRARY ILLINOIS

Is President Taft a Man of Personal Pride?

AS AN ESSENTIAL, but yet one of the least important, elements in the framework of this editorial, and the deductions therefrom, we reprint first this sentence from the platform written by Senator HOPKINS and his committee and adopted by the Republican National Convention at Chicago one year ago:

"The Republican Party declares unequivocally for a revision of the tariff by a special session of Congress immediately following the inauguration of the next President."

This sentence does not contain the word "downward," nor yet "upward." The rest of the paragraph containing the tariff-revision pledge is equally lacking in internal evidence of the intent of those who wrote it.

WILLIAM H. TAFT ran for President on this platform. At the times and places enumerated he spoke these words as to the kind of revision that was meant (italics ours):

"There are many schedules of the tariff in which the rates are excessive. . . . It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the Republican platform will be, on the whole, *a substantial revision downward*. As the temporary leader of the party, *I do not hesitate to say, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that if the party* is given the mandate of power in November it *will perform its promises in good faith*."—Milwaukee, September 24, 1908.

"It is my judgment, as it is that of many Republicans, that there are many schedules of the tariff in which the rates are excessive. . . . It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff, in accordance with the pledge of the Republican Party, will be, on the whole, a substantial revision downward."—Des Moines, September 26, 1906.

"Another thing that the Republican Party pledges itself to, fixes the date when it shall do so, and tells you how it will do it, is the revision of the tariff. *The Dingley tariff has served the country well, but its rates have become generally excessive*."—Cincinnati, September 22, 1908.

"At Mitchell, South Dakota, at a meeting at which I was present, he declared for thorough revision of the tariff, and in reply to a voice in the crowd which asked, 'Which way, upward or downward?' he answered that in his opinion the revision would, in most cases, be downward."—Senator C. I. CRAWFORD'S account of what he heard TAFT say publicly during the campaign.

That indicates Mr. TAFT'S interpretation of the pledge. Read now the meaning attached to it by those two members of the United States Senate who, because of their dominance in the Finance Committee and their leadership in the Republican Party, are most powerful in forging the Senate bill:

Senator NELSON W. ALDRICH of Rhode Island on the Senate floor, April 22 (Congressional Record, p. 1499)—"Mr. President: Where did we ever make the statement that we would revise the tariff downward?"

Senator HENRY CABOT LODGE of Massachusetts on the Senate floor, May 8 (Congressional Record, p. 1911)—"Nobody ever pledged me to a revision downward, any more than to a revision upward."

Just as an additional evidence of the interpretation put upon the platform by the Republican machine Senators, and of their present intentions as to the tariff, we quote two more:

Senator W. B. HEYBURN of Idaho on the Senate floor, May 10 (Congressional Record, p. 1942)—"An imaginary promise to reduce the tariff. . . . There is no such pledge resting upon us, and there is no such duty resting anywhere."

Senator EUGENE HALE of Maine on the Senate floor, May 19 (Congressional Record, p. 2275)—"Those who perhaps exaggerate the constant cry of revision downward, which was never put into the Republican platform."

The question of fact at issue here is of minor importance. What Mr. TAFT said, he said *before* the election; the four Senators quoted have spoken *since* the election. (Just as a stunt in intellectual projection, try to imagine Messrs. ALDRICH, LODGE, HALE, and HEYBURN saying these things last fall, on any one of the many rostrums upon which they stood, exhorting men to vote the Republican ticket.) We should like to hear from that man who, when he voted for TAFT last November, thought he was voting for some other kind of revision than revision downward. If there are any such, they belong, like these four Senators, to a close cabal in the inner places of Republican power, and no man will so far impugn the honor of President TAFT as to suggest that he shared their mental reservation when the Republican Party openly promised "substantial revision downward."

But these are mere minor animadversions. The important thing is this: President TAFT has an equal voice with the Congress of the United States in making a tariff. Merely, Congress talks first. President TAFT speaks at a time fixed by the Constitution of the United States. The exact date, as it now seems, will be in the latter part of June. On that day he can write, upon the bill that Congress presents to him, one Latin word of four letters as potent in determining the next tariff as all the twenty-six hundred pages of Senatorial talk that now compose the Congressional Record for the special session. And, after all, it is proper enough that President TAFT should be the one to whom the public will look for the redemption of the promises which Mr. TAFT made. The Senate made no campaign speeches.

Not Invidious

IT IS A SMALL MATTER OF FACT, probably more interesting than important, not likely to be denied by any one, and possible to say without the effect of odious comparison: If ROOSEVELT had been in the White House, the tariff bill, as it stands to-day, would have been a very different thing. There would have been a good deal more excitement throughout the country and many bleeding heads at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. ROOSEVELT would have made his fight item by item, schedule by schedule; when he had made Congress yield all it would on woolen goods, he would have accepted the compromise cheerfully, and jumped with equal zest into the fight on iron ore. By the end of the session he would have got the lowest figures he could from Congress and would promptly sign the bill. TAFT, on the other hand, has made no seriatim fight. All that he will have done to affect the new tariff bill will be by signing or not signing the bill. It is merely, as Mr. TAFT once said in comparing himself and ROOSEVELT, "a difference in method and temperament." TAFT has yet the opportunity to accomplish in ten minutes all, and even more than, ROOSEVELT would have accomplished in a day-by-day fight throughout the session.

The Last

SOME WEEKS AGO, when we printed Mr. JOHN R. MCLEAN'S assurance to us that his Cincinnati "Enquirer" would stop printing immoral "Personal" advertisements, we stated that, so far as we knew, every American newspaper was finally clear of the class of advertising which sent the proprietor of the Chicago "Dispatch" to the penitentiary for some years, and caused the owner of the New York "Herald" to plead guilty to a crime and pay a heavy fine. That our hope ran ahead of the facts is proved by several Baltimore friends, who have sent us clippings from the Baltimore "Sun." These appeared on a single day last month:

"REFINED Middle-Age Lady with furniture would like a Middle-Aged Gentleman to ASSIST HER TO GO HOUSEKEEPING at once; object, matrimony. K 916, Sun office 1tp

"WIDOW (36) desires to meet gentleman; object, matrimony. Address F 962, Sun office. m5-eo3t

"GENTLEMAN, widower, retired merchant, like to meet refined lady, not over 35; object, matrimony. E 921, Sun office. 1t

"GENTLEMAN wishes to meet lady about 30; object, matrimony. X 835, Sun office. 1tp."

The smug old "Sun-paper," as Baltimore people affectionately term it! We should be no more surprised to discover that a venerable maiden lady with a class in the Sunday-school for the last twenty years had a half-interest in a brothel. The "Sun" knows as well as we know, and the United States Department of Justice knows, that the phrase "object, matrimony," which it unctuously compels its customers to use, has, by long custom, become so identified with immoral advertisements that instead of adding a smug and conventional respectability to an illicit traffic, it serves rather to make the purpose of the advertisement more clear and definite. We think the "Sun" will divest itself of this source of revenue very soon.

The Red Gods Under Canvas

PAUSE, reader, within the narrow walls that bound your money-making rut. Glance at this advertisement from a Western paper:

"WANTED—Repertoire people, all lines. Swell dressers on and off. Soubrette who can cook. Preference to those doing specialties. S. and D. and B. F. Also musicians, B. and O. cornetist who can double in drums. Opera House, Nebraska, until July, and then canvas. Irene Stewart, where are you? Rep. Show, Hartington, Neb."

A fig for respectability! What ho, for the open road and vagabondia! Who would not go a-gipsying? Gone are the days of the jongleurs, the troubadours, the bards, the minstrels, and such merry rogues; but the little road show, playing its one-night stands in country [illegible]

or four canvas, strolling with an itinerant carnival troupe, or opening at the county fair, offers opportunities for those who still would heed the call of the road. The requirements for the life are simple. Versatility as well as specialization is an asset. The soubrette who is an adept with the frying-pan, the trombone artist not too dignified for street parades, and a willingness to "double in drums" are the kind who are wanted. We sober stay-at-homes miss a good deal. Whether it be with a "Rep. Show" playing "Camille," "What Happened to Jones," and "The Holy City"; whether it be with an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" outfit, a "Dora Thorne" Company, or "The Quaker Medicine Show, No. 3"—life on the road is good. The panorama passes constantly before you; the scene shifts, and the curtain rises on a new "set" every day. The towns merge into a confused jumble of hitching rails, fair grounds, and absurd hotels. You see before you in your dreams row upon row of upturned chin whiskers. You study human nature at first-hand. You fall in along the way with jolly companions. Hum, ho; one can be young only once.

Early Summer

IN RIVERS, bays, and the running brooks the boys are beginning the daily swim. Examination time is hard by, and you can see the scared scholars almost everywhere, under shady trees and curled up on the piazza. If they are just "kiddies," you will hear them scratching away at "sums" with a stubby pencil. But the children of a larger growth are tightly gripping a dark brown book in the hand, and trot-trot-trotting through the Mantuan hexameters, or "J. Cæsar and his Gallic scraps, which made him lord of other chaps." Inside the city walls the city children are screaming up and down the smelly asphalt streets. Out beyond the region of clanging trolley-cars and steel-clad skyscrapers, the morning sunlight lies rich and heavy on the green grass, and all through the day till milking-time the cattle are placid in the meadows or knee-deep in the cool mud of scummy ponds, where turtles slide in and out, and bullfrogs plump in on a high dive at the approach of undesirable citizens. When the day is quite done, and the farm-hands are cutting across lots after chores, sometimes you can hear the mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells drifting in across the lush green intervales from over the purple rim of the hills. Silently, one by one, the loveliest days of the year—the days of the early summer—are passing.

We Tell a Story

NINETEEN YEARS AGO a young man of twenty-five, having graduated at the State University at Lawrence and been admitted to the Kansas bar, boarded a westbound Union Pacific train in search of a good town to make a living in. He thought he would go as far as Seattle, dropping off at various towns en route to size the prospects up. He did not travel in the sleeping-car, nor yet in the parlor-car. The first night, between troubled naps in the day coach, he got to talking with a traveling salesman for mowing machines who showed him a map of Idaho, and told him that Boise was a good likely town for a young lawyer to settle in. The next night the man who shared his seat in the day coach was a professional gambler, with a friendly heart and a quick and accurate knowledge of strangers, acquired in the course of his livelihood. He was, like many of his class—setting aside his profession—a good citizen, with all the qualities of a likable man and brother. The gambler, too, told young Borah that Boise was a good town to begin in; also he said that he himself lived at Nampa, about twenty miles away from Boise, and that if the period of waiting for clients turned out to be long and lean, the young lawyer should just drop him a line. (The gambler was the only man who did offer to lend the young man money.) So Borah dropped off at Boise, not knowing one human being of the four or six thousand who then composed the town. After much misgiving, he decided to stay; probably the governing reason was that he had money enough to keep him in Boise thirty days, whereas, if he paid his railroad fare on to Seattle, he wouldn't have any money left at all. During the early homesick and friendless days he asked an old lawyer in the town to hire him as a clerk, but the lawyer didn't want a clerk; and that, too, was fortunate, for it compelled Borah to stake his future on his own efforts altogether. About that time, in the town where the gambler lived, the telegraph operator at the station killed the Chinese cook at the hotel. The telegraph operator used to go to the kitchen at night after his work was done to get a bite to eat. The Chinaman did not like this variation of the fixed order of things, and after many quarrels the murder resulted. The professional gambler, who had been writing encouraging letters to Borah every few days, sent for him to defend the accused before the local justice of the peace. At the hearing, the prosecuting attorney read the complaint, charging the telegraph operator with murder. The justice of the peace thought the charge ought to be changed to manslaughter, since it was only a Chinaman. The prosecuting attorney explained that he couldn't quite do this: that he would have to draw the complaint for murder, but that if the justice wished, he could, later on, hold the defendant for manslaughter. The justice did more, for Chinamen were not highly thought of in that community. He set the prisoner free, and the lawyer for the defense got fifty dollars. That was William E. Borah's first fee, and probably it looked larger to him than any of the many others he received from that time until he stopped practising law to take a place easily among the first four of that generation of United States Senators who at between ages of forty and fifty.

We Point Several Morals

THE STORY in the preceding editorial is its own justification, because it's interesting and it's human, which are the same reasons that justify Tom Lawson and the writings of William Shakespeare. Moreover, the story is not without usefulness to some thousands of young men who, this week, are turning clear young eyes from the quiet green of campus and college yard to ugly streets and harsh city walls. We would not willingly seem to share the flippant spirit of cynicism and cheap humor in which it has become a newspaper conventionality to hand out advice to graduates. Who can contemplate that great body of hope and enthusiasm without sympathy, and who has an imagination which is not touched by the spectacle of all those unlived lives? But we wish fewer of the college graduates were just now seeking a soft snap in father's office, just because it's the path of least resistance. We wish more of them had, as a governing motive, the pride to cut loose from the aid of family and friends, and possessed the initiative and courage to begin at the bottom, far from old associates. We confess to an initial prejudice against the young graduate who turns up at your office with sixteen letters of introduction from college professors, old school friends, and distant connections of your wife's family. Also, in getting on in the world, George Ade would probably put it this way: A Disposition to Mix and be Friendly is Better than Father's Pull. There are few greater handicaps either to service or to success than the social consciousness which classifies people as desirable and undesirable acquaintances for reasons other than fundamental ones of character. Finally, we wish more of the Eastern graduates would go to the small towns in the West. The average of college men per square yard is too high in New York and New England. If college has given a man something of value to the world, he should carry it to the place where that thing is least common. Moreover, if it has equipped him with any especial capacity for success, it is good sense to begin where that possession most distinguishes him. If a young man thinks he can't be happy where he won't have a chance to see Anna Held's new show each winter, or where he can't spend two evenings a week with his old friends at his college club, he won't go pioneering very far, and he will deprive himself of his best chance to develop self-reliance.

Laying the Ghosts

LORD CHARLEY BERESFORD knows how to pour oil on whirlpools, and how to create peace where once turmoil bubbled. Hear him, and remember he is talking to the English nation, which just at present is panting with terror, discovering a squadron of murderous Teutonic airships every time a summer cloud sails by, finding bombs in sausages, invaders in the pantry, and fear in everything. He says of the British naval inquiry, now going on:

> "If the committee finds that things are not as they should be—which I have no doubt they will—there is no necessity for panic. There will be many points which will become public and which will cause dissatisfaction, but don't let us have a panic—don't let us get hysterical!"

This is the perfect method for allaying terror. It can be adapted to many trying situations. Enter a young ladies' boarding-school and state simply but candidly to your little hostess: "A mouse is nibbling your left boot, but don't jump." Tell your friend at the club: "There is arsenic in that glass of sarsaparilla which you just tossed off so jauntily, but don't grow pale." It is the same sort of friendly advice that we once read in a public park in Carlisle, England, where stood a mighty historic cannon. From its silent muzzle depended a printed notice: "Do not roll newspapers into a ball and force into the muzzle of this gun."

The Short Story

THERE ARE MANY clever things to be said of the short story, and Frank Munsey recently uttered some of them. He classifies stories simply by their commercial value and puts pathos first, love second, adventure third, and humor last.

> "Any one can invent love plots and adventures, and some men can not put pen to paper without being humorous; but the pathetic story is always from the heart, and if it is genuine it always reaches the heart of the reader. Those are the stories that are hard to find."

But there is a detail of construction which he omitted. And that detail is the quality of all the enduring short stories. It is speed in construction. Is there one memorable short story that does not move to its end like the rush of a torrent? Is there a single leisurely short story that has gripped and held the public? "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Horla," the parable of "The Prodigal Son," "The Man Without a Country"—they are all tense from the staccato opening to the rapid accumulating climax. They vibrate from engine-room to bowsprit with the beat of their creative energy. That blind, headlong dash for the goal, like the gasping Dorando at Shepherd's Bush, is the essence of the short story. And the reason is plain. The three-decker novel has time and scope to give the tide of life, to give the sense of flux and change, by the diversity of incident, the shifting scenic panorama, the multitude of characters twinkling on and off. The short story can only render that unending motion and ceaseless change, which are the core of life, by its own intensified stride. Its self-generated momentum must compensate for its lack of space and time. It must be breathless in order to show the significance of the news it carries.

BASEBALL

IV. The Business Side of the Game.—*This is the Final Article in the Present Series. The First, "Before the Professionals Came," Appeared May 8; the Second, "Working Out the Game," was Printed May 15; and the Third, "The Art of Pitching," was Published June 5*

By WILL IRWIN

"Remember this, gentlemen: you are dealing with a professional sport, and the tendency of professional sport is downward."—A. G. Spalding to the National League.

THE professional baseball player, as such, was unknown before the Civil War. One finds, indeed, signs in the newspapers of the period that our "sporting men" drew no very sharp line between the amateur and the occasional professional. That, perhaps, was only natural. Athletics were a new thing to us. We had yet to learn the dangers and the finer ethics of sport. For example, the first convention of amateur clubs, held in 1859, felt called upon to pass a rule against paying players. There was no money in the game as yet, only glory; but certain rich non-paying members of the fashionable clubs had begun to lure stars from other clubs by offers of money or "jobs."

The foundation-stone of professional baseball, however, was laid when the Atlantics, the Eckfords, the Mutuals, and the other crack teams of Brooklyn began playing on the old Union Grounds. This arena was a fenced basin, used in winter as a skating rink. In 1862 the owners decided to make it continuously profitable by turning it into a summer baseball park. Experimentally, they charged a regular ten-cent fee at the gate. They found that spectators were willing to pay, even when they raised the price to twenty-five cents. Half of these fees went to the ground owners and half to the clubs. So came the appetite for gate receipts, and "business" had entered the game.

The Early "Inducements" to Star Players

BY 1866 baseball was in a condition of ethical chaos. At every convention the association heard charges and counter-charges of professionalism. Certain old-timers say that Al Reach, a ship-caulker, was the first baseball player to receive a salary. Others deny that Reach was the first—no old-timer makes any assertion about baseball which is not promptly contradicted by some other old-timer. It became a matter of common knowledge in 1866 that three members of the star Atlantics of Brooklyn were receiving $10 a week. New York remained the stronghold of baseball; and Tweed ruled in New York. His familiars were "sports," heavy patrons of boxing, racing, and baseball. Any good player could count, when he joined certain New York teams, upon a lucrative job with short hours and unlimited leave of absence. In the same way the Federal Government helped the Olympics of Washington. The custom traveled westward. A. G. Spalding was the star player of the Forest Citys, formed in Rockford, Illinois; he ranked with Brainard and Martin among pitchers. He received a "flattering offer" of a clerkship in Chicago. Only after he had accepted it did he find that it meant—baseball.

This indeterminate state of affairs could not last. Harry Wright made the first move toward fair and open professionalism. When he went to Cincinnati in 1867 on a business venture that failed, he carried with him the idea of an all-professional team. He gathered the best local players and added the best that he could hire in New York and Brooklyn. So from the beginning was established our American fashion of non-resident players.

Incidentally, Wright furnished this team with the first knickerbocker uniforms—up to that time men had played in long trousers. From this they got their name, the "Red Stockings." His first year's salary roll is still on record: Harry Wright, center-fielder, $1,200; George Wright, shortstop (then greatest all-around player in the country), $1,400; Asa Brainard, pitcher, $1,100; Waterman, third-baseman, $1,000; Sweasey, second-baseman, $800; Gould, first-baseman, $800; Allison, catcher, $800; Leonard, left-fielder, $800; Cal McVey, right-fielder, $800; Hurley, utility, $600. Their record for 1869 remains unapproached and unapproachable in baseball. They toured the country from Boston to San Francisco, meeting all teams with even the shadow of a reputation, and never lost a game! They made money, and Harry Wright became the first "baseball magnate."

A new evil, worse than masked professionalism, had appeared in New York and Philadelphia and spread until it tainted the sport in every city. Loose, unsystematic betting had grown into organized pool-selling and book-making. John Morrissey, champion pugilist, and a towering figure in sport after his retirement, did his little all to assist this tendency. As in every sport where betting takes firm hold, "crooked play" followed. Of the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia, the "Baseball Chronicle" announced in 1867: "No game played between these two teams is to be trusted." At every important game gamblers walked before the stands waving rolls of bills and calling odds.



The Fans Pay the Bill

At the ticket windows of the New York Polo Grounds, 3:30 P. M. It costs from $250,000 to $500,000 a year to support the "Giants"

Cleaning up the First Professional Association

THE Amateur Association gave up the struggle in 1871; though it lingered for several years as an unconsidered entity, it had influence no more. The power passed into the hands of the first professional league—the National Association of Professional Baseball Players. On all counts except that of clean sport, this was a great step forward. Professionalism was now open and definite; and something like system came into the game.

The first professional league went on for five years with varying membership and with a constant downward tendency. More and more venal grew the Athletics of Philadelphia and the Mutuals, who represented New York and Brooklyn. With them, baseball became an excuse for betting. When the wives and daughters of the players watched a game, they did so secretly from behind the club-house door. On the Philadelphia grounds, the dressing-rooms stood over a bar and pool-room. The players, passing out to the field, used to stop and place bets there—sometimes, we know now, they bet on the other side. Because of the wholesale slaughter of tainted players which occurred later, old-time baseball men are chary, even to this day, of talking about the crooked deals which they witnessed in that time. Now and then, however, they will tell tales—with names and places carefully disguised. One has told me of seeing a pitcher divide $700 with two of his team-mates on a hotel bed—their price for throwing a deciding game. A star pitcher on one of the "straight" teams went into a game with $500, the price of betrayal, in his playing clothes. His manager got knowledge of it. When the pitcher began to falter, the manager called the game for a minute and stepped over to the box. "If you lose this game," he said, "I'll have you stripped in the dressing-room and take that money off you before the whole team!" The pitcher won. And the stock excuse of the fans became: "Aw, they threw the game!"

Baseball was going the way that racing has gone, the way that professional boxing has gone—since crookedness, more than brutality, has put the prize-ring under ban of Legislatures and City Councils. Pulpits, by 1875, were raging against baseball; reformers were assailing it. On the other hand, there were those, like the defenders of racing to-day, who maintained that betting was an integral part of the sport; that its abolition meant ruin for baseball. The Western managers did not agree; neither did the Wrights, by this time associated with Boston.

In 1875 the Association expelled Chicago for refusing to play a return game—there were as yet no circuits nor schedules. Thereupon Spalding, McVey, and a few other Boston players "jumped" to Chicago. Spalding signed with W. A. Hulbert, owner of the Chicago Club, as manager and captain. In 1876 Hulbert, Spalding, Harry Wright of Boston, "Nick" Young of Washington, and others planned and carried out a revolt. They had their organization so well perfected before they sprung the mine that the managers of crooked teams had to come in or get out of baseball. This is called "Spalding's revolution"; in fact, he was probably the prime mover, though Hulbert was a great deal more than a figurehead.

The National League of Professional Baseball Clubs they called the organization. It had one main object: to make the game a clean, popular sport, free from gambling. In this, Spalding at least was not all altruist. He had seen the future in sporting goods. A popular professional game, with large audiences and many imitators, meant a huge demand for balls, bats, shoes, etc.; the contemporary tendency meant a diminishing demand. This move was business—of the most enlightened kind.

Eight clubs comprised the first circuit—Chicago, Boston, Mutuals (of New York), Athletics (of Philadelphia), Hartford, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville. The Washington Club did not come in; but the league took Nick Young over as secretary. On Hulbert's death, Young became president and served in the chair until age forced his retirement. The strong rule against gambling, passed in the first meeting, was a lecture to the Mutuals and the Athletics. They disregarded it; by the end of the first season they were expelled. New York and Philadelphia went without league baseball for seven years. Boston and Chicago are the only cities with a continuous record in the big leagues.

The Hard Struggle Toward Honesty

MORE effective than the expulsion of the Eastern clubs was the action which the league took with Louisville. At a time when that city had the championship nailed down, four Louisville players were caught red-handed taking bribes to throw a game. Out of the league they went forever. The directors resisted all appeals on their behalf. The wife of one of them approached Hulbert; told him that the league had stolen her living; that the children were hungry. "Here's a hundred dollars; take it and eat," said Hulbert. "Come to me again if he doesn't get work. I will never reinstate him." Somehow, this lesson burned itself into the souls of professional baseball players. From that day the league has regarded gambling as the devil of the game.

Teams came in and went out. The game struggled and faltered; but it struggled always forward. In the early days the National League included such towns as Syracuse, Troy, and Worcester. Not until the eighties did it turn the corner.

As yet there were no other leagues. But baseball was thriving in cities which knew not the National. In most of these places, truth to tell, the baseball park was only the annex to a profitable bar. A semi-professional team, hired by the ground-keeper, would play Sunday games with any able contenders. Sunday ball was forbidden in the National League, as were bars, but some of the Western teams, on off Sundays when the schedule permitted, would play exhibition games in such towns as Louisville and St. Louis. Louisville had dropped its league membership after the exposition incident. The St. Louis Club [illegible] under the patronage of Chris V[illegible]

(Continued [illegible])



After a Big Game on the Polo Grounds, New York

The franchise of the New York National Baseball Club is worth $2,000,000 or more, according to John McGraw, manager. Outside of New York and Chicago, a "major" league club has an average value of $400,000. About $20,000,000 a year is spent by the American public on professional baseball

For the International Polo Championship



Royal Sport

By HENRY L. HERBERT

Chairman of the Polo Association

A match for international polo honors between the best of England and the pick of America will be played, beginning June 23, on the Hurlingham field, England. It will be the second attempt of America to regain the Cup won by the Englishmen over twenty years ago at Newport

POLO is a game which requires and brings out all of the strength and skill and courage of which a player is capable. To be high-class a man must think and act as quick as a flash, and at the same time adhere to the rules and avoid all that is reckless or dangerous to himself or his opponents.

The Hurlingham rules, under which the game is played in England, differ from the rules of our Polo Association, particularly in the one pertaining to offside, which makes a radical change in the system of play as compared with the game under American rules.

The general theory of the English game is one of obstruction—that is, to prevent the opposing team from scoring. The American game, however, with less restriction, brings out more racing between ponies, more freedom and fun for the players (particularly the No. 1), and greater excitement for the spectators.

One of the thrilling features is the scientific passing of the ball from one player to another, followed by the racing sprint and try for goal.

Under the American system of handicapping, which is done by a committee of the Association according to the individual merit of each player, it is possible for a team of moderate skill to enter and play against teams of the highest class with an equal chance of winning out.

As an illustration—one team of four players, each handicapped at two goals, would make a total of eight goals, meeting a team of two five-goal men, one six goals, and one four goals, their total would be twenty goals—thus the eight-goal team would be allowed the difference, which is twelve goals; consequently the higher class team must score twelve times and as many more as their opponents may have made before the score would be a tie: and so have usually to keep up a genuine American hustle in order to win out.

Such is the system which has brought about much of the growth of the game in the United States.

The Association when organized in 1890 was made up of eight clubs, while now there are thirty-seven clubs in the membership, nearly all of which have private grounds, so the public really has few opportunities to see and therefore to understand this greatest of all games. At the championship games played in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, in 1895 to 1900, the spectators numbered twenty to thirty thousand every clear day, all showing the keenest interest.

Nearly all ponies enter into the spirit of the game and appear to enjoy it quite as much as the players or the spectators. Altogether it is a "battle royal" from start to finish; and while it is a grand sport to witness, it is the greatest of all to take part in.

Were it played as publicly as baseball, it would draw equal crowds. It has been the purpose of the Association, however, to eliminate all money-making features, and the game is mostly played at the several club grounds throughout the country and at many of the army posts. Squadron A of the New York National Guard, however, has the use of two grounds in Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, which are always open to the public. The military authorities of America and of England recognize the advantage of polo as a means of discipline, higher horsemanship, and healthful exercise, and the game is encouraged and aided by the Government at thirty of the army posts; there are a hundred and twenty members of the army on the handicap list of the Polo Association.

American poloists believe the present Meadow Brook team would be pretty sure to defeat the best English team on American ground under American rules, but are not sure of the result in England, owing to the difference in conditions.



J. M. Waterbury, Jr.—No. 2



Devereaux Milburn—No. 4



Harry Payne Whitney—No. 3

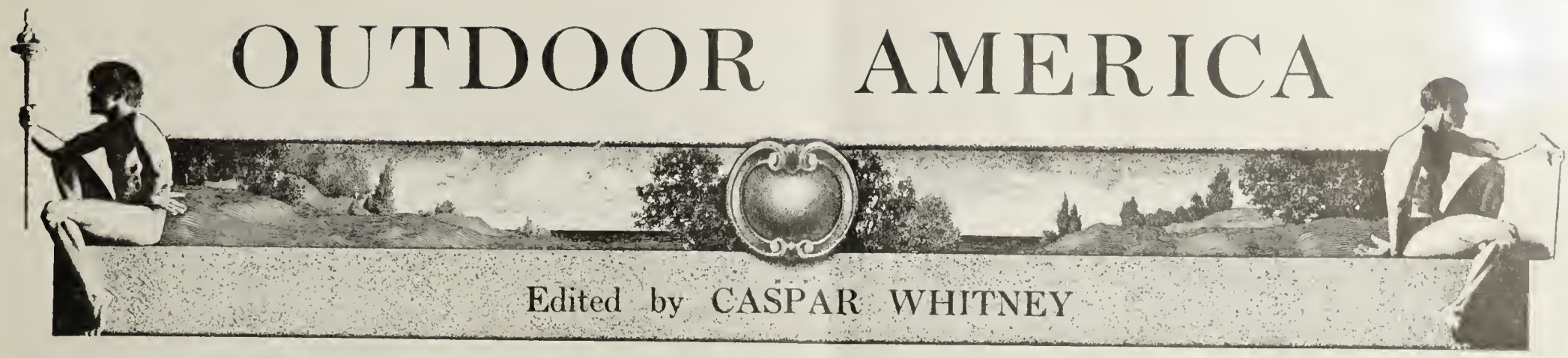


Lawrence Waterbury—No 1





The American Team which has Gone to England to try to Lift the Cup



OUTDOOR AMERICA

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

Another Try at England for Polo Honors

THE outlook for America in the international polo match, which begins on the 23d at Hurlingham, is encouraging for the first time since the Englishmen drubbed us so thoroughly twenty-three years ago at Newport. That was the time R. Belmont, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Foxhall Keene, and W. K. Thorn, were overwhelmed in two matches by Captain Malcolm Little, T. H. Hawley, Captain Thomas Hone, and the late John Watson in the day of the around-the-field play, before backing the ball had become the skilful element it now is—and the American team was like unto the man who fell out of the balloon. On the next international effort Foxhall Keene, W. and L. McCreery, and F. J. Mackey lost a one-game match against John Watson, Captain Beresford, F. M. Freake, and W. S. Buckmaster in England, by a score of eight goals to two, in 1900. The play in this contest showed much improvement on both sides over that at Newport six years before, the game itself having considerably advanced—but the Englishmen were still too good. In 1902 the first really serious attempt was made to recapture the Cup by a team comprising Foxhall Keene, J. E. Cowdin, R. L. Agassiz, and J. M. and L. Waterbury—the best five players of America. Varying combinations of these men played through a short preliminary practise season, with seven matches won, one tied, and three lost to their credit; and the score surely raised the hopes of American sportsmen.

In the international matches, however, the Americans were decisively defeated—winning the first game two goals to one, but losing the second and third, in each of which games they were able to score only a single goal, while the Englishmen scored six and seven goals, respectively.

Why We Have Always Lost

HERE in America was much heart-burning and criticism a-plenty, followed by explanations galore, relating to the difference between American form in practise and in match play; and the apparent slump in strength from the first game of the match to the second and third. As usual, in long-distance criticism, much of the comment was based on ignorance of fact. The contributing causes to the defeat in 1902 were: first, lack of team-play; second, ponies unequal to the demand made upon them. The lack of team play came because of repeated shifting of the players among the different positions; and the inefficiency of the ponies was largely inbred and partly through meeting conditions and going not only entirely new, but much more strenuous than those to which they were accustomed. Similar mistakes will not be made this year.

Individually, the team of 1909 does not represent as high skill as the one of 1902, because it includes neither Cowdin nor Keene, unquestionably the two greatest players America has developed to date; but apart from these two, it is the strongest four America could send. What is more important—the men are harmonious in spirit and will get together as no American four in England has ever before done. If one feature characterizes English polo, it is playing to position—always the American weakness.

For the first time Americans on English soil will be on level terms with their opponents in the matter of ponies. The sixteen ponies, with which Harry Payne Whitney is mounting the team, are mostly English-bred, and will be fit to the hour. The disadvantage of much heavier turf and longer playing periods, under which the American-bred and trained pony plays in England, is scarcely understood on this side. For short bursts the American is quite as serviceable as the English, but on the heavier going and in the longer periods, the American pony is outclassed. It is to be remembered that in England they play six ten-minute periods with three-minute intervals; whereas in America we play ten six-minute periods with three-minute intervals; the reason we do not adopt the ten-minute periods of England is because the longer period in our summer heat is too severe on both player and pony. In 1902 our ponies were as good as the English for the first five minutes of every period, but were out of it the rest of the time; and 'twas in the last half the Englishmen did their scoring—some of the American ponies actually falling from exhaustion during play. We used to take out two minutes' rest every time a goal was made, but that has been abandoned in our endeavor to get nearer the English standard.

What We Need in Order to Win

THE four prime requisites to success in this match are: first, fitness (men and ponies); second, team play; third, ponies; fourth, individual (men) quality. All of these appear to be supplied by the proposed American combination of Lawrence Waterbury at No. 1; J. M. Waterbury, Jr., No. 2; Harry Payne Whitney, No. 3; Devereaux Milburn, No. 4. Next to putting Keene and Cowdin at Nos. 2 and 3, respectively, and moving J. M. Waterbury to No. 1, this is the strongest four America can produce. It remains to be seen what Lawrence Waterbury can do in his new place; he has always played at No. 4, and will, therefore, understand the tricks of the opposing No. 1, which is the reason assigned for giving him this position on the international team. He is a splendid horseman and a quick, clever player. J. M. Waterbury is one of the very best No. 2's in the country. Certainly only Cowdin is better. As a No. 3, Whitney perhaps ranks next to Keene. He has good direction and force, is a sure hitter, and uses his head. He is not Keene in an emergency, but then Keene is without an equal in a close corner. Milburn is the best No. 4 in the country, the strongest hitter, and altogether the stoutest player in this position. The American team at this writing is not provided with a substitute, but one will no doubt be supplied in season, and, assuming Keene and Cowdin out of the reckoning, René La Montagne seems next best qualified for the post and the logical selection.

England's team will be the strongest the Empire affords, and that means it will be a powerful aggregation indeed, including P. W. Nickalls, No. 4; Walter S. Buckmaster, No. 3; and F. M. Freake, No. 2. These men were all on the team against us in 1902, and are the strongest players of England. The man for No. 1 is in doubt as yet. Likely L. C. D. Jenner will be chosen, or R. Grenfell, or Captain Herbert Wilson—all of whom are high-class. The first match is for June 23, the second June 26, and the third on June 30, if a third is necessary. While the odds are all in favor of England, I feel we have more than a fighting chance, provided the Americans stick to their positions. Only by doing so is there the ghost of a hope of escaping defeat, for Nickalls and Buckmaster and Freake not only are the three greatest players of England, but they have played together for about ten years. The Americans can win only through unfailing team-play, plus the mental alertness and the brilliant individual work in which they have on the last two occasions excelled the Englishmen. But individual dash without high-class team-work will never succeed against the infallible combination play which the Englishmen are sure to show. We can not count on any weakness developing in the English team to favor our chances. They have the men, they have the ponies, and their effort will be to the limit of both; for there is no sporting title Englishmen would not rather lose than the polo championship, which they have held against all comers time out of mind.

Good Polo at Home

AT HOME the current season prospect is quite the most enlivening of recent years. Notable is the increase in players, for a total of thirty-one clubs in the Association, to about two hundred, in addition to the score or so of cadet recruits at West Point. Most significant evidence of the game's auspicious advance is furnished by the added numbers of what may be called second-grade men, which is to be attributed, in my opinion, to the junior championship events, always the hobby of the Association's prescient secretary, Mr. W. A. Hazard. Further evidence of the game's growth is the expanding moral force of the Association as represented by its temerity in legislating for the game's real interest despite a tempestuous insurgent element that likes its game "wide open." For example, the admirable and timely decisions of the Executive Committee, of which Mr. H. L. Herbert is chairman, reveal determination to cut out the unnecessary roughness and to establish a premium on good horsemanship. Severe penalties for dangerous crossings, reckless mallet-swinging, and foul riding are in the right spirit and show an understanding of what serves the game best.

The Perennial Rowing Bugaboo

EVERY once in so often somebody gets hysterical over the four-mile rowing course. Any oarsman, however remote his connection with rowing, who dies, is at once seized upon as the text for a preachment against the "deadly fourth mile." Obviously these critics expect a certificate of immortality to go with membership in a 'varsity crew. The wonder is so much space is given so thoroughly thrashed-out a subject. Always there are those who, either to boil the pot or to serve a fetish, will exploit the thesis at the expense of trustful editors and spaceful periodicals. Specious reasoning may, of course, be indulged in favor of a three-mile over a four-mile racing course, and no doubt the unknowing reader is impressed by a plea to reduce the duration of the struggle from twenty to fifteen minutes. Those who have sat in 'varsity boats and rowed four miles and three miles agree on the four-mile race being less severe than the three-mile. Men who have had experience in running know that the quarter-mile race is much harder than the one-mile run—that it is, in fact, the hardest race a man can run. Reducing the "duration of the struggle" is clamor—no more, no less; and its argument, sophism. Men enter a race—crews enter a race—with just so much energy to spend, and it is burned slowly or rapidly according to the length of the struggle. But the energy is all consumed, whether it feeds the human furnace during four miles or goes up in one roaring quarter-mile flame. Experienced oarsmen claim that the most exhausting rowing race in the world is the one-mile and five-sixteenths on the Thames. Reducing the distance from four miles to three miles would make the race practically a sprint all the way without the breather the men now get to ease their efforts. The stroke would be higher and sustained, and the contest much severer. Nor is the leading crew at three miles necessarily the winning eight at four miles, as has been demonstrated.

Shorten the Training Period

AS FOR ill effects—years ago Dr. Morgan of Oxford published full authentic statistics as to the effect of rowing upon several generations of Oxford oarsmen. His investigation covered the period from 1829 to 1872; and during those forty-three years only five per cent had suffered any ill effects. In America a similar investigation was made by Dr. Darling, covering Harvard crews from 1890 to 1900. He reported that "no ill effects which could reasonably be attributed to training were discovered nine months after stopping it."

There is ground, however, and good ground for criticizing college rowing, but it is as to length of the training period, not in the length of the course. The American college crews now train nearly six months, a period altogether too long and wholly unnecessary—one more on the list of charges against the professional coach, whose demands and teachings are harmful in influence and sport-destroying in results.

College committees can take a little time from rule-making and give it with profit to a closer study of this prolonged-training-period subject.

American-bred Dogs Winning

ALTHOUGH the season's bench shows developed nothing especially new, they did emphasize the improving quality of American-bred dogs, as illustrated by Mr. Rutherford's fox-terrier bitch, Warren Remedy, which secured the blue for the best of any breed in the New York show; by the victory of Miss Lucille Alger's French poodle, The Miller, and by the triumph of Gamin II as the best male French bulldog yet bred in this country. But perhaps the most noteworthy event, as well as the most surprising, was the victory of Sabine Fernie, that native-bred fox-terrier dog from Texas, over Warren Remedy, which only a week or so before had been declared the best of some three thousand dogs gathered at Madison Square Garden.

Bench shows have not been, in my opinion, a real benefit to the breeding interests in field dogs or in the working terriers. The delicate-shouldered, long-headed, and slim-backed examples are enough to bring tears to the eyes of a sportsman. The only real dog shows for sporting dogs are the field trials. The bench shows around the country are pleasing tributes to fashion and fancy. And by the same token I am sorry to observe that the professional is getting such a firm hold; he comes nowadays mighty near running the show; even aspires to appointing the judges. And that's a great mistake, gentlemen of the kennel clubs, and had better be rectified before further damage is permitted.

An Intelligent Board of Education

BY ITS decision to open for Sunday recreation the four city athletic fields of the Public Schools Athletic League, the New York Board of Education has earned the gratitude and is entitled to the unqualified support of the citizens of the Empire State. It is the wise step of an educator who is also a humanitarian and indicates a comprehending appreciation of what the children of a city need most of all. Also it is the simplest and most direct manner of supplying that need, and offers a worthy example to the other cities of our country.

Of course there will be protests from that type of religionist who seemingly gives no intelligent thought to debauching influences so long as an appearance of the traditional Puritan Sabbath-keeping is maintained. The Board of Education can afford to ignore the carping of those who would rather see boys hobnobbing with the devil on the street corner or stealing into saloon back doors than playing wholesome games openly. Clear-headed people will heartily commend the Board's action. I find myself always wondering why the "other denominations" do not take a lesson from the Roman Catholics and their Christian-like and common-sense view of Sunday with relation to its place in the life of workaday people. The most Christian-like, the most intelligent, movement that could be set in motion in America would be a law to compel the closing of all business at noon on Saturday, and make of Sunday a joyous [illegible] of clean recreation for the multitude.



"An auction is a diversion . . . . dooryard and barn are overrun by a curious, shrewdly calculating crowd discussing the family history and the values of its goods and chattels"

Abandoning the Old Farm

The Invasion from Town

By RALPH D. PAINE

THOUSANDS of city folk fare forth every year in quest of "the abandoned farm." New England is the favorite hunting-ground of these pilgrims with rural aspirations, who discover by the side of the turnpikes and lonely back roads of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire those gray, weather-worn, low-roofed dwellings, empty barns, and gaunt, stone-walled fields that are no longer tenanted. The great square chimneys, now crumbling, warmed sturdy generations of pioneering farming folk aforetime, the raftered chambers and their massive hearthstones were home to young men and maidens who toiled and loved and sorrowed and rejoiced, and in due time were laid to rest in the family "burying lot" over yonder by the pine grove where the lichen-covered headstones lean this way and that, and the grass grows wild and lush in June.

A new race, an invasion from the town, is making country homes of these old farms which are everywhere in process of rejuvenation, and the memories of the stout-hearted people that made and tilled them are scattered to the four winds. How came these farms and roof-trees to be deserted and left to decay as melancholy relics of an earlier era? Many of them were peopled for a hundred years on end, and here and there you may find one which maintained one family, from father to son, for nearly two centuries, the timbers of the house hewn by strong arms long before the Colonies dreamed of rebelling against the crown.

From my library window I look down a long slope of hay land to a New Hampshire meadow, a corner of which is dotted with the graves of ten generations of one name that lived on this farm. The last of them sold out and went away only a little while ago, and thus finished the story of another "run-out family" and its worn-out acres.

At Last Comes the Auction

THE most conspicuous character in the last act of the humble tragedy of the abandoned farm is very often the rural auctioneer. He it is who rings the curtain down with careless quip and boisterous jest. Perhaps his burly presence has been menacing the household through long years of gripping struggle with adversity. The land has been becoming poorer, the ambitious men of the family have gone away to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and on the heels of misfortune has followed the chattel mortgage. Unsung heroism, incredible economies, toil unceasing, have not sufficed to check the steady decadence of the farm and its affairs. Some day, when the ultimate disaster can be no longer held at arm's length, a printed bill, announcing the sale at auction of stock, tools, and household goods, is posted in the village store and the post-office.

The idlers scan the bill with curious interest, but with no marked symptoms of surprise. The auction has been a foregone conclusion for some time. The storekeeper remarks to his leisurely customers:

"Old Jonathan Woodman has been livin' alone on the farm for years and years. He's the last of 'em. All petered out, ain't they? He's going to live with his granddaughter in Newmarket, so they tell me. Hung on longer than I expected, the old man did. Too old and much farming and no money to hire help."

"Couldn't make his boys stay at home," comments the man who has dropped in to buy an ax-handle. "It was a fine farm in its day. My father remembers when it cut sixty ton of hay and kept forty head o' stock."

"It won't cut ten ton this year," puts in another. "Fields all run out, pasture growed up with juniper. You could throw a bull calf through the cracks in the barn, and the house ain't fit to live in. Nobody's goin' to buy it. Guess that's why Jonathan didn't put it on the auction bill."

"The Woodmans was the smartest, most prosperous family in this town fifty years ago," pipes up a withered grandsire. "Think I'll go to the auction and see what's left. Must be a lot of old furniture and junk in the house. It's been accumulatin' most since the Revolutionary War."

On the morning of the sale the roads leading toward the Woodman place are populous with vehicles more serviceable than elegant—concords, democrats, buggies, carry-alls, and rattling wagons. An auction is a diversion, a mild excitement, and the women-folk forsake their spicy kitchens to enjoy a day's outing, with the bulging dinner-basket tucked under the front seat. Long before the auctioneer is ready to begin his task, the Woodman house, dooryard, and barn are overrun by a curious, shrewdly calculating crowd discussing the family history and the values of its goods and chattels.



"Two dealers in old furniture hover near the prizes they have marked for their own"

The day is fair, and the furniture has been stacked outside for ready inspection, just in front of the lilac bushes planted by the great-grandmother of old Jonathan. There are some genuine antiques on show, four-posted beds, slender-legged high-boys, bureaus with pillared fronts, a pile of straight-backed, rush-bottomed chairs, while two dealers in old furniture hover near the prizes they have marked for their own, and eye each other sourly, like duelists on the field of action.

These few pieces of battered furniture, dignified even in their shabby estate, tell their own story. They stand for vanished generations of Woodmans who enjoyed a solid, substantial kind of prosperity. Piled nearby are many rude utensils and implements of the farm and household which were wrought by hand long before the age of machinery and of shoddy. From the attic have been fetched dusty spinning-wheels, the hanks of wool and flax still in place, and spindles threaded just as they were last used by industrious housewives. Carding-combs, reels, and swifts are thrown on the heap as so much junk. Beside them are tossed a pillion and a pair of mildewed saddle-bags. In another "lot" is a kit of carpenter's tools, some of them fashioned for splitting clapboards from the log. The square was obviously hammered out on the farm forge, and the block plane bears the marks of the jack-knife that whittled it. Powder-horn and shot-pouch are flung down beside a long musket of prodigious bore, which was altered from flint-lock to percussion cap to keep pace with the march of modern improvements a few generations ago.

Everything Under the Hammer

THE women, bless their sympathetic hearts, cluster about two-rocker cradles built of bits of hewn plank. Babyhood has not grown old-fashioned in this country district, and the emotions of these mothers are moved at sight of the clumsy cradles in which so many tiny Woodmans were sung to sleep. It is rather difficult to realize that children ever played in this forlorn old house, now so bleak and gray and empty. Old Jonathan, wrinkled, grim, and bent, is pottering about from room to room, in everybody's way, waiting for his granddaughter to take him to Newmarket after the sale. His hard hands are tremulous to-day, his voice unsteady, and his aspect dazed and helpless as if the end of his world had come. Strangers are pawing over the log-cabin quilts and the linen bed canopies that his wife and his mother made. The rag rugs they sewed in winter evenings have been gathered from kitchen and bedrooms and hung on the dooryard fence for the convenience of the auctioneer. Jonathan wipes his faded eyes with the back of his hand and wanders outside, his mind busy and distraught with Heaven knows what poignant memories and resurrected sentiments.

Groups of hard-headed farmers are inspecting the livestock, squinting knowingly at the horses' teeth, or poking the pigs in the ribs. They are moved to profane mirth at sight of the ancient high-backed sleigh, the horse-rake built of timber and spikes, and the wooden plow sheathed with strips of iron which have been laid away in the barn for years and years, memorials of the tillers of a wilderness country. The mowing-machine and other modern implements look oddly

out of place amid their archaic surroundings. Inspection is cut short by the stentorian voice of the auctioneer, who has mounted a chest in front of the doorstep and is proclaiming:

"All goods to be sold for cash to the highest bidder. Nothing to be removed from the premises until paid for. Now, now, what'll it be first?"

The village postmaster is acting as clerk of the sale. He is an elderly man of solemn visage. Perchance he feels the import of the humble tragedy in which he is a minor actor, for he is old enough to recall when Jonathan Woodman and his wife "held up their heads with the best of 'em." By this time Jonathan has retired to a stone bench beneath an apple tree nearby, where he sits with his chin in his hands, mumbling to himself, gazing with a helpless air at the good-natured auctioneer who is droning in his professional, sing-song manner as if this were the most commonplace occurrence:

Old Pewter Treasures

"A BUNCH of cowbells, three flatirons heavier'n boarding-house biscuits, a carpet bag—just the thing to go to Boston in—and a gilt-framed motto worked in worsted, 'God Bless Our Home'—all in one lot. Ten cents I'm bid—who'll make it fifteen?—ten—ten—ten is bid—ah, fifteen it is—going strong, ain't you, Abner Davis? Those cowbells will come in handy for your wife to hang on your neck and follow your tracks when you go out nights; who'll make it twenty—twenty is bid—make it a quarter, Abner—quarter, quarter. Bill Hedges makes it thirty cents; Bill's courtin' a girl over Strafford way, I hear—mebbe he wants the motto to furnish the home he's aimin' to get for her. Are you all done? Thirty—thirty—thirty, last call—and sold to Bill Hedges. Take 'em away, Bill."

"I'm going to give the motto to Jonathan," sheepishly stammers the rosy-cheeked, strapping young farmer. "Seems as if it belonged to him and nobody else."

A wintry smile gleams for an instant athwart the flinty countenance of Jonathan as Bill presents him with this offering. The old man holds the frame in his lap, and the faded legend, "God Bless Our Home," thus displayed in its garish embroidery of red and green worsted, has become pitifully ironical. The auctioneer holds aloft a nest of pewter platters, and the blasé dealers in antiques prick up their ears. The farmer folk have no intention of bidding against these sharp-eyed gentlemen from the city who have somehow got wind of the auction. Old pewter such as this is coveted by persons with more wealth than ancestry. What a pity that Jonathan can not sell a few dozen ancestors along with his pewter, for he has his own burying lot filled with rows and rows of them.

The auctioneer addresses himself to the rival dealers with impassioned earnestness. First the one nods to indicate a higher bid, then the other deliberately wags his head, and so sharp and determined is the competition that presently the twain are bobbing away like automatons wound up for all day. At length one of them, whether from prudence or a pain in the back of the neck, nods no longer, but shrugs his shoulders,



The old high-backed sleigh that grandfather used

turns his back on the scene, and leaves the spoils to the victor.

"Them pewter plates was a wedding present of my grandmother's," Jonathan mutters to another patriarch. "I asked my granddaughter to hold 'em out of the auction and keep 'em, but she said they was ugly rubbish and the dealers 'nd give a lot of money for 'em. Pewter is grand when it's kept bright," says I, "but she couldn't see it that way. I always was fond of that set of plates."

Fun for the Neighbors

"A WARMING-PAN, pair of tongs, a footstool, and three tall hats," cries the auctioneer. "The hats is a leetle mite out of style, but they'll do fust rate to set hens in. The warming-pan is just the thing for boilin' maple sap, and the tongs are strong and heavy enough to extract a dollar from Deacon Maxwell's pocket. Could I give 'em a better recommendation? Ah, there you are, Deacon. I didn't see you. Half a dollar I'm bid—make it sixty—here, I'll throw in a hymn-book dated 1834—crammed to the covers with orthodox melodies—same as they used to carry to singin'-school when that old high-back sleigh yonder was new. Sixty—seventy—eighty—eighty—eighty—eighty, and sold to Mrs. Henry Brown."

"I just can't help going to auctions and buying all kinds of things I haven't a mite of use for," said Mrs. Henry Brown. "My attic is full of it. I guess it must be my besetting sin. What in the world am I going to do with another old warming-pan? Seems as if I lost my head at an auction."

The monotony of the auctioneer's task is varied by many a rough-shod joke and personal thrust, at which his hearers laugh uproariously. The dealers in antiques appear more and more bored until the interminable catalogue of odds and ends has been disposed of and the furniture is put up for sale. The old pieces bring such high prices that Jonathan's granddaughter from Newmarket is amazed, because they are such hideous, somber, dilapidated old things compared with her shiny, spick-and-span parlor and bedroom sets from Grand Rapids.

The Empty Barn

"HE TOLD me some of these dealers had been snooping around trying to buy the old furniture more than once," says she. "But I didn't pay much attention to him. Grandfather is getting kind of childish anyhow, and he wouldn't sell a piece or stick of the old things for love or money, bad as he needed it. He'll do real well with the auction at this rate."

As for Jonathan, he has wandered off to the barn. He hasn't much to say, but the sight of these friends and neighbors wrangling for his possessions like a flock of crows in a cornfield is painfully depressing. Before long the auctioneer will be invading the barn, with a clamorous crowd at his heels. Jonathan wants to say good-by to his team of horses. He raised them as colts. Now they are as lean and unkempt as the neglected, impoverished fields. Too poor to buy grain, too feeble to raise it, Jonathan has let the faithful team "run down" until it matches the farm. Jonathan feels that he is a silly old fool, but maybe he would like to say good-by to the cows, too. He almost stumbles over an old dasher churn stored in an empty stall with other discarded utensils. His father made that churn, his mother used it forty years, and his wife after her. He halts and says to himself:

"By eriekets, they can talk about their new-fangled churns, but no butter ever tasted as good as what our women used to make in the dasher. Yep, there's that durned old churn. I dunno as I've seen anything hauled out to-day that brings the place back to me as it was fifty years ago."

The spacious hay-mows are almost empty. Daylight streams through innumerable cracks and knot-holes of roof and walls where age has shrunk and rotted the shingles and weather-boarding. But the great hewn timbers of the framework tower aloft with something of the enduring strength and dignity of a cathedral. These beams and trusses and sills have withstood the winter gales of a hundred years, and look stanch to endure through another century. Jonathan peers into the warm, fragrant dusk of the cavernous barn and falls to musing. What will he do with himself with no stock to feed, no cows to milk, no other chores? What if nobody buys the old place? Will the stout barn rot and tumble in a heap of unsightly ruins? This possibility worries Jonathan. The barn is so intimately in-

(*Concluded on page 30*)

Shipmates with Gasoline

The Motor-Boat Has Become a Prominent Feature in the Holiday Equipment

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

OUR summer home stands on a pine-clothed hillside by the sea. In the granite shore at the foot of the hill is a pocket of harbor that has a bit of white beach and water pale green to a good depth over gravel bottom. In this sheltered spot, always in view from the cottage door, swings on a long mooring line our cruising launch, the *Captain Kidd*.

You are to believe there never was a power-boat more nearly perfect in its owners' eyes than this one. Some of our neighbors, not in this secret, who own larger and swifter boats, affect sympathy when they pass us in the bay; but in our breasts no envy is roused by them, and Lillis, with woman's philosophy, declares that no added essence of sea and air is extracted merely by speed and mahogany.

We had never been shipmates with gasoline until we built this boat. Months of planning, drawing, estimating, corresponding with engine manufacturers and boat-builders, had preceded the boat. Although new in the power game, we had certain well-defined requirements. They were: A well-built, graceful hull, easy to drive and suited both to seagoing and river work; sleeping quarters for two and room for cooking; a simple engine of reliable type, adapted to moderate speeds; finish to be plain and substantial; the cost to be moderate.

Planning the Boat

THE pleasure of planning the boat and seeing it grow under the hand of a kindly old builder was as sweet as mortals would want to know; and its usefulness when in commission was perfect proof of the pudding. The boat suddenly widened the scope of our summer life. The coast far and near was soon to us as one neighborhood. Markets ten miles off became accessible daily. Friends we did well formerly to call on once a season now stood ready to receive us even before breakfast. Our boat is better than a magic carpet, and gasoline a more reliable magician than the genii, either for the performance of duty or the pursuit of pleasure.

There is variety in the expeditions we make in the *Captain Kidd*. Bays, rivers, and the ocean are fretted by our wheel. Hamlets, villages, and cities are within our cruising range. Sometimes we head offshore, and,



Inland water gives opportunity for land excursions

on the compass bearings of an old sea fight, cast anchor and engage in fishing for cod or haddock. We are guided back at night by the cheery red wink of the lighthouse off our point, and in glassy calm glide swiftly past silent bell-buoy and weed-brown rocks into our little cove with its crescent beach of white. Many a picnic we make to odd places on the coast. We know a little and ancient harbor on one of the eastern islands, where lobstermen keep their catch, and we may buy the sweet meated shellfish red from a steaming pot. In the next bay we have built a stone fireplace on a rocky islet, where at times we land to cook our fresh-caught fish over coals of driftwood or flame of pine cones.

We are pilots also for farther journeys. We explore the rocky inlet at the head of the bay and the salt river that comes into it, bordered by farms with houses snug and white, having the greenest of green blinds. We make a longer voyage now and then up the great fresh river to the west of us that comes down past forest, field, and town, an amber flood, from the big lakes among the mountains.

First Lessons in Gasoline

IN LITTLE lessons to Lillis when the boat was new, I explained the action of the gasoline engine:

"A jet of gasoline, which is thinner than water, is sprayed, as one would spray any liquid from an atomizer, into the chamber of the engine's cylinder head, which it reaches in the form of vapor, having been mixed with air. Here it is compressed by the rising piston, and when it is at its smallest compass an electric spark is introduced into the chamber. The result is an explosion of the compressed vapor. This sends the piston downward. The shaft is turned, and with it the boat's propeller. This operation, repeated from four to six hundred times a minute, constitutes the continuous action of the machinery which sends the boat ahead."

Lillis had read humorous writings on stubborn engines that cause sweat, toil, and profanity, and she asked:

"But how do you start the thing if it stops?"

"The moves are simple," she was told. "First turn on your gasoline as you would turn a [illegible] The gasoline fills the carbureter (that's the [illegible]



Going through the lock is always interesting and sometimes exciting

feeds the engine, acting automatically). Then turn on your electric switch (that's for your spark). Then turn the flywheel two or three times—sometimes once will do—to move the piston up and down and get your first explosion, and off she goes. Then open your oil-cups, to keep the bearings lubricated while the engine is running.

Only Ordinary Care

"IF SHE stops, look over your sparking gear, batteries, and wiring; see if the gasoline is feeding properly, then try her again. There are many causes for an engine stopping, but generally a simple one is found. A gasoline engine needs only half-decent care, and it will do anything for you."

And other words to this effect.

The *Captain Kidd* is a plain, simple, usable boat twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide, with bow and stern cut off plumb, making the hull compact and "all boat." The cabin is ten feet long, with strong oak sides and brass-rimmed ports for ventilation and light. The cockpit—a boat's outdoor sitting-room—is the same length. The engine is a moderate-cost, plainly and solidly built machine of a type proved good by the hard service of fishermen in our neighborhood. It has a single cylinder, and is rated at eight horsepower. It is installed under a short bridge deck at the end of the cabin-house. The fuel tanks, holding forty gallons of gasoline, are under the cockpit seats. The piping for conveying the fuel is direct, simple, and strong. Leaking gasoline could not generate vapor in the cabin. Therefore there is no danger of explosion.

The cabin has two slatted berths with hair mattresses, a removable table, an ice-chest, a small coal range for cold days, and an alcohol stove for ordinary use. Storage lockers and water tanks have capacity for a week's supply of stores for two persons. We can take out a party of eight for a day. Even thus laden, the *Captain Kidd* is good for eight miles an hour.

All this was secured at an initial outlay of $900—not the lowest price for a cabin boat of that size, but the lowest at which a good boat can be built in our part of the country. The cost of half a dozen boats like ours scarcely would buy a car for the road, and a boat outlasts a car by many years. One finds unctuous comfort in this thought, even though admitting that the road does not appeal to him.

Satisfaction also is ours for the merit of taking up with so great an economic agent as the gasoline marine engine. In the field of industry, as well as in sport, it has had marvelous development. Since the windmill first spread its arms to the breeze in the East, no other piece of mechanism has had a more marked effect than the gasoline engine on the pursuits of outdoor toilers. Labor gleaning the sea from shore now depends on gasoline as on its right hand. The Down East lobsterman has an engine in his sloop; the Cape Cod fisherman in his catboat; the Long Islander in his sharpie; the Virginia oysterman in the bugeye; the sponger of the Florida keys in his schooner; the New Orleans boatman in his lugger. The river freighter, the coaster, and even the amiable smuggler of Chinese, each has his engine. He may cling still to the sail, but its passing is foreshadowed for this kind of craft by the cutting down of spars, the reduction of sail spread, and the less and less frequent hoisting of canvas. Saving of time and regularity of movement more than compensate for the cost of gasoline.

Tempting Busy People

FURTHER, we may well believe no other single agency has done so much as the gasoline engine to lead busy Americans into habits of periodic relaxation. It gratifies the national love of motion, speed, and change, bringing the active money-getting classes as near real leisure as they may expect or care to be brought.

The man accustomed only to yachting with the sail finds new ideals in the sport of power-boating. Directness of course and capacity to cover distances in stated times make the power-boat's performance one of reasonable precision. Plans in this sport, therefore, are positive and not tentative as when one waits on wind and tide. The gasoline engine is always ready for action, and can work equally well in calm or tempest.

Power-boats used for pleasure are found on every water. Lakes and streams that once knew in navigation only the Indian's canoe, next the woodman's bateau, and then the modern rowboat, now bear hundreds of power craft. Recreation grounds hitherto inaccessible ordinarily are now within touch of town or city. On a summer week-end in all parts of the country the power-boat hosts, in holiday spirit, head for places cool and green—islands, lake-shore coves, river banks, seaside harbors, or sylvan groves beside clear streams.

When we go out in the *Captain Kidd* we feel ourselves kin to all other shipmates of gasoline. Social barriers melt when power-boat men meet in friendly converse at docks and anchorages, and question each other thus:

"What is the make of your engine?"

"What power have you?"

"How many revolutions does she turn up?"

"What speed do you get on that?"

To Suit Every Purse

OUR friend the clam-digger, using a cheap little two-horse engine in his dory, talks "bo't" in easy confidence with the millionaire who has a 300-horsepower machine in his yacht and an electric-lighting and heating plant to boot. We of the *Captain Kidd* feel quite free to discuss spark-plugs, carbureters, cylinders, timers, grease-cups, and the like with our neighbor the banker whose boat cost $10,000 and makes twenty-five miles an hour. It is merely a "ferryboat," the owner explains. The fifty-foot hull is of mahogany, polished like a rosewood grand. The engine has 175 horsepower. The owner grieves if this machine does not take him over the seventeen miles of water between his house and the railroad in forty minutes. Contemplation of him does not dull our enjoyment of the *Captain Kidd's* passage of two hours for the same distance. The gasoline ferryboat is the rich man's luxury, and is built largely for speed. On 50 feet length it has a cabin merely large enough for shelter from rain. In the cabin one notes a mahogany ice-chest.

Utility and Speed

THE private ferryboat represents the greatest utility of high speed in a launch. The speed boat, pure and simple, has no other mission than to create records or race against other speed boats. A knife-like hull of the lightest woods, its sides hardly thicker than the back of a violin, its interior filled with its engines, will last but one season. Such a hull, forty feet long, weighs about 1,500 pounds. Its engines, of about 200 horsepower, weigh about 3,000 pounds. But this frail craft can cover a single mile much faster than the *Mauretania*, 790 feet long, with engines of 70,000 horsepower and weight of 45,000 tons. The *Mauretania's* record speed across the ocean is 25.62 knots, or about 30 land miles, an hour from shore to shore. Her best speed for a short distance is 29 knots. An American power-boat 39.95 feet long (the *Dixie II*), having engines of 190 horsepower, has covered a mile at the rate of 31.09 knots, or 35.08 land miles, an hour. An English boat 50 feet long, but having 700 horsepower, had bettered that, but only by about two miles an hour.

The short life of the speed boat and its high cost make it the exotic of power-boating. Racing such boats is still experimental. The racing of cruising power-boats, chiefly on long courses, on the other hand, has become a feature of sport at home and abroad, and flourishes particularly in America. Such a race is run annually from New York to Bermuda, on a course of 675 miles. Another is between New York and Marblehead, 285 miles, while similar races are held on the Great Lakes, the Gulf, and the Pacific. These races are valuable in demonstrating the merits of engines and fittings, and determining the best sea-going models. A race across the Atlantic is a possibility of the not remote future. One gasoline-driven boat has crossed the ocean already, the *Gregory*, of 90 feet length.

Difficulty in carrying sufficient fuel for the passage has discouraged similar long voyages. A large gasoline cruiser of to-day—they are now built 125 feet over all, with engines of 500 horsepower—could cross easily with extra fuel-tanks installed.

The larger power yacht has taken the place of the medium-sized steam yacht of a few years ago. With less bulky machinery, no boiler and no coal bunkers, a power cruiser affords better accommodation than a steam yacht of the same length. The cost of operation is less, and the speed attained equal and often greater.

The power yacht of 100 feet length, for family use, often takes the shape of a broad-beamed and comfortable houseboat. In such a boat a party of ten or a dozen may cruise from north to south in winter, and the reverse in spring, making a new harbor whenever fancy dictates, and lingering in pleasant ports.

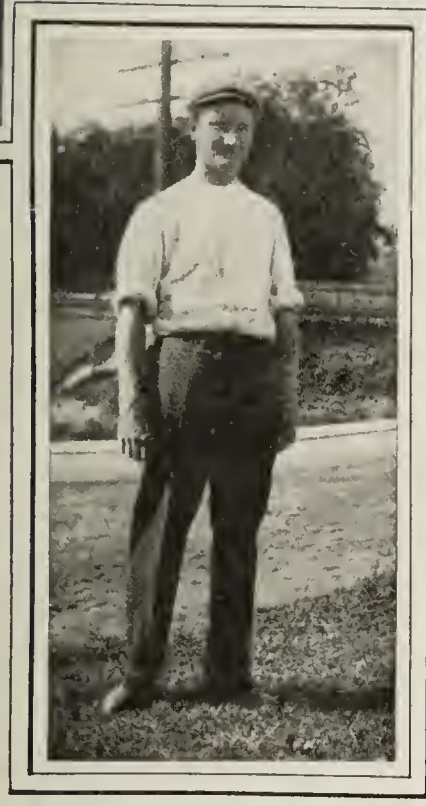
Cruising and the every-day uses of thousands of substantial craft conservatively engined are the life and body of the sport of power-boating, of which racing is only a variant. Of the workable, usable, economical, and dependable power-boat, the *Captain Kidd* is a representative; and with her engine running well her owner cares not how the winds may blow or who is richer than he.



The canal gives wide touring range to the motor-boat



The Anandale Golf Club at Los Angeles, California, with the Sierras in the distance



Jerome D. Travers
The youngest and most expert amateur golf champion the game has developed in America

The Poor Man's Game

The Triumphant March of Golf

By VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

"GOLF is the poor man's game," says Mr. Taft. but that generalization is narrow; for golf is also the game for everybody. It is the one purely athletic sport in which woman comes the nearest to holding her own against masculine rivals. We may begin its practise as soon as we are able to walk, while only recently the papers reported the passing, at eighty-two, of a well-known North Berwick amateur who had played his last round but three days before death. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie enjoy their game to the full, but so do the penniless caddies playing at tomato-can holes with cast-off clubs and battered balls. A native-born Maori won the amateur championship of New Zealand a year or so ago, contending against a field of white men. Mr. Louis James, while still a schoolboy, became amateur champion of the United States, and Mr. Charles Hutchins won the like honor in Great Britain, although he was well over fifty years of age and a grandfather. In very truth, golf is for all sorts and conditions of men—everybody's game.

And yet golf might be distinctively the poor man's game, here as in Great Britain, if only the poor man himself would awake to its possibilities. For example, golf is a sport that does not necessarily require the cooperation of other players, as do baseball and football and hockey. A man may play against a single opponent, or he may take on "Colonel Bogey" and make the round all alone—perhaps playing two balls. Again our match may be at the orthodox eighteen holes, or we may play just so long as time and daylight permit. In many localities golf may be enjoyed throughout the year. The true golfer minds a little rain no more than a duck; nothing short of a heavy fall of snow makes the game impracticable.

What it Costs to Play the Game

THE question of expense. Well, the cost of three or four clubs (all that are really necessary) is not prohibitive, and a properly made ball will often play for a dozen rounds, and then only require repainting. Only the very near-sighted man is actually dependent on his caddie, and there are mechanical devices on the market that save the player the fatigue of stooping to pick up his clubs. A pair of hob-nailed shoes is the one special article of costume required, and the player's consumption of Scotch whisky and other forms of refreshment is purely a matter of personal taste—and capacity.

To be sure, there is the consideration of a suitable playing course; and, as compared with other games, golf does require a large area for its exploitation. But here comes in the public playground, an idea of slow growth in a republic, but one whose value is being better realized as time goes on. New York now maintains three public links, Chicago has two, Boston one, and Philadelphia will have two in the near future. Many of the smaller cities of the Middle West already possess public courses, or intend to establish them. For instance, there is the Waveland Park Links at Des Moines, a town whose population is only 56,000.

But even where golf is not a public utility, cooperation among those interested may make it a possibility for the small community. There is always some comparatively valueless land in the vicinity whose rental is cheap, and the members of the club can care for the upkeep of the course themselves. The regulation eighteen holes is not imperative. There are plenty of nine-hole links; even a course of six or five holes is not to be despised. Portable "knockdown" houses are sold at very moderate prices, or an old barn may be transformed into a good enough club-house.

Public Courses Spoiled by Politics

THAT the poor man does take to golf, if given half a chance, is abundantly proved. Last season, at Jackson Park in Chicago, over eighty thousand course tickets were issued. The public links of New York City are well patronized, and there would be a still larger number of regular players if conditions were what they should be. But, unfortunately, many of the public courses are controlled by local politicians with the usual results.

Golf the game for everybody? Well, the year-book of the United States Golf Association gives the number of associate and allied clubs at 286. A careful estimate would place the number of unattached clubs at something over eleven hundred, or say fourteen hundred in all. Probably the average value of the property held is around $10,000, an aggregate of $14,000,000 of invested capital. The membership runs from seven and eight hundred, in the larger clubs, down to twenty-five. An average roster of 125 would give a total of 175,000 players. Adding the unattached golfers, who use the public links, and the whole number can not fall short of 200,000 players. Finally, it is conservative to say that the golfers of the United States are spending at least $10,000,000 a year on their favorite amusement. Most assuredly golf can not be classed with polo and court-tennis as a game for the favored few.

With all this in mind it seems difficult to realize that, until fifteen years ago, our acquaintance with golf was restricted to casual paragraphs clipped from the English papers. For two or three years before that time the "Apple-tree Gang" had been playing at golf around Yonkers, but no one paid any attention to these harmless lunatics. Then "society" awoke to the possibilities, sartorial and otherwise, that lay perdu in the new game, and enterprising women of the Morristown colony followed the lead of Newport and Shinnecock and organized a club. There were men members, but they were only for ornament; it was not thought possible that the masculine mind should ever take golf seriously. This was in the early summer of 1893.

The Boom Starts

THE Morristown men came to look on, perhaps to scoff, but they saw Willie Park perform the miracle of pitching the easiest kind of a stymie, and forthwith they were convinced that there was something after all in this "Scotch croquet"; in a word, the boom was on.

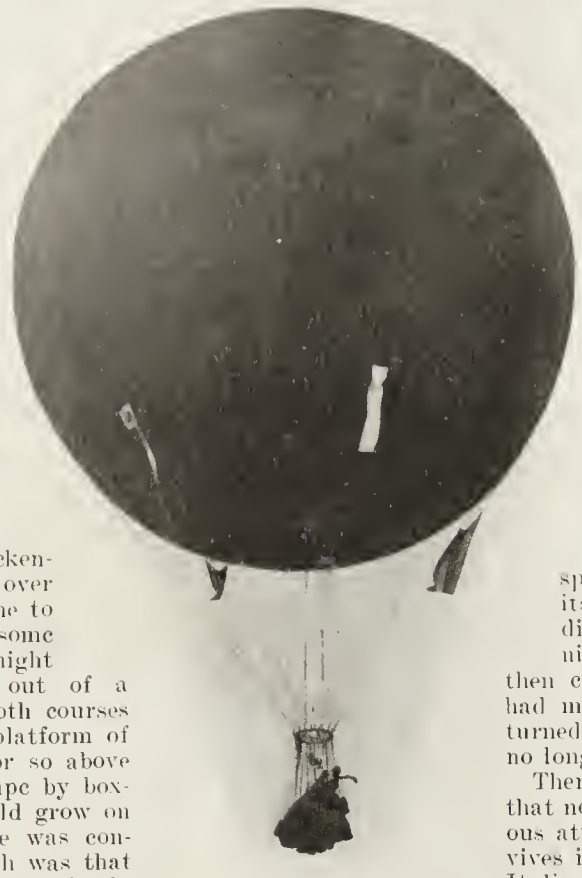
So golf started on its march of conquest, and links multiplied on every hand. Not that all of these early courses were worthy of the name. There were links in Florida quite innocent of any description of grass, holes where a vast sand-bunker extended from teeing ground to the very edge of the putting "brown." There were northern courses where golf was not played at all, its place being taken by a game which might have been called "getting out of trouble." But the interest continued to grow apace.

As a general thing these early courses were divided into two main groups. First, the "park" links where the playing area was a huge field scrupulously cleared of every possible encumbrance, and with the fair green trimmed and cropped to within an inch of its life. True, there were hazards, but these consisted, for the most part, of enormous cop-bunkers, extending, at mathemat-



The Country Club at Haleiwa, Hawaii.—*It is built of lava and shingles, and half-clad native caddies may be seen grouped on the pi*

and right angles near across the fairway. It was customary to place one of these fortifications about sixty yards in front of the tee: and, at nearly every hole, the green was guarded by a similar erection, situated as close as possible to the flag. The one idea of these primitive golf architects was to compel the player to hoist his ball over something: if he could do that he was a golfer, and the fact that he was all the time playing at blind holes mattered nothing.



The antithesis of the "park" course was the "sporting" one, so-called. Here the idea was to make the game as difficult as possible, and its typical hole was a narrow (far too narrow) neck of land bounded by innumerable terrors. In doing a round on a "sporting" course the golfer was obliged to dodge around pigeon-traps and ice-houses, loft over kitchen gardens and stables, negotiate "Liverpool jumps" and chicken-wire hurdles, struggle painfully over plow and stubble, and finally come to hopeless odds with his ball in some yawning, rocky chasm that might have been transported bodily out of a Wagnerian stage setting. On both courses the typical teeing space was a platform of hard-baked clay, raised a foot or so above the ground-level and kept in shape by box-sidings. Of course, no turf would grow on this inhospitable area, and none was considered necessary. Another fetish was that all putting greens must be mathematically level. At Shinnecock a civil engineer was actually employed to plot out the greens with his instruments, to insure a perfect grade, the least undulation being rigorously excised.

There was little appreciation of the real nature of the game in those early days. Pompous persons in red coats obstructed the landscape, or battled valiantly at the "nineteenth hole." Medal play was preeminent, and competitions for innumerable prizes abounded. Poor, indeed, was the golfer's sideboard that displayed no specimen of the silversmith's art, while the champions were obliged to seek storage space for their loot. Fashion ordained the wearing of the red coat, knickerbockers, and heavy woolen stockings, a costume manifestly unsuited to our semi-tropical summers. But the golf balls were carried packed in ice—how subtle the irony implied. The club-makers did a roaring trade, it being well understood that golf was merely a question of finding the club with which one could play. Fearsome, indeed, were some of those golfing tools! For example, the iron soup plate that was called a lofter, and the driver that looked like the section of a horse's hoof. And, of course, every one invented a private putter, and played with it more or less badly. So it went.

And yet the game flourished in spite of the cheerful ignorance of its supporters and the stupid prejudices of its detractors. For eight or nine years the boom went on, and then came the reaction. The motor-car had made its appearance, and "society" turned eagerly to its newest toy; it was no longer "the thing" to play golf.

There must be good stuff in a game that not only holds its own in the poisonous atmosphere of snobbishness, but survives its withdrawal. And this golf did. It lived through its critical period, and came out stronger and better than ever: it was here to stay.

Our courses are steadily improving, and all of the older links have been arranged and rearranged, with the single-minded idea of making them better tests of golfing skill. This real progress is almost entirely due to the intelligent work and interest of a small group of men, among whom may be mentioned Mr. H. C. Leeds, Mr. W. J. Travis, Mr. C. B. Macdonald, and Mr. Devereux Emmet. The Myopia course, at Hamilton, Massachusetts, is admittedly the finest test of golf in the country, and it is all the product of Mr. Leeds's brains and energy. Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Emmet have been jointly interested in the laying out of the new "National" links near Shinnecock, and every effort is being made to make it the model of its kind. Ideas have been borrowed freely from foreign sources, but there has been no attempt at slavish imitation, and only a few of the holes have been copied in detail from famous old country prototypes.

The modern tendency in golf course construction is to eliminate the cross-bunker entirely, and to provide innumerable traps for the long and wild driver. It is a question if this theory has not been worked to death quite as effectually as was the earlier one of omnipresent cross-hazards. It used to be: How far can you go? And now it is: How straight can you go? But the whole of golf does not lie in either of these perfections. A golfer should be encouraged to keep straight, and he should be rewarded for being long. Fortunately, there is a working theory under which both of these essential conditions may be satisfied—that of the alternate line to the hole. The hard hitter, who goes for the long carry, finds himself with a shorter or easier approach to the green. Conversely, the player whose strength is in his short game, passes the long risk, with its attendant temptation to pressing, and trusts to his skill with the irons to pull him up even. Under such tests golf becomes a game that must be played with the head as well as with a club.

The Flower of Courtesy

THE true foursome exists only in name, and its successor, the four-ball match, is a nuisance, as witness certain legislation lately adopted by the Montclair Club to suppress it. Admittedly the four-ball match is a very pleasant form of the game—for the players engaged in it. It promotes sociability, and it affords large opportunities for the satisfaction of the petty gambling instinct. One may bet on the match, and lay minor wagers with his partner or opponents; extras may be won on the "birds" and the "eagles"; the by-holes decide who is to pay for the luncheon, and so on. No one could seriously object to all this, if only the four-ball match did not clog the green; if only these selfish players would remember to recognize the undoubted rights of the single matches behind. And to recognize these rights is quite another

(*Concluded on page 26*)

Scouting Among the Clouds

The Balloon as a Manageable Carrier

By DAVID TORREY WELLS

WHEN a four-funneled, twenty-seven-knot steamship sets out from New York Harbor toward Europe, the officers of the company at the dock and the captain on the bridge do little worrying about the ocean currents which the big boat is going to meet on her journey across the sea. They may worry a little about the possibility of her meeting head-winds, but only then because the head-winds may make her passage a little slower than the record. She is almost sure to plow through on near to schedule time. When a man goes up in a balloon, with a circular bag, a dirigible, or an aeroplane, the winds of the air are his all-concerning problem. Take the man in the circular balloon or aerostat, if the wind is toward the west, why west he goes unless he can find another current, whether or not in that direction lies a body of water where a landing means sure death or a very narrow escape.

If, on the other hand, when the four-funneled, twenty-seven-knot steamship got outside Sandy Hook, it were sure to find a current, itself going at twenty-seven knots, which would land it near Southampton, it would mean that to Europe in two days would be an established fact and that the ocean would do most of the work for which the stokers now get credit. If the man in the ship of the air can find such a current in the heavens, then the perfected ship of the air has that much advantage over the perfected ship of the water.

The wind has been one of the greatest causes that have retarded the navigation of the air. When the airship is perfected, and Jules Verne is justified, the winds which have kept back the fulfilment of the narrator's prophecy will be the very elements which will make aerial travel superior to crossing the land in trains or the sea in ships. The current which in the sea would take the steamship from New York to Liverpool in two days waits in the air for man to use. Already the man in the spherical balloon with his tiny basket dangling beneath it has made use of this current—only partial use because he has to submit himself entirely to it—but when man brings forth the airship that can successfully combat the wind and that can stay up until its pilot wants it to come down, the wind will do easily and noiselessly what is now done by the soft coal and the stoker with much black smoke and sweat.

Regular Currents in the Upper Air

THE study of the winds of the air is still in its swaddling clothes. Until within the last few years, when the navigation of the air, the real, useful navigation which means commerce and increased speed in transportation, seemed possible, there has been very little incentive to the study of the upper air currents. The study of the currents near the surface of the earth, especially the most variable ones, has been given a great deal of attention because their presence might mean storms which were to be feared by the sailor and the farmer, but even their study is of comparatively recent date.

The general laws of surface winds are known to every one who has ever studied a weather map. Almost every one knows the generality that winds blow out in spiral [illegible] from [illegible]ons of high barometric pressure, and in [illegible] in spi[illegible]urses toward regions of low pressure. The barometers reporting from all sections tell the weather men pretty definitely the direction of the winds near the surface of the earth. They know, too, of the steady winds, like the trades, and the general direction of the surface currents.

The winds near the surface of the earth were the only ones about which it was necessary for man to know as long as he kept near the surface of the earth. But when he began to take balloons and go to the upper levels of the air, higher than the surface currents go, it was needful for him to know what winds he was likely to meet.

The study of the air above the surface currents has been carried on in a number of different ways. The first was the observation of the clouds, which are the seaweed of the air, and tell by their drift the course of the currents. It was easy to see by the most casual observation that the upper air currents differed from those near the surface of the earth. There was also the method of the investigator going up into the upper current himself to study it. But this meant that for each observation the cost of an ascension, which is considerable, had to be undertaken.

So the "balloon sonde" was invented, the sonde balloon which goes up to make soundings of the upper air, which bears the same relation to the navigator of the air that the lead bears to the navigator of the water. It is a small balloon, from fifteen to thirty feet in diameter, and the latest ones are made of a rubber design introduced by Dr. Richard Assmann, director of the Royal Prussian Aeronautical Observatory. These balloons are capable of rising to a height of from six to eight miles before they burst. To them is attached a parachute, from which is suspended a basket containing an instrument which registers temperature, barometric pressure, and humidity. From the course of these balloons, which are visible a long distance, it is possible for the observer to get the directions of the winds at the various heights which the balloons reach, and they can reach a height where man would die because of the rarity of the atmosphere.

It is these balloons which have practically proved what the observers have for a long time believed—the existence of regular winds which are constant in the upper air. For north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude in the upper air is a constant steady wind blowing toward the east.

It is the existence of this wind that strikes the newcomer into the realm of aeronautics as the most wonderful fact and the greatest propheey for the future. Its presence has been known for a long time from the movements of the clouds and the observations of aeronauts, and all experiments which have been made bear out the fact that north of the thirtieth degree of latitude there is this constant easterly wind, which becomes more pronounced and stronger the farther it gets from the earth's surface.

Its distance from the earth's surface varies according to the depth of the lower air currents, but above him always the aeronaut knows that there is this "sure-



Getting ready for the international race at Berlin



Looking down on the Springfield Country Club

thing" wind. It was the "sondes" that proved very conclusively that this current exists.

Of the "sondes" that were sent up at St. Louis by the staff of the Blue Hill Observatory of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, in experiments which they made and which extended over some months, every small balloon, almost without exception, that reached any considerable distance from the earth took a generally eastern course, no matter what was the direction of the wind at the earth's surface. How strong this upper wind is at some heights can be gathered from the fact that one of the "sondes" sent up from St. Louis landed four hundred miles away, just four hours after it had left the hands of the observer at St. Louis.

Not only have the "sondes" proved the existence of this steady wind traveling toward the east, but the men who have gone up in the spherical balloons or aerostats have noticed it and have found that, although it varies as to its height from the earth, they can almost invariably get into it without going where the air is too rare for comfort.

The general impression rules that the man who makes an ascension in a plain spherical balloon has no way of knowing where he will land. It may be to north or to south, to east or to west, on land or in water, and the direction and the place are known only to the winds themselves or the Power that makes the winds. This is a fallacy, for the man who has studied the winds can tell with a surprising degree of accuracy where his balloon will alight unless something unforeseen should happen.

A study of the weather map will show him in what direction the surface winds are blowing. If their course is favorable, he can take the surface current and tell with a great deal of certainty where his basket will land. There are a great many variations to the surface currents caused by the inequalities of the land and the local conditions of the places where the winds exist.

A mountain, for instance, will change the course of a wind, for there seems to be a little individual breeze of its own blowing around every mountain or range. For example, if a wind blowing in a generally easterly direction strikes the current going around a mountain in a southerly direction, there is an average of the two forces struck and the wind goes on toward the southeast. On the other side of the mountain, however, the mountain's current is going in a northerly direction, and the wind toward the southeast, meeting the wind toward the north, goes on in a generally easterly direction again.

There are also the land and water currents, for the temperature of the water changes much less rapidly than does the temperature of the land; the wind flows from the warmer land to the colder water, or *vice versa*. These are only a few of the conditions that have an effect on the winds near the surface of the earth, and all of them must be taken into account by the balloonist who wants to use the surface currents to propel his airship.

If, however, he does not want to trust to the variable currents near the earth, the aeronaut can go higher. There at some height he will find his easterly trade wind of the upper air. How far he may have to go to find it, he can not be sure.

Aeronauts disagree as to the distance from the ground, which varies according to the strength and depth of the surface currents.

Mr. A. Holland Forbes, an aeronaut who has made a careful study of ballooning, states that he has never failed to find this current under 12,000 feet, except once when he had to go 18,300 feet to find it.

Some Advantages of the Balloon

WITH the upper and lower currents to choose from, the aeronaut can take advantage of both to get to the place for which he has set out. That is another advantage a balloon has over a ship. The ship can get only the surface currents of the water and the wind, the air machine can go through the depths of the upper air searching for the wind it needs.

When Oscar Erbsloh of Germany and H. H. Clayton of the Blue Hill Observatory left St. Louis in the Gordon Bennett race of 1907, the general direction of the surface wind was toward the northeast. That would have taken them directly over the Great Lakes and would have made landing a dangerous feat. So they rose through the surface wind, got the easterly trade wind of the upper air at about a mile from the ground, and went directly toward the Atlantic Coast. When they found that they were going to be able to get that far, they formed the plan of coming down to catch the surface wind and be taken northeasterly again to New England.



A cemetery and a race-track

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A BALLOON BY JAMES H. HARE

They were compelled, however, to go up into the easterly wind of the upper air again to escape a range of mountains, and when they got down into the surface current they were so close to the coast that they were compelled to land. They reached the ground a few miles south of Sandy Hook on the New Jersey coast. Their record of 872¼ miles, however, won the race. This is just an instance to show how already the men in the spherical balloon, who can not steer or propel themselves, can make use of air currents to bring them where they wish to go in a short space of time.

Mr. Forbes left North Adams one day, with an easterly wind driving him dead west over New York State, at a height of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet. When his ballast was half used he ascended to about 6,000 feet, found the current and returned to within five miles of his starting-point. He has demonstrated this current many times, and believes that he can always go toward the east, provided he is in a large enough balloon to go at a height of 20,000 feet if necessary.

Theory of the Constant Wind

THE origin of this constant easterly wind in the upper air seems to be a combination of the difference in temperature between the poles and the equator and the motion of the earth. The tremendous mass of hot air at the equator rises, and when it reaches a sufficient height makes a dash to fill the space made by the contraction of the cold air at the poles. As it goes outward it receives an impetus from the revolution of the earth toward the east. The result of this is broad spiral bands which have a direction slightly north of east, north of the thirtieth degree of latitude.

Between this parallel and the equator at the vortex of these spirals, however, the centrifugal force seems to have a directly opposite effect on the winds of the upper air, for from this point to the equator there seems to be a broad band of strong wind that is going directly west.

At the time of the eruption of Mount Krakatau in Malaysia in 1883, an immense cloud of dust was thrown up miles into the air. The main cloud immediately struck this equatorial wind and started around the earth toward the west at a terrific pace. It went around the world at its greatest diameter in two weeks' time, cutting Nellie Bly's record in half and maintaining an average speed of approximately seventy-five miles an hour. The edges of the dust cloud, on the other hand, got north of the point where the easterly wind commences and were swept around the earth toward the east in a direction absolutely opposite from the motion of the main part of the cloud. This is one of the many phenomena which have led to the belief that between 30° and the equator exists a westerly wind as constant as the easterly wind which is between 30° and the north pole.

These are two of the upper air currents which the investigators have discovered. When the navigation of the air approaches nearer the perfection which the navigation of the water has reached, other constant currents may be found which the aeronaut can use to carry him where he wants to go. Particles of dust frequently come from Africa over Spain to England, and there are other signs which seem to point to other constant currents which will show themselves when man comes to chart the air.

With his present knowledge, give him a dirigible or an aeroplane which can reach any level where a human being can live, can stay up indefinitely, and has the power to combat wind and steer successfully, and the air currents will do the rest. Considering the strides that have been made during the past few years, an airship with all these attributes does not seem too much to predict. The fulfilment of the prediction will mean travel at a terrific rate of speed with no discomfort and all the exhilaration of the upper air.

Suppose, for instance, a man wishes to go to Europe from New York. His airship rises above the city seeking the eastern current. It finds it.

How swift this current is at the lower levels is shown by the fact that in the upper air higher than man can go it reaches a velocity of from 100 to 200 miles an hour. Much of this speed remains in the lower levels where man can live. When the airship strikes the current that it wants, it starts eastward. To its own speed is added the speed of the steadily swift wind. Without motion or jar to its passengers, above fear of clouds or fogs or surface storms, it keeps its even, smooth way and lands softly in its London dock two days after it has left New York.

But how is the airship going to return, beating its way against the wind that brought it? It does not beat against it. It seeks a surface wind toward the south. If it can not find it, its force is great enough to beat its way to a place where it strikes the wind of the equatorial regions. There with the westerly-going wind and its own speed to push it, it sweeps back to the Southern States, and there, seeking a northerly surface wind, finds its way back to its New York dock. It has taken it longer to return than it did to make its trip eastward by the day that was spent in finding and returning from the westward current, but even with that handicap it has left the quivering keel of the four-funneled twenty-seven-knot water boat far behind in its race across the hemispheres.

This is not in the nature of a prophecy. The winds are there to use. The man in the aerostat uses them now as much as the imperfections of his machine will allow him. What are the possibilities of these currents that have kept man from conquering the air when he once gets them trained to do his bidding?



The Connecticut River, north of Springfield



Balloon view of Springfield, Massachusetts



The Connecticut River, at Springfield, M[illegible]

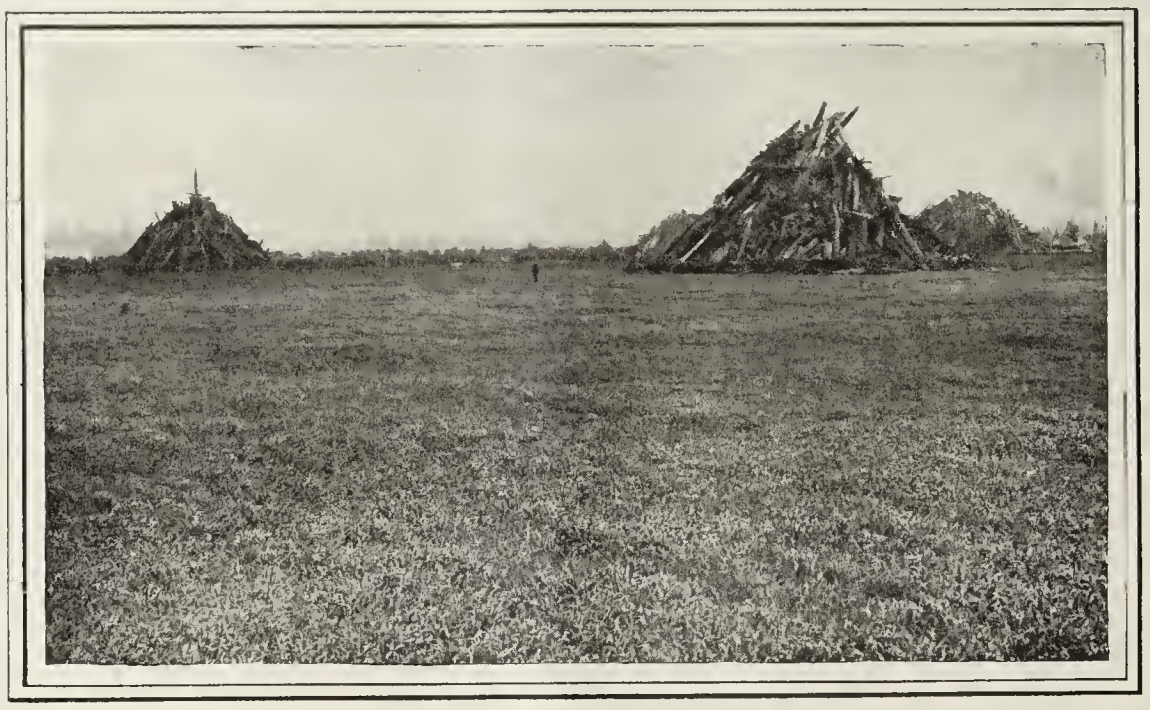


Clearing logged lands by means of a donkey engine



A settler's home made on logged-off land

Turning the Logged-off Lands into Farms



Land cleared of logs and the first crop growing

IN CLEARING *a logged area in Washington or Oregon there are two bases upon which the problem may be attacked. The first is that of saving the enormous refuse and making it pay for the land, which if carefully conserved it will always come very near doing, oftentimes will more than do. To the man who is in a hurry to get the land in shape for tillage, fire is the first agent invoked. But in every logged tract where settlement has begun there is usually set up at an early stage a shingle mill of greater or less capacity. All the small logs—that is, logs from eight to fifteen or sixteen inches in diameter, the tall stumps, the fallen fragments, the faulty timbers which, while of mill size, have been left, owing to rot having attacked some part of them—these are all food for the shingle mills. The loggers say that a competent man can clear an acre in six weeks, and that the acre, where the timber has been heavy and none of the merchantable stuff has been destroyed by fire, should produce five hundred cords of bolts, the net revenue from which, on this basis, would plainly be substantial.*

These farms, purchased by individual settlers in the logged-off country, run from ten to thirty acres, and their cost, fairly quoted, is from five to seventy-five dollars per acre, the last named being for the best of bottom land. Where the settler is a poor man, coping with his task unaided, all the after-work of removing stumps and roots is accomplished by hand, assisted only by horses and a modicum of dynamite. In cases where the tracts are large and speed in clearance is preferred to profit from the refuse timber clearing of the sage-brush desert, but no irrigation is called for, and where the swifter method of operation is employed the actual production of market crops is not more than a year later. Some of the most fertile lands on the continent, producing in incredible measure grains, alfalfa, vegetables, and small fruits, have thus been rescued from the wastes. These lands, once the fir, spruce, pine, and cedar have been removed, have been held by the timber companies as more or less of a drug and an excellent thing to be rid of at almost any price. The new gospel of conservation, however, which the big timber owners have now begun to view in some of its phases with keen favor, bids fair to make material change in the fate as well as in the price of these logged-off acres.

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*This is the story, briefly told, of the logged-off lands and what can be done with them. Thousands upon thousands of acres in the States of Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, and California have thus been treated. It is a far harder proposition than the method is wholly different. In case no standing tree of sufficient strength is available, what is known as a "gin pole" is set up, with a block at the top. With the aid of a donkey engine, stumps, logs, and heavy fragments of all kinds are dragged up from a considerable distance around, to make a lofty pyramid, of which the pole is the center. Then follows the breaking crop. In the Pacific Northwest oats are usually employed, seeded down to timothy or clover. The oats are fed as green fodder, and the land left in grass for a year, after which the seed crop is plowed under and the farm is ready for broader agricultural operations. It is singular that in the Northwest buckwheat is never used, since it is easily grown, of benefit to the soil, and the grain brings four dollars a bag where wheat can be bought for two

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

A Fortnight

THE fanatics of Asia Minor are staying their hands from slaughter. Constantinople is resting after her busiest month in five centuries. Mohamed V and the Young Turks are apparently each to have a quiet chance at working out their ideas.

In France the strikers are back at work, but other strikes will flare up until the grievances of the men are dealt with.

England, which has still a touch of hysterics, is nuzzling at the budget in excitable all-night sessions of Commons. The argument reduces itself to "Social Reform *versus Dreadnoughts*." The wrangling will continue as far into the hot weather as our own tariff debate.

Germany saws and hammers at Destroyers, and preserves her masterly and unbroken reticence.

In the United States peace spreads her wings at Lake Mohonk, while the mails of Georgia are held up in a race strike. Jerome, like a plumed knight, returns to the arena, not without murmurings and gibes from the other combatants and the cloud of witnesses.

Jerome

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, District Attorney of the County of New York, faced his enemies, accusers, and questioners on the evening of May 26 in the Cooper Union of New York City. For three and a half hours he dealt with the Metropolitan Traction Company, the insurance scandals, his preelection pledges, the Ice Trust, and the other episodes of his troubled career.

What the questions and attacks all came to was this: (1) Had he been as active against public-service corporations and wealthy offenders as the legal evidence warranted him in being? (2) Was there one law for the rich man and another for the poor man.

His defense was of two sorts—to make a specific charge of corruption or "interested" motive against the man presenting the question or charge, and to describe in detail the means he had taken to hunt down wrongdoers.

He pleased the people with his charm, his fearlessness, his renowned gifts of repartee, the sudden lunge back when he is apparently being pushed to his corner on the defensive. He satisfied his audience of his personal honesty, his wholesomeness, the lovable and masculine traits that endear him to his friends.

Those who have campaigned with Jerome in the whirlwind red motor-car month of October, 1901, and then have followed him around in his flashing reappearances during the last eight years, missed the old-time crackle of retort, the kindling power of the man that surges out from him over the people. Some of his little melting ways with an audience, as of two intimates that understand each other from of old, were sloughed off on that evening. The humorous asides, the grace-notes of his musical drawl, the swift thrust and the answering roar of laughter and cheers from ecstatic crowds—these were absent. The man was more serious, more on the defensive, less cock-sure of love and laughter.

He was wise in turning from the whimsical fascinating tricks and arts, which make him the most dexterous platform campaigner of the generation, and dealing out swift fact talk.

It was not a "packed" audience on either side, and the occasional instances of unfairness were easily suppressed. Mr. Jerome's staff and other friends in the Criminal Courts building were sprinkled around in the 1,600 seats, and there was the old guard of Mr. Hearst's supporters. So the honors were even on strong-arm and bitter-tongued men.

The questions fell readily into three classifications—those that were specific and detailed, such as those of William N. Amory and of Henry S. Bullock; those that were put by chronic enemies, newspaper and political, to heckle and bait him; and the questions put by East Side boys, party Socialists, working men, sometimes ungrammatical, naive, futile, but thoroughly honest and with a desire to get at the truth about his motives and his efficiency.

Some of the ill-will shown toward him is like that aroused by a beautiful woman among rivals. Lonely and embittered men have resented the radiant quality in Jerome, the joyous swing of his advance. The chief merit of the evening was that a public official had come before the people who elected him, rendered an accounting of his service, and answered the questions put to him in open meeting.

The candidate for reelection who will do this in the future will have a large advantage over the candidate who sticks to the regulation uninterrupted political speech. This practise of giving your audience a say on your ideas and record is familiar enough in England, but is practically unknown in this country. It is conceivable that Jerome has struck out a democratic idea that will become a political habit.

Jerome desires to win back the public that has adored him, elected and reelected him, turned on him, and reviled him, but never defeated him. His problem is twofold. It is, first, to answer specifically as to whether he has done his best legally on such evidence as he had. That answer he gave at Cooper Union, and again on a full page of the New York "Times" on May 30. And, then, it is to work a change in the general atmosphere that hangs in varying densities around New York County—to the effect that he has failed in activity against the criminal rich. He has proved himself a master meteorologist in former times. Such episodes as the Liberty Hall dinner on June 10, tendered him by his East Side neighbors, will give him his chance to strike at the heart of his public.



The Summer Capital of 1909

The summer home of President Taft, at Beverly on the Massachusetts coast. The house itself is situated in a community of golf links, hunt clubs, and summer cottages, and opens out upon the seashore



No Hiding-Place Down There

A camera squad at Mombasa, Africa, snapping Mr. Roosevelt as he is about to take the train for his big-game hunting expedition into British East Africa



Sailors as Strike-Breakers

French naval mechanics marching through the streets of Paris in the postal strike to take charge of the machine rooms of the Central Post-Office



The Ceremony of the Sword

Mohamed V, the new sultan of Turkey, leaving the Ayoub Mosque, where he had been girded with the sword of Osman. This ceremony is equivalent to coronation

Another U. S. A.

ONE more great, free, self-governing unit in the British Empire has sprung, full-fashioned, into being. It is the Union of South Africa, and is made up of the four colonies of Transvaal, Orange River, Natal, and Cape Colony. This large area and population will rank with the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Dominion of New Zealand, as an integral self-governing white community inside the empire. Out of the black waste of the English-Boer War a nation has got itself born.

At Bloemfontein the South African National Convention signed the draft-amended Constitution on May 11, which, after a little further detail, projects the united community into being. At the Imperial Conference of 1911, South Africa will come to the Old King's presence, as a new national unit, "in the Hall of Our Thousand Years—in the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among their peers."

The new constitution for the four states—now to become provinces—provides for a Governor-General, with an Executive Council, a Senate of 32 elected members and 8 nominated members, and an Assembly of 121 members, elected by the four provinces in proportion to their white population.

Proportional representation (that is, representation of the minority in each district) is granted in elections to the Senate, but not in those to the House of Assembly.

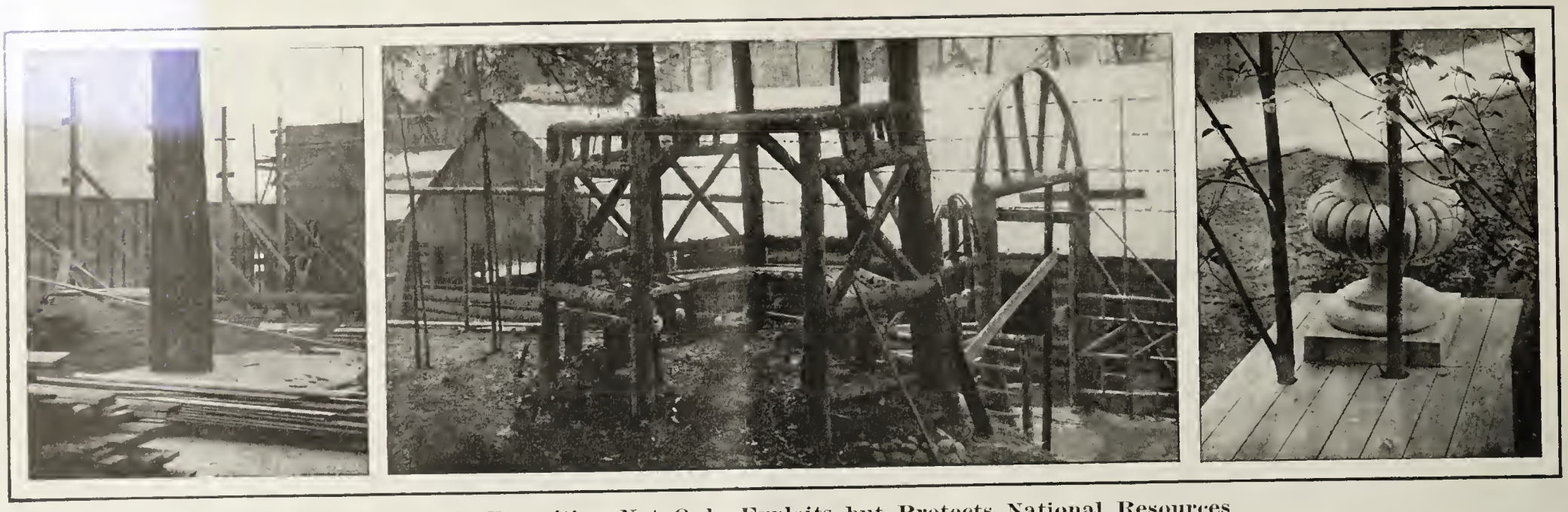
The laws of the new Union will be made in Cape Town; its administration will be conducted in Pretoria. To the Cape Town Legislature will come 51 Assemblymen from Cape Colony, 36 from Transvaal, 17 from Orange River Colony, and 17 from Natal.

The problem of Kaffirs and colored people is evaded in the Constitution.

The English "Nation" says of the Union:

"A virtually adult male white suffrage will elect a Union Parliament which will enjoy full powers of legislative and constitutional growth under a virtually formal control of the Imperial Government. No constitution, operative in any important civilized state, either now or in the past, confers so full a power of constitutional amendment as will be conferred upon the Union Parliament of South Africa, if this Act is sanctioned in its present form."

The first thought of the now completely unnerved London "Spectator" is what these people will be worth to England in war. It speculates on the amount of "help which, from the military point of view, the four self governing nations could give us in the event of our being unhappily engaged in a great European struggle, or in military operations in India on a large scale." "At least one per cent of the white population of the self governing communities would desire to volunteer for service in Imperial contingents. But the



The Seattle Exposition Not Only Exploits but Protects National Resources

The architects and landscape gardeners, who built the beautiful Alaska-Yukon Fair City, preserved every tree that it was possible to keep. Buildings were erected around trees, summer garden seats were constructed with trees as partial supports, and holes were drilled in floors and stairways to allow the young dogwood its free growth and life

would give us something like 150,000 men of the very best fighting material."

More than their fighting blow, that which interests the world is that one more full-blown nation has quietly come into being.

William Williams and His Job

ELLIS ISLAND is a live wire. Eight hundred and fifty thousand people a year become a part of American life by that port of entry. Millions of dollars of money are directly and indirectly concerned. The official in charge, the Commissioner of Immigration, is under ceaseless and enormous pressure, and is the target for a rapid running fire of criticisms. The politicians have looked with hungry eyes at the political opportunities of the position, and have criticized whatever management failed to meet organization requirements.

Equally lynx-eyed, but entirely sincere, have been many well-known intelligent citizens who believe that immigration policy has been too liberal in recent years. They wish a strict enforcement of the present laws, and many of them wish a change in the law with severer excluding clauses.

Their theory of immigration has tended to make them hostile to officials swinging wide the open door, and popularizing that policy of hospitality.

Those, then, are two of the forces that watch "The Gate"—politicians and the immigration theorists—both those that are friendly and those that are unfriendly to the hordes from the South of Europe and the Russian Ghetto.

The requirements of the work are for an executive:

1. Personally honest. His position gives him power over doubtful cases—with powerful interests backing them, such as the Vice Trust; and over patronage—appointments to salaried positions.

2. Humane. He is dealing with ignorant, easily duped, timid aliens. He sits as judge in deciding their entry or return to their home country.

3. Able to communicate his humane treatment to his subordinates. His large staff, if not dominated by his kindliness of attitude, would be in a position to practise small brutalities on the unresisting peasants.

4. A skilled executive in his care of the buildings. Many of the immigrants are forced to remain overnight or for one or more meals. Clean, sanitary dormitories, an orderly dining-room, are factors that lessen disease and increase comfort.

5. Open-minded and ready to act on learning of the injustices and abuses that are visited by a hundred predatory interests on the new arrivals. Such are the hangers-on at the Battery and railroad stations, the steamship and railroad companies, ever ready with petty and unjust exactions levied on their foreign passengers.

6. Skilled in the assignment of contracts. There are important contracts, catering, etc., with opportunities for overcharge.

Those are the six elements of the Ellis Island situation. No man, however gifted, could be so omnipresent and alert as to cover the total field with equal intensity and efficiency. The stiff disciplinarian will lack certain elements of sympathy in dealing with human beings in the raw mass. The kindly executive will make mistakes in assigning contracts, will more than once select the wrong man for a piece of work. The correct estimate will balance all the requirements and then O. K. or condemn the work.

Such is the job. President Taft and Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, have appointed a clean, competent man in William Williams, whose former occupancy of the job gives high promise of his adequacy in the future.

The new Commissioner is a lawyer of New York City, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1884. He has been the head of Ellis Island, once before, for a period of over two years. What appealed in Williams to the present Administration and some of its supporters was his proved efficiency and, also, his belief that the office is "to strictly execute statutes enacted to restrict immigration."

The Philadelphia Strike

PHILADELPHIA has been walking for several days because of the trolleymen's strike. The month of June opens there with some rioting, the importation of strike-breakers, and a system of substitutes for the trolley. Less than half the cars are in operation. As we go to [illegible] the strike leaders are urging their men to avoid all disorder and any possible conflict with the police. An effort is under way to win over the Central Federated Union, call out all the unions and tie up the town.

The Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company made an issue against its employees that it would never consent to seeing a committee of the union. The men chose a peculiarly apt time for calling the strike. May 29, 30, and 31 were three holidays running, and the tie-up has meant the severest loss to the company that could have happened in the twelvemonth for the same space of time.

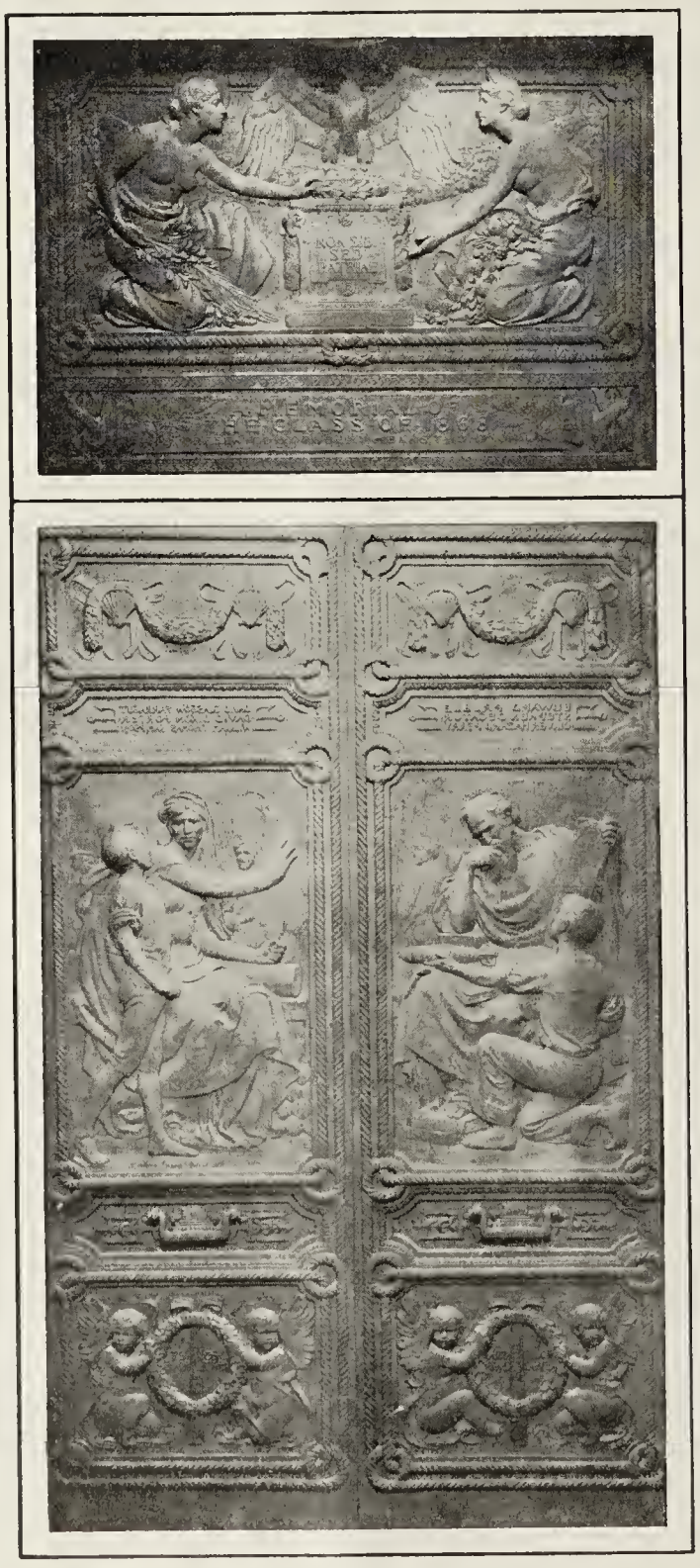
C. O. Pratt is running the strike for the men.

Whenever you have a street-car strike in America, you have C. O. Pratt. His business in life is to live in the storm centers of labor wars, and this week he is in Philadelphia. He worked out his inspiration to this call while he was a conductor himself, fifteen years ago, and since that time he has been looking for likely street-car men whom he could organize and lead upon the corporations employing them. It is Pratt's belief that a street-car man deserves the wages of his brother of the steam-car, not his older brother of the mule conveyance.

Pratt teased out just such an ultimatum as that of the Philadelphia company from the street-car company in Salt Lake once when Joseph F. Smith, president of the Mormon Church, was at its head, and again when E. H. Harriman's forces were the power behind the management. But in both cases conferences were held, and in both cases Pratt came off a winner. Patrick Calhoun of San Francisco has met Pratt, and so have the Cleveland car line owners. He has worked his way up in the carmen's union while he has won its strikes, and he comes to the Philadelphia situation with an unbroken line of victories and the prestige of being chairman of the carmen's National Executive Committee.

Pratt's first move in Philadelphia was to get the people with him. He paraded an endorsement from the local branch of the American Civic Federation, and was quick to notify the chief of police that there would be no violence and no need to assemble police reserves. When later cars were mobbed, he defied the press and the police to show a single carman among the rioters.

Pratt early found a way to get into a strike center without forcing himself as an agitator. While he was in Philadelphia two weeks before the men walked out on the morning of May 29, he had no authority there until that very day. When first the men stated their "grievance"—that twenty cents per hour was not enough pay and uniforms should be bought in the open market—he urged them to try to adjust it by themselves. Later, Pratt entered, elected by a monster mass meeting on the night of May 28 to take charge.



The Paul Jones Memorial Doors

Dedicated at the Chapel, Annapolis, June 2. They are cast in bronze from models by Evelyn Beatrice Longman, N. A.

Victorious Woman Sculptor

FIGHTING John Paul Jones continues to be honored in bronze. At the John Paul Jones Memorial Chapel at Annapolis, on June 2, bronze doors, exploiting his name and deeds, were unveiled. They are the work of Evelyn Beatrice Longman, who received the $15,000 contract in the face of thirty-two competitors. The young sculptor has been the pupil of Lorado Taft and Daniel Chester French. She has just been elected to the National Academy, the second woman sculptor in its history to be admitted.

The doors are of bronze, six inches thick, and each of the panels weighs 2,500 pounds. Yet so delicately poised are they that a child could move them. The work was cast in three sections, consisting of the two panels and the transom. The work of modeling and casting consumed two years, Miss Longman spending the first year in studies in Italy.

Fire!

OUR country allows $737,535 worth of property to be burned up every day. A lot of this flare-up is due to carelessness and ignorance, for our per capita loss is from ten to thirty times greater than that in European countries. Over a quarter of a billion of dollars is the average annual fire loss in the United States for the last five years.

These were a few of the startling figures that President J. Montgomery Hare recently flung at the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Since 1880 population has increased 73 per cent, and the annual fire loss 143 per cent.

We have better appliances and, probably, better water facilities, at least outside of the large cities, than has Europe. So, after every allowance has been made for differences of construction and climate, the charge of recklessness holds true. Europe uses "care, forethought, and wise supervision." In a list of 522,716 fires in the United States during the last five years, at least one-half were ascribed by Mr. Hare to carelessness.

The underwriters have made the following recommendations to the National Conservation Commission:

"First—That the public should be brought to understand that property destroyed by fire is gone forever and is not replaced by the distribution of insurance, which is a tax collected for the purpose.

"Second—That the States severally adopt and enforce a building code which shall require a high type of safe construction.

"Third—That the States establish and maintain an official or officials who shall be required to investigate the cause and origin of all fires.

"Fourth—That municipalities adopt ordinances governing the use and keeping of explosives, especially in-

(Continued on page 24)

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

JUST for the sake of making this record complete, although the repetition may be tiresome, we reprint once more the free lumber plank in the Democratic national platform:

"We demand an immediate repeal of the tariff on wood-pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the free list."

The United States Senate has voted on lumber. Senator P. J. McCumber of North Dakota introduced an amendment which did exactly what the Democratic platform demands—put lumber and the products of lumber on the free list. When the vote came, that amendment was rejected by a vote of 56 to 25, ten men not voting. Among the fifty-six Senators who voted against this amendment, voted against free lumber, against what was demanded by the Democratic platform, were these Democrats:

Augustus O. Bacon, Georgia; John H. Bankhead, Joseph F. Johnston, Alabama; George E. Chamberlain, Oregon; John W. Daniel, Thomas S. Martin, Virginia; Duncan U. Fletcher, James P. Taliaferro, Florida; Murphy J. Foster, Samuel D. McEnery, Louisiana; Hernando D. Money, Mississippi; Lee S. Overman, Furnifold M. Simmons, North Carolina; John Walter Smith, Maryland; Robert L. Taylor, Tennessee; Benjamin R. Tillman, South Carolina.

Here are sixteen Democrats voting against the pledge of the party and the expectation of the country. (Only ten Democrats voted for free lumber.) Of the repudiation practised by these sixteen Democratic Senators, the New York "World" used this language:

"These are political sins for which punishment is certain. They affront decency and good faith. They reveal a degradation in our political life which almost passes belief. They put the Democratic Party on trial, not for its principles, but for its honesty. Errors of judgment may be defended and excused, but perfidy finds no apologist anywhere."

The "World's" words are not intemperate. The degradation of the Democratic Party is a profoundly sad spectacle. The complete seduction and disintegration of all organized opposition to the party now dominant in this country is a matter for sadness, too, but even more for serious thought and effective action. The most unfortunate aspect of it is the complete helplessness to which it reduces the voter. He is full enough of indignation, but how shall he express himself? For which party shall a man vote who believes there should be no tariff on lumber? How shall the voter, through his ballot, express his conviction that the present revision of the tariff by Congress has not been done in good faith? If he should want a genuine revision of the tariff next year or the year after, how can he show his desire?



Sheer Cussedness

The Democratic national platform is earnest for tariff reform. So, too, are practically all the Democratic leaders not in Congress—men like Governor Harmon of Ohio and Governor Johnson of Minnesota. The Democratic papers, especially those in the smaller Southern cities, continue to stand by the party's best tradition. But eighteen out of thirty-one Democratic Senators voted against free iron ore, and seventy-two Democrats in the Lower House have voted for a protective tariff

FROM THE NEW YORK "WORLD"

Know What You're Getting

THE people of Duluth and the Eighth Minnesota District elected Miller in the belief that they were striking Cannon and his régime by defeating one of Cannon's inner cabinet, J. Adam Bede. The people got nothing out of this change except the noise of making it. The Illinois Senatorial election is a similar case. It was of little use to defeat Hopkins if William Lorimer was to succeed him. It is of little use to know the records of Congressmen, and to drive them out of office on those records, if the successor is to be any chance soldier of opportunity who takes advantage of the situation. Electing good men is quite as important as defeating bad men; only the two together result in practical effectiveness. Just here is where the lack of an honest opposition party becomes serious. Does a New York Republican who wants to rebuke his party for its subservience to the corporations accomplish that result by voting the Democratic ticket? Can a Georgia farmer who knows he is oppressed by the Republican policy of protection vote against that policy by casting a Democratic ballot? The Democratic Congressional delegation from Georgia is more protectionist than the Republican Congressional delegation from Kansas. By one rule may the voter know he is effective: *Vote for an insurgent.* The ten insurgent Senators led by La Follette, Cummins, and Dolliver, and the thirty insurgent members of the Lower House—chiefly men from the Middle West—led by Murdock of Kansas, are to-day the only honest and effective organized opposition to the Republican Party's subserviency, through Cannon and Aldrich, to wealth and corporate interests.

304 Days

IT IS not too early to begin to look around for good insurgents for the next Congress. It is 304 days from the date of this paper until any American citizen will have the opportunity to vote for a candidate for Congress pledged to vote against Cannon for Speaker. The Illinois Congressional primaries occur the second Tuesday in next April. The Iowa and Michigan primaries come next—the second Tuesday of next June. Among the entire twenty-five Congressmen from Illinois, there is not now any insurgent. Nor is there one in the Michigan delegation. Among the members from Iowa there are already six insurgents: Elbert H. Hubbard of Sioux City, Charles E. Pickett of Waterloo, Frank P. Woods of Estherville, Gilbert N. Haugen of Northwood, N. E. Kendall of Albia, and James W. Good of Cedar Rapids. The public sentiment of these three States is, as in all the Middle West, overwhelmingly insurgent and anti-Cannon. Who is the man, in each of these Congressional Districts, responsible in character, intelligent, of insurgent convictions, and willing to pledge himself against Cannon, who is ambitious to sit in Congress?

Again, 304 Days

IN THAT long series of Congressional primaries next summer, which will streteh from the second Tuesday in April until the following November, the chief issue will be Cannon. It is inconceivable that, with the eyes of the country focused on this one issue, he should win. He would have been beaten last year but for the popularity of Taft at the head of the ticket. Every Republican Congressman that comes up for reelection must bear the burden of Cannon. Because of Cannon, district after district will be lost by the Republicans to the Democrats. They say that Uncle Joe is a man of pride. He has told his intimates that, even after he was elected Speaker in March, if his power of appointing the committees had been taken from him, he would have resigned. Those who like him say, too, that loyalty to his friends in Congress and devotion to his party are chief among the qualities that have made him powerful in the Republican organization. All these traits, if he really does possess them, call him to an act of self-saerifice.

The Climate of Japan

WHOSE is the pen that can paint the delights of a trip to Japan and a long, long rest among the flowers and lovely gardens of those gentle islands? From San Francisco to Tokyo is twelve slow settings of the sun, twelve days of quiet peace upon the long Pacific swell, each carrying a harassed man so much farther away from tumult and unlovely contention. How tired old eyes would freshen and brighten with long contemplation of the restful ocean! And, then, to see the soft colors of those islands rising from the sea! Weeks and weeks and weeks of rest among the cherry blossoms and the roses. Long afternoons on an easy chair, Ruskin or Wordsworth at hand to read, and, when reading tires, a lovely vista of soft green hills for the quickening eye to rest upon. The air is shot through and through with perfume; the very pores drink it hungrily in, and a cracked and grizzled old skin would assume again the soft pliancy of youth. In quiet lakes behind the hills, the swans float double, swan and shadow. In such a scene and such an air, anger, resentment, strife—all unlovely moods and malevolent impulses would fall away from the spirit like unlovely patches of old fleece from a sheep in spring. How a man would renew his youth! How long forgotten aspirations for beauty, sweetness, and serenity would lift their trampled heads and swell again with life. How far away and how humorously unworthy of effort, how like a half-forgotten nightmare would seem that huge room in Washington filled with three hundred and ninety-one turbulent men. For a man of seventy-four, at the end of a long life filled with fighting and scheming, whose age now calls him to physical repose and spiritual contemplation, how infinitely more desirable the climate of Japan, the scenery and the air of those gentle islands, than the harsh winters and the unlovely surroundings of Washington, District of Columbia, or Danville, Illinois.



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before you forget it. It's worth seeing. All hardware, gun or sporting goods stores will gladly show it whether you're buying or just looking. Most notable invention in fire arms since that of the revolver over 35 years ago. ¶ Handiest handful that ever got into your hand. ¶ You can point it and hit the bull's eye if you can point your forefinger. Specially built to be easily aimed by the inexpert. ¶ Its quickness is unbelievable. ¶ Shoots

10 Shots Quick

4 shots per second. Gets the first (vital) shot, backed by 9 more; then a whole arsenal of ten-cartridge magazines can be inserted in a flash. ¶ .32 calibre. 6½ inches long. Only 19 ounces. Flat; fits handy even in trouser watch-pocket. ¶ If you wish to know its remarkable features, see it, or send today for the new, free, Savage Automatic booklet. Buy it from us if your dealer doesn't keep it. ¶ Made by the makers of the

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At a half-mile distance, through the ordinary field glass, not one man in twenty could make out letters 4 inches high. Yet, through the Perplex Prism Binocular, those same letters loom up so distinctly and clearly that any one could read them at even greater distance.

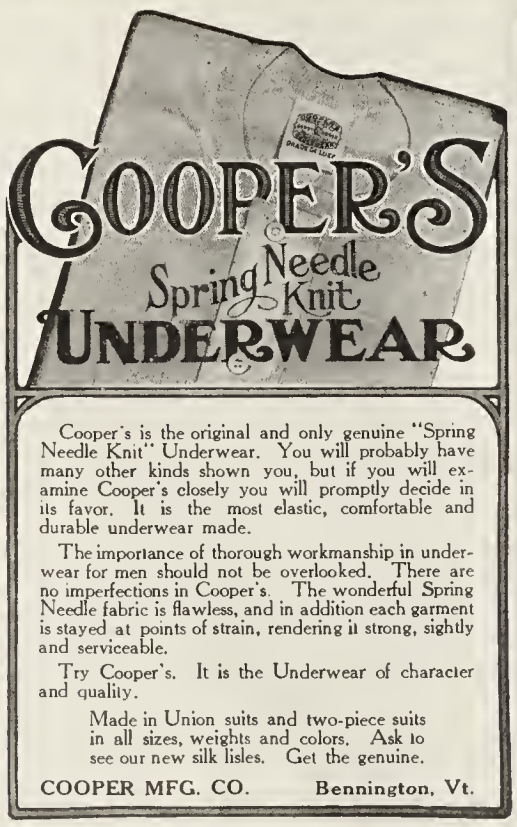
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With the Perplex the field of view at one mile is 607 feet in diameter and it is as brightly lighted from edge to edge as the center of the field of an old style field glass. Can be cleaned by *anyone, anywhere.* Sold by Opticians, Jewelers, Marine Supply and Sporting Goods dealers, or direct by mail.

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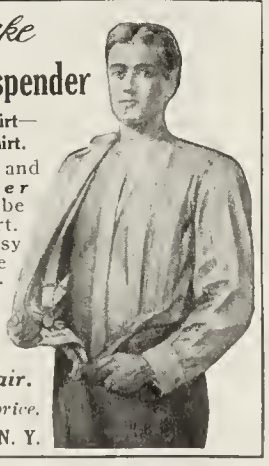
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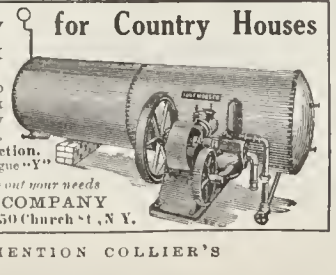
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flammable commodities and other special hazards; such as electric wiring, the storing of refuse, waste, or packing material."

Elongating the Jap

IS IT possible by paying money and following instructions to add a cubit to the stature? The Cartilage Company of Rochester, New York, thinks so. Read their guarantee, accompanying the magic apparatus:

> "Those who purchase our apparatus and follow the Cartilage System will actually grow from two to five inches after they commence using the method."

What men in all the world so responsive to that sort of propaganda as the Japanese, whose infantry and cavalry in the Russo-Japanese War were by regulation five feet two inches high and some reserves a scant four feet nine? It was humiliating to fight the mighty Russians and be looked down upon by the very men you were conquering.

Artfully through Japan were scattered the advertisements of the Cartilage Company of Rochester, that for twenty yen (ten dollars) each little Jap of any age under fifty could be made in six months to grow "from two to five inches." K. Leo Minges, originator of the Making-Tall Apparatus, impressively promised:

> "I can positively broaden the shoulders and make men and women taller, if they will faithfully follow my instructions and directions. I first used the method upon myself. I have broad shoulders, stand six feet one inch in my stockings, weigh 180 pounds, and have a perfect figure. . . . In my method I use an apparatus for lengthening the entire body; every muscle, sinew and cartilage is influenced by its action. This is accomplished without any inconvenience on the part of the patron and is absolutely harmless and painless."

It was science, and science had helped them to the forefront of nations; it was full of all sorts of wonders. Candid, indeed, was the explanation to inquirers: Broken legs which have been reset sometimes shorten, so the surgeon hitches weights to them, hangs the weights over the bottom of the bed, "causing a pulling sensation."

> "This is done to cause an expansion of the cartilage, which stretches the leg to its normal length. Any physician will tell you that this is true. If this is true, and it admits of no argument to the contrary . . . if the leg can be stretched, why cannot every part of the body also be stretched?"

Japanese "fell for" this circular in thousands. If any one hesitated, he received another, insisting that:

> "Short people cannot possibly be admired from a physical standpoint, except by those who have failed to develop an eye for the artistic."

More thousands fell. Those who still resisted were told that, since the secret was for mankind, regardless of money, they might receive it for eight dollars. Three dollars was the last price. As the manufacturing cost is no more than sixty cents, there remained a good profit. Some 15,000 to 20,000 became purchasers last year.

When the apparatus arrived it was found to consist of:

(1) Two staples to be affixed to the floor.
(2) One hook to be screwed into the ceiling.
(3) One leather harness to go under the chin, and under the arms.
(4) One rope to be attached to the top of the headgear, and thrown over the hook in the ceiling.

All you had to do was to thrust your feet into the floor staples, fasten on the headgear, then pull down hard on the rope. Do this morning and night for half a year, taking meantime plenty of beef and milk, and you'd hamstreteh your body into something admirable, enviable.

Imagine 20,000 little homes fitted with the Rochester appliance; 20,000 little Japanese hanging themselves morning and night to a hook in the roof-tree! Many half-years have passed, and the answer to "If the leg can be stretched, why not every part of the body?" is that the Japanese are still short.

Here is a cry from one of them, in actual words, not by "Hashimura Togo" either:

> "There are thousands kickers who complain for their fruitless attempt to grow tall and denounce to waste further time and money in vain. Ninety-nine out of one hundred grow tired to take further exercise without increasing even one-quarter of an inch. The poor people could not afford to take so much beef and milk—beef and milk uniquely found in Japan country—for so long with no sign of increasing as it is instructed to do so.
>
> "They complain and some ask for the return of the full amount he paid according to the guarantee, and others ask for the return of the half that he paid. It is the Company's usual advice to be little more patient and follow the instructions, in the meantime you will obtain your desire.
>
> "Warned by their false kindness, the poor people return to that former toil with renewed courage but daunted again without success. They began to complain again and are warned back with another instruction that will help for growing tall with no effect of course. They ask for the return of the money and were flatly refused under the pretense of not following exactly to the instruction. It is paid in advance with 50 cents extra charge for express.
>
> "The Company has been always very prosperous, and at present they keep more than fifty employees who handle these mails. They sold more than 15,000 apparatus and their annual income reaches above one hundred thousands dollars."

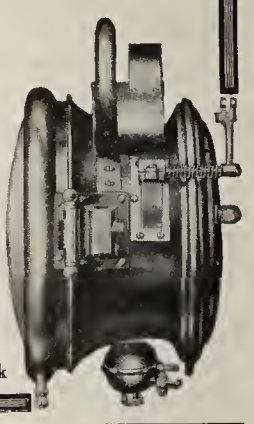


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Only motor lamp throwing two distinct rays.

SOLARCLIPSE

The Solarclipse Headlight provides two to three times more light than any other lamp. The light is thrown in *two distinct rays*—one having the penetrating power of 1000 feet—the other a short distance ray, throwing the light directly in front of the car. The **Automatic Self-Eclipsing Mechanism** is operated *from the dashboard.* You can "cut out" instantly the long distance ray when driving in the city streets, thereby doing away with the blinding rays of the powerful headlight in congested, traffic-crowded districts.

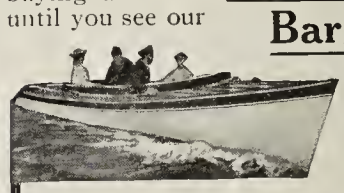


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Do not think of buying a launch until you see our **Four Launch Bargains**



Only $121 for this complete 16 foot launch. 2½ H. P. guaranteed, self-starting engine. **$144** for 9½ mile per hour "Speedaway." **$153** for canopy topped "Winner." **$160** for Auto-topped 3 H.P. "Comfort." Special bargains in 18 ft., 22 ft. and 25 ft. launches. Engine result of 30 years' experience. Weedless wheel and rudder. Shipped immediately. Your money back if not as represented. Send postal for our handsome catalogue today—it's a gem.

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Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

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which in the water has an eccentric wobbling motion much more effective than spinning, and in combination with the beautiful colors of the pearl attracts and catches fish where everything else fails.



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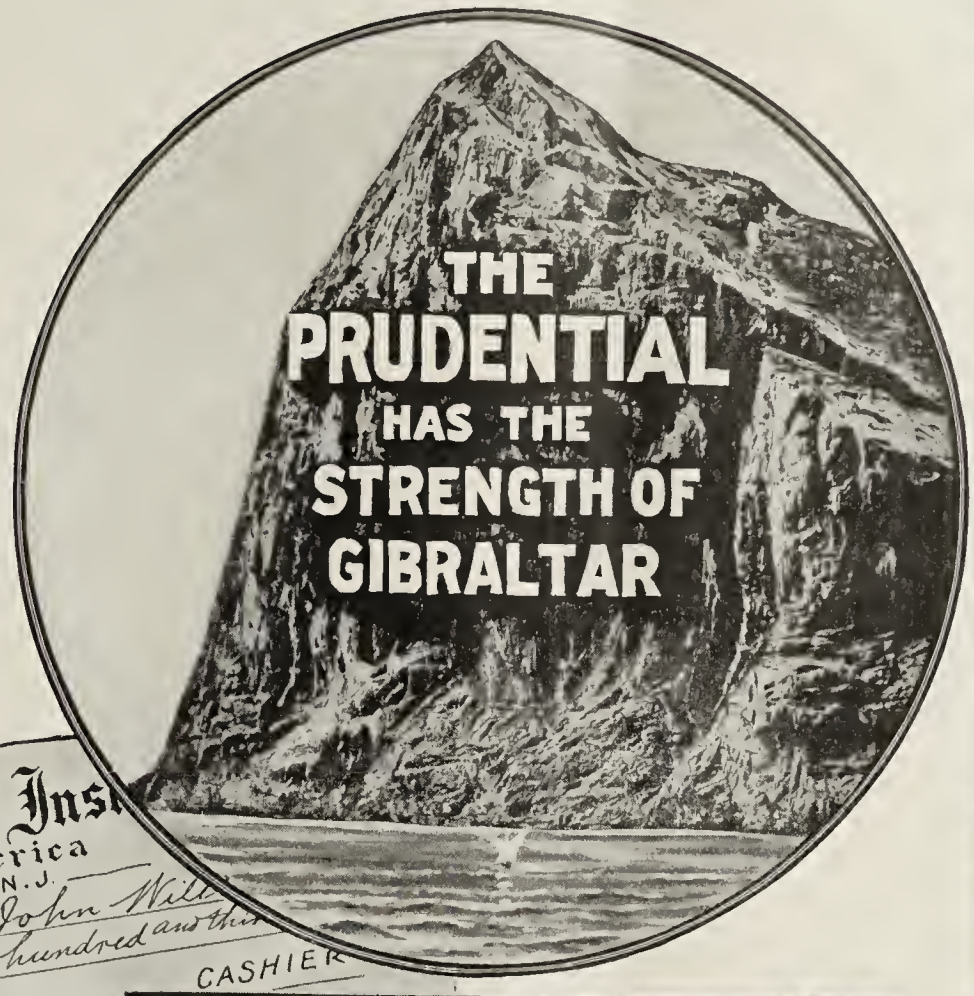
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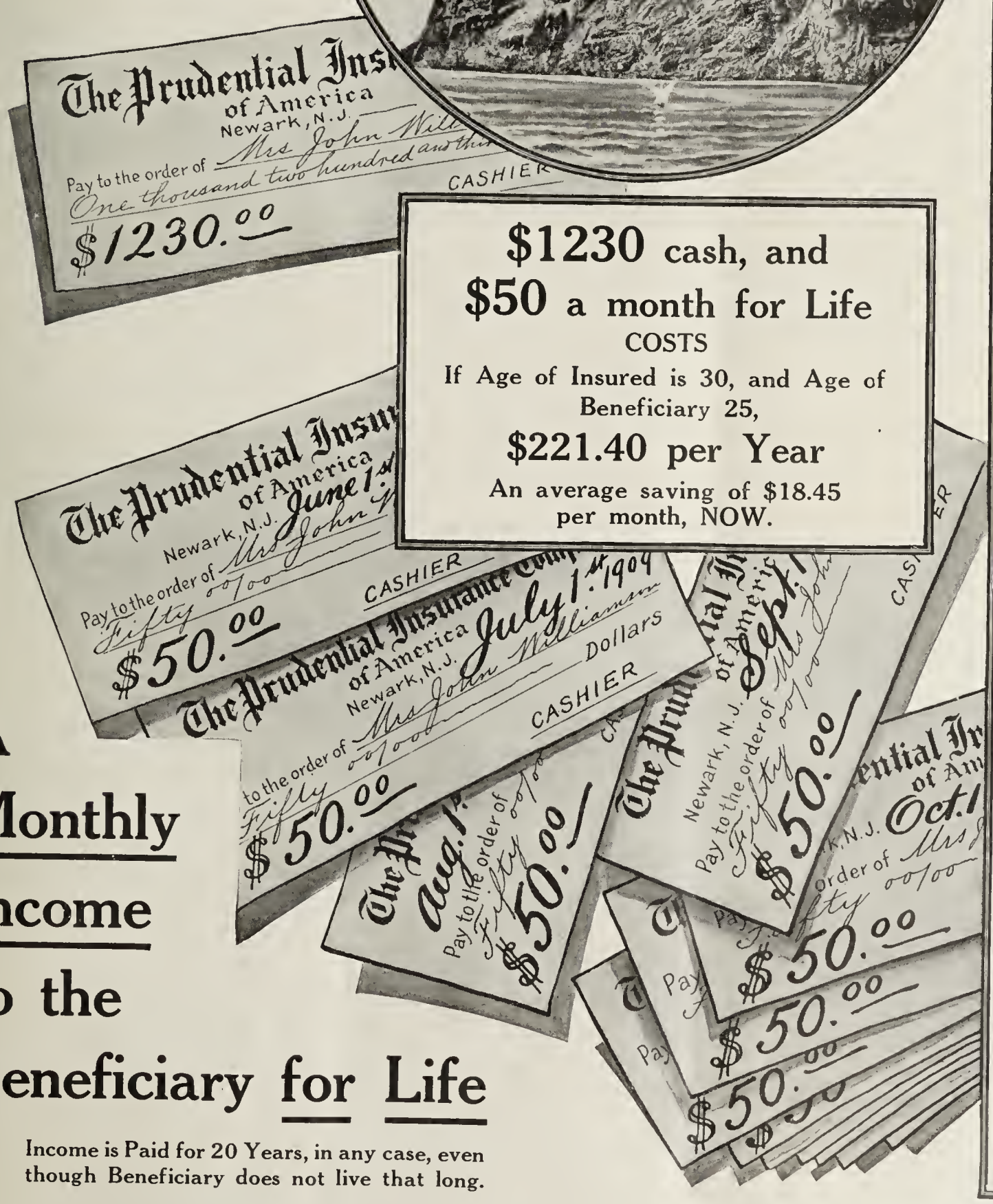
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Provides a Cash Payment at Death of Insured and then





$1230 cash, and
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If Age of Insured is 30, and Age of Beneficiary 25,
$221.40 per Year
An average saving of $18.45 per month, NOW.

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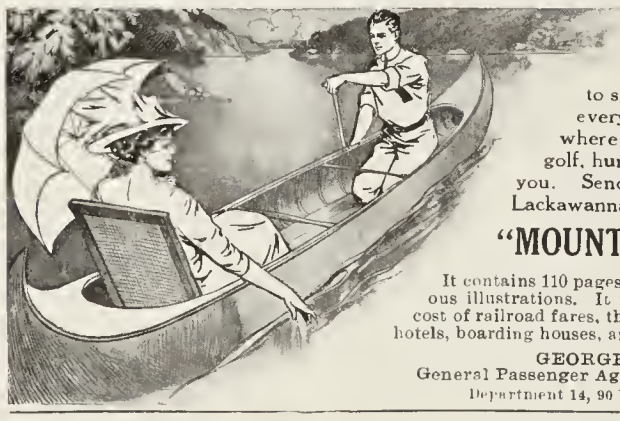
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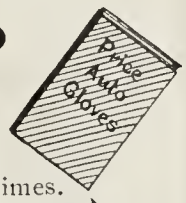
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The Poor Man's Game

(Concluded from page 18)

thing from waiting until they are formally claimed by the aggrieved players. Courtesy is a beautiful flower, but it does not appear to flourish on most golf links.

And so the years pass, and golf continues to be the royal game for all who truly love and follow it. Evolved from the simple elements of the legendary shepherd's crook, a round pebble, and a rabbit's hole, golf is perhaps the profoundest and the most infinite in its variations of all mundane avocations. But then it is something more than a game; it is an epitome, or, rather, a microcosm, of human life, and above all of human nature. For whatever a man is at heart that golf surely proclaims him; it is the mirror of truth in which, sooner or later, every lineament of his soul will be revealed. The coward, the bully, the thief—these have no business on the golf course, if they would preserve their masquerade; and just as certainly is virtue recognized and made to shine forth as the sun. But these are speculations in a vaster field; the psychology of golf would require a volume for its proper exploitation. Enough that golf the game continues to endure, a well-spring of perpetual refreshment and delight, the joy of our youth, the supreme pleasure of our meridian years, the serene consolation of our declining days. *Crescat et floreat!*

\+ \+ \+

Pace and the Four-Mile Race

(Continued from page 20)

The method employed in England, that of pace-making, is little understood in America. The common belief is that the English races are shorter than ours; that their stroke is designed for a short race and not for a long one, and that their university crews would easily be defeated should they attempt to meet us upon our waters and over our distances.

The fact of the matter is that the English have had in the last fifty years vastly more racing experience than we on courses of all lengths, from a mile or less to four or even in a few cases more.

Their stroke is the result of a gradual development, and is pure and simple a racing stroke. They discovered long ago the tremendous advantage that pace gives to the crew with the even gait, and they have endeavored, successfully, to combine the two. To their minds a crew that is unable to row and get pace at thirty-eight or forty strokes to the minute is an inferior crew and not to be classed with the average university eights; and such a crew, no matter how fast it may be at a low stroke, is never regarded as a favorite in the 'varsity race.

The Useful Thole-pin

THE clearest demonstration of the racing qualities of the English stroke lies in the stroke itself. Well measured, clearly marked at either end by a firm, hard catch and finish, its beat is so regular that a pace of forty-two to the minute will not upset it.

Why do the English stick to thole-pins in their eight-oar shells? Simply because the rattle of the oars in them at the finish serves as a rallying point for the entire crew. No matter how high the stroke is wound up, slam-bang go those eight oars with a simultaneous crash, and the time for the recovery is marked. Likewise with the hard, vicious catch. Yet we wiseacres in America, with our theoretically fastest-time crews, laugh to scorn the tradition and convention ridden English who stick to those antediluvian thole-pins!

Of course it may be that swivel-locks are superior in many respects—the English admit that and use them in their fours, pairs, and singles—but, according to their arguing, so much better time can be taught an eight with thole-pins that this advantage offsets all other disadvantages.

If one cares to follow this line of reasoning out in the other peculiarities of the English stroke, he will eventually satisfy himself that it is firmly based on the principle of pace, and that it is what it is as a stroke because it is the best way of obtaining pace.

It is customary in England for the Oxford and Cambridge crews in their annual race to go off the mark at a high stroke and fight for the lead till one or the other gets it. So it was that a few years ago both crews rowed at the rate of forty strokes to the minute for the first mile, covering that distance in less than four minutes, when one of them broke up



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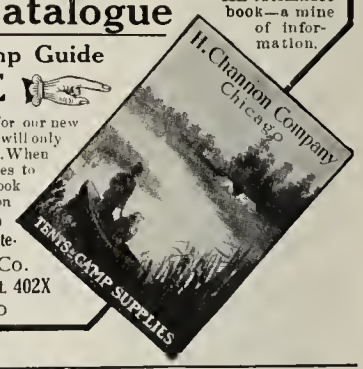
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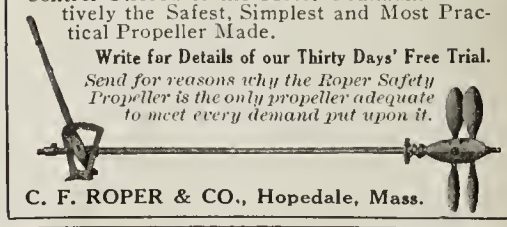
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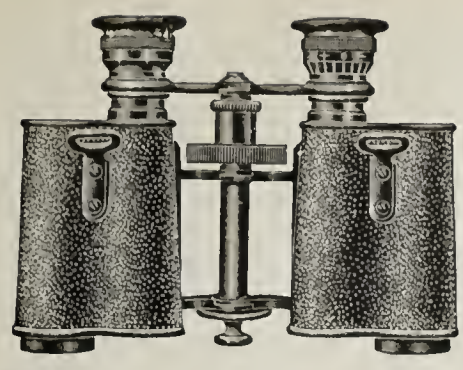


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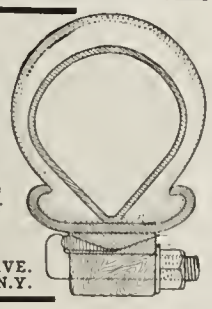
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completely and the other paddled home an easy winner.[1] So common is this occurrence that it is considered unsportsmanlike for the victorious crew to beat the losers by more than a couple of lengths.

The only example that we have had recently of such a contest was the race in which Harvard defeated Yale last year at New London. The Yale men rowed till they cracked—till they actually had to stop and put one of their men out of the boat—and Harvard won by considerably more than a half-mile of open water. No time for Yale was taken. It is not inconceivable that this Yale crew could never have finished at all—at one time it looked as if they would not—and yet Harvard continued at her racing stroke till the bitter end.

The Principle of Pace-Making

THE sight was unusual, unexpected, startling; incomprehensible to the average spectator, because that individual had never before seen two racing crews decide a race at the offset. But this is a matter of small importance compared to the fact that in America a new principle was laid down in four-mile racing—the principle of pace-making.

To go for your opponent from the start and to last as long as you can is game if nothing else. It may not always be the best way of beating him—that depends upon your opponent—but if you go down you will go down fighting.

So it was with the Yale crew last year at New London, and so it will ever be with a *racing* crew that gets beaten, for a racing crew will never lose sight of its opponents until its eyesight fails and its limbs refuse to work.

Now this ability to sprint, to put up the stroke and get pace, to race, what you will, is not a sudden acquisition on the eve of the race instilled into the men by the fiery words of the coach, but it is the result of weeks and months of hard, careful training. A crew that is to row well at a high stroke must have perfect control over their slides, must waste no time on the turns, must be quick with their hands, and, above all, must observe faultless time. The coach begins with the first day of practise in the fall to plant the seeds for the high stroke which he expects his crew to be able to row in the final race of the season, and he finds it the hardest task of all to so plant those seeds that they will bear fruit properly.

Impeding the Sprint

THIS ability to sprint also depends largely on whether the stroke, or method of rowing employed, is suitable for high pace work. Great length of slide, shortness of body swing, and consequent lack of beat can not but be obstacles in the way of a high stroke. Whether or not they result in greater efficiency at a low stroke is another matter.

As a long slide and short body swing are characteristic of the American stroke—that is to say, in general terms, of the stroke taught by our professional sculler coaches and rowed at Cornell, Yale, Pennsylvania, and, with some modifications, at Harvard—the interesting question arises of whether the average American college eight can effectively command really great pace.

Our only standard of comparison must needs be the English university crews and perhaps last year's Harvard crew.

Without going into any technical details, we can roughly compare the English and American methods as follows. To begin with, the English stroke has been developed entirely by amateurs who were primarily sweep rowers, not scullers, and it made its beginning with the fixed seat. When the slide was first thought of only a few inches was employed, but gradually, as its utility was proved, more was added until now the average length is sixteen inches. The body swing was never shortened one iota and the slide was used simply to supplement it.

The Sculling Method

IN AMERICA, on the contrary, when rowing became general, there were no canons to follow, no principles or methods even of fixed-seat rowing, upon which to build with that dangerous invention, the slide. The coaching was all done by professional scullers, who had had little or no experience in sweep-rowing, and who naturally applied the principles of sculling to the propulsion of an eight-oared shell.

Sculling, in almost every particular the obverse of sweep-rowing, necessitates the long slide, short body swing, and comparatively easy beginning, for at the full reach in a single shell the oar-blades are so far forward that a hard catch simply tends to drive them out, with the result that the power applied, instead of driving the boat ahead, is wasted in jamming

[1] This fast time can be largely accounted for by the tremendous current on the Thames. Three minutes and fifty-six seconds for a mile, however, is fast under any circumstances.



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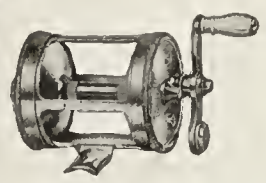
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the ontriggers together. Not until the blades have reached a perpendicular with the main axis of the shell do they obtain their highest efficiency.

As a light single shell easily loses its momentum, the power must be applied as evenly as possible, and a good sculler, even when going at a racing clip, gives the impression that he is "greasing" his boat along. An eight, on the contrary, is so much heavier and carries so much more momentum that unless the oarsmen get a hard beginning she will run away from them, and, furthermore, the oar-blades in an eight never reach so far forward that any of the energy of a hard catch is lost in merely cramping the boat.

The English and American Strokes

THE English oarsmen swing far forward and begin the stroke with a hard, vicious catch, in which their backs, driven by their legs and acting as levers from their hips, heave over till they almost reach a perpendicular with the boat, when their legs commence to drive the stroke home. The American oarsman, on the contrary, more like the sculler, does not swing far forward with his body, but commences the stroke with what, in comparison to the English method, amounts to simply a shove of the legs.

Of necessity the American beginning can not be as hard as the English, and the English beginning is one of the essential reasons for their great command of pace; for, like the rattle of the oars in their thole-pins at the finish, it serves as a rallying-point for the entire crew, which, no matter how high the stroke is run up, never loses its distinctness.

The long slide common to American crews, sometimes well over twenty inches in length, is another stumbling-block, for the longer a slide the harder it is to control and the greater are the chances of rushing it. A mere mathematical computation will demonstrate this. If two crews, one sliding twenty inches and the other sixteen, row stroke for stroke, the former will each time slide eight inches more than the latter. In a mile, rowed at the rate of forty strokes to the minute, the former will slide, assuming that they cover the distance in five minutes flat, over 133 feet more than the latter. This is pointed out, not to prove that it is impossible for the crew with the long slide to obtain great pace and yet have perfect slide control, but to show that it is more difficult for them to do so than for the crew with the shorter slide and greater body swing.

To many the mere fact that it is more difficult to get pace under the American method is no valid reason for believing that the English method is superior. There would be no reason for believing this did the American method carry with it any advantages which would offset the unquestionable disadvantage, but the only possible advantages that the American stroke could have over the English would be the advantages of greater efficiency. That is to say, whether more actual power is developed in any given American stroke pulled through from beginning to end than in any given English stroke.

Actual Contest the Proof

THIS is a question, however, which must of needs be purely a matter of conjecture, and one which, until proved by an actual contest, we must leave to the theorists to thrash out.

For some time past the American stroke has been undergoing slight modifications which have brought it in character nearer to the English. Cornell, Yale, and especially Harvard, have all learned much from racing on the other side, but still the influences of the professional sculler are evident. Though Cornell has a longer body swing now than they had before they raced in England, and though their catch is somewhat harder and their beat more regular, still they are as different from an Oxford or Cambridge eight as black is from white. Even Harvard, the last to go over and the first to really learn great pace, has grafted on but little of the English method. Last year's Harvard crew had a firmer, quicker catch than any for some years past and was seated higher in the boat; in those two particulars alone they resembled an English eight, otherwise their rowing was but little different from what it has been since Wray took charge three years ago.

Last year's Harvard crew was one of the exceptional American crews that could command great pace despite the difficulties that have already been pointed out, and it is a vast pity that it could not have had an opportunity to race against a good English university eight. Whether or not it could have won would, in the writer's mind, have depended upon one condition; its ability to maintain its pace until it wore the English crew out.

Apparently Harvard had as great pace

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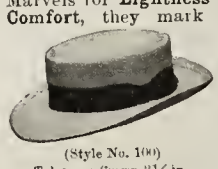
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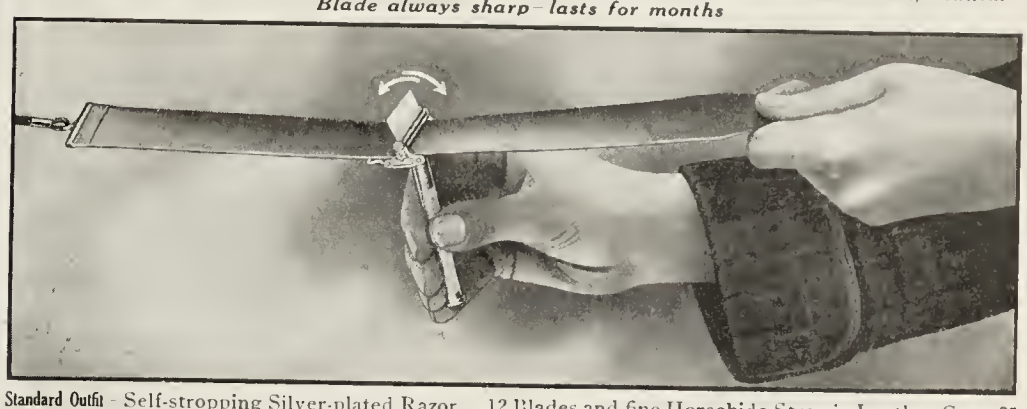
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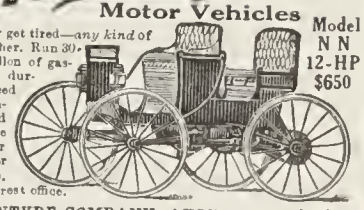


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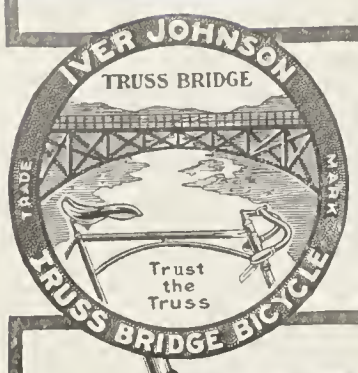
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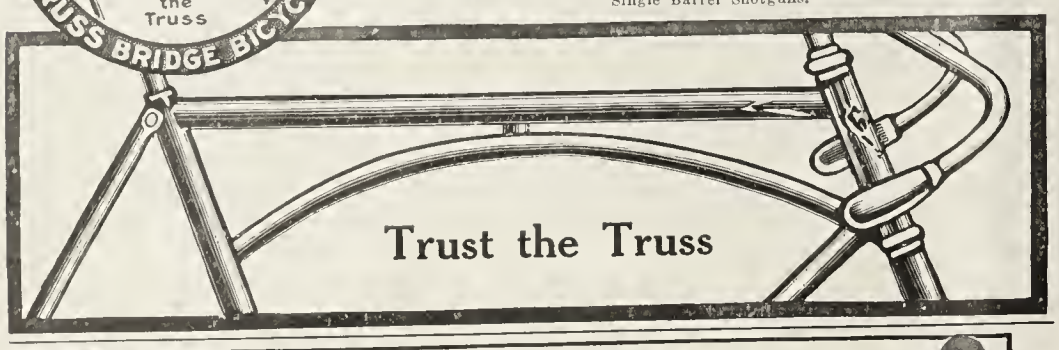


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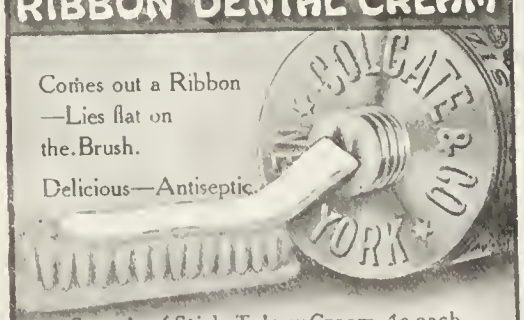
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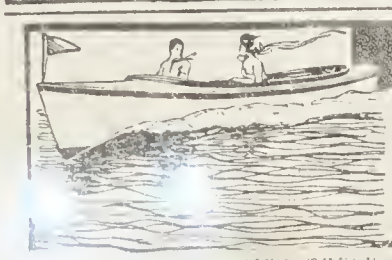


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as the average Oxford or Cambridge eight, though this is purely a matter of opinion, but she did not have as regular a beat. In the stress and strain of a hard race this comparative lack of beat might be the one thing that would defeat her.

This very point embodies the only conclusion that can be arrived at in such a comparison as has just been made between the English and American methods of rowing. It is easier for a crew rowing the English stroke to get pace than for one rowing the so-called American stroke, and, to carry it a step farther, easier for the former to maintain it under the stress and strain of a hard race.

Aeknowledging the value, if not the actual necessity, of pace for a racing crew that is to row any distance at all, it would seem that the stroke whose fundamental principle was pace held out greater promises of victory than the stroke which largely disregarded the utility of pace and aimed at achieving the theoretically fastest time.

✣ ✣ ✣

Abandoning the Old Farm

(*Concluded from page 15*)

terwoven with the memories of his long life that it means as much to him as the house itself. He is aroused by the booming voice of the auctioneer.

"Lead out the hosses and let's have a look at 'em. A sound, kind, and willing team—weigh twelve hundred apiece—up to any kind of farmwork. A leetle thin, but graining will bring 'em up all right. Who'll start 'em off at two hundred for the pair? They're worth three hundred easy. What's that? A hundred for the two of 'em? You are the village joker all right, Frank Parlin."

Jonathan moves away, then halts to look at the high-backed sleigh, and mutters in his white beard, "I used to go a-courtin' in it," and returns to his seat under the apple tree. The purchasers are packing their plunder and stowing it in their vehicles for the homeward journey. The hall clock stands on the stone doorstep. Some one had wound up the weights and set it going. Tick tock, tick toek—its solemn, measured message has a new meaning to-day. Time passes and finishes the story of an ancient family and its fortunes as linked with this melancholy, deserted house and farm.

The granddaughter from Newmarket bustles up to exclaim with pleased animation:

"There, I'm glad we've got rid of all those useless old things. We did better than I expected. Most eight hundred dollars in cash. That ought to make you chirk right up, grandpa. You look dreadful tired. Don't you think we'd better be starting for home? It's a long drive to the railroad station. We can come over here some Sunday, and you can poke around the old place to your heart's content."

"Starting for home!" echoed Jonathan. "Sounds kind o' queer, don't it? Starting for home! Well, Mary, if you don't mind, I'll just take one more look around the house. Then I'll be ready to go with you. Did you do up the few little things I asked you to save out for keepsakes?"

"Yes, they are in the wagon. Your clothes and the heavy things went yesterday; don't you remember?"

The Old Farm Redeemed

THE house is empty, silent, stripped, and bare. As Jonathan Woodman passes slowly from one room to another, the ghosts of other days bear him company. He lingers in the front chamber that faces the south. It used to be his wife's. She died in there. With gentlest tread he advances to a small-paned window and stares out at the family "burying lot" and one white stone a little apart from the others. Then he goes downstairs, out of the front door, past the guardian lilac bushes, and so to the wagon and the long road to the railroad station.

Shaded by noble elms, girt about by green hills, the old house waits another tenant who will pass some day and pause to admire its air of homely comfort and its picturesque environment. And this seeker, caring not a whit whether the farm cuts one ton of hay or a hundred, will have come to the end of his journey in quest of an abandoned farm. Gladly will he pay old Jonathan Woodman the few hundred dollars for "the buildings and 120 acres of fields, wood-lot, and pasture," and as soon as ever the springtime comes he will transplant his wife and babies from the crowded city to reap so rich a harvest of health and contentment that all the crops that once grew on this "worn-out" farm seem hardly worth mentioning. And thus a story which seemed doomed to end so dismally will have a bright sequel, the title of which might be "The Farm that was Redeemed."

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Baseball

Continued from page 11)

der Ahe, a saloon man whose sulphitism of character and Teutonicism of vocabulary became afterward the joy of baseball. Akron, Ohio, had the only strong independent club of any standing. A visit of that club to St. Louis, and the public complaints which its players made, called attention to this state of affairs. And it led directly to the American Association.

The First Baseball War

NOW ensued the first baseball war; an era of wholesale contract-jumping followed. When the League came to a final and definite agreement with the Association, it had fixed hard and fast in its constitution the "reserve rule" concerning contracts. A player was no longer his own man at the end of the season. By his contract, the club had the right to reserve him for another year, or to sell that reserve. At first only four or five men were reserved; but the League teams, year by year, agreed to extend the number until they held the right over every player on their rolls. When the first minor leagues, like the Eastern, arose, they hastened to crawl under the shadow of the giant organization; so began the "drafting" system.

No one doubts that this close organization worked to make baseball popular and profitable. It systematized things; and it imparted to the smaller leagues the excellent professional ethics of the National. The game took a sudden boom. On the other hand, no one doubts that the players, in that period, got far less than their share. Having a giant's strength, managers used it like giants. Salaries were but little better than those which Harry Wright paid to his old original Red Stockings. Two thousand dollars a year was rare; many players who are heroes yet received less than $1,500.

"Whenever the game got good, something always happened," says Jim Hart. "Now our next trouble came because Johnnie Ward was studying law and wanted a little practise."

In 1887 the players, with John Montgomery Ward at their head, organized a union—the famous Brotherhood. It did nothing for two years, except to growl a little in 1888, when the League instituted a "classification system" which nailed the drafting custom hard and fast. But at the League meeting of 1889 the "magnates" passed a law establishing a salary limit of $2,000 a year. Ward was in New Orleans when he heard of this. He rushed to New York; with Dan Brouthers and Ed. Hanlon he appeared before the League meeting.

"We'll treat with you as individuals and not as a union," said the directors, with a Steel Trust expression.

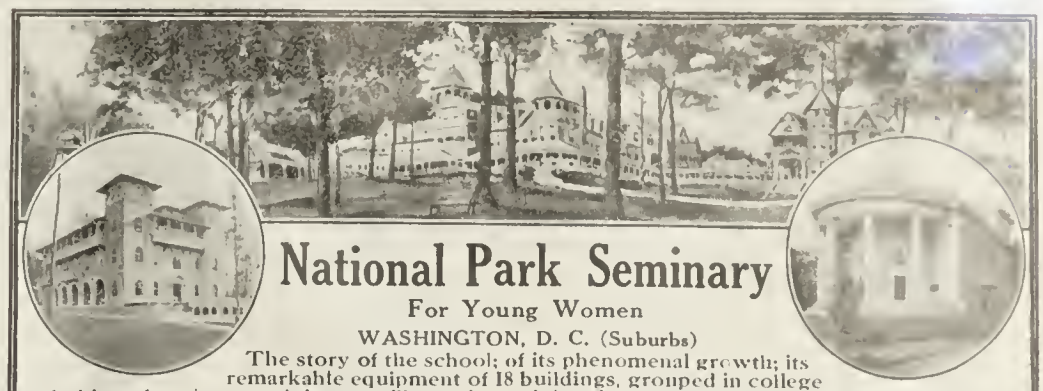
The Players' League Starts

"WHAT difference does that make? Let's hear them," said the fair-minded Spalding. Ward stated his case. The directors listened—and retained the rule. The Brotherhood formally struck. Players deserted their clubs wholesale—the generous managers suffered with the ungenerous. John B. Day of the New York Club, for example, was paying salaries which would be good to-day. He got around League rules by "buying jack-knives" from his employees. His pay-list was $65,000, and his maximum salary was $4,500. They left him only two first-class players, and they broke him. All that winter, Ward, Hanlon, Brouthers, and Arthur Irwin worked to persuade capitalists and to find grounds; and they opened the season of 1890 with the Players' League, a semi-cooperative organization. It began well. They had the best players and, on the whole, the better games. The National went in to fight for its life. First it brought action against Ward, enjoining him for breach of contract. He won. Then the National changed tactics. It brought over some players by increased salaries; it worked to kill the game, temporarily, in cities where the Players' League had things its own way. Up to the 4th of July the Players' was winning; after that it lost steadily. The final stroke came when the National took into partnership the owners of the Brooklyn and New York Clubs. The other owners of Players' League clubs, save only Johnson of Cleveland, who went down with his ship, hastened to amalgamate or to sell out. By 1891 the National League had regained its hold on baseball.

This strike, failure though it was, lightened the lot of the player. Salaries went higher and remained there; and never again did the League dare whisper of a salary limit. The next war came from the outside. The American League, founded in 1900 by Charlie Comiskey and Ban Johnson, started to divide territory and

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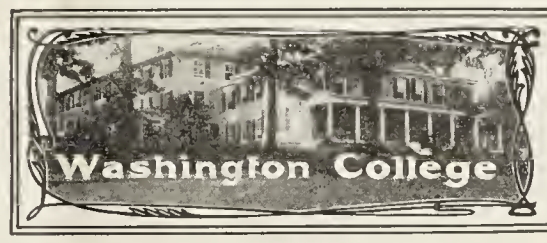


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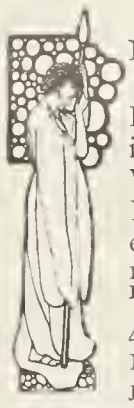
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profits with the National. For three years it bid up salaries; and when, in 1903, it was established beyond fear of failure, the National League took it into the "Trust." These two were the high contracting parties to the National Agreement, signed in that year. Under these giants gathered nearly all the minor leagues of consequence. In 1908 there were thirty-nine minor leagues in the National Agreement and only two in revolt.

The Game and the Trade

"THE baseball trust" its critics call it; and while it is hardly a trust in the legal definition, it is certainly a trust in understanding and method—none other has such a tight hold on raw materials and markets. It is intimately associated with the trade in sporting goods; that gives it still another hold. Al Spalding of A. G. Spalding & Bros., Al Reach of A. J. Reach Company, George Wright of Wright & Ditson, are famous old players and managers; their relations with the baseball combination are close and intimate; one or another furnishes nearly all the paraphernalia of the forty-one professional leagues under the National Agreement. Reach puts his brand on half of the baseballs, and Spalding's trade-mark goes on the other half; but they all come from the same factory.

Underneath is the player, in a system of slavery mitigated by public acclaim and managerial generosity. From the time when he enters a class D team at a salary of ten dollars a Sunday, through his period of big league fame, and on to the day when, a stiffened veteran, he drifts out to the bush league team to which his bosses have relegated him, he is never a free agent. He must play where the National Commission orders, and for the salary his manager sees fit to give. If he shows such ability that his services are worth a purchase price to a team higher up, the money goes not to him, whose native ability made it, but to the manager who discovered him.

The system which makes this slavery is too complicated for description here; let me simplify. The leagues are divided into "Major"—which means the National and the American—and Classes AA, A, B, C, and D. Under certain restrictions as to numbers and seasons, each "league higher up" has the privilege of drafting players from the league below. Class A teams may draft from classes B, C, D, and the major league teams from them all—first come first served. For these regular drafts, the higher leagues pay a stated sum "per player." In an emergency, and out of the regular drafting season, the major league team which wants a minor league player must buy him at his manager's terms—that alone rests in the discretion of the vender. The New York Giants, toward the close of the last playing season, bought "Rube" Marquard, a promising pitcher, from Indianapolis for $11,000. Marquard, notice, got none of it—only the Indianapolis Club which held his contract. His salary is probably not more than $2,000 a year.

The Salary Bluff

SUCH being the condition, the player has no possible way of striking effectively for a raise of salary. In any other line of employ, a man may threaten to go to a rival; in baseball there are no rivals except certain small and struggling "bush leagues." So much as play one game with an "outlaw" league—and you are blacklisted forever by National Agreement clubs. It is take our terms or get out of baseball. Threatening to quit the game—that is the only possible strike. So, every winter, the sporting columns tell how this or that great player intends to go into "business." That is only a "salary bluff." Nine-tenths of them are back when the season opens, playing to win on any old terms, so oblivious to financial considerations that they will insult the umpire even when that insult means a hundred-dollar fine. "I'm in this game for a business—not for glory," says the player, jauntily, in February. "To blazes with the money—we want that series," says the same player in August. For to play baseball supremely a man needs a dash of that artistic temperament which prefers perfection to reward, and the game to the gage.

The public opinion upon which baseball is so directly dependent keeps watch and ward over salaries; that helps the player. It may be said that the rank and file do very well after all. The injustice lies in the salaries of certain star players, worth their tens and hundreds of thousands as drawing cards. Take Mathewson and Brown. No outsider knows what they receive; baseball players, by a professional code, are clams about salaries. But no one has ever guessed Mathewson's salary at a higher figure than $6,000 a year. Mordecai Brown of Chicago, his

. . . 10

BOYS

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rival as the "greatest pitcher in the game," receives less than that. Compare this with the salaries of theatrical leading men, with whom Brown and Mathewson may fairly be compared! And it is almost a certainty that no simon-pure ball player receives more than Mathewson's hypothetical $6,000. The salaries higher than that go to playing managers, who combine art with business.

When all this is said, there remains another side. No intelligent player denies that the reserve rule saved organized baseball, that it was the foundation of the game's prosperity. It systematized the business, gave it the stability without certainty of which capital will not venture far. Only recently has the game become a "paying proposition" to managers. Once, only the leading teams in the League could be certain of a profit; the tail-enders could be just as certain of a loss. Not until the last two years have all the teams made money.

Business and Sport

STILL another reason: baseball is both a business and a sport. In the past, some managers have had more sporting blood than business head—the attitude of one who runs a gentleman's racing stable at a loss. What, except the reserve rule, is there to prevent a sporting manager, in a city where attendances and receipts are large, from cornering all the best players and spoiling pennant races? Chicago is, at present, the "best baseball town" in the country, as Boston was once. Charlie Murphy, owner of the Cubs, has made a fortune from his team in two years. Remove the reserve rule, give Murphy a little more sporting spirit—and what could prevent him from making the Chicago team identical with Billy Sunday's All-America team? Other cities, hopelessly out of the race, would lose interest and refuse attendance, to the destruction of the game. Cleveland is not nearly so profitable a city for baseball as Chicago or New York; the reserve rule alone has held Lajoie in Cleveland. Pittsburg is not so profitable as Chicago or New York; the reserve rule alone has preserved Wagner to Pittsburg. Abolish it wholly, at this late date, and you would destroy the game as a business. Perhaps it would be a good thing for the nation; perhaps it would be better for us to play our own ball than to watch hired men play it; but that is aside from the consideration.

Little by little this strong control of a body of men with ethical responsibility toward a Puritan public has reacted on the profession, raising its standards and its personnel. The first professionals were graduate amateurs, a fine set of men for decency and manners—Spalding, Wright, Reach, Morrill, and Murnane are living exemplars of this class. On the gambling wave entered a tougher class with the ideals of pugilists and the manners of navvies. In the late seventies, the Chicago team, *en route* to New Orleans, stayed over Sunday in a small Ohio town. The country reporter "wrote them up" for his newspaper. "Some lounged in the hotel," he said. "In the afternoon some quietly pitched horseshoes, and three attended service in the Union meeting-house, where they took devout part in the singing. In general they comported themselves more like Christians than like professional baseball players!" That reveals what the public thought of the profession then; and by large the opinion was justified. The old-timer drank hard if he was drunkenly inclined; and he gloried in being tough.

Morals and Manners

WHEN it became a business, and when "inside baseball" put a premium on brains, the young players heeded the advice of their managers and considered the state of their profession. In no sport is the normal man at top form after thirty-five; most men begin earlier than that to lose the cream of their nervous force. Then, for the major leaguer, "back to the bush" and to the low salaries of small-league ball. Players of sense began to realize that their bodies were their capital—capital overprecious to be fritted away on all the concomitants of the tough life. When clubs became infected with this spirit, enforced training rules became dead letters. Year by year, both morals and manners have improved. Undoubtedly, baseball players, as a class, are to-day the cleanest body of professional athletes in the world.

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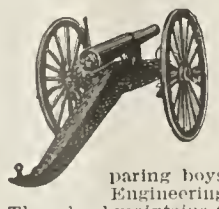
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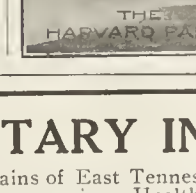
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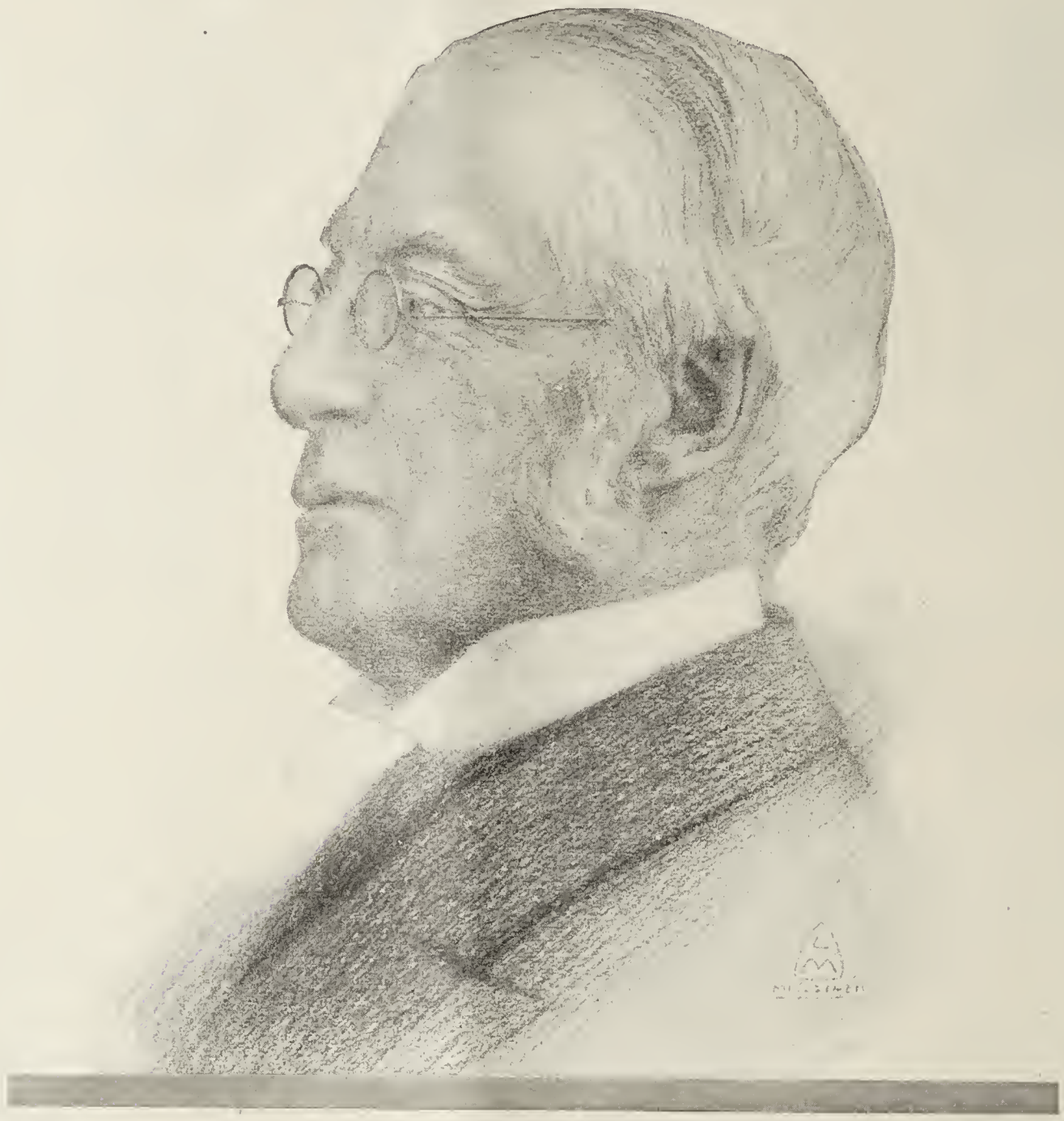
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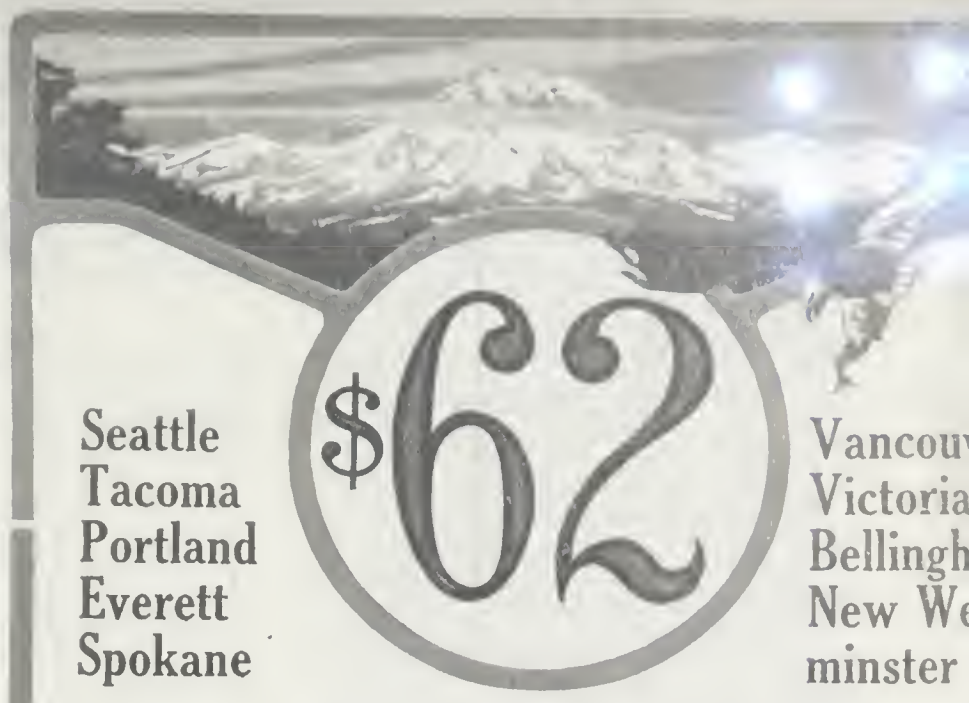
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These will be so far in advance of what you have encountered in cars to which you had heretofore given preference that you will immediately and unhesitatingly transfer your allegiance to the *Detroit*.

We can do no more here than barely mention a few of the fifty points of acknowledged and absolute superiority in this car.

The doors are larger. They open forward instead of back.

The windows are larger—the curved front windows larger—nothing whatever obstructs the operator's view straight or obliquely ahead, with the windows raised or lowered.

All the cushions are deeper—the rear ones 20 inches where others are 18 and 19 inches; the front 15 instead of 13 to 14 inches.

The metal trimmings—door handles, etc.—are all silver finished.

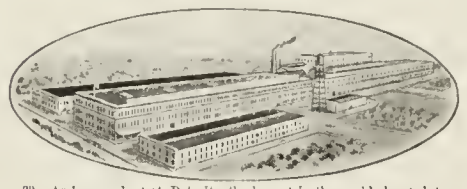
One lever controls the five forward and three reverse speeds, the alarm and the motor brake—a concentration and resultant simplicity exclusive to the *Detroit*.

The motor is mounted on the body and frame, relieving rear axle and tires of undue weight and strain. It is accessible from front, rear, top or bottom.

We have told you enough for you to know what to expect in this dignified, refined carriage, haven't we?

When you understand and appreciate the *Detroit*, you will be reluctant to consider any other car.

Write for the literature and complete description—and the booklet on the Detroit-Atlantic City run, a feat attempted by no other electric.



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The Success Shorthand School is conducted by expert shorthand reporters. It teaches shorthand by mail. It trains the pupil in the duties of expert stenographers, private secretaries, high class and well paid shorthand writers.

The following are a few of our successful graduates:

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W. F. Cooper, Court Reporter, Tucson, Ariz. (recently elected Judge), formerly wrote Graham.
D. T. Wells, Court Reporter, Monticello, Ark., a beginner.
L. J. Luce, Court Reporter, Box 93, Delta, Col., formerly wrote Graham.
Miss Lena Alfman, Court Reporter, 709 B'ount Bldg., Pensacola, Fla., formerly wrote Pernin.
H. H. Ford, Court Reporter, Savannah, Ga., a beginner.
John R. Slenker, Court Reporter, Court House, Peoria, Ills., formerly wrote Benn Pitman.
Harold B. James, Court Reporter, Amboy, Ills., a beginner.
W. A. Seiler, Court Reporter, Kansas City, Kans., formerly wrote Benn Pitman.
Elmer G. Powers, Court Reporter, Beaver, Ia., formerly tried to write Boyd Syllabic.
Geo. H. Miller, Court Reporter, Ottumwa, Ia., formerly wrote Graham.
Geo. W. Reichard, Court Reporter, Olathe, Kans., a beginner.
Geo. A. Mahone, Court Reporter, Woodland Ave., Sta. E, Arlington, Maryland.
W. C. Brown, Court Reporter, No. 1 Russell St., Worcester, Mass.
B. D. Connolly, Court Reporter, 1277 Wabash Ave., Detroit, Mich., formerly wrote Gregg.
I. W. Neucom, Court Reporter, Crookston, Minn., formerly wrote Munson.
Chas. A. Cheney, Court Reporter, 3802 Windsor Place, St. Louis, Mo., formerly wrote Barnes.
R. P. Jackson, Court Reporter, Great Falls, Mont., formerly wrote Benn Pitman.
Alonzo G. Stewart, Court Reporter, 1141 Mattison Ave., Asbury Park, N. J., formerly wrote Gregg and Benn Pitman.
W. H. Ungles, Court Reporter, Alamagordo, N. M., formerly wrote Benn Pitman.
C. H. Gorman, Court Reporter, Eureka, Nev.
C. W. Elmer, Court Reporter, City Court, New York City, N. Y.
F. C. Eastman, Court Reporter, Warsaw, N. Y.
Miss Mathea Nymon, Court Reporter, Fargo, N. D., formerly wrote Benn Pitman.
James A. Newkirk, Court Reporter, Cleveland, Ohio, formerly wrote Benn Pitman.
Sam R. Criswell, Court Reporter, Durant, Okla.
S. Z. Culver, Court Reporter, Salem, Ore., formerly wrote Cross Eclectic.
Miss Carrie A. Hyde, Court Reporter, Erwin Block, Terre Haute, Ind.
Harry A. Folk, Court Reporter, Paul Jones Bldg., Louisville, Ky., formerly wrote Gregg.
Parker D. Hansel, Court Reporter, Memphis Trust Bldg., Memphis, Tenn.
C. R. McGinnis, Court Reporter, Fort Worth, Texas, formerly wrote Gab'esberger.
O. F. Johnson, Court Reporter, Logan, Utah, formerly wrote Gregg.
Geo. B. Munday, Private Secretary to Gov. Swanson, Richmond, Va.
E. C. Winger, Court Reporter, Point Pleasant, W. Va., formerly Benn Pitman writer.
Frank N. Steele, Court Reporter, 123 Seventh Ave., Seattle, Wash., formerly wrote Gregg.
V. T. Neander, Court Reporter, Ashland, Wis., formerly wrote Benn Pitman and Graham.
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You doubtless will find in your own city numerous instances of such change.

And this presents a serious and significant question for all automobile buyers.

These men who have changed must have had some strong irresistible incentive.

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As to the man who has never bought any car before—he can convince himself by what thousands of Cadillacs have done in the past, by the wonderful things the Cadillac "Thirty" is doing in every community; and by the extraordinary enthusiasm of competent authorities of his own acquaintance.

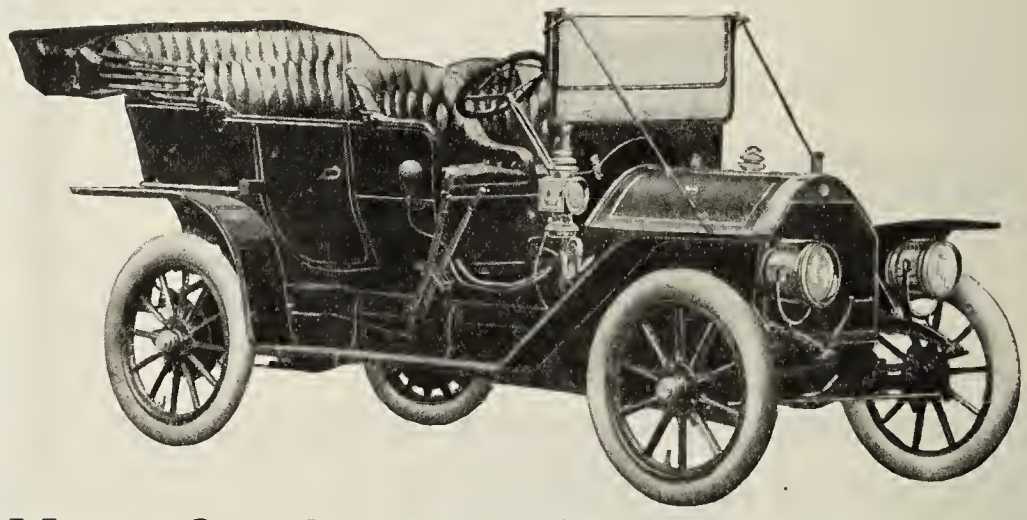
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30 horse power
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Ample five passenger capacity

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Length 16 feet
Beam 4 ft. 2 in.
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Mullins "1909 Special" is a trim, speedy, elegantly equipped Mullins Steel Launch—with a guaranteed speed of 9 miles an hour—Improved 3 H. P. Two Cycle Reversible Engine and Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust. Mullins Patented Steel Construction like torpedo boats with large air chambers like life boats, insures speed and absolute safety. **Our Complete Catalogue of Launches, Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats** gives complete specifications of the "1909 Special" and full particulars regarding our entirely new line of 1909 Models designed by Whittelsey & Whitaker of New York—the most successful naval architects in America. When you want your boat you will want it at once, not three months later; so write today for our Catalogue.

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* **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

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Ideal for vacations—seashore, woods, country, fishing, boating, bathing

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New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa. | THE IDEAL WAY

Collier's

Saturday, June 19, 1909

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. *Cover Design.*

With the Eye of the Mind. *Frontispiece. Painted by Frederic Remington*

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Volume XLIII Number 13

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 8

COLLIER'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS AND SOME FIGURES

IN this number of Collier's there are 197 advertisements. Each one, from the little 4-liner which costs the advertiser $10.00, to the beautiful color page for which the advertiser pays $2,400.00, has its own part to play in present day commerce. Whether or not *you* answer any of the advertisements, you are nevertheless in some way affected by them.

Hundreds of persons, skilled in their various crafts, have had to do with the preparation of these advertisements, and the total cost to the advertiser for their work has been well up in the thousands.

To place these 197 announcements in your home and in the homes of half a million other subscribers, these advertisers have paid Collier's a total of more than $22,000.00.

Every one of these announcements of merchandise news (for advertising really is merchandise news) large or small has its influence upon the Collier half million. Many thousands of letters will go to the advertisers represented in this issue from Collier's readers in every state of the Union and in foreign countries as well, who want further information regarding the goods advertised, the places where they can be purchased, etc.

Consider that as a direct result of advertising in this one number, Collier's readers will spend say $300,000 (and this is only an average of 75c per subscriber) to secure the various benefits advertised. Then you will more surely appreciate how careful Collier's must be that none but honest manufacturers and merchants are admitted to our columns and that the claims they make for their goods are in every way reliable. With everyone represented in this issue you may deal with that feeling of security and satisfaction that you have when you buy from a man with whom you are personally acquainted.

E. L. Patterson

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Why you get your money's worth when you buy advertised goods"

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Loose Fitting
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Coat Undershirts
$1.00 and more the garment
Pajamas
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of special fabrics, Nainsook, Pongee, Linen and Silk.

At leading shops everywhere throughout the country. Style book about the "Underwear of a Gentleman" free on request to Dept. W

GOTHAM UNDERWEAR CO.,
93-95 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK

$1 **BREATHE-RITE** $1



If you have any regard for your personal appearance, or your health, you should wear a **BREATHE-RITE** brace.

The **BREATHE-RITE** brace holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking, sitting or standing. It corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. Made of white, washable elastic fabric. The ideal summer brace, weight two ounces. *A blessing for growing boys and girls.* One size fits anybody.

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Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price—**One Dollar.**

BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., Room 1013, 45 W. 34th St., N. Y.

Send for descriptive folder. Money back if not pleased



SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER $15

In one operation, cleans, sweeps and dusts. No pipes, no wires or other installation. Ready for instant use. Weighs only 8 lbs. Lasts in continuous use for years. Unconditional refund if not wholly satisfactory. **Agents and dealers wanted.** Our proposition is a whirlwind for business. Our agents making big money. Write quick for discounts and full selling plan.—**Hutchieon Mfg. Co., 331 Wood St., Wilkinaburg, Pa. (Greater Pittaburg).**

POWER In The A. B. C. AUTO

Power to go up the steepest hills or run at 30 miles an hour. Yet **Simple, Practical, Safe and Durable.** Easy to operate—not complicated—no repairs. The most perfect type of reliable, low-priced automobile, 16 to 35 h. p; air or water cooled engine; 2, 3, or 4 passenger bodies. Write today for FREE Catalogue. Address



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Solid or Pneumatic Tires

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No Dandelions,

plantain or other weeds if you use my Lightning Dandelion Exterminator. Removes the growing weed and **Kills the root** at one operation. The polished brass tube holds gasoline or kerosene. As the knife cuts the weed a few drops of the liquid kills it without injuring the grass. Works rapidly and can't get out of order. Charges paid east of Rocky Mts. only $2.50. Money back if you're not satisfied. Order today. I take all the risk.

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SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

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A Short Story to All Amateur Photographers

In the Fall of 1905 an advertisement appeared in Collier's on films developed and printed through the mail, and from that one advertisement the situation has developed to the extent that it is to-day; and that advertiser is using these columns in this issue. They are successful because they are delivering the goods to amateur photographers in better shape and at a lower price than local firms. Their business depends on your reorder and your reorder depends on the satisfaction of the first order. Surely these advertisements are worthy of your investigation. To their offers the usual Collier's guarantee as to reliability applies.

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FILMS DEVELOPED, 10c PER ROLL, ALL sizes. Velox Print Browmie Nos. 1 and 2, 3 cts.; 2½x4¼, 3½x3½, 3½x4½, 4 cts., 4x5, 3A, 5 cts.; Velox Post Cards, 5 cts. We devote our entire attention to amateur work and Supplies and believe our methods give our customers better results than they have ever had. To demonstrate this we make the following unusual offer: send us two of your favorite negatives, we will print them as samples without charge and return to you at our expense. As originators of the latter day mail order photo-finishing we want to show you our work. We are authorized dealers, Eastman Kodak Co. Cole & Co., 401-407 Cookman Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

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GET BETTER NEGATIVES. BY MY PROCess of developing I will develop one 6 exposure film, any size, free. Booklet "Film Faults," price list and sample Velox print free. Send 2c postage. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, 8 x 10 BROmides from any size film for 25c. A 12½x16½ bromide free with a $3.00 order of priuting, developing, etc. Work guaranteed. Goldman, Dept. D, 25th St., W. Cleveland, O.

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ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 W. South Street, Boston, Mass.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

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BEST QUILTS FOR YOUR BEDS. BUY ALlendale Counterpanes, the staple for over 50 years. Fine in quality, beautiful in appearance. Recommended by physicians; sanitary, durable; laundered easily as sheets. Write Dimity Quilt Co., Providence, R.I., for description E.

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Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

June 19, 1909

Self-Respect

PRESIDENT TAFT is a solid man. The country believes him to be like GROVER CLEVELAND, substantial, dependable, rock-like in his regard for the sacredness of his given word. Mr. TAFT knows what his campaign promises were. If those promises were not sufficiently substantial to hold him now to the keeping of them as a matter of good faith to the whole public, he can not be held by considerations of private esteem. If he is not stirred by motives of public welfare, still more futile would be any consideration that pertained to him as a man among men. And yet those subtle things which determine a man's standing among his immediate fellows, those aspects of his bearing by which those who see him every day take his measure, the estimate which is expressed in unconscious deference or lack of deference, that impression of a man which is acquired by those who are near him, through close observation and daily conduct, which is expressed less in the words of the tongue than in the shading of the voice—these things do, after all, go to a man's foundation rocks. No man can afford to ignore these things—not even one so fortunate as the President in the predisposition of the public to think well of him. If President TAFT will read the tariff debates in the Senate, particularly if he will read those passages in which his promises of a reduction downward are alluded to as a reason for lower schedules by Messrs. BEVERIDGE and DOLLIVER on the one hand, and scorned on the other hand by Messrs. ALDRICH, LODGE, and the majority who are actually making a revision that is *not* downward—if President TAFT will read those passages, he will not anywhere find a word of overt disrespect; but he will be conscious, through page after page, of a spirit that can be expressed in these words: *His* promises? Shucks!

The Test

IT IS PRESIDENT TAFT, not the Senate, that must make good to the people. The Senate made no promises. President TAFT must either veto the tariff bill or prove to the people, face to face on the public platforms where his promises were made, that the tariff bill which he signs is a substantial revision *downward*. And this proof can be made by no long compilations of confusing figures, by no devil-and-stump hippodrome of how the maximum will reduce the differential, and the ad valorem will sit on the minimum's neck. There is but one test clearly intelligible to the plain people to whom the promise was made: whether Mrs. John Smith, frugal housewife in Spokane, gets her sugar next year *cheaper;* whether Farmer Williams of Lyon County, Kansas, buys the lumber for his barn next year substantially *cheaper;* whether the underclothes, the stockings, the woolen winter suits, and the other items that make up ten million household budgets are, next year, substantially *cheaper*. This, and this alone, will make the difference, when Mr. TAFT makes his next trip among the people, between a friendly sea of faces, or a justly indignant one.

Not Downward

LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE about the facts. In the Senate the tariff is not being revised *downward*. The people will know this a few months hence by the prices they pay. But it is important they should know it *now*. Not only is the revision being made upward in the sense that twenty-five per cent is greater than ten per cent, as in one of the cotton schedules; in more devious, cunning ways the figures are being raised—in ways that make it possible for Mr. ALDRICH to throw smoke around the facts, and by sublime bluffing confuse even many members of the Senate. He has at his command several tariff experts, skilled in intricacies, intimately familiar with all the court decisions on tariff cases. It is these men, as Senator LA FOLLETTE has repeatedly pointed out, who are really writing the tariff. They are able to so change the terminology of the Dingley bill, to so classify the schedules, to so word the law, as to get the maximum of upward effect with the least appearance of raised figures. They know just what language must be so interpreted by a court as to give the very highest protection. Finally, Mr. ALDRICH proposes now, as an incident to the new bill, to take all tariff cases out of the jurisdiction of the regular United States courts, to create a special customs court, and to pack that court with the very experts who are now writing his bill for him. Mr. ALDRICH is fond of these star-chamber experts. When he was engineering the Dingley bill through the Senate he had one who was secretly in the pay of the woolen manufacturers, but officially clerk to the Senate Finance Committee.

The Bogy

MR. TAFT need not be frightened at the bogy of delay. Very soon after his veto a chastened Senate, freed from the Aldrich autocracy, would give him an honest revision. Mr. TAFT should not be the man to be swept off his feet by tales of palpitating prosperity straining at the leash. Better two weeks of delay now than ten years of tribute.

Shorter and Uglier

THE MORE ENLIGHTENED among Uncle JOE'S friends, while admitting most that this paper has from time to time said about him, have claimed for the Speaker certain old-fashioned personal virtues of straightforwardness and veracity. We are compelled to doubt these extenuations. In an article in the June "Century," to which Mr. CANNON'S name is signed, we find this sentence:

> "A New York publisher conducts a campaign against the Speaker and the House rules, and at the same time sends his confidential agent to the Speaker's friends with a demand for an appropriation of $50,000 from the Federal Treasury for his own pet project."

By "a New York publisher" Mr. CANNON means the publisher of COLLIER'S; "his own pet project" is the Lincoln Farm Association. The inference intended is a new variation of an old falsehood. Last fall, when Uncle JOE was deep in a desperate fight for reelection, the Hoopeston (Illinois) "Daily Chronicle," and others among his partizan papers, brought to his defense the stupid invention that COLLIER'S had offered, for $1,000, to print a laudatory article about the Speaker, giving Uncle JOE himself as the authority for their story. Subsequently, CANNON said he had been misquoted. About the same time one of Chairman TAWNEY'S papers, the Winona (Minnesota) "Republican-Herald," accounted for COLLIER'S opposition to CANNON and TAWNEY by saying that these gentlemen had "declined to assist COLLIER'S in looting the United States Treasury in the interest of COLLIER'S private graft." It is true that COLLIER'S has criticized Mr. CANNON'S political course pretty steadily for the past three or four years. It is true that the publisher and the editor of COLLIER'S are associated with the Lincoln Farm Association, which undertook to raise, by popular subscription, $250,000 to place a memorial on the farm where LINCOLN was born, at Hodgenville, Kentucky. This association did petition Congress about a year ago for $100,000 to add to the $150,000 already raised, because it had become apparent that, owing to the association's refusal to accept more than $25 from any one private subscriber, the entire sum could not, as a matter of time, be raised early enough to complete the memorial for the Lincoln centenary, last 12th of February. COLLIER'S did not vary its course toward Mr. CANNON while this petition was pending. The naïveté of our failure to do this was suggested to us at the time by many of Mr. CANNON'S friends, as it is frankly pointed out by Mr. CANNON now. As a matter of fact, the two articles of ours at which the Speaker has taken most offense were printed the same month when the Lincoln Farm Association's petition was pending before Uncle JOE'S Appropriation Committee. It had not occurred to us that it was necessary to keep editorial silence about Mr. CANNON in order that a patriotic association might get a hearing before the House of Representatives. Apparently it had occurred to Mr. CANNON to purchase immunity from criticism with the funds of the United States.

An Obituary

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT in a republic is said to be a rare thing: but is not gratitude for loyal service unusual also? At any rate, it moves the heart to read such a tribute as Dr. HENRY G. SPOONER of Stanton, Florida, paid to his "mammy" in the obituary notice which he wrote for her:

> "Aunt TINA JAMISON, beloved wife of MACK JAMISON of Stanton, Florida, died early this morning of apoplexy. Tired as her old feet were, she never failed to do her duty. In washing a dish or roasting a joint of meat, she took infinite pains, and no horse or cat or dog left in her charge ever suffered for water. Aunt TINA was of the type of the old-fashioned colored woman, fast disappearing from the face of the globe, who reared the children and tenderly guarded their infancy. For four generations she worked for the writer's family, but never failed once to keep her word. GOD bless her."

She kept faith, and did what came to her hands to do with infinite pains! This is a tribute which would equally well fit the tombstone of a particularly good king.

One Man

NEVER A CLASS DRIFTS out of New Haven on graduation day but sings the song:

"Good-by, Charley, we must leave you.
Good-by, Charley Dean."

His name isn't Charley. It is HENRY P. WRIGHT. But he is Dean of Yale, and has been for twenty-five years. This Commencement the singing will have a new and deeper accent, as he ends his active life with the close of June. There are few of the thirty thousand graduates that do not have a personal fondness for Dean WRIGHT. He is reserved, shy, sensitive beyond most, but every inch a man. And somehow, without the poor instrument of words, he has been able to express a tenderness of heart, a vigor and justice of discipline, that won the respect and then the hearty liking of the thousands of young men that have passed through his office. Because of his manifold and intimate duties, he has been in closer personal relation to the student body than any other person on the campus. He knew the demerits of the men, their lapses in scholarship, their tardiness, absences, escapades. He believed in men. He was in harmony with his work. There was no loss in "waste motion," in friction, in ill-aimed blows. Every hour of his working life was fertile in results.

Books of the Day Before Yesterday

ONE BRIEF PARAGRAPH in the accounts of GEORGE MEREDITH'S career recalled the fact that a single year, 1859, saw the publication of four mighty books: "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Adam Bede," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "The Virginians." What year since has equaled this record for permanent worth? This is the season when women, making up their lists to take away for summer reading, eagerly post themselves on books of the day and the late best sellers. To women who spend their summers in seaside and mountain hotels it probably doesn't avail much to speak a word for the books of the week before last. Only a few persons, anyhow, read books for acquaintance with noble minds, or have the intellectual independence to choose their reading according to their own tastes. Unhappily, most people choose their reading largely as a social matter, with as sharp an eye to the current fashion as in choosing their clothes, in a panicky fear lest they be found not well posted on what other people are talking about. This, in books as in everything, is fundamentally the case of persons who, having no standards of their own, are feverishly eager to be like the great majority and agreeable to it. Is that woman, who insists upon lightness and amusement to leaven her summer, sure she has exhausted the possibilities of "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Golden Leg," whose quality may be guessed from the distinction that it is best among the humorous poems of an author who wrote the best pun in the English language? If children are not led to like good books in their youth, they will never acquire the habit later on. Persons who like the disjointed remarks in this editorial will find much more in a similar vein in FREDERIC HARRISON'S "Choice of Books."

The Mouth of the Blistered Nose

WHEN THE TENNIS PLAYER begins to wind fresh tape on the handle of his racket every few days and the one who wears glasses pulls a sweat-band low on his forehead, summer is running her furnaces chock-full. It is a time when five hard sets of singles will test the stamina of the best-seasoned. (Who was it, in the credulous past, that said tennis is a young lady's game!) To acquire color—pale-brown freckles, smooth tan, or blistered red—there is no outdoor laboratory like the tennis court. Here one abandons his hat, loosens his shirt collar, and plunges about in the thinnest of clothes—wind and sun have their way with him. Saturday afternoon, early, is the time to enjoy tennis. If one plays on grass, there is the sweet-hot odor of it floating close under his nose, and there is no strong breeze, such as usually springs up later in the afternoon, to drive it away. In the early afternoon a dirt court is liveliest, the gut in the racket "pings" most musically, and the balls are never "dead." And, best of all, the sun pours down upon face and ears and neck most generously. Sweat will prevent the sort of blistering that comes to the swimmer. And when the match is finished, in sweater and wide hat, it is a pleasant thing to sit by, in intimate gossip with a late opponent, and watch the later comers chase the elusive tennis ball and get friendly with the sun.

Open-Air Theatricals

EVEN IN OUR THEATRICALS we are rediscovering the outdoors. Not only has PERCY MACKAYE'S "The Canterbury Pilgrims" been played in the open air at a score of colleges and elsewhere this spring, but the Yale undergraduate dramatic club is preparing scenes from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Miss MAUDE ADAMS is going to act SCHILLER'S "The Maid of Orleans" in the Harvard Stadium, and many towns have presented or are going to present historical pageants. Even settlements and unacademic dramatic clubs have acquired the pleasant habit now, and working girls enact "Twelfth Night" on a Dedham lawn, while boys convert a grove in Riverdale, New York, into Titania's abode. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility, if this keeps on, that some one of our playwrights may turn poet and write a modern mask. When the extreme simplicity of the open-air stage is considered, especially at night, darkness and foliage serving as flies and wing pieces and back-drop and "atmosphere," and when the enormous aid to the amateur actor of natural setting in creating a sylvan or poetic mood is borne in mind, one is astonished only that the revival of open-air theatricals has been so long in coming. Why give "The Deestrict School" in a stuffy town hall, when you can give "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" just as well on the edge of a real grove, of a warm June evening? Why serve only strawberries and melty ice at your charity lawn party, when you might more charitably offer a charming play? Have any amateurs tried ROSTAND'S "The Romancers" out-of-doors? One doesn't need the Bohemian Club's grove of redwoods for a stage. A corner of John Smith's lawn, between the beach and the syringa bushes, can become a Forest of Arden, ringed by the darkness and touched with SHAKESPEARE'S magic wand. And what small town is so poor in tradition that it has no story of Indian massacre or pioneer caravans that might be reproduced after the manner of the English historical pageants?

Divorce

AN AGGRESSIVE AMERICAN HEROINE with an insatiable appetite for freedom and a genius for selfishness is presented by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD in her latest novel, "Marriage à la Mode." This heroine, having led a wilful girlhood, secures a Dakota divorce from her English husband for these reasons: That he did not love her very much, that he married her for her money, and that he was shilly-shallying with an old sweetheart. A good many Americans of feeling will agree with all English of sensibility about the validity of this excuse for so serious an offense against public welfare as a divorce, particularly since there was a child in question. But while we recognize the arraignment Mrs. WARD tacitly brings of intrinsic selfishness in American women, we wonder not a little why she fails to condemn the equally offensive selfishness of her Englishman, who crossed the Atlantic, at the bidding of his mother, for the purpose of securing a rich American wife, needed to repair the ruined fortunes of the English house. And by what conjuring with the virtues is she able to make the woman detestable and the man pathetic, when each was basely and cruelly self-centered? Apparently our standards differ. Americans are romantic. They detest the idea of a mercenary marriage; and it takes a stern morality to look upon this romantic quality as a fault. This insistence upon romance is at the bottom of no small proportion of American divorces. When love flies out of the window the expectant and sentimental American, who hates failure, sorrow, patience, dulness, and resignation, looks about for some avenue of escape from an untoward destiny—and often finds it. That this appetite for happiness is inordinate there is no denying; that such ideality, which must decorate life even at the cost of personal integrity, is wild and extravagant, all must admit; but at least the chill offense of the marriage for money seldom is ours. Not to defend our tolerance of divorce, how can Mrs. WARD, that rigid moralist, ask us to sympathize with a mercenary hero, who sinks marriage to a mercantile transaction? Here, it appears, the English cousin differs substantially in his point of view from us, and if he is frankly amazed at our domestic facility, we are sincerely surprised at the *sang froid* with which he confesses to the venal motives which frequently prompt his courtship.

Of the Dead, Nothing but Good

THERE DIED IN BUTTE the other day one of the last of an almost extinct race—the old-time frontier gamblers. Of them little good has been written. Now and then some churchman, seeking the salvation of the mining camps and disheartened by the barren soil, was given such moral help as the fraternity was capable of, and riotously of its substance. Singularly enough, these men of the cloth have borne the only eloquent written testimony to the white charity of the gambler. In the pages of fiction he was the central figure in evil brawls and plots. Yet truth compels the statement that this product of a fiercer civilization had qualities, other than marksmanship, that commanded no mean respect where he was best known. Perhaps because the fraternity was wholly bad, as a rule, did these better men of their class stand out as strong leaders in the forces that moulded our frontiers into cities and States. Alert and keen they were, as men who survived a time when the pomp of power and the kingdom of men were both represented by the six-shooter. Their business was, until a few years ago, lawful in many of the Western States. Legislators haggled over stud-horse poker, faro, roulette, and fan-tan, and the tax these games should pay. When frontier society got to the point of derby hats, four-in-hands, and polished shoes, the gambler asked no place in the social order. In the changing fashion he felt the indignity of his calling. Outlawed, he fought pitifully for his ancient rights; but his race was run. He was a part, nevertheless, and, outside of his calling, a not unworthy part, of those courageous, dynamic forces which finally became abiding communities; and in a world where virtue is often comparative, and where surely it shines the more brightly for its evil setting, let us pay him that meed of praise. At least he looked his victim in the eye, defended by no greater barrier than a three-foot table. Perhaps he was no worse than the man of our own time who, secure in the deepest labyrinth of organized society, takes, under form of law, toll from the food and clothes of the poor, or the one who lures to financial distress by flaring advertisement the dupes of this foolish world.

Alaska in 1959

By
WALTER
E.
CLARK

Recently appointed
Governor of Alaska

A Glance at the Future of a New Empire



NO MAN can tell what Alaska will be in fifty years. Violence is done to the best tenets of journalism by this observation, when it is considered that the subject assigned to me calls for some views, opinions, or beliefs as to what may be expected to transpire in Alaska between now and 1959. Even the cub reporter seldom introduces his "story" with such a statement as, "There was no news at the City Hall today," and forthwith writes a column, for his city editor naturally expounds, perhaps with profanity, the elementary rule that the writer should not "play down" his subject. "No man can tell," nevertheless, will do. It is intended to convey the impression, not of a barren subject, but of possibilities so vast that the powers of adequate—or, at least, accurate—prediction are baffled. Alaska is a natural empire of extensive proportions to which the eyes of adventure and capital alike are turning. The intelligent old men who are living in 1959 will be able to say that they "knew" fifty years before that a wonderful development of natural resources was on the way.

A Land of Vegetables and Flowers

THE inertia of public opinion is very great, and the geographical and other misconceptions of Alaska, which are legion, are difficult to overcome. Apologies, then, to the exclusive circle of the truly well-informed, while it is remarked that the northern empire which was acquired by the United States in 1867 is not coextensive with that region which immediately surrounds the poles of the earth. It is singular that the popular notion of Alaska peoples the greater part of the Territory with Eskimos, clothes at least its northern area in perpetual snow and menaces navigation with icebergs. Of course, it is now pretty generally understood that white men are carrying on great mining and fishing industries in Alaska. Certainly it is not as well known that vegetable and flower gardens as far north as Fort Egbert are being cultivated with much success. It is fairly well known that there is a great and growing commerce between Alaska and the States. But how many thousands of intelligent persons know that all of the Alaskan ports except those of Bering Sea are open in winter as well as in summer? Not many. Under the circumstances one hesitates to tax the popular mind with the preposterous truth that the winter climate of Alaska's capital is as mild as that of Washington, District of Columbia, and that January weather is perhaps less severe in the Tanana Valley, which is in the very heart of the Territory, than in Montana and the Dakotas. Such a blizzard as attended the inauguration of President Taft at Washington three months ago has seldom been known in Juneau, or Sitka, or Wrangell, or Ketchikan.

It is easy to learn the truth about the geography and the climate of that great territory which, immediately following the purchase from Russia forty-two years ago, was known as "Seward's Folly," and it requires not much gift of prophecy to foretell that in the next half-century there will be an enormous development of natural riches in that part of the world. It is not so easy, and I have not the inclination, to predict what the political status of Alaska will be in 1959. Several eminent statesmen of the old school see constitutional or social objections to the admission of outlying Territories to the privileges of Statehood. Some of them even object to the organization of Territorial forms of government. If these objections are overruled by the statesmen of a new generation, it will be no more surprising than was that reversal of old traditions, now approved, which resulted in the acquisition of Hawaii, of the Philippine Islands, and of Porto Rico. Statehood for Alaska is surely not a question which need engage our attention at present. There are those who hold that a fully organized Territorial form of government for Alaska is not a legitimate issue at this time, although there are others who declare that this northern possession of the United States should immediately be organized as a Territory, with a Legislature elected by the people, as in Arizona and New Mexico. Avoiding this discussion, which has no place in an article which deals with the commercial possibilities of a great region during the next half-century, we may devote ourselves to a consideration of what is in prospect for the progress of Alaska along commercial and industrial lines.

On this subject the imagination runs riot in a territory which covers more than 586,000 square miles, and is approximately as large as all of the United States lying east of the Mississippi River, if we subtract the areas of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, and West Virginia. At present the industrial and commercial activities of Alaska are being carried on within the Territory by perhaps thirty-five thousand white people. Exception will be taken to these figures; there are those who estimate the white population to be not more than thirty thousand, and there are those more enthusiastic, but certainly less accurate, who place the number as high as sixty thousand. The Federal census of next year will tell the story.

Commercial and Mineral Wealth

RELATIVELY to the population, the ocean and inland water commerce of the Territory is large. The shipments of merchandise and precious metals between the States and Alaska and between Alaska and foreign countries has already approximated $50,000,000 in a single year. In the fiscal year 1908 the merchandise shipments alone amounted to $26,875,373. The growth of this commerce has been steady, year by year, and on the whole it has been surprisingly rapid. Prior to 1903 the customhouses were not required to make separate reports on shipments of goods to and from Alaska, but in the fiscal year ending June 30 of that year the merchandise shipments in both directions between the Territory and the States was $19,454,724. The gain in five years was $7,420,649. Adverse factors have been encountered from time to time, such as a reduced catch of salmon, and the decline in the price of copper, which made the operation of certain mines in southeastern Alaska temporarily unprofitable. Nevertheless, the commerce of the Territory has increased in varying degrees year by year, and it has almost always accompanied the inauguration of new industrial enterprises or the enlargement of established projects. In the statement of these figures no account is taken of the shipments of precious metals. The gold shipments are, of course, very large, for within the last three years the annual production of gold in Alaska has been larger than that of any Territory or State except one.

By far the largest product of this Territory is gold, although the output of the fisheries has been, and still is, enormous. Probably the relative importance of these



Street scene in Sitka



Skagway's latitude is south of St. Petersburg's and Christiania's

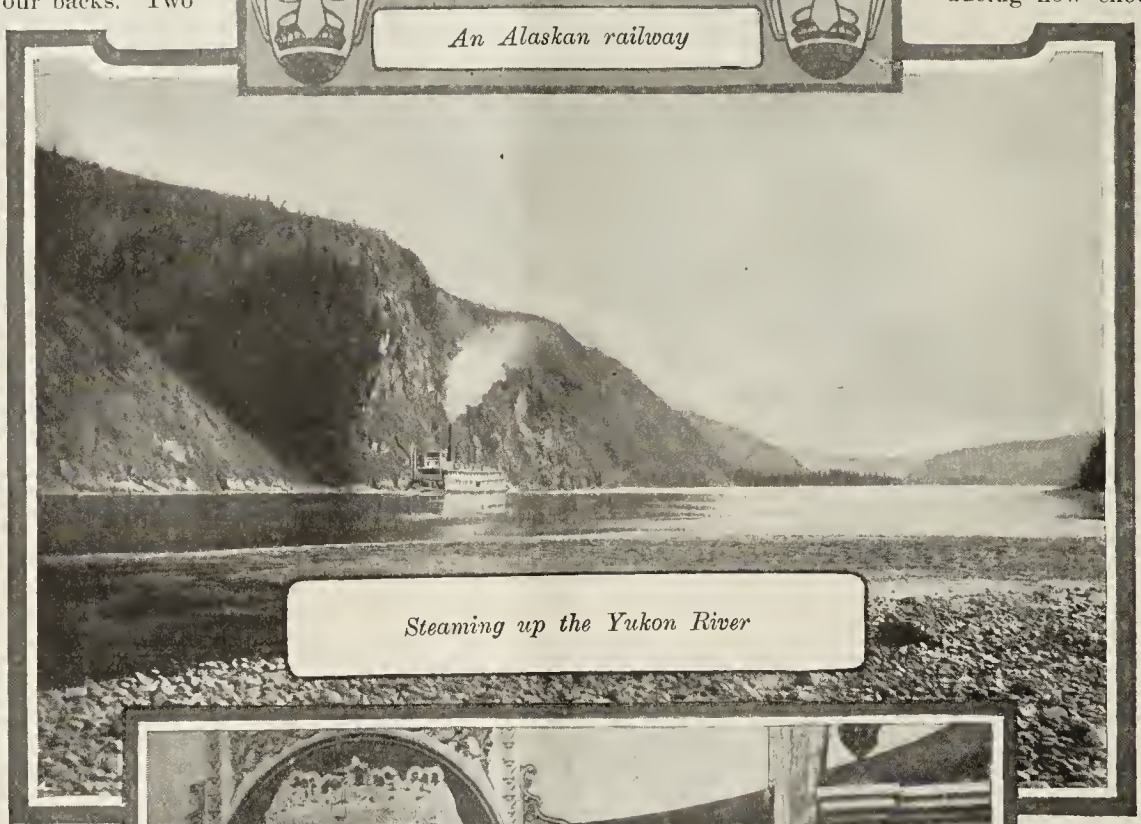
Where but a few years ago there were mere tent-pitched camps along the shores of the Alaskan archipelago and through the Yukon Valley, there stand today thriving cities that resemble in their rapid growth the towns that sprang into being when Oklahoma's hospitable prairies were released to the westward course of empire



Dawson City, on the banks of the mighty Yukon



An Alaskan railway



Steaming up the Yukon River



Interior of the Greek church at Sitka



A cottage bower at Dawson

outcomes will be substantially the same in 1959. The remark has often been heard in the last few years that unless some sensational new gold strikes are made in the placer regions, Alaska's gold output will certainly decline before long. A more thoughtful judgment is that there is no prospect that the production of gold will be smaller for many years than it has been since 1906. It is true that there has been no great discovery like that which caused the world-wide stampede to Nome in 1900, but that was hardly to be expected, for the whole Seward Peninsula, of which Nome is now the thriving capital, was known only to the geographers as a waste of land prior to 1898. The discoveries that have been made since the Tanana Valley excitement of 1902 and 1903 have been local in character, but highly significant and valuable, nevertheless. What justifies the belief in the lasting future of the Alaska mining industry? Simply a semi-scientific but absolutely convincing appraisal of what we now have, coupled with a reasonable expectation that the surprises of the past are to be repeated at intervals during the next twenty-five or fifty years.

The Vast Wealth of Gold

THE familiar saying by those who know this northern country is that "the surface has only been scratched." Now, could it be otherwise in a period of not much more than two decades, in a country covering hundreds of thousands of square miles? Some of us earned less than low wages by mining the beach gravels close to the surf at Nome in 1900, but few of us surmised what riches were held by the unpromising tundra at our backs. Two or three outfits with drills prospected for a short time on the tundra and were laughed at while they did it. They found no prospect worthy of notice, yet it was discovered only a few years later that an ancient beach-line, blanketed by the frozen muck of the tundra, was richer in gold than the sands of the present beach. A little later a second beach-line, a few hundred yards farther from the sea, was discovered, and then a third which yielded large returns. These discoveries are cited to encourage a more general belief that Alaska gold will be found for years to come in places where its presence now is least suspected.

Precious metals have been found in Alaska from the southernmost extremity of the panhandle to the shore of the Arctic Ocean. The geologists think they know about what to expect in large portions of this area, their conclusions being based upon a series of valuable reconnaissances and surveys by the United States Geological Survey. These conclusions in given instances have been upset, for even the science of geology may err. There are many well-defined areas in which it is demonstrated that the gold-bearing gravel is of low grade, and where no rich spots are to be looked for. If one insists upon having a prediction as to what will be going on in these places in 1959, it is not hazardous to say that these gravels will be made to give up their treasure by methods of mining which require large outlays of capital and extensive equipment for handling a maximum yardage economically.

This reminds us of the frequent discussion as to whether Alaska is really a "poor man's country." The right of discovery is not restricted, and although the mining laws might be improved, the prospector who has no money except what he has invested in his grub-stake may be well assured that he will not be robbed of the fruits of his enterprise. Somewhat recently large bodies of capital have been invested in Alaska mining enterprises, and railroads are being constructed to tap new fields. Unrestricted, the joint owners of mines and railroads might be in a position to oppress the poor prospector or the poor mine owner; but it is already provided by statute that the rates on all Alaskan railroads which are now building or which may be built in the future are subject to review by the Secretary of the Interior.

High Wages for Labor

ALASKA is a "poor man's country" in the sense that the poor man who works with his hands is able to earn large wages—large, even when the high cost of living in the interior of the Territory is considered—and it is a poor man's country in that the prospector and small miner of the future will have an opportunity to sell the ground which he has acquired to one or another of the large operators without fear of being forced to make sacrifices because some large capitalists own the railroads. The greatest safeguard for the poor man in Alaska to-day is that freight rates on railroads are subject to a strict Federal supervision and adjustment. Under this administration, at least, it may be confidently expected that a proper supervision will be exercised.

As for mines of gold quartz and coal and copper, poor men usually do not operate them anywhere; but it is safe to say that the poor prospector who discovers a big deposit of ore in any part of Alaska that is accessible to a railroad will have no trouble in selling it at a fair price to any one of a score or more of large investors who have recently become identified with activities in the Far North. What has been said of wages is not to be taken as final or as covering every case which has arisen or may arise in the Alaska mining field. The general statement, subject to possible exception, is justified, however, that labor in Alaska is well rewarded.

Population, Mines, and Fisheries

ENTHUSIASTS will say that Alaska's people will number ten millions within the next half-century. Obviously no warrant exists for such a prediction. No such number will ever be supported by the activities of the mines or of the fisheries or of the forests, and the problem, therefore, becomes one of the soil. Of the soil more will be said later. The subject of the fisheries may be disposed of briefly with the statement that the output of canned salmon has for many years been valued at from $7,000,000 to $9,000,000 annually, and that the industry of packing and shipping other kinds of fish has grown rapidly within a comparatively recent period. The fishing industry will certainly suffer in the future unless the wise precaution is taken to replenish the stock of fish. Some encouraging progress has been made in this direction within the last two or three years, but not enough to allay entirely a feeling of uneasiness lest the supply of salmon be seriously depleted at a day not distant in the future. It is, by the way, an example of superlative Alaskan enterprise that halibut in a fresh condition taken from Territorial waters are being shipped to markets south and east, even to the very shores of Massachusetts Bay. What may not happen in fifty years!

Fifty years hence the forests of Alaska will, it is conceived, be producing an abundant wealth. They are producing now enough for the needs of the people in the wooded parts of the Territory, and the lumber business is capable of large expansion. Proper conservation of this great natural resource was ensured years ago when Congress enacted a law forbidding the shipment of lumber out of the Territory, and the Forest Service exercised an abundance of caution, under the circumstances, when it established several vast natural reserves. It is not to be claimed that the Alaskan forests compare in absolute value with those of Washington and Oregon, but their usefulness to the people of the Territory can not be measured. The tracts of heavy timber are not very large, although the total area is extensive. Some of the largest trees are found in almost inaccessible regions in the southeastern archipelago; but the supply is large enough to meet the needs of the people for ages to come. One of the most promising resources of southeastern Alaska is the abundant material for the manufacture of wood pulp. Enormous water-powers are waiting to be harnessed; and the time may come—perhaps before 1959—when Alaska will supply all of the print paper required by all of the news publishers of the United States. The lumber industry in Alaska at present is of considerable proportions; and it is not the less important because, being limited by the non-export law, it is developing strictly in proportion to the demands of the local market.

A Great Future for Agriculture

IN TRYING to anticipate the developments of the next fifty years, it is necessary to estimate the possibilities of agriculture. Judging from the progress of the last decade in this department of Alaskan activity, it will not be necessary to wait much longer to predict with confidence what may be wrought in the next half-century. Ten years ago comparatively few persons even in Alaska knew that it was possible to raise as fine garden vegetables there as are raised anywhere in the world. Now there are gardens in nearly every settlement south of the Arctic Circle, and truck gardening for profit is not an uncommon business. Some of the finest gardens of vegetables and flowers to be found anywhere in the North are in Fairbanks, a town situated near the geographical center of Alaska. In the mean time, the Department of Agriculture is experimenting in the Territory with cereals, and an effort is being made to develop a hardy wheat which will surely ripen before early frosts come in the fertile valleys of the Tanana and the Sushitna.

Three years ago I visted a homestead farm a few miles from Fairbanks, and was impressed with the intelligent optimism of the Norwegian proprietor. The date was about August 25, and so rapid had been the growth of his crops during the midsummer period of almost constant sunshine that his harvest time was at hand. Indeed, this farmer already had reaped a small field of barley, and the yellow sheaves of grain, hard and fully matured, were stored in his barn. Almost every variety of the common vegetables was growing luxuriantly, and weeks before he had sold cabbages and other green products of his farm in the Fairbanks market. Cattle may graze among luxuriant grasses in southern Alaska, and even in central Alaska; near the coast stock has wintered without artificial shelter and with no serious loss. One may reasonably doubt that farming will ever be the prime industry in Alaska, but the idea is not to be dismissed that the soil of a Territory whose oldest towns are below the latitude of St. Petersburg will, before 1959, be the chief support of a hardy and frugal, though not unthrifty, people.



Start of the National Balloon Race at Indianapolis

Six balloons, racing for the distance trophy of the Aero Club of America, and three others, competing for the Endurance Cup of the Indiana Aero Club, set sail from Indianapolis on June 5. The balloon "Ohio" of the Endurance Contest came down in Brown County, Indiana, on the evening of June 5; the "Chicago" in Allen County, Kentucky, at 1:30 P. M. June 6, and the "Indianapolis" soon after at Westmoreland, Tennessee. The "Indiana" remained longest in the air of the entries in the distance event

Westchester's Pageant

THE Westchester County Historical Pageant, rendered by a number of writers and artists, including Tudor Jenks, Gouverneur Morris, Violet Oakley, and others, was enacted at Bronxville, New York, on May 29. A special performance was also given on May 31 for Governor Hughes and other distinguished guests, including Mayor McClellan.

The seven episodes of the pageant, divided into scenes, formed an epic of Westchester's history; and these events, as the Prologue argued, while peculiar to Westchester County, are illustrative of the whole development of the American type.

In the open air, among the trees, the pioneer struggles and dangers were represented in a primeval setting —Indians and white men crept through the foliage upon each other's trails.

The first episode depicts the figure of Adriaen Block at The Hague before the Prince of Orange, 1614, petitioning for his charter to trade in New Netherlands; and the second scene gives the arrival of Jonas Bronck and subsequent purchase from the Indians of "The Bronx."

Episode two dramatizes the fate of Anne Hutchinson's colony of religious fugitives, massacred by the Indians; and the vengeance of Captain John Underhill, which quickly fell upon the tribe of Wampage.

Episode three takes up the settlement of Yonkers,



Governor Hughes and his staff, in the central box, witnessing the State performance of the Westchester County pageant



The arrival of Jonas Bronck, who purchased "The Bronx" from Chief Tackamuck, in 1639



The reading of the Declaration of Independence from the steps of the White Plains Court-House June 19

in the patronship of Colen Donck, and the later encroachment of English Puritans from Connecticut.

The fourth episode is concerned with the French—the Huguenots who fled from France and founded New Rochelle—showing their quaint ceremony of presenting the annual fatted calf to John Pell, Lord of the Manor, and their twenty-mile march to church at New York on communion Sundays.

Scenes of the Revolution

THE first suggestions of the imminent Revolution appear in the "Election on the Green," episode five. In 1733 Governor Crosby deposed Justice Lewis Morris from the Supreme Court. The voters of Westchester County reelected him over the Governor's head, and also over the crafty disqualification of the Quaker ballots.

Episode six gives four scenes from the Revolution as it "crossed and recrossed Westchester County." A meeting of the Provincial Congress on horseback, which appropriates its funds to the Continental Army, is followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence from the steps of the White Plains Court-House. The Battle of White Plains comes next, wherein General Washington is represented, and finally the capture of Major André.

The last episode is in the years of peace, and clusters around Washington Irving. An imaginary company of famous literary men is gathered at "Sunnyside"—Holmes, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, Cooper, Poe—when Rip Van Winkle appears among them, with "Heinrich Hudson and his mystical crewe."

The Book of the Words

THE booklet in which the lines of the actors were published, as well as descriptive paragraphs explaining and illuminating the various scenes, contains also a poem—"An Invitation to the Pageant"—by Richard Watson Gilder. Miss Violet Oakley, designer of the pageant, contributed the historical introductions and the prologue.

The different episodes and their divisions were interspersed with musical numbers, harmonizing with the time and scene under portrayal—Dutch folk-songs, old battle hymns, and psalms. The costuming was as faithful as it was picturesque.

Among the patrons of the affair were Governor Hughes of New York, Mayor McClellan of New York City, Mayor Warren of Yonkers, Mayor Howe of Mount Vernon, and Mayor Raymond of New Rochelle. The Colonial Dames of New York and the Daughters of the Revolution also assisted. The various committees of details and arrangements numbered almost a hundred people.

This is the first of the three celebrations in which the State of New York will participate during the festival year of 1909. The Lake Champlain Tercentenary will be observed in July, and the end of September will bring the third and culminating Hudson-Fulton memorial.

"A Fool's Bargain"

Secretary Seward's One-Hundred Per-Cent Investment for Uncle Sam, which is no Longer a Joke

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

A hay-field on the Yukon



St. Mary's Lake, Montana

"All ye icebergs make salaam,
Ye belong to Uncle Sam."



Seattle in 1879



Skagway will be a greater city than Stockholm



Seattle in 1909



Porcupine Mountain, Alaska

Why seek foreign Alps?

WHILE angry debates of Reconstruction were engaging the politicians "on the hill" in Washington in 1867 the Department of State was quietly negotiating a treaty, the importance of which is just beginning to dawn upon the American people. Secretary Seward thought he saw real military and commercial advantage in the acquisition of Alaska. The heroic Cassius Clay, then United States Minister to Russia, was sure of it. Russia was eager to turn over to the United States her American possessions, that our Pacific defenses might be carried northward and married to her own Asiatic fortifications at the point where the waters of the Arctic and the Occidental Seas caress. This was the Czar's dream. To Secretary Seward came an Arctic vision of great commercial reward in the development of vast seal and fish industries. People who had been there had reported to him that the country in all particulars was much like Norway and Sweden. Scandinavia had great cities, cultured capitals, valuable commerce, a proud and industrious people, and happy homes. Would the great country through which flows the mighty Yukon some day parallel this? It might take centuries, perhaps; but the great unseen things have ever been the world's most benignant boon. Concluding some friendly diplomatic dickering, Secretary Seward offered to the St. Petersburg Government $7,200,000 for their "Russian-America." Even against the whole world's unbelief, at this price it was a bargain.

Make the Treaty To-night

ON THE evening of Friday, March 29, Mr. Seward sat in his parlor playing whist with his family when the Russian Minister was announced. "I have a despatch, Mr. Seward, from my Government by cable," said Mr. Stoeckl, the Russian Minister. "The Emperor gives his consent to the cession. To-morrow, if you like, I will come to the Department and we can enter upon a treaty." Pushing aside the whist table, the impatient Seward replied with a smile of satisfaction: "Why wait till to-morrow—let us make the treaty to-night."

Between midnight and dawn long panels of light fell from the Secretary's windows across the shadowy lawn of the State Department building. In these solemn midnight hours the silent wilderness of centuries was released, and to a nation's pillowed ear the low north wind whispered: "Gold." When the sun's rays fell upon this parchment and the world was told what that night had been done, the whole nation coupled the name of Seward with the epithet: "Fool." The press everywhere declared his acquisition a "barren, worthless, God-forsaken region," whose crops were "icebergs"—a country where the

"Stately polar bears
Waltz around the Pole in pairs;"

where the ground was "frozen six feet deep in summer"; the streams were "glaciers"; "it should be named 'Walrussia'"; the fish were "only fit for Eskimo food"; it was "Seward's folly" and his "polar bear garden"; it was "a fool's bargain"; "Oh, the shrewd Russians," etc., etc., etc. But the great Secretary only smiled, for was not Jefferson laughed at when he bought from Napoleon more than half of the country we now so proudly possess, and was not Columbus ridiculed when his timid little ships set out upon unknown seas?

In the half-century that has passed since the Senate ratified that treaty, this "Icicle" has produced a wealth exceeding $350,000,000, or nearly one hundred per cent per year on the "fool's" investment. Frenzied finance run riot indeed! And the pick and the plow have as yet barely pin-pricked its wonderful surface. Is there, then, room for amazement that the Alaska commissioner for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland four years ago, should have reported that his task was hopeless—that it would take an exposition in itself to even adequately intimate the sure future of Seward's purchase?

Alaska's exhaustless storehouse of precious metals was the lure that drew the argonaut, as did California in '49 and Nevada in the winter of '50. Seattle grew great from this argonautic traffic—from swapping picks and pans and warm woolen garments for bags of fresh-washed nuggets. Its rapid growth and perfect stability have fastened upon its people the chronic affliction of inflammatory enthusiasm. There is not a child in Seattle that can speak a two-syllable word who will not throw down his hat and fight for either Seattle or Alaska. When, therefore, the Alaska Exposition idea struck this Puget Sound port, something had to happen.

A Twice-Hyphenated Show

NEWSPAPERS, clubs, commercial houses, lodges, the men in the street, the schools, and even the churches, instantly took up the idea. The first suggestion of a hundred-thousand-dollar exposition soon expanded into a quarter of a million, and this became a million, and this million has now been multiplied by ten. In such a comprehensive plan Dawson hurried to claim a place. Indeed, the whole British territory of Yukon knocked for admission. The plan expanded into the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. If this were to be a Yukon show, why should British Columbia not have a chance to advertise its broad and fertile Fraser Valley? Already the exposition was international. Then Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, and Vancouver felt that they must share with

Seattle in demonstrating their claims to posterity. The fruit fields of the wonderful Yakima Valley must come in. So also must Idaho and Montana. Oregon, too, had her picturesque story to tell. California followed. Apparently, only time limitations prevented the representation from reaching coastwise down to the kingdom of the old Incas, who in the days before the Spanish settlement of Peru used to hold great expositions, to which large crowds came long distances. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition thus, with commendable hospitality, extended its welcome to any State or Territory that wished to exhibit its present and foreshadow its future resources—that was striving to go ahead. It crossed the Rocky Mountain States and expanded its purpose to include even all the Atlantic Coast States that would participate. Like all of Seattle's projects, it grew amazingly.

The Pioneer Platoon Marches North

THUS the Alaska Exposition expanded into a twice-hyphenated name and continued to enlarge its plans even after it could no longer further encumber its name. In trying to specifically define its primary objects, the directors of the fair have announced this threefold plan:

First—To exploit the resources and potentialities of the Alaska and Yukon Territories in the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

Second—To make known the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific Ocean and of the countries bordering thereon and to foster it.

Third—To demonstrate the marvelous progress of Western America, where, within a radius of 1,000 miles of Seattle, 7,500,000 persons live who are directly interested in making the exposition the true exponent of their material wealth and development.

Every State and Territory and Province that advertises its hospitable climate, wonderful resources, and contented people at this twice-hyphenated fair will do its utmost to persuade every visitor that his greatest future is linked with theirs. That is the constructive spirit of the Seattle Exposition.

The people of these great Pacific lands have a fanatical faith in real *things*—a wholesome and contagious optimism. The course of empire still takes its western way, the pioneer homesteads are closing in, dissolving the settler's isolation into neighborliness. But the real significance of the Seattle fair lies in the fact that it is the pivot on which the pioneer platoon wheels right and accepts the North star



Where Seattle plays

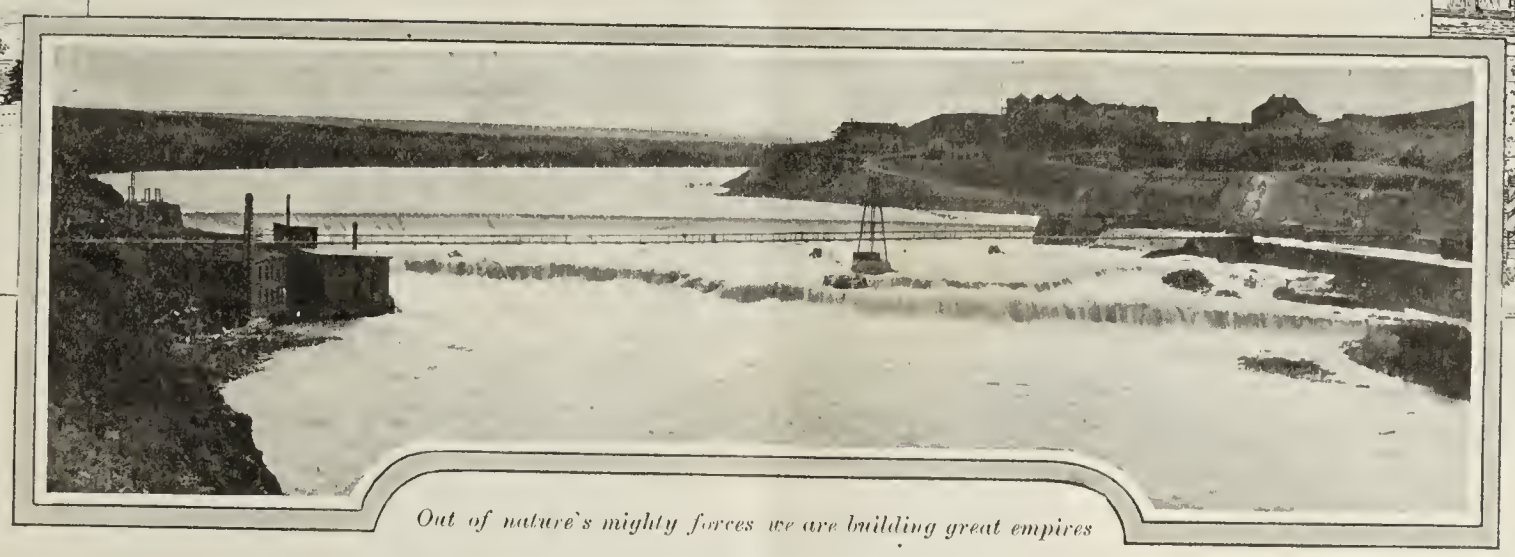
as its pilot of fortune. It takes a stout heart to face a wilderness. They were not a timid folk who made Plymouth Rock a precious part of history—there was sinew in the arm that split rails along the banks of the Sangamon, and hero stuff in the plowman who tore the wild grass roots in Dakota's wind-swept stretches. They were militant men who first blazed the trails through to the Puget Sea—scouts of progress who ventured the treacherous Chilkoot Pass—and they will be State-makers who carry the plow and the harrow on to the Yukon meadows.

The hills of Massachusetts, the prairies of Illinois, the treeless stretches of Dakota, and even the rugged Montana lands, became hospitable in time. With insistent promptness, Alaska will make her Statehood claim. The "Walrussia," so ridiculed fifty years ago, is just beginning to receive proper appreciation. Its capital lies south of St. Petersburg's parallel, with a climate more hospitable than that of New Hampshire or Maine. In its mountains and river banks are stored probably the world's richest deposits of gold and silver. The largest copper mine in the world is now being developed north of Valdez, and a railroad is building through the Chugach Mountains to release the ore. The coal and petroleum wealth of the Territory is reported to exceed that of all the States, while the lumber of Alaska is practically inexhaustible. The real future vitality of the Territory, however, lies in its agriculture. The winters are undeniably long and cold. But so they are in Saskatchewan and Vermont. The summers, though short, are hot, and ripen astonishing crops of wheat and short cereals. The Territory is as sure to be as populous as Scandinavia or the northern half of Russia, and it is very sure to be even greater than these, in that it will be the greatest wealth-producing country that is washed by a Polar sea. And to this industrial invoice should be added the picture value of Seward's purchase. The White Mountains are New Hampshire's biggest asset, for each summer season they double the Granite State's population. Experienced travelers unhesitatingly assert that Alaska offers the most picturesque tourist trips in the world. With the invasion of extensive railroads, and the multiplication of river and coastwise steamships, a real impression may be made upon America's annual hegira to Europe. With our Yosemite and Yellowstone, Lakes of Kootenay, Columbia River and Puget Sea, Banff, the mighty Yukon, and the Alaskan Archipelago, why need we so persistently seek foreign Alps or time-worn Pyrenees?

Alaska and the Yukon, through this exposition, emphasize Pacific Coast possibilities everywhere. The exhibits will be arranged as are all fairs of this kind. The Cascades and Geyser Basin form the general decorative scheme, around which are sunken gardens and the exposition buildings in well-arranged groups. In front of the United States Government Building stands the exposition monument—gaudy feature of the show, towering eighty feet in glittering splendor, covered with Alaskan and Yukon gold. In frivolous relief,



For nearly two thousand miles steamers ply up and down the Yukon River



Out of nature's mighty forces we are building great empires



Driving the new Pacific extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad through to the Puget Sea

the exposition will have its Pay Streak, which will correspond with the Midway of Chicago and the St. Louis Pike.

Two physical features of the fair give it distinction. First, it was complete in every particular, with all exhibits in place, on June 1, the opening day. Second, with rare good sense, it is largely created for permanent uses. Being placed on the campus of the University of Washington, these 350 acres, lying between Lake [illegible] Washington and in full view of the Olympic and Cascade Ranges, are embellished through skilful and artistic parking. To all this the great Exposition Auditorium, the Fine Arts Building, Machinery Hall, the Power house, the Forestry Building, the Washington, Oregon, and California State Buildings, together with several other State and foreign buildings, are made permanent purposely to benefit the University. A most praiseworthy idea and an object-lesson in interstate fraternalism that ought to be emulated whenever possible.

To the exhibits of gold and copper, wheat and lumber, machinery and apples, warships and strawberries, should be added the sixty-six conventions that go to Seattle this summer to consider problems ranging from prison reform to national conservation; from the prevention of tuberculosis to woman suffrage. By no means inappropriately, most of these conventions are of a scientific and engineering character. It's a big job to tame the rugged half of a mighty continent! The Rocky Mountains and the Pacific States are the world's great engineering schools to-day. To conserve and utilize a river's mighty force and not destroy its possible future value for navigation is a vital ethical issue in Oregon, Montana, and Alaska, and it should be no less so in Wisconsin, Arkansas, or Illinois.

A Land of Libraries and Colleges

THERE is nothing dead or dormant about the country this exposition represents. The cities claimed within the reach of a thousand miles are all growing and trying hard to grow. The booster's club is everywhere. Not to be a booster is to be a "tory," and there are no tories. They think *things*. Spokane will tell you she is the twenty-fifth city in size in the United States! Oregon will shout at you through a megaphone the fortunes that her orchards can create! Tacoma is as proud of her docks as Cologne of her cathedral. There is no chance in that great open-hearted, happy, hustling, booming country to launch a Ferrero sensation over so dust-laden an issue as Cleopatra's complexion. Theirs is a great big fortune-seeking life; and fortunes, after all, make libraries and museums and colleges and foster literature and art. The high snow-capped mountains, the big trees, broad rushing rivers, huge rocks, leaping cataracts, fragrant flowers run riot, the great big wonderful out-of-doors in-



Where Seattle works

toxicate! They formulate themselves into great human equations. They make and they unmake men. It is a teeming world—all new and building. And it is there, all the way from the Bay of Magdalena to Nome, and to it every earnest, big-hearted soul is welcome. That is the spirit of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Thus does it differ from other centennials and fairs. It is not an exposition of past achievements—a display of things done—over which the spectator is supposed studiously to ponder. This is the demonstration of fifty years to come, the exposition of opportunity. For this reason the majority of visitors to the Seattle Exposition will differ from the "World's Fairites" of other staff-and-plaster shows. To this hyphenated fair come homeseekers rather than sightseers—they who have read of the marvelous returns realized from the cultivation of small holdings of fruit lands in Washington and Oregon, where property is valued as high as $2,500 an acre and where the rewards for soil cultivation ofttimes go as high as $1,000 an acre. They are coming who have heard of Montana's wonderful awakening, of the amazing growth of her agricultural wealth. And it is these sure builders that will put the star for Alaska upon the blue field of our flag.

All this—and fifty years ago the chiefest thought for this wonderland was forts. How wasteful of time, energy, money, and life were these barricaded guns when compared to a beet-sugar plant, a ten-acre strawberry patch, a hungry saw-mill, or a smelter's flaming stack. The powerful force of peace is commerce. It is to-day our safest guaranty of comity and friendship with the Orient. Let Russia make hospitable her Siberian shores and we will indeed clasp hands across the Bering Straits and unite in an invincible control of the north Pacific seas. In view of this stupendous prospect, this patriotic panorama, no one longer expresses surprise that the great Secretary Seward smiled when the Russian Minister announced his Czar's willingness to part with this treasure of the North for less than two cents an acre.

To-day, with gratitude and pride, we celebrate this bargain, and in our unmerited praise of Seward we hasten to forget that through stupidity and blindness [illegible] heaped upon him an unkind epithet.

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The President touching the button in the White House which opened the Exposition across the continent





Nome Circle and



James J. Hill, and the







Looking up the Court of Honor

The Arctic Brotherhood Building



Scene in the "Pay Streak"



The Cascade and Government Buildings

Opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Paci



stry Building







The gong which sounded on the Exposition grounds when the President touched the button in Washington







at heard him speak



The fountains and waterfalls

The Fine Arts Building



The Court of Honor



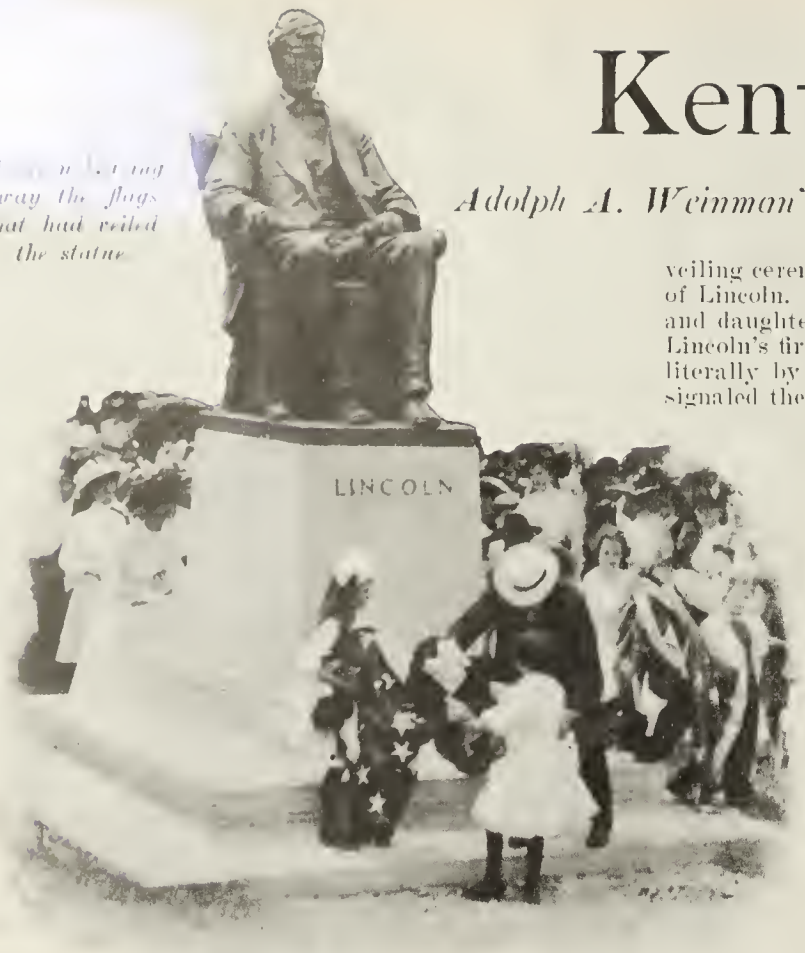
The crowd in the "Pay Streak"

Exposition at Seattle June 1, 1909

Collier's

Kentucky Honors Lincoln

Adolph A. Weinman's Statue of the Emancipator President Unveiled in Lincoln's Native Town



Children taking away the flags that had veiled the statue

WHILE the Old Dominion and the Buckeye State have always prided themselves on the Presidents they have given to the nation, Kentucky is just beginning to realize that as the mother of Abraham Lincoln she has a claim upon birthright distinction that no other multiple of Presidential sons can ever shadow or diminish.

It was not, however, until after the Lincoln Farm Association had been organized by a group of patriotic men in New York for the purpose of conserving and caring for Lincoln's birthplace, in the very geographic center of the Blue Grass State, that Kentuckians realized their own lamentable tardiness in properly honoring their greatest son. Appreciating the fact that Kentucky had left the Lincoln birthplace shamefully neglected for the people of other States to care for, Mr. Robert Enlow, the grandson of the Lincolns' nearest neighbors a hundred years ago, introduced in the Kentucky State Legislature of 1906 a bill calling for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to be expended in setting up in Hodgenville, Lincoln's native town, a worthy memorial monument. But the law-makers of Boone's commonwealth unappreciatively amended the bill to call for but one-quarter of that amount.

Ex-Congressman David Smith, of the Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky, feeling the inadequacy of the Frankfort appropriation, secured in the closing days of the Fifty-ninth Congress a Federal appropriation of ten thousand dollars. The two appropriations were put in charge of a commission of five, appointed by Governor Beckham of Kentucky. This commission determined upon a bronze statue of Lincoln, and commissioned the work to Mr. Adolph Alexander Weinman of New York, probably America's ablest sculptor to-day. This statue, much admired and highly commended both by art critics and friends of President Lincoln, who had a right to judge of its portrait value, was unveiled on Memorial Day. On this day Kentucky realized her own.

Among Lincoln's First Neighbors

TUTORED by the Lincoln Farm Association, which last February celebrated the Lincoln centennial on the birthplace farm with exercises of national significance, the people of Kentucky rallied to Hodgenville for the unveiling ceremonies of the already famous Weinman statue of Lincoln. It was distinctly a Kentucky day. The sons and daughters and the grandsons and granddaughters of Lincoln's first neighbors were there, not by hundreds, but literally by thousands. It was a prophetic day, for it signaled the coming of a people into the full appreciation of that which was their own. They came by buggy, mule-back, and iron tire. They came by special trains from over the State, until all the town's switches and sidings were crowded and the main track completely choked. The little town's population of a thousand multiplied to twenty times that for this one day. It was the State's just acknowledgment of its pride in its great Emancipator President.

For days prior to the unveiling, the women of Lincoln's native town were busy sewing rod-rings on flags, festooning tricolored bunting on the court-house walls, and wreathing flowers for the school-children to bear. The while the men-folks stood round and "calculated." And when the day came, praise to the industrious ladies, there was not a detail in arrangement or program that was not perfected.

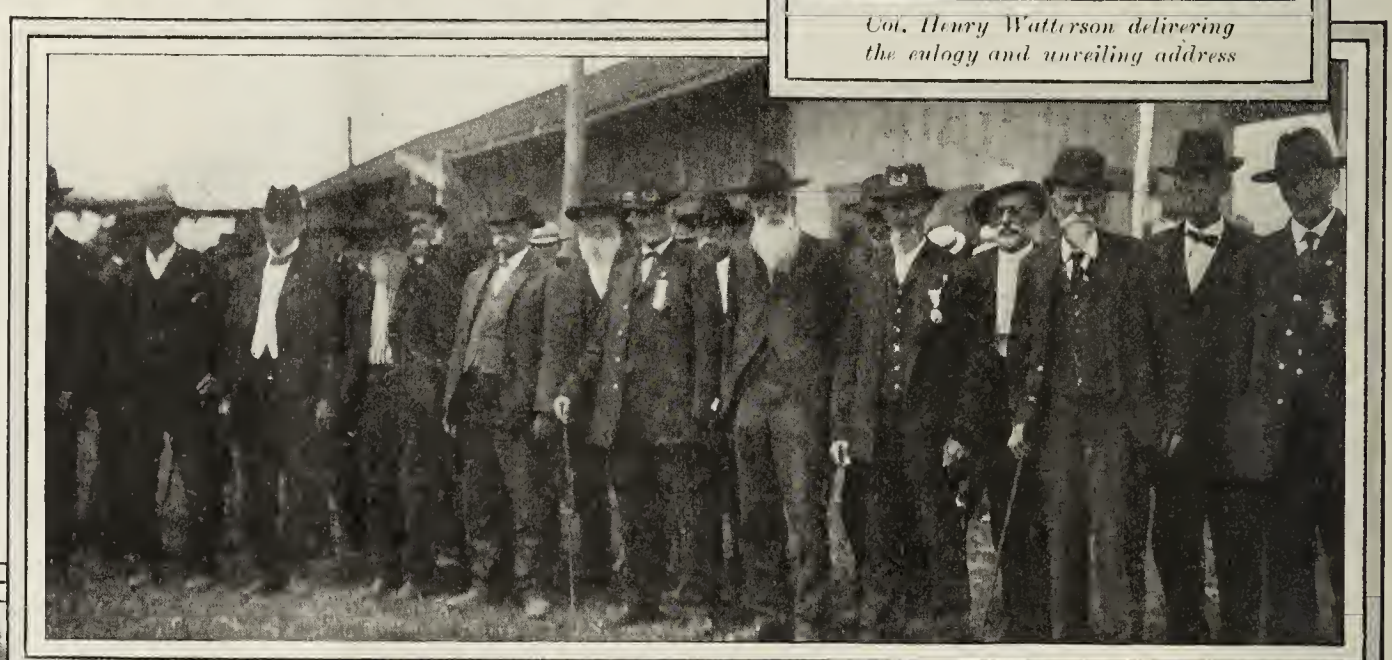
Among the specials that rolled into Hodgenville that perfect summer day was the long Pullman train of the Louisville Chamber of Commerce, carrying its distinguished citizens, among whom were Governor Willson, Colonel Henry Watterson, Chief Justice E. C. O'Rear of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, Rabbi Enelow, Hon. John M. Atherton, Hon. Edward J. McDermott, and Judge George DuRelle of the United States Court, all of whom participated in the unveiling exercises. To this train was also attached the private cars carrying Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, his family and his friends. A great crowd had gathered at the station to cheer the arrival of these distinguished guests. A long procession of school-children, all in white, each carrying a wreath of roses and headed by a local band, acted as escort to the carriages from the depot to the Court-House Square. Before the veiled statue stood a picturesque company of "Union" soldiers, veterans of both the Blue and the Gray. As the procession approached, the battle-scarred veterans opened their ranks to let the children pass, each one carrying to the base of the pedestal and depositing there a floral wreath, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" as they marched. One little fellow cried to put his flowers "at the feet of Mr. Lincoln," and he was promptly lifted up to the plinth that he might do so.

Over the statue were draped two huge flags lightly bound together by a silken cord. After Judge O'Rear

(*Concluded on page 28*)



Col. Henry Watterson delivering the eulogy and unveiling address



Veterans of the Blue and the Gray in line together



The crowd that gathered from all parts of the State



The procession was led by companies of school-children bearing flags and flowers

The New World of Trade

II

Fair Trade and Foul

The first article of this series, "The Art of Advertising," was published in the issue of May 22; the next, "Traps and Pitfalls," will appear July 24

Where the seller hires the printed word as his agent, the buyer must needs go warily or have the worst of the bargain in the case of plausible offers

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

IN ONE of his essays Stevenson half-humorously laments the fact that humanity is not all of one consistent piece. If bad men were wholly bad, and good men unexceptionably good, how simple would existence be! Carrying the hypothesis into the field of business, "if honesty were as easy as blind-man's-buff" (to quote the same philosopher) the determination between good and bad advertising would be as definite as the direction, in the unnatural history book, "How to tell the toucan from the pecan." Under such millennial conditions, magazines and newspapers would be able—supposing that they were willing—to exclude all that is dishonest or deceptive from their pages. As it is, a number try. A very, very few, by the exercise of eternal vigilance, approximately succeed. Many others, while pretending to high standards, will accept anything which is not too obviously crooked, holding to the letter of their obligation to the public, while blinking the spirit. The great mass of publications, however, take what they can get, and shrug off the responsibility. "It's between the advertiser and the purchaser," they say.

Safety Lies in Discrimination

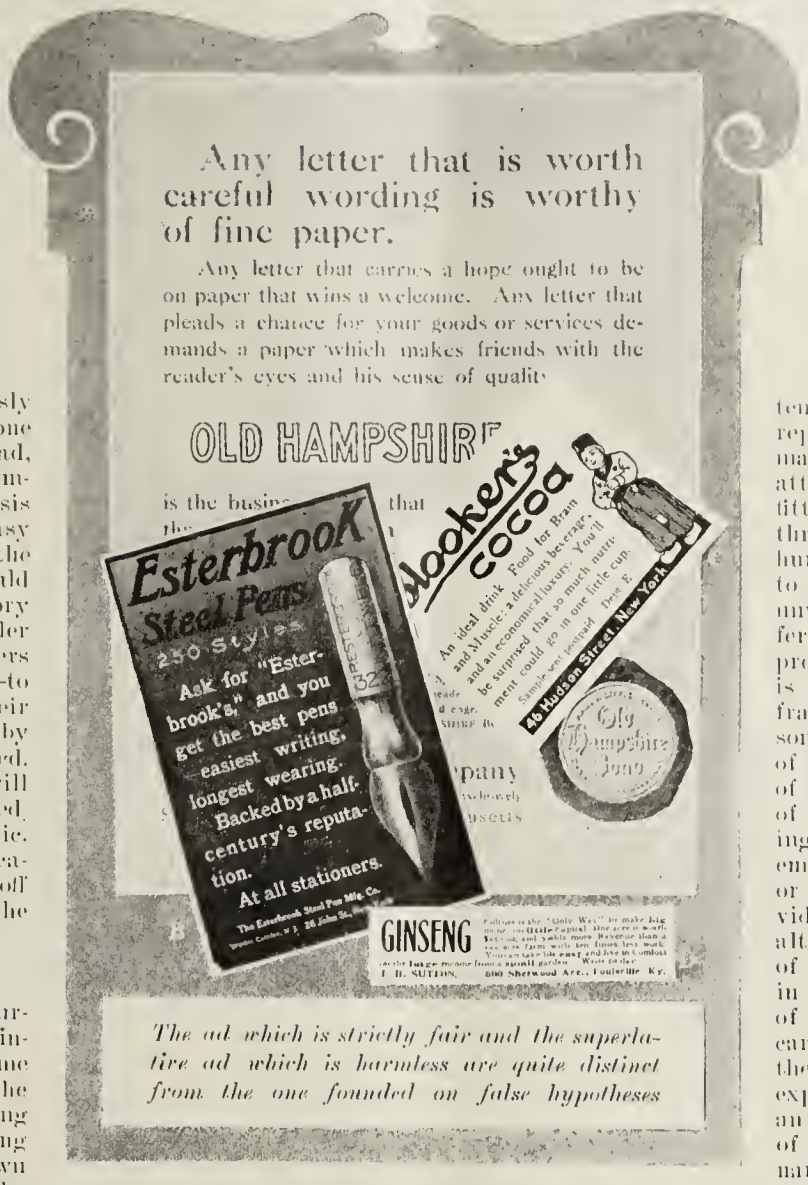
THEREFORE, as a measure of self-protection, the purchasing public must judge of every advertisement individually. Ability to derive from the printed word some estimate of the honesty of the advertiser and of the goods advertised is the surest defense against being swindled. Fortunately, nine-tenths of all advertising done is reasonably straightforward. What are known as the "national advertisers"—the soaps, the foods, the musical instruments, the household furnishings, the typewriters, the cigars, the weapons, the motor-cars and razors and cameras—offer a certain definite bargain, expressed in terms as attractive as is compatible with fair representation. "Your money's worth" is almost invariably at the core of this class of merchandizing. On the other hand, there are a few easily definable classes, which may be set down, at once, under the heading "Swindles," and so dismissed: promises to cure or relieve, by mail, any disease, malformation, or abnormal physical condition, whether the method be by drugs, diet, mechanical appliances, medical treatment, baths, or "health foods"; mining, industrial, commercial, or real estate propositions holding out the lure, whether guaranteed or not, of high percentages on an investment; definite offers of salaried or guaranteed employment on any basis requiring the payment of money from employee to employer. Of this latter class I shall treat in another article. Quackery, both medical and financial, has already been exposed in past issues of this weekly. There remains to be considered the great mass of general advertising which fills the American prints and covers the American billboards.

Exaggeration, it may as well be admitted, is the keynote of business exploitation. That inheres, I think, in our national character. We are enthusiasts, optimists, "boomers," by nature and by the impulsion of our overstrained nerve-centers. We speak and think in capital letters, and, subconsciously, we allow for that not unamiable trait in our estimate of our fellows. There is no attempt at wilful deception in such phrases as "Best in the Market," "No Other Kind so Good," "Unrivaled," "Finest in the World," "We Defy Competition." These are recognized as the merest trade formalities, expressing a sort of conviction, perhaps, but certainly carrying none. Indeed, so much have they become the commonplaces of exploitation that one wonders if they are not wasted energy. If I am to take my magazines seriously, there are at least a dozen builds of motor-car, each of which is admittedly, undeniably, defiantly, the acme of mechanical achievement. The thing reduces itself to an absurdity.

Beyond the reasonable limits of inflated verbosity is the specious super-claim, if I may coin the word, put forth on behalf of some article which, while sound and valuable in itself, can not substantiate the statement. Food manufacturers and soap dealers are peculiarly susceptible to this form of temptation. They fall to advertising their worthy goods as if the panacea of ills or the springs of eternal youth inhered therein. Then there is the ingenious advertiser who, seeking to imply value in his goods which they do not possess, so plausibly words his little preachment as to render it incontrovertible as to specific statements, although in purport and effect it constitutes false representation.

Four Grades of Advertising

REPRESENTATIVE specimens of four grades of advertisements are presented in the illustration herewith. The writing-paper advertisement (A) embodies exact honesty, nor is it the less persuasive for that. Every claim is reasonable. One looks in vain for the superlative degree, and finds a pleasant sense of relief in its absence.



The ad which is strictly fair and the superlative ad which is harmless are quite distinct from the one founded on false hypotheses

Now compare this with B, the Esterbrook Pen copy. I daresay the pen is quite as good as the paper; the advertisement of the pen is by no means as good as the advertisement of the paper. It claims too much. "Best," "Easiest Writing," "Longest Wearing." Conceivably there are other pens in existence that are the equal, in some one respect, of the Esterbrook article. Still there is no fundamental misrepresentation here; the purchaser gets the first-class article which he expects. It may be regarded as a sample of the harmless exaggeration to which about nine-tenths of our honest and reliable advertisers are prone. Example C goes a little beyond the limits of what is permissible to honesty. Let us assume that Blooker's Cocoa is a perfectly sound, pure beverage, as I suppose it is. When it begins to exploit itself as "Food for Brain and Muscle" it gets on a false business basis. It is no more brain food or muscle food than peanuts or popcorn or Camembert cheese. In the instance of the "Ginseng" advertisement (D), the words are more nearly truthful than the purpose is honest. Probably it is literally true that one acre of ginseng somewhere—in China, perhaps—is "worth $25,000 and yields more revenue than a hundred-acre farm." But the whole affair is essentially fallacious, and the little paragraph is pregnant with misfortune and trouble for the innocent who regards it as gospel. What it doesn't say is the important part. No hint here that ginseng requires years of culture before it becomes marketable, that no little technical skill is required to bring it to maturity, and that the expense and the hazards of raising it are almost prohibitive. Of course, if that were explained in the advertisement, Mr. Sutton would not sell his goods. Hence he enthuses vaguely over acreage and a large income, and lets the unwary purchaser stand the loss while he pockets the profits.

Concerning Correspondence Schools

IN PRINCIPLE, absentee educationalism is sound enough, though in studying educational advertising the wise man goes warily. Languages, for example, may be taught by the phonograph. But there are limits to the possibilities of pedagogy by mail. The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, which offer to make a man almost anything he wishes to be, overshoot the mark badly in certain particulars. It is not impossible that they should teach by correspondence certain features of chemistry, of architecture, or of mining engineering. It is wholly impossible that they should make a man a chemist, an architect, or a mining engineer by process of mail, and when they propose to do that they are simply angling for "easy money."

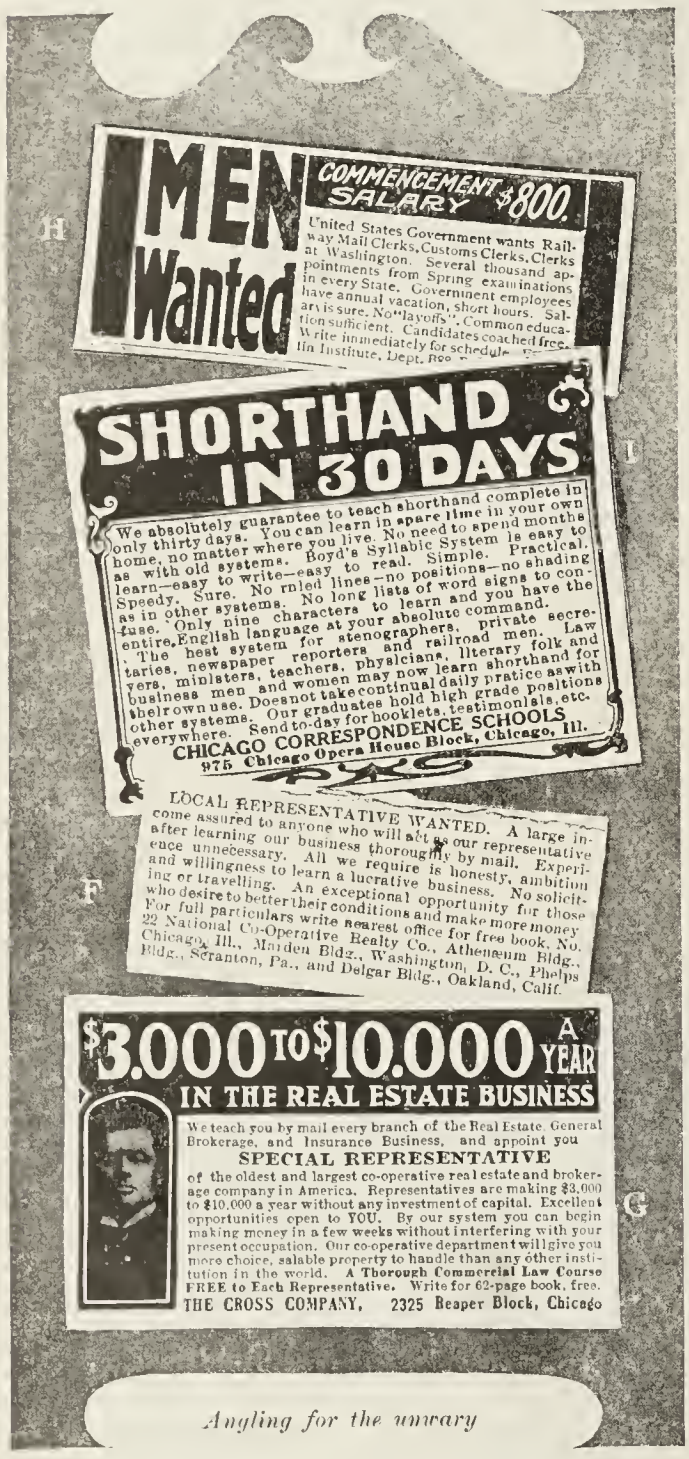
In the accompanying illustration (E) I have grouped together various types of the "Learn How" advertisement, verging from the arrant fake to the concern that attempts to give some return for the outlay. Common sense applied to these offers will reveal the inherent weakness. We may assume that certain subjects can not be imparted by mail—aerial navigation, boxing, or Arctic exploration, for example. As yet, so far as I am aware, no long-distance academies promising to perfect pupils in these lines have yet been established. But one of the best-known magazines prints the advertisement of a man who offers to teach horse-training through the postal system. Not less essentially absurd is the pretense of teaching music, illustration, or cartooning, and reporting or short-story writing by mail. A certain dismal proficiency of a mechanical kind, indeed, may be attained on the piano by means of a curious contrivance fitted to the keys, but any genuine musical achievement through this medium is impossible. And certainly no human being can teach any other human being, by letter, to perform on the violin except in such a manner as unwarrantably to increase the sum total of human suffering. The elementary difficulty of tuning without the presence of an instructor to correct deficiencies of ear is insurmountable. All this class of instruction is fraudulent. Of course those which pretend to give lessons "free" are doubly fraudulent, and the "guaranty" of success, as in the case of the United States School of Music, is a triple-plated swindle. As to the promise of efficient instruction by mail in illustration, cartooning, and writing, it is enough to say that these "academies" are conducted by persons of no professional note or eminence; that, under their system, no proper individual attention can be given to the pupil, and that, although in the aggregate they spend tens of thousands of dollars yearly in obtaining thousands of pupils, not in one single instance can any of them adduce a case of a first-class journalist, short-story writer, artist, cartoonist, or illustrator who owes his success to their methods. Nor are the "professors" themselves expert in the arts which they profess to teach. As an instance of an extreme type, the Press Syndicate of Lockport, New York, is run by a mail-order faker named Heacock, who is not above taking the money of a wholly illiterate person on pretense of making a successful journalist of him.

Some Correspondence Fakes

CAN the real estate business be taught by mail? Real estate dealers assure me that it can not, though certain principles may be imparted. Whether it can or not is unimportant to the National Cooperative Reality Company (F). The catch line, "local representative," is merely a set trap. Through that promise they snare ambitious innocents, charge them $25 for a long and tedious course in real estate, and leave them at the end, unfleeted and seeking in vain for the promised position as "special representative." The Cross Company (G) per-



Long-distance mis-education



Angling for the unwary

his career in a mail-order college of journalism, his genius would probably have survived. Presumably, no postal academy of fine arts could permanently have crippled A. B. Frost's pencil. But not one man in a thousand really gets anything from these institutions, except the expensive experience of having his mind stretched on a Protean bed of rigid and unyielding formulas. And the theory of chances of success has already been exploited by the advertising race-track tipsters, who, with twelve horses in a race, give out as a "sure winner," a different horse in every city, thereby ensuring themselves of being correct somewhere. The "scoop-net" methods of the correspondence schools are not essentially different from this. They promise everybody in the hope of "making good" to somebody.

Chinaware, Washing Machines, and Free Gifts

CHINAWARE is very little advertised outside of localized mediums. Why? I asked the question of a dealer who ships his goods from end to end of the country. Here is his reply:

"What is the use of my trying to sell dinner sets when other firms are offering to give them away free?"

"How can others give away china free?" I asked.

"They can't. But they can offer to. Look."

He ran through the pages of a widely circulated "mail-order" magazine, one of the kind which sells for twenty-five cents a year, and, at that price, must bribe its subscribers with premiums to take it. On every hand the word "Free" blazed forth. "Free" dinner sets, "free" cut-glass, "free" gold rings, "free" watches, "free" rifles, "free" accordions, "free" typewriters—but the biggest and most extravagant offers were in chinaware.

"Those swindlers have spoiled the market for honest dealers," said the china merchant. A typical example is the advertisement of the American Supply Company (K), in which a "handsome dinner set" is promised to any one selling four pounds of baking-powder—"Our plan 784" in parenthesis. There's the catch, the parenthesis. "Our plan 784" is a myth. It doesn't exist. It's a mere blind for a scheme whereby the four pounds of baking-powder is so mixed up with other merchandise that one must purchase a ten-dollar bill of goods before receiving the premium, which turns out to be much inferior to the one represented. The Hagood Manufacturing Company works the same game, with $30 as the cost of being fooled. So does the Pure Food Company (M), the price here being $12. All the rest of the "free" offers in the illustration involve either hard and underpaid work, or the purchase of goods at far above their real value. The "Beautiful Presents" of Stimson & Colby (N) are to be won only by peddling tooth-powder, though the advertisement specifically states: "You do not have to sell anything." The jewelry novelties, hatpins, etc., for selling which one may be blessed with various gifts (O, P, Q, etc.), are the veriest trash, turned out at ten cents a dozen or thereabout. The most impudent, because the most specific, fake of the lot is the Queen Washing Machine (R). "Absolutely Free. . . . We want to give you one of these famous Queen Washing Machines absolutely free, to be yours forever, for what advertising it will do for us in your neighborhood." That sounds like a definite, if almost incredible, offer. But disillusion descends upon the inocent housewife who sends for the washer. She finds that, in order to get the "free" machine, she must buy another at just twice the regular price. That is, the concern is trying to sell two washers on pretext of giving away one.

To the expert eyes the word "Free" in an advertisement is a danger signal. Alas for the rarity of Christian charity; something is not given for nothing in this hard world! Outside of samples or advertising matter, articles exploited as "free" will prove to be attainable only by harder work than would be involved in earning the money to buy them at a store. One surprising exception I must note: the "free" offer of the E. J. Schuster Company (S), which promises to give away foreign stamps to the number of two hundred, "collected by missionaries," to any applicant. This it actually does, and more: for—wonder of wonders!—the two hundred proves to be an understatement, and the stamps, while including many duplicates, nevertheless are of good variety and no little interest. The plan is, as the concern states in its circular, to stimulate, in the recipient, a desire to become a collector, and to purchase specimens from the devisers of this curious method of enlarging business.



Formulas Applicable to a Consideration of Correspondence Schools

1. *Satisfy yourself that the correspondence school is conducted by competent instructors.*

2. *If a guaranty is offered, or a position promised, hold the advertiser to a definite statement of such guaranty or offer before making any payment.*

3. *Do not attempt to learn by mail (unless you can afford to spend money upon profitless amusements):*

(a) *Any fine art—music, painting, sculpture, illustrating, cartooning, drawing (other than mechanical drawing or designing), or professional writing.*

(b) *Any trade or profession wherein personal oversight and instruction and correction are essential; such as railroading, plumbing, engineering, chemistry, architecture, hair-cutting, or watch repairing.*

4. *If earning capacity is promised as a result of a correspondence course, demand references to well-paid employees who have obtained positions through taking the course, and do not be satisfied with half a dozen. Demand a hundred names. Out of the thousands of "graduates" which a correspondence school must have in order to pay for its advertising, there should surely be hundreds of successful ones. Otherwise how can you reasonably expect to profit by the instruction? Can you afford to pay for tuition in an institution which turns out ninety per cent of failures?*

Tell an "Ad" by the Company It Keeps

WHEN the Thermos bottle was first announced in the advertising pages of the magazines, I found a friend of mine laughing over what he termed "the rawest fake yet." The advertisement which so amused him was literally truthful. Every claim made in it could be substantiated; as my friend afterward found out by experiment. By questioning him, I arrived at the reasons for his mental attitude. In the same publication with the Thermos announcement were the advertisements of a guaranteed income for life from rubber stock, a panacea

(Concluded on page 26)



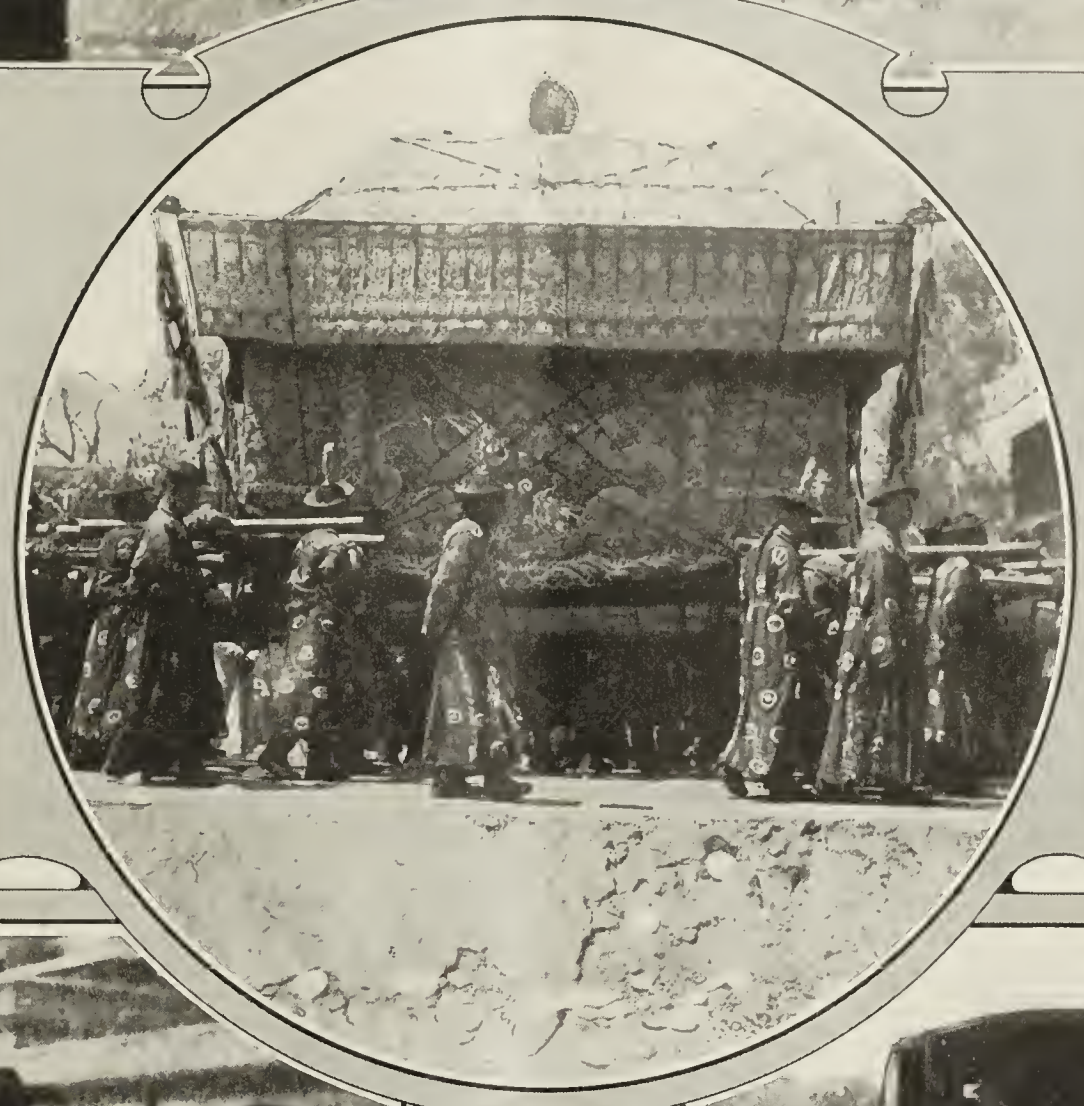
The "free offer" fakes



The new Prince Regent leading the dignitaries accompaning the royal bier

THE funeral of the late Emperor Kwang-Hsu of China, which took place at Peking on May 1, was observed upon the removal of the body from the mortuary in the Yellow City to the tombs which have been built for the royal family at the Western Hills. For the first time on record aliens were permitted to witness Chinese royal obsequies—the place of honor in the cortège being given to the special envoys of sixteen Powers. A pavilion also was erected in the Imperial city for the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps and other distinguished foreigners.

The ceremonies were in accordance with the enlightened progressiveness of Emperor Kwang-Hsu's reign. The images and household gods, usually displayed in a profusion equivalent to the wealth and importance of the deceased, were entirely absent, as also



The funeral chair borne upon the shoulders of eighty pall-bearers

were the chanting of prayers and pounding of gongs.

The courtiers and officials who marched in the procession wore robes of the plainest black, bereft of all ornament, as the symbol of extreme mourning. The uniforms of other groups in the cortège were likewise somber, although the use of color was more liberal.

At the head of the line were one hundred and fifty white camels clothed in yellow trappings, and after them followed companies of footmen, Manchu bowmen, and Llama priests. Behind the Imperial bodyguard were drawn the elaborate floral offerings of Russia and France. Finally came the Government officials and Chinese princes, led by the new Prince Regent, with the special envoys of foreign nations, and at the rear the funeral chair.



A relic of isolation.—The ancient manner of going to an emperor's burial



The modern way of attending since the innovations of Kwang-Hsu





A part of the procession, and above, the ladies' section of the Diplomatic Pavilion

The Funeral of the Late Emperor of China

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

ABOUT Senator Bailey there are many opinions. To us he occasionally seems far too ingenious at finding good reasons for doing wrong things. We sympathize with Colonel Watterson when he points out that while Bailey "*speaks* in favor of putting the steel barons in prison, he *votes* in favor of putting them in palaces." Bailey did vote for a tariff on iron ore. He voted likewise for a duty on lumber. For another specification to support the charge that many of his acts play into Republican hands, he took the floor of the Senate to repudiate the Denver Democratic platform and sneer at it. Nevertheless, any close observer of the Senate can say without reservation that, intellectually, Bailey is a very big man. He makes few speeches prepared in advance; but occasionally he rises in a debate and throws a quick big light which illustrates the distance between his head and the average level of thought in the Senate. One out of scores of examples is this paragraph upon the moral aspects of protection:

"I never have gone beyond the basic proposition that this Government has no right to take a dollar I have earned and give it to some one else, even if it does build up the business of the country. I do not believe that you can build a great and enlarging industrial fabric upon a foundation of injustice. I think every time you pass a law which takes the money I earn and gives it to some other man who did not earn it you perpetuate a foul injustice. No industrial system, though it be as broad-based as this continent, and though it should rear its splendid head until it reached the sky, can be permanent and sound if it is based upon a wrong. I denounce any law that takes what one man earns and gives it to another under the shallow and selfish pretense of building up a general prosperity. Unless all moral laws are at fault, no real prosperity can come out of any system founded upon an injustice to the humblest of our fellow citizens."

You can't get away from that. It may be that we must have Protection. Perhaps it is a necessity arising out of present expediency. Maybe we must look upon it like the social evil, as a thing that can not be abolished until the present state of society changes radically. But no man who values clear thinking should ever let himself forget that, fundamentally, it *is* a moral issue.

That Honor Roll

FROM a Texas friend, under date of June 6:

"Why do you make an honor roll of Democratic Senators who want to keep a high tariff on lumber to build our houses and barns, when I voted the Democratic ticket because it promised free lumber? I paid $4,000 for lumber for my buildings, and ten per cent of it, or $400, was tariff graft that the United States Treasury didn't get, but the lumber barons did. JOHN DOOSELY."

You read us loosely, Doosely. Further speeches and votes have made additions to that roll of Democratic Senators who are voting and speaking for protection. It is now longer than the roll of Democrats who stand by the party's ancient principles. The Democratic Senators who voted *for free lumber*, in accord with the Democratic platform, are:

Alexander S. Clay, Georgia; Charles A. Culberson, Texas; James B. Frazier, Tennessee; Thomas P. Gore, Oklahoma; Charles J. Hughes, Jr., Colorado; Francis G. Newlands, Nevada; Thomas H. Paynter, Kentucky; Isidor Rayner, Maryland; Benjamin F. Shively, Indiana, and William J. Stone, Missouri. If any other members of the Senate than these are entitled to be classed as Democrats, we should like to know the reasons.

And Even Thou, Tillman

SENATOR TILLMAN, speaking of the amount of iron ore in the United States:

"I have been very much interested to discover that . . . we have also got a little patch or two of it down in South Carolina."

And so Tillman voted in favor of a tariff on iron ore. That Washington citizen had a good sense of perspective who proposed that the nation build on the banks of the Potomac a monument one mile square at the base and ten miles high in honor of General Winfield Scott Hancock, the man who first said: "The tariff is a local issue."

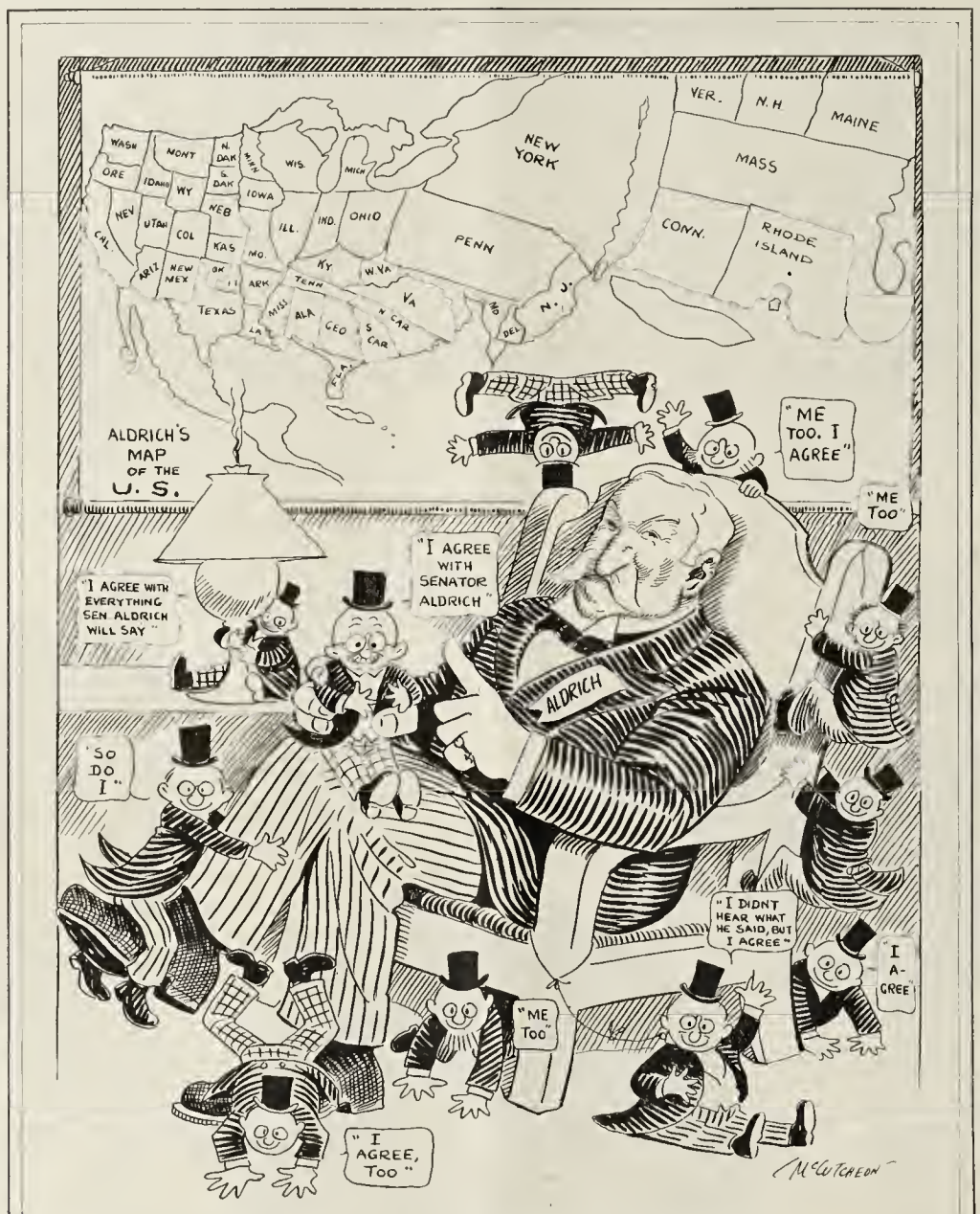
Looking Out for Number One

THIS passage occurred in the course of a debate in the Lower House:

"MR. SISSON—Will the gentleman tell this House what would become of the smoking factories and humming looms in New England if the South should manufacture all of her vast product?

"MR. CALDERHEAD—Do not be uneasy for a moment about New England. She has taken care of herself from the day the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock until now, and she will take care of herself until the end. Do not be uneasy about that."

Congressman Calderhead spoke truly. In the Senate Committee on Finance, which is making the tariff, a Rhode Island Senator, Aldrich, is the all-powerful chairman. Out of thirteen others in all, two more come from New England—Lodge of Massachusetts and Hale of Maine. They will look after New England! By virtue of the tariff which they make, the rest of the country will pay tribute to New England for the next ten years. It will be as truly tribute and nothing more as was the gold that Solomon exacted from the Canaanites; or as was the tea tax, because of which New England led the revolt from the mother country nearly a century and a half ago. For a pictorial representation of this editorial, see Mr. McCutcheon's cartoon on this page.



Mr. Aldrich's Map—and His Senators

In this cartoon, in the Chicago "Tribune," Mr. McCutcheon has caught, with an accuracy as great as his humor, the dominant aspects of the way the present tariff is being made in the Senate

From the Heart

THE Hon. Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan is a powerful member of the Ways and Means Committee, which has charge of making the new tariff in the Lower House of Congress. Probably he would not speak so frankly if he were making a prepared speech; the following remark was taunted out of him in the course of an acrimonious debate:

"If I had my way about it I would not make a change in the Dingley law by the crossing of a 't' or the dotting of an 'i.'"

A Sigh for the Past

SENATOR NEWLANDS of Nevada, explaining how Taft might yet secure revision downward, assuming that the President would rather bring about this result without vetoing the bill:

"I can understand how the President of the United States, with his judicial temperament, would hesitate to force upon Congress his views upon a complicated piece of legislation, but I have not the slightest doubt that the President desires to fulfil the pledges of the Republican Party made to the country, and to fulfil his own pledges made to the country, and that he will hesitate to do nothing within his power to accomplish a very simple thing—the reduction of excessive duties. . . . While, therefore, the President, with his peace-loving and judicial temperament, may not be disposed to force prematurely upon Congress his views regarding this question, I have no doubt, when he realizes that his own party is in danger of repudiating party promises and his own pledges to the people, he will take action.

"The power of recommendation [by special messages to Congress] is one of the most valuable powers contained in our Constitution. It is the power given to the leader of a great party elected to the Presidency of the United States to indicate to Congress [by special messages] what he regards as appropriate legislation. It is the only way in which the attention of Congress and the country can be focused upon needed reforms. *That power* [of special messages] *was availed of by Mr. Roosevelt; and I undertake to say that if it had not been for the free exercise of that power by him not a single one of the reform measures of his administration would have been adopted.*"

At this point in Senator Newlands's speech, Mr. Aldrich became very restless, interrupted Senator Newlands, and, after some parliamentary sparring, secured an adjournment until Monday.

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

FRANCE, Turkey, and Asia Minor have faded from the headlines, and the inhabitants are doing the day's work in place of participating in a storm center.

The English situation is summed up bitterly, with some of the malice of impotence, by the London "Standard":

"The Government tacitly and stubbornly refuse to provide for the urgent necessities of naval and military defense, while the House of Commons is occupied with the passing of a budget conceived at once clumsily and vindictively in the interests of a class. His Majesty's Ministers have turned representative institutions into a mockery."

Germany's Count Zeppelin has flown 850 continuous miles in his dirigible balloon, and thereby proved that airships will be a factor in warfare. Straightway our Signal Corps busies itself in plans for the creation of a fleet of war balloons to act as a coast patrol.

The Georgia strike is settled in favor of the white firemen. The Philadelphia trolley men win their dispute at every point.

The temper of our statesmen grows acid with the heat. Penrose and La Follette clash, while the wilted, crowded Senate fights out the tariff items, article by article, with cotton one of the severest skirmishes.

Degrees are fluttering out to the earnest youth, boys and girls, in the thousand colleges, fitting schools, "finishing" schools, and grammar schools of our educating land.

Then follow the honorary titles sprinkled as holy water on the eminent sons of the Republic. Like the ancient order of knighthood, our captains of finance, wise lawyers, and far-seeing statesmen arise from the touch of the pedagogue, indued with a new mission. The railroad king becomes a master of literature, and the deft manipulator of rebates rejoices in the tinkling letters of the law.

The amusement places—the White Cities, Pay Streaks, Luna Parks—festoon themselves with electric lights and necklaces of bulbs, and hammer in the last plank of the scenic railway. The voice of the barker is heard in Dreamland. Airships drift along on the upper tides. Rockets splash the night with red. Summer is upon us. The gipsy millionaires, care-free wanderers, foot-loose waifs, arise and go from here: on the other side the world they feel they're overdue.

A Holy Convocation

A THOUSAND long-suffering brewers, who have been enduring the slings and arrows of Anti-Salooners, the wrath of fanatics, the ill-timed jests of clergymen and cynics, met for a little well-merited relief from persecution in Atlantic City on June 2. The occasion was the annual convention of the United States Brewers' Association. Away for a few brief hours from critics and enemies, these misunderstood men listened to the pounding waves and discussed the crape-lined future. They resolved many things. Among others, they resolved to put dives out of business. "Hereafter brewers will refuse to sell beer to persons whose places are under the ban of other brewers."

We hope they will. It will be a change from recent and long-established custom. There has long been an agreement among the associated brewers not to do business with a saloon-keeper who is in debt to any brother brewer. The financial status of New York liquor dealers, for instance, has been looked into each week, and a secret typewritten list of liquor dealers in trouble sent out by the Brewers' Board of Trade to the members. They were ready enough and competent to act together when a gluttonous self-interest was operative. But when one of them tossed away a noisome liquor dealer, who was trafficking in saloon girls, there was ever a plenty of welcoming outstretched arms for the man with his dirty money.

Granted that they have consented at the imperious demands of the public to extend their trade agreement, which is swift to act when their pocket is touched, over the domain of public decency, how do the Association members purpose to prevent non-Association brewers from taking over the rejected trade? That is no academic question, when you have companies like Bernheimer & Schwartz and Jetter grinning over the ramparts.

Julius M. Liebmann, the retiring president, is a clean, conscientious man and citizen with a sincere desire to purge his trade. He is not at his best in public address, as he is apt to overstate his side of a discussion. He said:

"The more our industry prospers the less will drunkenness prevail in our country. The era of temperate habits began with the impetus our trade received from the revenue system; nothing short of prohibition or local option can end it."

John A. Koren, whose knowledge on the liquor question is almost the widest of any person in the United States, said:

"No one understands so well the art of evoking social hysteria as the professional anti-saloon agitator."

For the unclean saloon he suggested as remedies, among others, a statutory limitation of the places of sale, a discrimination in licenses that will favor the sale of malt liquors as opposed to the whisky trade, and provisions to deter "a few men from monopolizing liquor licenses."



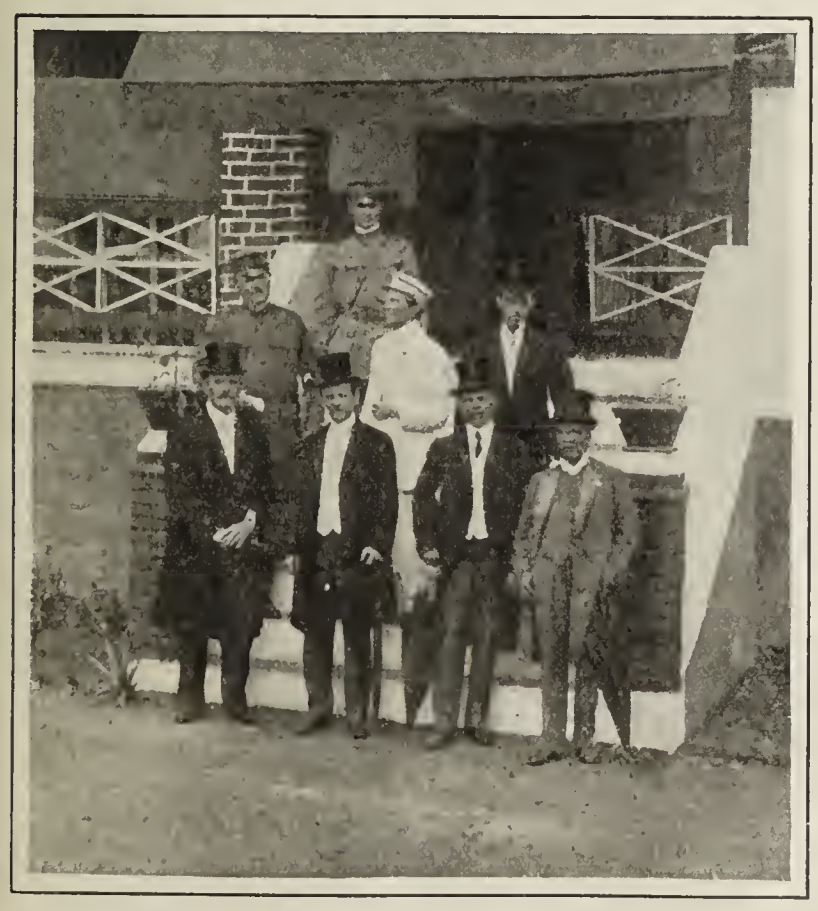


Mississippi Honors Her Battleship

The U. S. S. "Mississippi," the first modern battleship to navigate the Mississippi River, steamed up to Natchez, where a great demonstration was held in her honor on May 22. The city of Natchez presented a punch-bowl to the vessel and also an American flag, which was captured from a Federal gunboat during the Civil War

Cobo in Caracas

THE brilliant reception which Caracas gave to the new Colombian Minister, Señor A. V. Cobo, must have called from the bosom of President Reyes, the Colombian dictator, a glad sigh of relief. Cobo was quite too lively a neighbor to be comfortable in so quiet a little capital as Bogota. Last January, when Bogota began rioting over the treaty recognizing the independence of Panama—history moves slowly up the Magdalena River and over the mule trails to Bogota—Señor Cobo became Minister of War for thirty-six hours, cleared the streets, and put the place in order. It was said then that there were only two real men in Bogota — Reyes and Cobo. The former, however, is old and tired. Cobo is neither. He was freely talked of as the next President. In Caracas he will have plenty to do to continue the *entente cordiale* on which the two vivacious little Republics have just agreed—and from President Reyes's point of view he will be quite safe.



The Commission to the Negro Republic

The deputation sent by the United States to Liberia to study solutions of "the problem"—The commission and the American Minister on the Legation steps in Monrovia, Liberia

Curbing the Joy Riders

DRIVING recklessly, William Darragh, chauffeur, ran down and killed a thirteen-year-old boy on a New York street. On June 4 Darragh was sentenced to imprisonment for not less than seven years. The statute under which he was reached reads:

"The killing of a human being, unless it is excusable or justifiable, is murder in the first degree when committed by an act imminently dangerous to others and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without a premeditated design to effect the death of any individual."

The judge who sentenced him said: "The next man who comes to the bar of this court charged with this offense may pay the penalty with his life."

Neglecting Rural Schools

MR. ROOSEVELT'S Commission on Country Life, which obtained much publicity because of its findings on neglected farmers' wives among other items, devoted time to the rural schools of the United States. It found that here, too, neglect was widespread—from Maine to Michigan. One of the reports to the commission deals with New York State:

"The entire system is at fault. The control of the schools is so decentralized that there is no control. The central board at Albany decrees the educational requirements of teachers, but it is an ignorant trustee, indifferent to these requirements, who has the hiring of the 'schoolmarm.' The Board of Education recommends the duties of the School Commissioner, but he [illegible]

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Every investor, small or large, should ask for our **New Bond Book.**

It tells some facts, now too little known, about the most attractive bonds that we know. The book is written after fifteen years of experience in selling these particular bonds.

They pay **6** per cent interest—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds equally secured.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name _____

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Send for this beautiful 100-page Book *"Modern Bathrooms"*



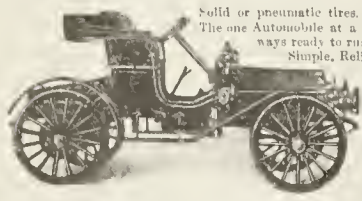
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The "SIMPLO" Automobile



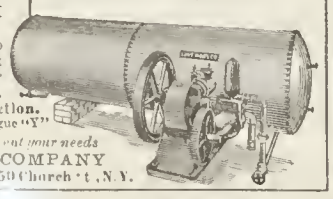
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tents and purposes responsible to no one but the county politicians who slated him for the office. The Board of Education outlines the graded system and issues uniform examinations, but it is the teacher, a sovereign without interference, who conducts the school and marks all papers. It is a matter of her own conscience whether she labors long and devotedly or writes letters to her 'beaux' to fill up school time.

"The great stumbling-block in the way of improvement has been and still continues to be the fathers and mothers of the very children who are cheated most in the name of education. Country people present a curious inconsistency in their attitude toward education. No people have sacrificed more to send their children away to high schools and colleges. Yet toward the school at their threshold they are indifferent.

"The present inspection of rural schools in many counties is a sham. The law requires one yearly visit to each school by the School Commissioner. There are schools in which a commissioner has not been for from three to six years. More than that, they have been known to evade the request to visit a school reported to be in a shameful condition. The commissioners are at best politicians. They take no stand which will threaten their reelection or promotion. If the schools are not what they should be, the inspectors attribute it to irrevocable circumstances. The form of register-keeping must be a useless system of filing, else the failure of graded classes would come to the ears of the commissioners. Attendance is most irregular. Neither the truant officer nor the teacher enforces the law. So far the joint political influence of these insignificant commissioners has been strong enough to thwart every reform bill yet proposed by Commissioner Draper or high school principals.

"It is a singular travesty upon the State's generosity in training teachers for public-school work to note an increasing inefficiency among rural teachers. The very system of free education has stamped all its shortcomings upon the rural teacher. The normal schools and training classes have trained for and interested teachers in the graded schools of towns and cities alone. This was a natural sequence of the rapid growth of towns and the subsequent demand for teachers. Those who had established good records as rural teachers hastened to secure full credentials and have likewise been drawn into the towns. Meanwhile the salary paid rural teachers has risen sufficiently to attract into the field girls who dislike teaching cordially. The salary is higher in relation to time and effort expended than sewing, clerking, or domestic service. Any girl who has attended a few sessions at a normal school or has secured a training class certificate at a neighboring high school may obtain a district school and receive for her services from $300 to $400 a year. Although the pecuniary advantage is now with the rural teacher who boards at home rather than with the graded teacher, social and professional reasons continue to draw the better qualified teachers to the towns.

"The true solution is centralization of school management, coupled with an effort to bring trustees up to some conception of their duties. Instead of the planning lying solely with the Board of Education in Albany, the inspection with the county politicians, the financing with the local trustee, and the conduct of the school with the teacher, these functions should be unified. The School Commissioners as now elected and ordained should be stricken out, root and branch. Instead, an inspector, qualified by experience in teaching, should be chosen and made responsible to a joint board of local trustees and the Board of Education. As soon after the district elections as possible the retiring and newly elected trustees and clerks should be called to the county-seat on a date arranged by the Department of Education. This convention should be presided over by a representative of the State Board of Education. The inspector should be elected for one year by these assembled trustees."

These emphatic and vivacious statements do not apply everywhere and in all cases. All School Commissioners are not mere politicians, and inefficient executively.

Rural school-teachers, in many instances, are more inefficient than their predecessors. But it is not a safe generalization to state that as a class they have deteriorated in recent years.

The "centralization bill" at Albany has not been killed by the School Commissioners alone. There is an entirely honest sentiment against centralizing power at the State Capitol, in addition to the opposition of "interested" persons.

But the main points of the indictment hold true, in the opinion of certain fair-minded experts. Definite and searching reforms are needed and will be urged till they are attained. Better supervision will be demanded till it is had.

The German Invasion

TWO more items have been added to England's pack of worries. She finds her army in a woful way, and she discerns a lack of fellow-feeling in the United States. Many times Earl Roberts has sat cool under fire, but the Tenton invasion is too much for even his imperturbable nerve. "Bobs," Son of Battle, cried out to the House of Lords, in a recent "Strength of the Army" session:

"We have no army. We have neither an army to send abroad nor an army to defend the country at home. While we are all sitting here and taking things so easily and so comfortably, *danger is coming nearer every day.*"

The English journalists turned themselves loose on this scene, and one man embroidered the affair thus:

"The noble lord; bronzed, taut-figured, with voice sharp, almost metallic, with the rap of soldierly command in it—an old man now, but the fire in his blood and yet something of the ring of despair in his tone. He dreaded the future."

The London "Spectator" is grieved by our general indifference to England's peril.

"It would be little short of a national disaster [to the United States] if the command of the sea were to be lost by Britain and to pass into the hands of Germany. The statesmen of Washington would rather see the command of the sea in almost any other hands than those of Germany.

"Germany, if she once obtained the command of the sea, would be quite out of the reach of any American pressure.

"But," says the "Spectator," "the ordinary American journalist sometimes shows an astonishing ignorance of foreign affairs. Like all ignorant people, the journalists in question are very suspicious of friendly expressions of feeling which they do not understand."

The World's Fair of the Northwest

AT FULL speed and with no friction, Seattle opened her World's Fair on June 1. President Taft in Washington touched a golden key and shot a transcontinental spark to Puget Sound. The banners blew, the fountains leaped, the great guns thundered from the battleships down the bay.

The American people always enjoy this sort of show—a Chautauqua, a political convention, a World's Fair. To have plenty to look at and listen to, to be part of a happy crowd, to trail along with a guide-book or a note-book—there you have the native-born citizen when fulness of joy is possessing him. An exposition is an extemporized university.

Part of what the Fair will do is to prove that Alaska is a good thing.

This Exposition reveals a country devoted to more sorts of life than snow and wild adventure. It shows a land fertile in minerals, fisheries, grains, and fruits.

The Seattle Fair is a partial and local answer to some of our modern problems. In the Northwest there is a cure for unemployment, for poverty, hunger, disease. For a hundred years to come men will find work there and a vigorous life.

James J. Hill helped to open the Fair. His talk, as often, showed an imaginative lift. He said:

"The greatest service to the nation, to every State and city to-day, would be the substitution for a term of years of law enforcement for law-making. There are four great words that should be written upon the four corner-stones of every public building in this land with the sacredness of a religious rite. These watchwords of the Republic are equality, simplicity, economy, and justice."

What a State Might Do

THE latest statistics in the report of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission state that over 800,000 acres of land, once improved and cleared, have since 1880 been abandoned to grow up in brush. If New Hampshire had been the municipality of Zurich, Switzerland, this land would have been taken under some form of the doctrine of eminent domain, planted with trees, and in the later generation have become an asset for its people. The people of Zurich once found themselves without the timber needed for its maintenance, for the building of its homes, and took this wise step. To-day, when the expense of operation is paid, the property yields to the government of that city something over fifteen dollars an acre.

What would be the opinion of the generation of New Hampshire citizens thirty years from now of the work of their forebears if they should find themselves possessed of several hundred thousand acres of white pine, planted and managed by a

It pays to buy Nufashond Shoe Laces

They are the best money's-worth because they easily outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces. Being tubular in the center they slide freely through the eyelets, and are doubly reinforced to withstand the strain at this point.

It is worth something too, to always have nice-looking shoe laces. *Nufashond* are all silk and retain their lustre and beauty. And the bow is always neat and attractive because it does not crush in tying.

You don't need to simply take our word for these things. Every pair of *Nufashond Shoe Laces* is

guaranteed for 3 months

25 cents per pair at all shoe and dry goods stores, and haberdashers. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't *Nufashond Shoe Laces*, we'll send them to you postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

Write for our illustrated booklet that tells about *Nufashond Shoe Laces* and shows our full line of shoe laces at every price.

Our 10c tubular laces for high shoes are guaranteed for 6 months.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Reading, Pa.



Brighton



Knee Drawer Garters — **FOR SUMMER**

cool as gossamer — on or off at a touch

The new idea—ventilating web that cools the skin at every movement; no chafing or soil of perspiration. *The new fabric*—unyielding as leather, agreeable as the softest silk. *Adjustable* to any leg. *Nickel trimmings, 25 cents. Gold plated, 50 cents.*

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

Lightweight webs for summer; all lengths; our guaranty band on every pair. *50 cents a pair.*

Both should be at your dealer's, if not, we will mail them on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
718 Market Street Philadelphia



In One Year this Clock Will Return You $36.50 on an Investment of $3

if you keep it running. To do so you must drop a dime in the small slot at the top each day. If you miss a day the clock stops, then you must rewind with another coin. The 20th Century banking invention. Used in quantities by banks to increase deposits. A handsome desk and mantel ornament, gun-metal and copper finish. Holds $30.00 in dimes, can be operated also with nickels or pennies. Start saving now. **Teach your child to save.** Sent express prepaid anywhere in United States, together with our advertising plan, which is a tremendous money-earner, on receipt of money order for $3.00. Send to-day and be first in your neighborhood to own one.

Bank Clock Mfg. Co., Beacon Bldg., 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Representatives wanted. Territory not taken assigned to those only who can guarantee results. Special opportunity for school and college students.



Are You Losing Power In Transmission?

CAN you answer this positively yes or no, Mr. Manufacturer?

If you are in doubt, there is danger that a big loss is going on right under your eyes that you have not discovered or have attributed to another cause.

Perhaps you are not looking for a loss of power in the right place. You are careful to economize in your engine room and in the operation of the machines which make your product.

But how about your "roadbed of power"—what is happening there?

Let us answer this question for you. We will do it gladly—give you accurate and truthful advice based on a quarter of a century's study of power transmission. The overcoming of thousands of power transmission difficulties in the world's greatest plants of all descriptions.

Write describing your equipment. We will advise you fairly and frankly regarding your requirements, telling you what power machinery will best meet your needs—how it can be most efficiently and economically installed and maintained.

"The Dodge Idea"

represents the one perfect type of power transmission machinery—standardized excellence. It embodies these special Dodge features:

Interchangeability wherever possible, the split feature in transmission equipment, the splendid economy of self-oiling bearings, friction clutches to control departments independently.

Here are some of the famous Dodge appliances for power transmission — Dodge "Independence" Wood Split Pulleys—perfect balance—100 per cent gripping efficiency. Dodge "Standard" Iron Split Pulleys with interchangeable bushings to fit all shaft sizes. Dodge Adjustable Shaft Hangers, Pillow Blocks, etc., with self-oiling bearings. Dodge Split Friction Clutches, etc.

Being made in halves, Dodge appliances can be mounted on the shaft or removed in a few minutes without disturbing other equipment already in place.

Write for our Catalog

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Our Magazine "The Dodge Idea" Free to You For Six Months.

A magazine of practical help and interest, covering about everything worth while on the subjects of shaftings, bearings and general power distribution.

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in the capacity of.....
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PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

in the light weight lisle are for men who care for *comfort* and *style* in dress.

The *comfort* of wearing suspenders that don't tug on the shoulders like the rigid back kind —and the *style* of having trousers that hang perfectly regardless of the wearer's position.



Light, medium and heavy weights. Guaranteed by makers. *Sold by all good dealers or by mail direct.* Price 50 cents.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
1718 Main Street
Shirley, Mass.

had concluded his address on the Kentucky pioneer and Miss Florenee Howard had recited effeetively "The Blue and the Gray," Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, pulled the silken cord, and the flags fell apart, dropping gracefully into the arms of the six little girls who were stationed by the pedestal to receive them.

As this heroie bronze image of the martyred President looked out upon the seenes from whence he came, an impressive silence spread over the vast crowd in the Court-House Square. Then, like a rocket, a great cheer went up and the cheers spent themselves spontaneously into the singing of "America." It was one of those lofty moments crowded with inspiration and deep emotion. But in perfect harmony with the spirit and character of the living Lincoln, the moment was not without its humiliating humor. The local band that had done so proudly with "Dixie" and "My Old Kentueky Home" and a military heel-and-toe promenade polka, veered leeward toward the reef and broke hopelessly upon the rocks in the seeond stanza of the national anthem.

In concluding the exercises, Judge DuRelle, one of the eommissioners, aeeepted the work from the seulptor with words of appropriate appreciation. In turn, Governor Willson accepted the work from the commission on behalf of the Commonwealth and solemnly entrusted its care to the citizens of Hodgenville, by whom, through their Mayor, it was received.

Kentucky's happy recognition of pride in her greatest son was nowhere so well epitomized as in Colonel Henry Watterson's unveiling address. Himself a Kentuckian and a Confederate veteran, he voiced the spirit not of the border State alone, nor yet of the South, but of all the States, when, referring to Lincoln and the Union, he said: "We owe its preservation to his wisdom, to his integrity, to his firmness and his eourage. As none other than Washington eould have led the armies of the Revolution from Valley Forge to Yorktown, none other than Lincoln could have maintained the Government from Sumter to Appomattox. All of us are Unionists now."

✣ ✣ ✣

The Side Doors of the City of Churches

THE officer of the law was lounging easily near the "side entrance," his elbows planted back of him in a restful position upon the iron window-guard, his club dangling listlessly from his wrist. We took a similar attitude under a big gilt brewery sign across the street. It was Sunday afternoon, and we were doing the saloons about the Hamilton Avenue ferry in Brooklyn. Two of us were Manhattan newspaper seribes; the third, be it confessed, was a public-school teacher.

"Another one of those poor deaf and dumb, blind, and stringhaltered 'eops.'" quoth the pedagogue. "Look at him—too sleepy to turn his head!" At that moment a limply, struggling figure was flung out at the very feet of the officer, and a big man in a white apron appeared for an instant at the doorway. The loafers up and down Hamilton Avenue guffawed. The white-aproned man appeared for a seeond time and shoved a second "drunk" violently into the street. The policeman exchanged a word with the "barkeep," and, walking over to the edge of the sidewalk, poked the prostrate wretch in the ribs with his elub. "Move on there!" eame from the lips of authority. The bum staggered in a zigzag toward us, and ended by falling headlong into the open door of the saloon at our back. The "cop" returned to his *post of duty*.

In a large rear room of the saloon we found the "bouncer" and another, a middle-aged and rather pleasant-appearing fellow, industriously drawing beer at a small bar. Through an excess of caution, or some other motive equally superfluous in the saloon business in New York City, the proprietor was not serving drinks in the main barroom that day. The sehool-teaeher placed three nickels on the sudsy copper sink over the spigots and ordered a "short" lager beer. "Make it three," added my fellow-journalist, shrewdly calculating on the plainly-suggested five-cent limit. *They* were of gentlemanly "shortness" in comparison with the great urns of splashing yellow stuff that was set out to the herd. The big barkeep rang up the cash register, and, talking pleasantly to us the while, mechanically served a ragged man who was so drunk he could scarcely hold himself up by the slippery bar-rail. The poor fellow spilled half of it on his clothes, wobbled for a moment, and slid to the floor. "T'row that ——— out, too, Jake!" commanded the smaller man disgustedly.



Of Course you wear a cap

It is the badge of the out-door life for the good dresser, be he man of leisure, business man, professor or President. But what a difference in caps! The swell cap is the

HEIDCAP

It is the finest cap in the country. It has the lines and the "kick." It makes you look a thoroughbred.
Good haberdashers in the larger cities sell

THE HEIDCAP
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If yours doesn't—or *anyway*—send for the Cap Book. It shows the cap styles followed by the knowing.

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DEPT. B, PHILADELPHIA



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Descriptive folder free.

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"Paint it with New-Skin and forget it"

For a Cut or Scratch

Clean the wound thoroughly. Then paint it with a coat of *New-Skin*. The *New-Skin* will dry into a tough, flexible film under which the wound will heal rapidly without further attention.

For a Hang-Nail

Trim the hang-nail close with sharp manicure scissors; then coat it with *New-Skin*, applying a second coat after the first has dried, if necessary. After that the hang-nail will not bother you and will proceed to cure itself.

For Split Lips

Flatten out the lip with the fingers and touch it lightly with *New-Skin*. Hold the lip flat for a moment until the *New-Skin* dries. There will then be no further annoyance and no further temptation to bite or touch the lips.

New-Skin is good for Burns, Blisters, Callous Spots and Chafed Feet.

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Just slip a package or two in your vacation outfit, along with your Kodak films, and send home pictures that tell the story.

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The Same Collar You've Always Worn—Only WATERPROOFED

ONE of the many reasons why **Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs** increase in popularity is that, no matter what the weather may be, or the conditions, they hold their shape, do not wilt or fray, and, if soiled, can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth, in a minute. That cuts out the expense of the laundering,—a weekly item which counts heavily in the long run, especially in the hot months. So, you get style, and save, and have real satisfaction. There are imitations. Genuine Litholin Goods are ALWAYS sold in RED boxes—look for the trade-mark.

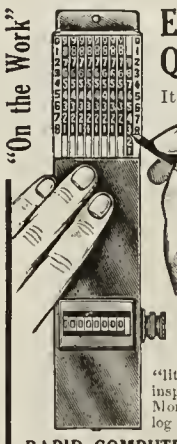
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It does its work perfectly at any angle—can rest on any desk or on book alongside figures you wish to add. A wonder as a saver of time and errors. Capacity, 9,999,999.99. Save time and money—write us today if you'd like to try a

RAPID COMPUTER ADDING MACHINE

Every merchant, dealer, bookkeeper and clerk who requires quick, accurate footings should own one and prove for himself its worth and economy. Users call it the "little magician." Let us send one for your inspection. Sale price only $25, sent C. O. D. Money back if it doesn't suit. Get free catalog and detailed description.

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Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath
Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century



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BAKED BEANS

They are made far more digestible with

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats and many other dishes are improved by its use.

It Aids Digestion.

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Adjustable Shelves
Sliding Doors

Here is the one sectional bookcase that suits all sizes of books. You can have one row on one side and two or three on the other. This is the Danner Sectional Bookcase.

The case is in double sections. It doesn't look like a sectional case. The double section means better designs.

This is the one sectional case with sliding doors—doors which are always out of the way, open or shut.

The doors run on rubber tired casters. They never jam. They are noiseless and dust-proof.

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See how it stands up from the floor. This is the sanitary feature so popular now in desks.

No other case has a consultation leaf to rest heavy books on while simply referring to them.

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gives you more genuine entertainment than anything you have known yet. IT IS NOT necessary to know the code. You can catch messages from any of the 900 U. S. Government and Commercial Wireless Stations with apparatus costing no more than $1.90!! Complete sending and receiving outfits from $5.30 up. Send TO-DAY two-cent postage for our wonderful 128-page electrical cyclopedia containing all about wireless, diagrams, instructions, etc.

Electro Importing Co., 86c West Broadway, New York
"Everything for the Experimenter"

"Jake" obeyed with alacrity. We followed him in time to see the "bmm" literally thrown under the feet of the people hurrying to the ferry.

In eleven contignous blocks in this vicinity we counted seventy saloons, all of them doing business. The one we had visited first was typical. "But," it will be contended, "this is one of the vilest sections of the city."

The next Sunday two of us inspected an entirely reputable section in the Sixth Ward. In the second saloon we visited we saw two little boys, neither of them over ten years of age, served with beer. The same saloon exposed no license and further violated the law by having the front windows entirely screened off. This is not a composite picture, but a real case.

Before our investigations were completed I had drawn a map showing the location of every saloon in the Brooklyn Heights and Red Hook section, and had



Saloons on Brooklyn Heights and Red Hook

personally investigated saloons in every ward. In this area of 2,300 acres I found 794 saloons, or one to every 290 people. All of them, or practically all of them, are selling liquor illegally every Sunday of the year. I am convinced that a majority of them are at the same time breaking laws other than those concerning Sunday closing. The most aristocratic "cafe" on Fulton Street is as guilty as the lowest saloon on Hamilton Avenue or under Brooklyn Bridge. All break the same laws and defy the same complacent public.

It is as a defier of law that the saloon is most menacing. The organized and aggressive liquor interests play too big a part in the making of legislators and legislation. When legislation is unfavorable to itself the saloon, through the deliberate connivance or indifference of its creatures on the beneh and in the city departments, contrives to obtain comparative security in the breaking of law. Hence the futility of most excise prosecutions.

It is a deplorable fact, too, that the friends of law enforcement lack efficient organization and real aggressiveness, and, above all else, are they wanting in practicality. Two years ago a Brooklyn clergyman visited an objectionable saloon near his church, ordered beer, dipped his cuffs deep into the foam, and the next day hysterically demanded of a grinning magistrate that his linen be submitted to a chemical analysis. Even with less ludicrous evidence it is ordinarily next to impossible to overcome the "burden of proof" demanded by a "party" magistrate for the conviction of his friend, the saloonkeeper-defendant.

May the present national anti-saloon agitation stir New York at least to the point where good citizens in and out of church may find themselves banded together for the enforcement of our excise laws.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.—*Adv.*

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FILM

The Film that Lifts Amateur Photography from Guesswork to the Realm of Artistic Achievement.

WITH Ansco Film you can achieve the greatest possible success that your equipment will allow. The Ansco Film gives you not merely a photograph—but an artistically correct rendering of your subject—line for line, shadow for shadow, tone for tone.

The latitude of the Ansco Film is a revelation to the photographer—be he novice, amateur, or advanced. The marvelous pencilings of nature in light and shade—all the numberless gradations which the eye unconsciously catches—can be depicted with unerring fidelity by the Ansco Film. This is what makes successful photography.

Even if your judgment be inaccurate as to proper timing, the great latitude of the Ansco Film aids by giving you an unusually wide range, reducing to a minimum your losses.

The Ansco Film is the highest type of film. It has that fineness of grain of the emulsion so necessary in producing a well-balanced negative.

The speed, combining with the latitude, permits of snap shots, time exposures, interiors, portraits, flashlights—all the various branches in which the amateur is interested. More than this—the Ansco Film will render harmonious *color values*, presenting chromatic balance truly wonderful. This is especially noticeable when prints are made on Cyko paper, with which you get as truthful a reproduction in monochrome as is possible without special apparatus for orthochromatic work.

Ansco Film fits any camera; exposure numbers always register; non-curling.

Independent dealers everywhere carry full line of Ansco Film, Cyko Paper, and pure, carefully prepared photographic chemicals. If other dealers will not supply you, do not blame them. An agreement with their manufacturer forbids them. Look for the ANSCO sign.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING: A complete photographic library in two volumes, teaching the art of making prize-winning pictures. Write for it, or ask your nearest dealer.

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For the Home



At this time of the year there are many little jobs of painting and finishing about the home that anyone can accomplish successfully by following the Acme Quality plan.

Now is a good time to repaint the floors, to refinish the woodwork, to brighten up the furniture, to redecorate the walls, or to enamel the bathroom.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are put up in convenient form for ready use and easy application—just tell your dealer what you want to do and insist on goods bearing the Acme Quality trade-marked label, for—if it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

Acme Quality Enamel (Neal's)
Gives that smooth, beautiful, sanitary enamel surface so easy to keep bright and clean. In white or dainty tints.

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For walls and ceilings. Mixes with *either* hot or cold water. Flows freely, covers with one coat and does no. show laps.

Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel
For finishing porch and lawn chairs, settees, swings, flower stands, railings, etc. Imparts a tough, durable finish and prevents rust and decay.



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VACUUM CLEANER
Cleans Everywhere and Everything

Special attachment for hardwood floors

With a broom you can't get all the dirt. You can't get the dust that is ground in.

The Cyclone Vacuum Cleaner *takes up* all the dirt *and germs*. Cleans carpets, floors, upholstery, walls, curtains, etc., thoroughly and without dust or dusting. In getting all the dirt it removes the germs that are continually breeding in the dirt not gotten out by the broom.

The Cyclone requires no mechanical skill. Anyone can clean with it. Not a third of the effort of sweeping and takes about one-tenth the time. There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. It will last a lifetime.

The saving on carpets will pay for the machine

Don't be deceived by the extravagant "just as good" claims of the hosts of imitators. Get the Cyclone—the machine that works, that is made for the home and sold at a home price.

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and the name of our nearest representative. He will bring the Cyclone to your house and show you in your own home how thoroughly it cleans. Write today.

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Write for unoccupied territory





Welch's
Grape Juice

has the richness and the flavor of full-ripe, fresh-picked Concord Grapes. It is made by a process which transfers the juice from the clusters to the bottles unchanged in any way and is so pure that physicians prescribe it.

Welch's is put up in the heart of the great Chautauqua Grape Belt under ideal conditions and sold only under the Welch label.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
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AS YOU change from heavy to light underwear in hot weather, so you should lay aside close, unventilated shoes and put on cool, comfortable, ventilated shoes. You will know what foot comfort is when you

Wear E. C. Ventilated Shoes in Summer



STYLE No. 1
Ventilated Oxford in TAN and BLACK.
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9-2 for girls and boys $2.00
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Sizes and Prices
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Men, women and children find them of the greatest comfort. E. C. VENTILATED SHOES are the only common-sense shoes for the whole family in hot weather. They will relieve many a foot ill caused by close shoes.

Made over the most up-to-date lasts, of the very best material and in the most careful manner. Look for the trade mark—E. C. VENTILATED SHOES—on the sole.

Ask your dealer for E. C. VENTILATED SHOES. If he cannot supply you write us and we will ship them prepaid upon receipt of price. Address Dept. I for circular.

ENGEL-CONE SHOE COMPANY, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Music For Hot Weather



Think of it! A real, practical Talking Machine for the home, **complete with 12 Finest Records for only $5.50**
This machine is not a toy remember, but a full size machine; will sing the songs, tell the funny stories, play the band music just as machines you hear in music stores. This is the greatest offer ever made. Send today for FREE Catalogue, No. 6.

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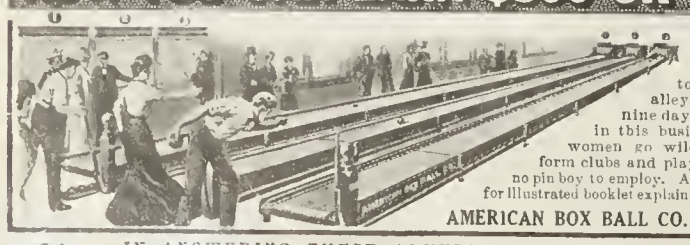
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One box ball alley costing $150, took in $513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $365, took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $840, took in $1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than $900 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

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Kind Words and Bitter Spoken by Editors, Subscribers, and Readers, Regular and Occasional, About Collier's

"CHARLESTON, W. VA.

"The fight you have been making for fair dealing in the courts between the corporations and the people is worthy the support of all good men, and I hope you will keep it up. The chances for justice to the plain people when fighting the rich corporations are growing less by leaps and bounds, and I tremble to think where the tendency will lead, unless the people can be awakened to their rights by such courageous journals as COLLIER'S. GEORGE BRYNE."

✣

"HOUSTON, TEXAS.

"*Resolved*, That the directors of the Houston Business League wish to express in a formal manner their appreciation of an editorial which appeared in COLLIER'S on March 6, 1909. In giving editorial endorsement to the efforts which Houston has made and is making to place and keep its municipal affairs on a high plane of efficiency, COLLIER'S has helped in a substantial manner. The directors of the Houston Business League feel that a vote of thanks should be extended to the publishers of COLLIER'S, and the secretary is authorized to so notify them.

"GEORGE P. BROWN, Secretary."

✣

"SACRAMENTO, CAL.

"COLLIER'S short stories are always first-class and written by the best authors.

"E. L. PORTER."

✣

"OMAHA, NEB.

"Who pays for this standing advertisement attacking Senator Cummins of Iowa—Aldrich or Joe Cannon? This is the first time I have ever written to any editor criticizing an article—I know better than to do it. But you seem to invite brickbats, and here is a pressed bat of full size, made in Omaha, the market town.

"WILL A. CAMPBELL."

✣

"ALLANDALE, R. I.

"I greatly admire the individual or corporation who can get ten cents per head from so many people in exchange for copies of that conglomerate mass of illustrated advertising, side-issue matter, and fiction, known as COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

"ALFRED COULTON."

✣

"ANDOVER, MASS.

"I have always had the greatest possible admiration for COLLIER'S, both in regard to business policy and literary ideals.

"H. WILMOT BLACK."

✣

"BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

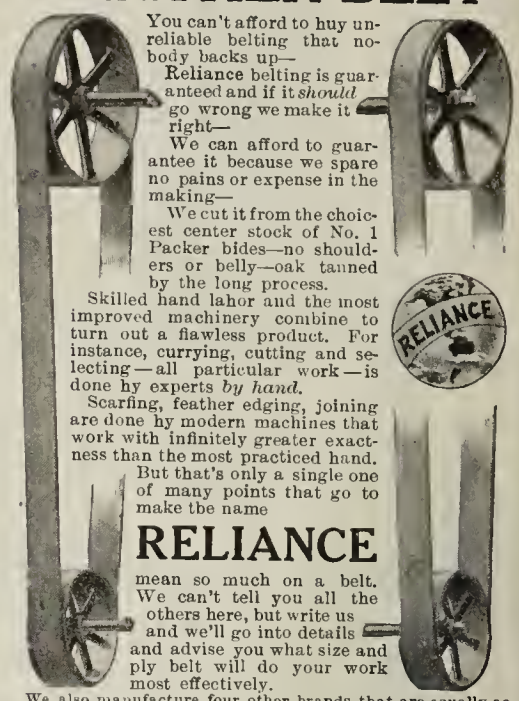
"If COLLIER'S continues the consistent policy of its life so far, I shan't quarrel, even if I am accused of having COLLIER'S form all my opinions for me. Your editorials are the best; your stories are as good as the best; your attitude toward contemporaries of all grades and classes is noble, and is unique at least in being so outspoken; your work against quack doctors, patent-medicines, gold brick and gold mining schemes, United States Senators, and other public parasites and nuisances is unequaled and invaluable. No other paper has learned so well as you that it pays to defend the people's interests, and, under this high principle, your influence must grow immeasurably as the years go by. GEO. S. BROWN, M.D."

✣

"Taking into consideration the virile, talented men it has assembled in its editorial rooms and the widening scope of their influence, COLLIER'S seems destined to become a permanently potent factor in our national life. May the spirit of its brave, clean old founder live on in COLLIER'S. May it continue to represent all that is pure and square and valiant in the citizenship of the Republic!"

—Butte (Mont.) *News*.

Buy A *Guaranteed* LEATHER BELT



You can't afford to buy unreliable belting that nobody backs up—

Reliance belting is guaranteed and if it *should* go wrong we make it right—

We can afford to guarantee it because we spare no pains or expense in the making—

We cut it from the choicest center stock of No. 1 Packer bides—no shoulders or belly—oak tanned by the long process.

Skilled hand labor and the most improved machinery combine to turn out a flawless product. For instance, currying, cutting and selecting—all particular work—is done hy experts *by hand*.

Scarfing, feather edging, joining are done hy modern machines that work with infinitely greater exactness than the most practiced hand.

But that's only a single one of many points that go to make tbe name

RELIANCE

mean so much on a belt. We can't tell you all the others here, but write us and we'll go into details and advise you what size and ply belt will do your work most effectively.

We also manufacture four other brands that are equally aa good as Reliance for specific purposes.

Don't experiment with belts. No mill man or manufacturer can afford to. It means fearful loss before you get through. Specify **Reliance**—the guaranteed belt—and save needless expense and trouble.

Write for book today and learn more about **Reliance** superiority.

Chicago Belting Co., 16 South Green St., Chicago



They keep out the glare and the heat of tbe sun yet leave the porch airy and breeze-open.

Vudor Porch Shades are made of wide strips of linden wood, firmly bound with strong seine twine and are artistically stained with weather-proof colors. They last for years. Vudor Porch Shades cost from $2.25 up, according to width, and a porch of ordinary size can be completely equipped with them at a cost of from $5 to $10.

Write for Booklet and Name of Local Dealer

We will send you free, upon receipt of a postal card request, the beautiful Vudor booklet, fully describing and illustrating, in actual colors, Vudor Porch Shades and Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks. With the booklet we will send you name of dealer in your town.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 229 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.



This is a Real Automobile on High Wheels

We ask experts to read our catalog and take our cars apart to discover how we could improve them. And we ask you to send us your name and read our catalog to understand why we have spent so much time and money to make the Schacht the highest standard high-wheel automobile in the world. You should not risk buying any car of this type before investigating the differences in money-worth values. Write us for the book.

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Schacht Mfg. Co., 2735 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

CALOX
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

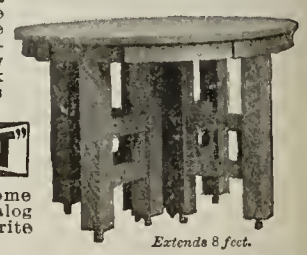


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Dentists advise its use
All Druggists, 25 Cents.
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Save $17.50 on this Dining Table in Quartered White Oak

Retail store price, $32—our Comepackt price $14.50 — you put the finished sections together yourself. A few minutes easy work without tools saves you over half on

"COME-PACKT" SECTIONAL FURNITURE



Over 100 other handsome pieces in our new catalog—all GUARANTEED. Write today.

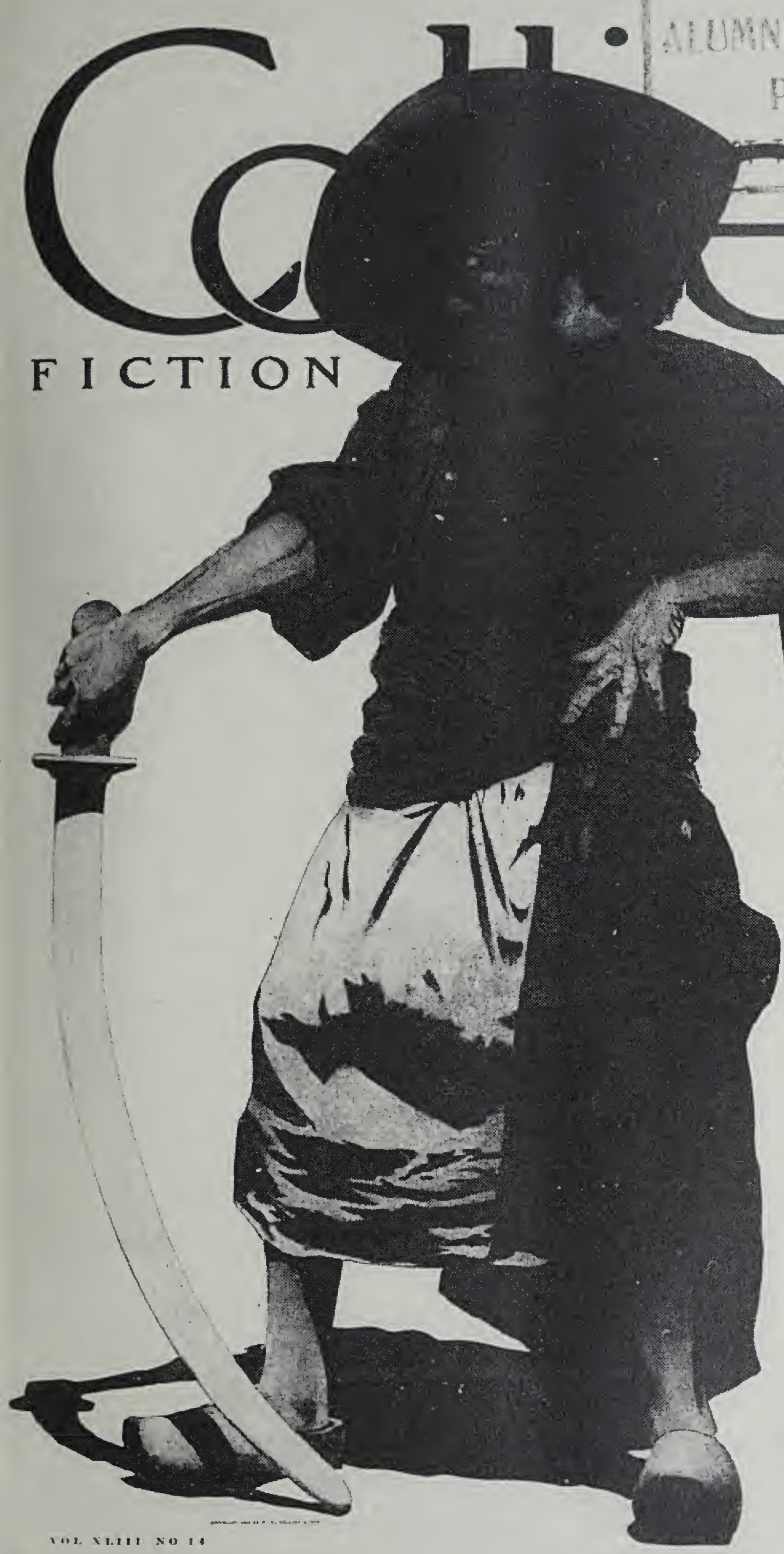
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International Mfg. Co., 613 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI'S

Collier's

FICTION NUMBER For July



The Guest That Tarried

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Buddha's Eye

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Bread on The Waters

By PAUL ARMSTRONG

VOL XLIII NO 14

VICTOR HERBERT *and* *The* EDISON PHONOGRAPH



Victor Herbert will make Records exclusively for the EDISON PHONOGRAPH

AN Edison Record made by Victor Herbert's orchestra, conducted by him and playing one of his own compositions, is a masterpiece.

Mr. Herbert was one of the first to see the possibilities of the Phonograph in giving the people good music. He recognized that Edison Amberol Records reproduced instrumental music best because of their length and their purity. That is why he readily made an arrangement which makes him practically musical adviser to the Edison Record-making department.

The arrangement includes the exclusive right to reproduce for the Phonograph Mr. Herbert's own compositions.

Securing Mr. Herbert will make the Edison Records as perfect musically as they are mechanically. The best music in the world is offered by Edison Records.

Write for free booklet, "The Edison Phonograph and the Home."

It contains articles of unusual interest, profusely illustrated by eminent American artists.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—$12.50 to $125.00.

Standard Edison Records, 35c. Amberol Records, 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.



Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

De Luxe Book Salesmen

are cordially invited to write us regarding the greatest subscription book enterprise of recent years—

Dr. Charles W. Eliot's Harvard Classics

Published in de luxe format—
The "Eliot" Edition

water-marked paper, illustrations, facsimile manuscripts, etc., on Japanese vellum, artistic bindings.

Selling plan organized on the strongest lines—Leads, personal introductions, magazine coupons, circular letters, Alumni lists, etc.

Liberal arrangements will be made with salesmen of the $5000-a-year class for their *exclusive* services.

M. WALTER DUNNE
OF
The Book Department
COLLIER'S
416-430 W. 13th Street, New York

A Time-Saving Stove



The New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove, thirty seconds after the touch of the match, will deliver at the stove top a strong, clean heat of great working power.

More than that, you may run it for hours continuously; bake bread and cake; prepare a meal or do the weekly ironing; and for the whole time never be conscious of undue heat because of the stove. In this respect the

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

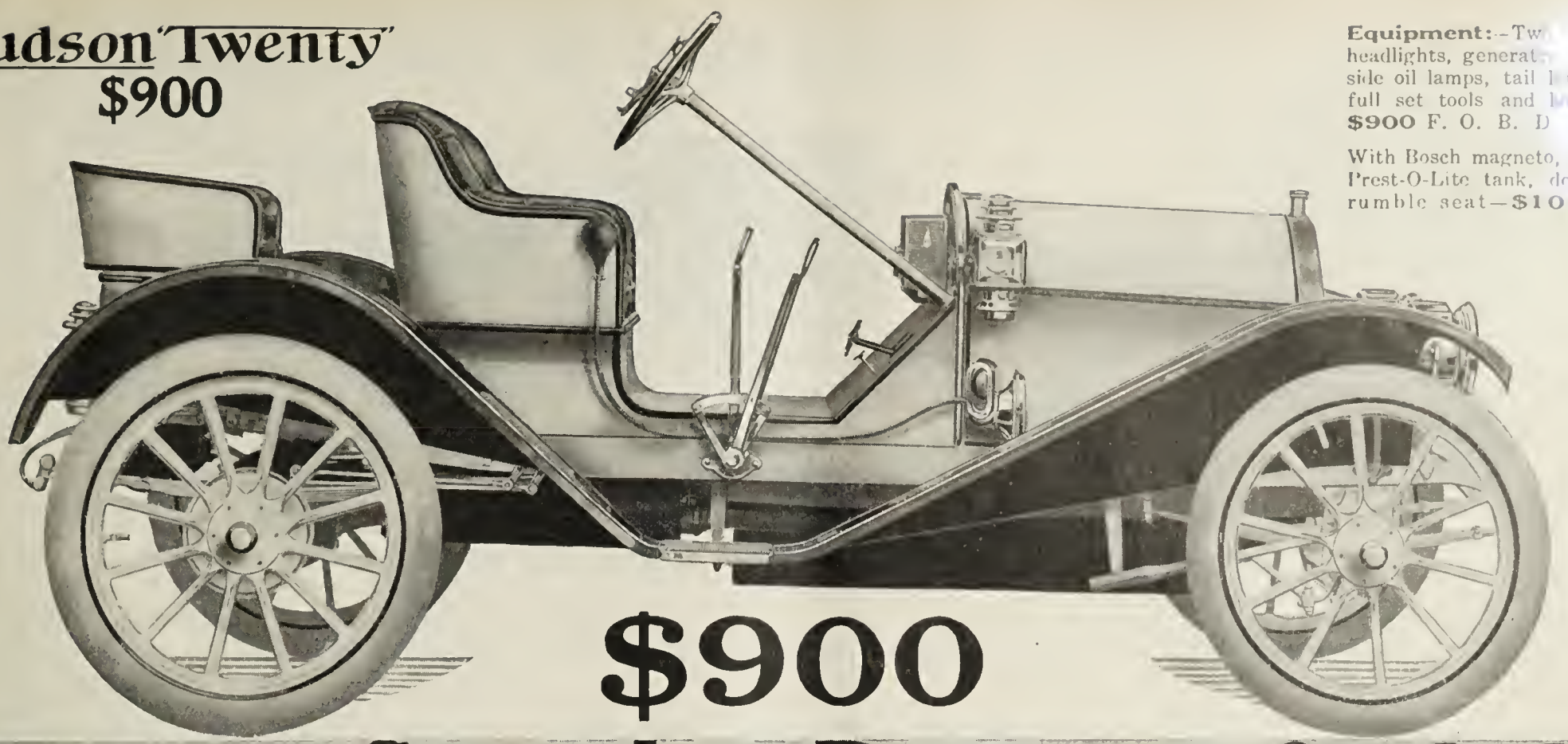
is the only sensible stove for summer. Differs from other oil stoves in its strong, handsome, useful CABINET TOP which can be used for holding dishes *and for keeping meals hot.* Also equipped with drop shelves on which may be placed small cooking utensils after they are removed from the blaze. Has every improvement—even to racks for towels. All told, it is a stove of convenience, comfort, safety and economy. Three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.



The *Rayo LAMP* gives a light more like that of the old-fashioned glass lamp than any other lamp or lighting device. Does not smoke, smell or flicker. Does not even tire reading by the Rayo. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Hudson "Twenty"
$900



Equipment:—Two large headlights, generator, two side oil lamps, tail lamps, full set tools and horn—**$900** F. O. B. Detroit.

With Bosch magneto, top, Prest-O-Lite tank, double rumble seat—**$1050.**

$900

Strong—Speedy—Roomy—Stylish

There have been many low priced cars, but never one so big, strong, speedy and good looking as this one. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get the best automobile value ever offered for less than $1000. In this car you find that something called *class*—that something which other cars at or near this price have lacked.

Most low priced cars have been too small. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get a *big* car. Note the long wheel base—100 inches. Note the big, strong wheels, the large radiator, big hood, staunch, clean-made frame.

This car looks a big car. It *is* a big car. Other cars selling under $1,000 have not been roomy. One felt cramped after riding in them. The Hudson "Twenty" has ample leg room. There is no Roadster made, regardless of price, that affords more comfort to those who ride in it. From the front seat to the dash there is a space of 31 inches.

Designers of other cars selling around the price of the Hudson "Twenty" have not seemed to realize that it is as easy to make a *good looking* car as it is to make another kind.

Here is a car that is good looking. It is big and racy looking. Note the graceful and harmonious lines. Observe the sweep of the fenders and the frame. There is no car with better lines. None from this standpoint more satisfying.

A man who can afford a half dozen cars will enjoy the Hudson "Twenty" as well as the man who can own but one.

Judged by every mechanical and engineering standard this car is thoroughly up-to-date without embodying any experimental features. It is a car that looks and acts like the more expensive. It is big, roomy, stylish, satisfying.

Some High Grade Features

The Hudson "Twenty" has a sliding gear transmission, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, such as you find on the Packard, Peerless, Pierce, Lozier and other high grade cars. Most other low-priced cars do not have this type of transmission.

All the Power You Need

The motor is vertical, four cylinder, four cycle, water cooled, known as the Renault type. And Renault motors are the pride of France.

The Hudson "Twenty" motor develops all the power you can want. Any Hudson "Twenty" will do 50 miles an hour. On the Grosse Pointe race track one of them has been driven a mile a minute.

The frame of the Hudson "Twenty" is of the best open hearth stock. It is 3½" x 1½" section, accurately and carefully riveted together with hot rivets, and braced against all possible strains. Our frames are made by the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Detroit, the company which makes frames also for the high-priced Stearns cars.

Single Piece I-Beam Axle

The front axle is a one piece drop-forged I-beam section, of the best grade of open hearth steel, carefully heat treated. The Peerless, Pierce, Matheson, Lozier and other high grade cars use drop forged front axles.

The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, shaft-driven, proved out by a score of makers.

Perfect Comfort Here

There is more rake to the steering post than is found on the average car. This allows the driver a comfortable position. The generous diameter of the steering wheel makes the car easy to handle.

The springs are of special steel, semi-elliptic in front, and three-quarter-elliptic in the rear, such as you find in the Renault, Chalmers-Detroit, Pierce and others

Lubrication is of the pump circulated, constant splash system, which has proved so satisfactory on the Oldsmobile, Chalmers-Detroit and other highly successful cars.

The body is composed of the best grade of ash, carefully placed and securely bolted to the frame. The seats are large and roomy and well upholstered.

It Pleases the Eye

In color the "Twenty" is a rich maroon, with mouldings and edges of bonnet striped in black. Leather is blue black. Fenders, fender irons, pedals, and top irons are enameled black. The radiator, steering column, side lamp brackets, hub caps, and side control levers are of brass. Steps are aluminum.

The tires are 32"x3" in front and 32"x3½" in the rear. The crank shaft has a tensile strength of 100,000 pounds; the clutch is leather faced, cone type; the clearance is 12½ inches under the steering knuckles.

Worm and segment type steering gear, with extra large bearings, is used, and the control is of the accepted standard sort, shifted by lever on the right hand side.

The Hudson "Twenty" not only looks like the more expensive cars, but it *acts* like them too.

Fulfills Every Demand

It can go faster than most careful drivers want to ride, it can climb all of the hills, and stand up on all sorts of roads, and it will do this work on a small amount of gasoline, and at a low cost of repairs and tires

The Hudson "Twenty" is the ideal car at the price. It leaves nothing to be desired.

Nothing experimental about it. Nothing untried.

The "Twenty" has been recognized by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. It is the only four cylinder *licensed* car selling for less than $1,000.

Deliveries will begin in July, and orders will be filled in rotation as received. Please wire or write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

Hudson Motor Car Company Collier's Weekly
Detroit, Mich.

Please send me catalog and name of nearest dealer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Men Behind the Hudson

J. L. Hudson, President—Mr. Hudson is a leading, conservative business man and capitalist of Detroit.

Hugh Chalmers, Vice President—Mr. Chalmers is president of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. He was formerly vice-president and general manager of the National Cash Register Company.

R. B. Jackson, Treasurer and General Manager—Mr. Jackson is a mechanical engineer. He was factory manager of the Olds Motor Works from 1903 to 1907.

Geo. W. Dunham, Chief Engineer and Designer—Mr. Dunham was chief engineer of the American Motor Carriage Company from 1901 to 1904. In the latter year he became associated with the Olds Motor Works in a designing capacity. He was chief engineer of the Olds Motor Works from early in 1907 until March 1, 1909. Mr. Dunham's success in the past as a designer of high-grade motor cars that gave satisfaction to their owners is the best proof that the Hudson "Twenty" will give satisfaction.

R. D. Chapin, Secretary—Mr. Chapin is treasurer and general manager of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company.

H. E. Coffin, Vice President and Chief Engineer of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, is a member of the board of directors.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Members A. L. A. M.)

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



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The Greatest Baseball Pictures Ever Published

25 CENTS EACH

Every baseball enthusiast wants these pictures, done by Charles Dana Gibson. The proofs are beautifully made with a richly tinted background and are printed on the finest grade of water-color sketching bristol (plate-marked), giving a particularly dainty and artistic effect, all ready for framing, or can be used without a frame. 18x14 inches in size and sell at 25 cents each, postage prepaid. 50 cents for two.

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If you will send us 15 cents in stamps, we will mail you a copy of our new Print Catalogue.



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IT WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO

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This valuable illustrated Book will be sent you

Free on Request

It shows and explains how **Men, Women and Children** have regained their health through deep breathing. It tells how to expand the chest, straighten round shoulders and reduce a protruding abdomen.

PROF. CHARLES MUNTER
Nulife Dept. B-6
No. 13-15 W. 34th St., New York

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

"A LITTLE HIGHER IN PRICE, PERHAPS, THAN WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTES, BUT A REASON FOR IT."

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*

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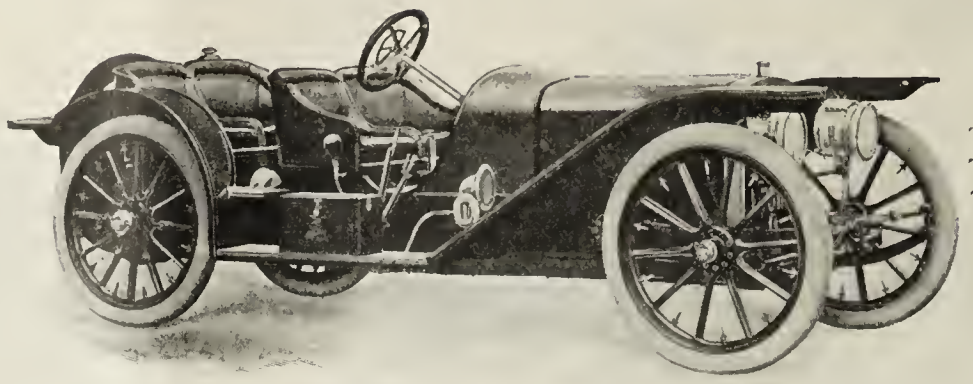
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First and finest of high priced cars

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The Wayfarer - $3,750
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THE AMERICAN

A CAR FOR THE DISCRIMINATING FEW

Three years ago the name of the American Motor Car suggested little or nothing to your mind.

Now, whenever and wherever the finest and costliest cars are discussed, do you not hear its name inevitably linked with the elect?

It has come to pass that the choice of the discriminating few, who feel that they cannot afford to own cars of questionable qualities, is narrowed down to a trio or perhaps a quartette of cars. You will find that the American is unfailingly considered in this select little company.

The story of the development of the American since the first car was built five years ago; and especially the Aladdin-like progress of the past twelve months, reads almost like a romance.

It is so interesting and so instructive that we have been constrained to tell this story in booklet form.

The little book which describes in detail the high honors awarded the American in 1908 and 1909 is well worth writing for.

The 175 American cars delivered this season are owned by the representative men of their communities—men who will consider none but those few fine cars which can consistently lay claim to leadership

It will impress and interest those substantial owners in each town and city who want the very best to read the book, which describes the remarkable rise of the American in the esteem of expert buyers. They cannot fail, likewise, to be impressed with the character of ownership represented by this random list (necessarily limited by this limited space) of men who have bought American cars since the present season began:

B. L. WINCHELL, Chicago
ROBT. WOLSTENHOLME, Philadelphia
A. S. PILLSBURY, Minneapolis
GEO. H. LOUNESBURY, Duluth
FREDERICK K. BURNHAM New York
W. H. AMES, Boston
JNO. H. AUFDERHEIDE Indianapolis
J. P. ARTHUR, Waukegan
D. H. BAIN, Winnipeg
JULIUS H. BARNES, Duluth
DR. W. A. BROOKS, Jr., Boston
H. L. BEVERIDGE, Indianapolis
F. W. CLIFFORD, Minneapolis
D. S. CRITCHELL, Sioux City
E. W. DEMING, New York
W. H. DOBLE, Norfolk Downs, Mass.
N. A. GLADDING, Indianapolis
CHAS. A. HASKINS, Boston
M. HOLDERMAN, Fremont, O.
W. J. HOWARD Columbia, Tenn.
C. W. HUBBARD, Jr., New York
N. W. JORDAN, Boston
C. J. LANE, Cleveland
Dr. H. D. LLOYD, Boston
JOS. LORBER, New Orleans
GEO. B. MARKEL Connersville, Ind.
W. C. FIELDS, London
F. H. GAZZOLO, Chicago
T. McGINLEY, Pittsburg
ARCHIBALD McNEIL, Jr. Bridgeport, Conn.
L. B. MILLIKAN, Indianapolis
JAS. R. MILLIKAN, Cincinnati
C. EDWIN MURRAY Trenton, N. J.
VINTON PERIN, Cincinnati
LIEUT. POTTS, Washington, D. C.
JAMES H. PROCTOR Topsfield, Mass.
J. E. RICHARDS, Philadelphia
WALTER SCHROEDER Milwaukee
S. H. TRUITT, Philadelphia
A. C. VOLK, Duluth
J. D. WHEELAN, Dallas, Texas
GEO. UHLEIN, Milwaukee
F. E. WILBUR, Boston
NAT. M. WILLS, New York
F. V. WYCKOFF, Elmira, N. Y.

The 1909 American so perfectly met all the demands of high class ownership that practically no changes, other than a few minor refinements, will be incorporated in the 1910 model.

If you are interested in a car of the highest type, get in touch with the American representative in your neighborhood; or write direct to the factory.

American Motor Car Co., Dept. M, Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.



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Prince Codadad

The Arabian Nights Prints

By Maxfield Parrish

These pictures, twelve in number, which were so greatly admired when they appeared as illustrations in Collier's, are offered to the public as fine art prints suitable for framing.

They are beautifully reproduced in all the wonderful richness of the artist's colors, size 9 x 11 inches, on fine art paper, on a 16 x 20 inch mount. The subjects to be obtained are as follows:

1. The History of the Fisherman and the Genie
2. Prince Codadad
3. The Story of the King's Son
4. Cassim in the Cave of the Forty Thieves
5. The Search for the Singing Tree
6. Sindhad Plots Against the Giant
7. The City of Brass
8. The King of the Black Isles
9. Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp
10. Queen Gulnare
11. The Valley of Diamonds
12. The Brazen Boatman

These prints can be obtained singly at a cost of $1.50 each or the entire set in a handsome portfolio at $15.00. If your dealer will not furnish you with these subjects, any or all, we will send to your address on receipt of price. Money will be refunded if not satisfactory. Address

Print Department, P. F. Collier & Son, 412 West 13th Street, New York City

For 15 cents in stamps to cover charges, we will send you a copy of our new Print Catalog of 175 reproductions.

Order from any reliable art dealer in the United States or Canada. The dealers have them, or they can get them. Insist upon seeing them.

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILL.

*** Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**** Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

*** American Hotel** Absolutely fireproof. European plan. Finest hotel in heart of St. Louis; everything new. $1.50 up. Every room with bath.

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Paul Smith's St. Regis Lake. Camp, Cottage, Casino. Hotel life. June to October. Through Pullmans from N. Y. via N. Y. Central.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

*** Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

*** The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

CAPE COD, MASS.

"Quaint Cape Cod"

Send for this Book

Cape Cod's the place where you would enjoy yourself this summer.

We've a beautifully illustrated book that tells about the summer pleasures that await *you* on Cape Cod—the yachting, the bathing, the fishing and the social life.

Before you decide where to go this summer, send for "Quaint Cape Cod."

It's Free

Write A. B. Smith, G. P. A.,
Room 183, New Haven, Conn.
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Collier's

Saturday, June 26, 1909

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

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NO. 9

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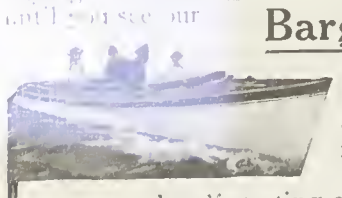
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 26, 1909

England's Inevitable War

¶ *Armageddon is a strong, old Biblical word. It is the name of the plain where the Hebrews fought their great battles. Arthur Balfour sees England approaching an Armageddon in the North Sea which will settle the fate of the British Empire; Lord Rosebery says that Europe is drifting toward war without doubt, if without reason; Herbert Asquith cries to the Colonies for help.*

Thus the only two ex-Premiers and the present Premier, the three most responsible statesmen in England, join their trumpetings of pessimism to the clamor of press and music hall. Lord Rothschild, England's greatest financier, has been quoted privately as in favor of striking Germany now. Britain's position will never be better. She must grow weaker while Germany grows stronger. The conflict is unavoidable. Therefore, have it while the chances favor victory.

"An Empire in a Fright" will be the first of two articles by Frederick Palmer, who has just returned from England and Germany. His view is that of a detached observer of the facts and the humors of both sides. Two great peoples are being set against each other like fighting terriers for a mill. To say a word in favor of a German or of German civilization in England almost amounts to treason.

Pounds and sixpences inspire the shouting. The Englishman is awaking to the fact that the Armageddon is well under way. For the first five months of 1909 British exports decreased $69,119,405. Apprehension that a rival so successful in commerce may be equally successful in war keeps up the cry for more and more "Dreadnoughts," in which the Germans for their part join, with no disillusion in either country as to where the guns are to point.

The second article will be on "The March of the Germans." They laugh at the British panic. They are confident, sarcastic, and taunting. To every German the national objective is clear, and it is one of commercial self-interest. If England is in the way of the goose-step march, then England must fight. Germany believes that she has a system of education and industrial organization which ensures victory. It is this, as Mr. Palmer explains, which England lacks, and which every other nation must acquire if she would hold her own in the modern Armageddon.

Two Picturesque News Events

¶ *The Wright Brothers, who soared to fame after leaving Dayton, were heaped with honors and pelted with medals on their return. The celebration of June 17 was attended by all the noise in Ohio. It was a welcome of neighbors. The occasion will be completely pictured in Collier's next week.*

The Cobe Cup Race, of the Chicago Automobile Club, last week caused a great whiz in the Middle West. A national levee of motorists gathered in to see the Cobe and Indiana Trophy cars lap the thirty-mile square—to skate the turns on one wheel, and climb through the air down the straight-a-ways.

The photographer was right where the dust was thickest, and in our next issue there will be published snapshots of "The Western Vanderbilt."

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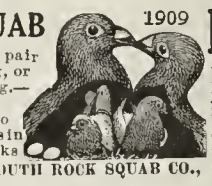
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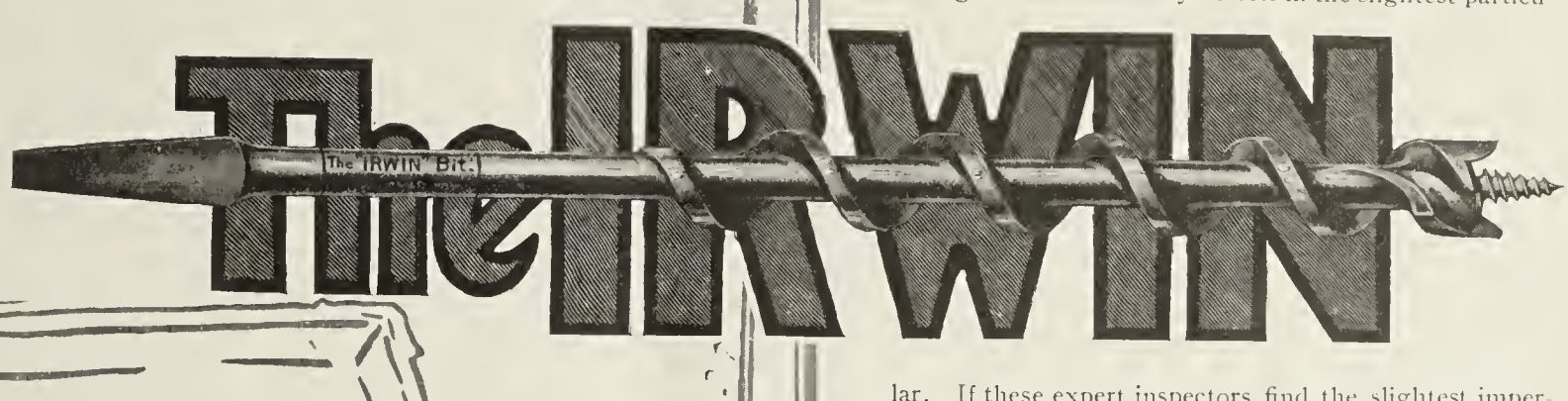
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The recognition of good work is universal—it extends to amateur as well as to professional. The amateur *must* have good tools—the professional demands them. Anyone can blame poor tools for poor work, but the wise man will not buy them. A good tool is an aid to good work. For amateur joinery, doweling, bracing and fitting—a set of Irwin Bits is absolutely necessary. For Irwin Auger Bits are perfect. Scientifically designed and made to the standard of perfection.

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Irwin quality is guaranteed. Price refunded if not satisfactory. If a bit is not stamped "Irwin" it is not the genuine Irwin Bit.

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Largest in the World

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The Peach Basket

Drawn by

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

June 26, 1909

A Matter of Personal Integrity

IN THIS COLUMN two weeks ago were printed the words, the places, and the days of those speeches in which WILLIAM H. TAFT, speaking to the people face to face, and asking them to vote for him, promised that if he were elected the tariff would be lowered. Those promises were surrounded with words of good faith, of personal assurance, of confidence solicited. Mr. TAFT, by his simplicity, by the atmosphere of rugged forthrightness which his person radiates, raised the situation to a plane where the promisee relies not only upon the words of his contract, but also on his faith in the honesty of men.

In the same column we printed those declarations made during the past few weeks by the three men most powerful in the Republican Senate machine, which indicate their determination *not* to revise the tariff downward. These three men speak for the Senate; their majority has been secure on every vote; what they have determined has been done.

To those three declarations we add herewith one more, which says again, on behalf of the Republican Senate majority, that the tariff is *not* to be revised downward; and adds to that declaration unconcealed contempt for President TAFT and his promises. These words were uttered by Senator WILLIAM B. HEYBURN on the floor of the Senate June 8 (Congressional Record, page 2950):

"This talk of being under obligations to revise the tariff downward came from somewhere; I do not know from where; from some political, I was going to say swamp, like a miasma. . . . It was a concession, a sop, thrown by *those lacking in confidence* to the voters whose support they thought they had to have. . . . There is nothing in the platform of the Republican Party which requires us, as suggested by the Senator from Iowa, to make any concession, because some one or many may have promised a revision downward."

Senator HEYBURN'S use of the plural pronoun is a slight concession to the amenities. By "those" he means WILLIAM H. TAFT.

We would not willingly seem to enumerate, as one reason why President TAFT should veto the tariff bill, personal resentment of the Senate's flouting of him and his promises. The situation involves human qualities of a far higher order. *Mr. Taft can make his promises good.*

Credit President Taft With This

A SINGLE GOOD APPOINTMENT is one thing; a permanent moral advance is another. To President TAFT and to Secretary NAGEL is due the credit of accomplishing both these effects in one act. Selecting WILLIAM WILLIAMS to be Commissioner of Immigration at New York City, as successor of the admirable humanitarian administration of ROBERT WATCHORN, and making this appointment against the protests of the Republican organization which demanded the job as one of its perquisites, marks the raising of that post to the class of offices which are to be filled, like the higher judgeships and a few other places, on a non-partizan basis, with an eye single to finding the man of maximum character and efficiency, willing to accept. We think that President TAFT, as he goes on, will increase the number of government positions of this kind, especially among the judgeships. Only a careless President, or one with conspicuously defective ideals, will ever lose the moral ground thus gained.

Lawyers and Courts

OF ALL THE COMMENT printed on this page none comes back with so large a harvest of indignation as what we say about courts. Lawyers and courts have, concerning themselves, something of the same feeling that the medieval church had and that RICHELIEU expressed: "Around her form I draw the awful circle." And yet the farther we go the deeper strikes the conviction that among a buzzing multitude of clamorous duties, good will best be served if first choice be made of the business of putting courts and judicial systems in the light. With this introduction we print a story:

FRED. WARNER was a notorious boodling alderman in St. Louis. Mayor WELLS heard of his soliciting bribes, laid a trap for him with five marked one-hundred-dollar bills, and caught him, with two others. That happened the night of October 18, 1907. The two others have had various adventures in the courts—we are interested in the fortunes of WARNER. He was tried once, and the result was a hung jury. He was tried again and convicted. His lawyer appealed the case to the Missouri Supreme Court. The result of that appeal we transcribe from the report printed in the Kansas City "Times" of May 18:

"The closing part of the indictment against WARNER reads: 'Contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of —— State.' The word 'the' was left out of this last sentence, and the Supreme Court held, through an opinion filed by Judge GANTT and concurred in by the other members of the division, that the omission was fatal and at variance with the express provisions of the Constitution. As a consequence, the judgment of the trial court was reversed and the cause remanded for a new trial. This was the sole point in the case."

Our criticism, in this case is of the system, not the individual judges. As a St. Louis lawyer says: "One naturally feels like condemning the members of the Court for such slavish adherence to precedent, but, after all, they acted conscientiously, if not liberally. The Constitution is explicit in its definition of a sound indictment. It requires the indictment to contain the words, 'against the peace and dignity of *the* State.'" We content ourselves with stating the facts; and pass to the courts of another State.

California and the Southern Pacific

FOR CALIFORNIA, no remedy may be expected from the courts. That question has already been tested. The Southern Pacific dictates the nominations of the judges for the California Supreme bench, and, wherever it can, dictates as well the nominations of the local judges. The Southern Pacific Senators, FLINT and PERKINS, are in control of all Washington judicial appointments in which California is interested. Years ago California adopted a Constitution which had many popular provisions, but they have been reduced to a nullity by court decisions. One provision was this:

"Whenever a railroad corporation shall, for the purpose of competing with any other common carrier, lower its rates for transportation of passengers or freight from one point to another, such reduced rates shall not be again raised or increased from such standard without the consent of the governmental authority in which shall be vested the power to regulate fares and freights."

This is not the sort of thing that ought to be put in a Constitution, which should deal rather with general principles. But it was a pathetic attempt of the people to erect a permanent barrier against monopoly and provide against the seduction of future Legislatures by the railroads. But observe that, like the prescribed language for an indictment in the preceding editorial, it *was* in the Constitution. What happened? The San Joaquin Valley Railroad made a first-class passenger rate from San Francisco to Fresno of $3.75. The Southern Pacific rate was $5.90, but it met the San Joaquin Valley rate. Afterward, when the competition had ceased, the Southern Pacific went back to its old rate of $5.90. Suit was brought to prevent this, and Judge BAHRS of San Francisco decided against the railroad company. The Supreme Court reversed Judge BAHRS. The Southern Pacific political machine failed to renominate Judge BAHRS, and when Judge KERRIGAN tried the case the second time he in his wisdom decided it in favor of the railroad company. The Supreme Court sustained Judge KERRIGAN. They read out of the constitutional provision the very power which the people, in clear, direct language, had sought to put into it—and the decision was written by Judge BEATTY, the Chief Justice. The court decided that the San Joaquin Valley Railroad had no right to reduce its passenger rate, or at least no business, but that, having done it, the Southern Pacific simply did a praiseworthy act in protecting itself by lowering its rate to meet the unjust competition; that is to say, the Supreme Court invoked the doctrine of justifiable self-defense in favor of the Southern Pacific, and to do it wholly destroyed a constitutional provision. Its decision is amazing reading, as can well be imagined.

Women and Enthusiasms

BETTER THAN SOCIAL WORKER, though her work is lasting, better than militant reformer, though her shrill crusade is often useful, are ways and works of the quiet-voiced unknown women. May their days be long in the land. These women go softly all their years, and only the census-taker hears their names. High are the virtues of the simple woman who is able to be glad when a new book by KIPLING is brought home, to find a keen pleasure in an afternoon's trolley excursion, one who is willing to go miles to hear a new lecturer, preacher, play. There is something momentarily attractive in the attitude of a man or woman who has tasted of so much experience as to be slightly tired and always aware of the next move. But live with one of them, and you will be inundated with fatigue and sadness. Each year men

like a little letter in their friends a freshness of emotional life, a capacity for new enthusiasms, an unwearied and zestful approach to to-morrow and the next day. To reach life at many points of contact—all of them unfatigued and unsullied—that is more wonderful than to take cities or capture votes.

The Undergraduate and the "Grind"

THE NEW PRESIDENT of Harvard, in a recent article in the "Atlantic Monthly," points out some very interesting differences between the undergraduate attitude toward scholarship in English universities and in our own. When the English discovered the low state of scholarship among their students a hundred years ago, they resorted to frank competition. An elaborate system of honors and prizes grew up, and they succeeded in making honors not only a goal of ambition, but an object of general respect. Of course, there were protests that the Muses ought to be wooed for worthier motives, but, as President LOWELL observes, it is not our province to insist on an innate love of learning, but to make the most of human nature as it is and of young men as they are. And "Oxford and Cambridge men are firmly persuaded that success at the bar, in public life, and in other fields is closely connected with high honors at graduation, and the contest for them is correspondingly keen. The prizes and honors are made widely known. They are remembered throughout a man's life, referred to even in brief notices of him—much as his athletic feats are here—and they certainly do help him powerfully to get a start in his career. The result is that by the Isis and the Cam there is probably more work done in subjects not of a professional character than in any other universities in the world." In this country the undergraduate seems to feel that distinctions won in scholarship are a test of industry rather than of superior intellectual power. The term "grind" is applied with great impartiality to all high scholars instead of being reserved, as Dr. LOWELL thinks it was formerly—and as it certainly should be—"to a certain kind of laborious mediocrity." And this complicates the difficulty of stimulating scholarship by a mere resort to honors and prizes.

Altruism and Athletics

COMPETITION IN SCHOLARSHIP has, indeed, almost disappeared from our colleges because of the elective system, because final examinations measure diligence rather than intellectual power, and, interestingly enough, because "the corporate nature of self-interest in these latter times," as President LOWELL describes it, makes work for high scholarship seem mere striving for personal distinction. That is to say, the football man, risking his limbs in a glorious cause, placing his courage and devotion freely at the service of his Alma Mater, becomes an undergraduate hero; the honor man an egoistic "grind." Altruism is replacing the extreme individualism of our fathers. The successful half-back's glamour is not the mere glorifying of physical strength. The half-back "serves," and every one knows how much men are weighed in these days by their service—to city, State, and so on. Nor does Dr. LOWELL accept the vulgar judgment that young men naturally love ease and self-indulgence and will not work unless driven to it. As he ingeniously points out, if his students were told that two regiments were recruiting, one of which would be comfortably housed at Fortress Monroe, while the other would march through fire and pestilence, not a man would volunteer for the first, but the second would be quickly filled. The need, then, is to hit the undergraduate imagination; to convince the listless college boy that the intellectual power which he may acquire during his academic years is quite as important, if somewhat more subtle a thing, than the use of the tools of his trade which he learns afterward in a professional school. Just how this is to be done, Dr. LOWELL does not state in detail, but apparently implies that for the natural stimuli which operate so powerfully in the professional schools, some sort of external stimulus must be substituted in the college.

The Brewers

THE BREWERS HAVE MET in annual convention and pledged themselves to another year of the higher morality. Again they have pounded that prostrate wicked partner, the saloon-keeper. Forgetting the ties that bind him to them—the rent collector, the beer collector, and the brewery driver—they have delivered a few more well-aimed kicks at his bruised carcass. Shocked by his guilty performances, they make fists, they slap upon the wrist him whose license-money they advance, whose rent and profits they pocket, whose obscure life they worry and hound. Too well-bred to sneer, they have yet indulged in many a merry gibe at the stern figure of the anti-salooner, who lacks their jolly sense of life's lighter side. Then home, well-pleased, they turn. And yet to the perspicacious eye, behind all that open-mindedness and broad-gauge human manner of theirs, they move, a chastened lot, to a diminishing heritage. They are deferential where once they were masterful. They chat amiable nothings with a public whom aforetime they damned with no faint oaths.

Getting the Other Man's Point of View

WHILE NOT EXACTLY suffering from indigestion, the dove of peace yet finds many crumbs of comfort in these brotherly days. The recent "annual" of the college Cosmopolitan Clubs, published at the University of Wisconsin, is a fresh illustration of the popularity of international neighborliness. There are Cosmopolitan Clubs now in most of the American universities and larger colleges, with an active membership of nearly one thousand undergraduates. They come from everywhere. Over fifty countries were represented. In this "annual," certainly one of the most interesting of innumerable books of the sort which sprout at Commencement time, are reports of the year's play and work. The Cornell Club describes its members "sitting in a great circle with a basket of apples in the centre, each one speaking from three to five minutes on such subjects as 'the greatest man of my country,' 'international boycott,'" etc. They are about to build a $25,000 clubhouse which will contain an auditorium, a dining-room, and dormitories for about thirty-six students. The Michigan chapter reports many interesting "national nights" at each of which the characteristics of the country chosen were discussed and illustrated. The make-up of the Wisconsin chapter is typical. Of the seventy-five members there are: From Argentina 1, Armenia 1, Brazil 1, Canada 1, China 7, Cuba 1, England 2, Germany 2, Hawaii 1, Holland 1, Jamaica 1, Japan 4, Mexico 7, Norway 2, Panama 1, Peru 1, Philippine Islands 8, Porto Rico 1, Rumania 1, Russia 4, Sweden 1, United States 25, Wales 1. It is a broadening experience for all these young men to get acquainted with each other. Is it too much to expect that out of that association something really practical may be accomplished for the cause of universal peace of which they write and talk with such ingenuous enthusiasm?

This Month

JUNE—WHEN THE FLITTING oriole draws a curve of gold among the trees, when wedding-bells peal, and school and college graduates front the world undaunted! In this month it seems as if all the immortal secrets of existence come closest to self-revelation. Life pervades everything. There is peculiar pathos in the fact that a great soul which has just passed beyond mortality should have expressed in words the thrill and mystery at which our halting pen is trying to hint. Of the first meeting of a certain youth and maid MEREDITH writes:

"Overhead solitary morning unfolded itself, from blossom to bud, from bud to flower; still delicious changes of light and color to whose influences he was heedless as he shot under willows and aspens, and across sheets of river reaches, pure mirrors to the upper glory, himself the sole tenant of the stream. Somewhere at the founts of the world lay the land he was rowing toward; something of its shadowed lights might be discerned here and there. It was not a dream, now he knew. There was a secret abroad. The woods were full of it; the waters rolled with it, and the winds. . . . So it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue: from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note: the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers: a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude: a boat slipped toward her containing a dreamy youth. . . . To-morrow this place will have a memory—the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir: his heart will build a temple here; and the skylark will be its high-priest, and the old blackbird its glossy-crowned chorister."

In such lyric prose speaks the great student of human nature, and symbolizes much of life in this picture of Lucy and Richard Feverel beside the weir. It all points to the same truth; that love and youth are two of the forces most potent in molding whatever is good and beautiful in this troublous life.

Firecrackers

THERE WAS SOMETHING alluring in the tightly packed Chinese parcel with its unintelligible characters in gold. As the package was opened the loose powder, black and red, spilled out. You wondered whether this loss would affect the intonation of the crackers. To unbraid them so that the stems would not pull out was a task, and it was here frequently that a girl came in handy. The punk was lighted, and the pungent odor somehow got into one's blood. In their dull-red coats, suggestive of festivity, they were like soldiers. They were like little grenadiers marching to war. They were like Chinese grenadiers with long, rat-like cues. They were marching away to be killed and horribly torn on the field of battle. Firecrackers are selfish enjoyments. If it is true that there are moments when one wants to be alone, Fourth of July morning is one of them. It is no fun when others shoot them off. Girls like to see you shoot them off, but not boys. Girls are afraid to shoot them off. They touch the punk to the tip-end of the fuse, and with a little scream fling the firecracker as far away from them as they can. It generally lands in the tall grass, and hardly ever goes off. It is only good then for a sizzer. The king, in his green coat, is supposed to explode the loudest. This must be a popular fallacy, for it most often happens that he is only a sizzer. The small boy has no use for sizzers. They are like ill-humored cats spitting at you from the fence. They are like little green snakes spitting fire, hissing, and coughing out flames and sparks. The queens—they are the yellow ones—and, by the way, why are all firecracker monarchs polygamists?—generally go off with a bang. They snap as if they would like to take your head off. They are like a school-teacher when she is cross; an unpopular aunt with jumpy nerves. Of firecrackers which have lost their stems or otherwise proved disappointing you make sizzers. It is best in doing this to arrange a cat-and-dog fight. Thus, they burn little holes in the front porch; little V-shaped black holes that can not be rubbed out. Others you fire off in guns or under tin cans. You tie three or four together by their cues and let them go. It is quite a debauch, though, to set off the entire bunch at once. The fun is over in a minute. It is most extravagant, but it gives you a thrill. One must have a good many bunches of firecrackers to do that.

Before the New Comet Came

Some Observations Concerning Its Preliminary Movements and Some Predictions as to Its Appearance and Conduct

JUNE 15, 1909.

By EDWIN FAIRFAX NAULTY

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Phenomena That *May* Be Observed During the Passage of the Comet Across the Heavens

THE explosion of great powder works, chemical laboratories, gas tanks, and naphtha tanks, from unexplainable causes.
Heavy rains and fogs, followed by clear bright weather, such as occurred in the early days of June.
Plural shadows of human beings and all dense objects.
Plural perception of all bodies and objects.
Prismatic fogs in which buildings will appear to be in flames. Vertigous shadows, which will flicker and waver.
Mirages of all magnitudes. Earth tremors.
Prismatic illumination of either the earth's umbra or penumbra, or both, in which case great rainbow rays appear to rise from the horizon to the atmospheric nadir point by day. Auroras at every point of the compass.
An unsettled state of weather, when the barometer does not agree with the apparent cloudiness.

A NEW comet has made its appearance in the heavens. It is a large one, and is, at the time this article is written, between the earth and sun, traveling toward the earth in an orbit at an angle with the orbit of the earth. The first report of the head of the comet was made by Dr. William Brooks of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, who saw it in the northeast in a line with the constellation of Pegasus, between two and three o'clock Monday morning, May 24.

Its "tail," so-called, I had previously noted on May 23, at 11.30 P. M. It was then perceptible as a faint "milkiness" of several stars, almost in a line north of the center of the bowl of the Great Dipper. Since the time of its first observation, this new comet has completed its perihelic journey around the sun, and is now traveling between the earth and sun, and very nearly on a line with the earth at its present place in its orbit.

On June 14, at sunset, an observation in New York, latitude 40° north, disclosed the radiant point or head of the new comet 25° south of west and between 20° and 30° above the horizon. A later observation, made at eleven A. M., June 15, showed the head of the comet at that time to be positioned between the triangle formed by the head of Orion, the great star Sirius, and the constellation Columba. Both observations showed that the rays extending eastwardly were straight, while those extending westwardly had a pronounced curve, the whole bearing a striking resemblance to the head-dress of the Indian on a cent piece. Without doubt the coma rays of the new comet will be startlingly visible at the moment of total eclipse on Thursday, June 17, and it is more than likely, if the weather be clear, that the head itself will be visible.

From the way the rays lie, the probable path of the comet across the sky will be a line running from its present situation (on June 15) northerly through the heavens.

On May 27, at 12.15 A. M., I saw a great ray of coma light traverse the heavens through 120° of arc, which proves that the comet at that time began its actual journey around the sun, or its perihelic climax.

For two years prior to the appearance of this comet I had devoted special attention to the phenomena of comets. In April I became convinced that I had discovered their true nature. The discovery was completely made, reduced to writing, and actually formulated, the results being arrived at by pure reason, before May 23.

This discovery may be reduced to these axioms:

What Is a Comet?

COMETS are generally spherical bodies, of gaseous constituency, orbiting the sun at all angles and from all directions. They have axial revolution as well as orbital revolution, and are densest at center and most diffuse at circumsphere.

Comets act as great globular lenses, collecting, condensing, transmitting, deflecting, and reflecting sunlight, or the force that is apparent as sunlight.

This force we *see* only because between our eyes and the comet is interposed the atmosphere of the earth, which acts as another lens and causes visualization of that energy which is apparent to us as sunlight.

Beyond the earth's atmosphere there is no vision for human eyes; since light, or the energy that is expressed as light, is invisible at *direct* speed and only becomes visible when its speed is *increased* by deflection.

The major axis of a comet's "tail" always agrees with a visible continuation of its radius vectors.

On May 24 I bought some spheres and arcs of glass, to demonstrate the truth, which I had previously perceived. Going to the roof of my house, to make some experiments with these globes and hemispheres in the afternoon sunlight, and looking toward the west to ascertain the exact position of the sun, which was hidden by the roof of an adjoining building, I saw great streaks of light, whose radiant point, or place from where they seemed to come, was not coincident with the sun's position.

My first thought was that here was a comet, but it seemed too intensely dramatic that a comet should appear at this time in the sky, so I called my son and asked him what he saw. Without knowing what I meant, he described the very "streaks" in the sky that I had seen. That night I went to the roof of my house again to trace the comalight of this new comet to its source, but I could not see the head of the comet itself, which, at that time, was rapidly approaching the sun.

Every day and night since then, until the time of writing this, I have followed the great rays of comalight through the heavens, sometimes very faint, just at the limit of perception, and sometimes strongly marked and easily seen.

Early Evidences of the Comet

ON MONDAY, June 7, in New York, from a point east-northeast, appeared a great cone of comalight, very much like an open fan, the ends of the fan spread at an angle of 120°, or two-thirds of the visible heavens. The central rays of light extended across the zenith. This appearance was observed also by Drs. Hood and Frank, two opticians, by Mr. Sarver, the editor of a New York newspaper, and by Mr. Armstrong, the last from a point in the Singer Building tower.

During the week of June 14 I noted many appearances of the comalight from the new Brooks comet both by day and night.

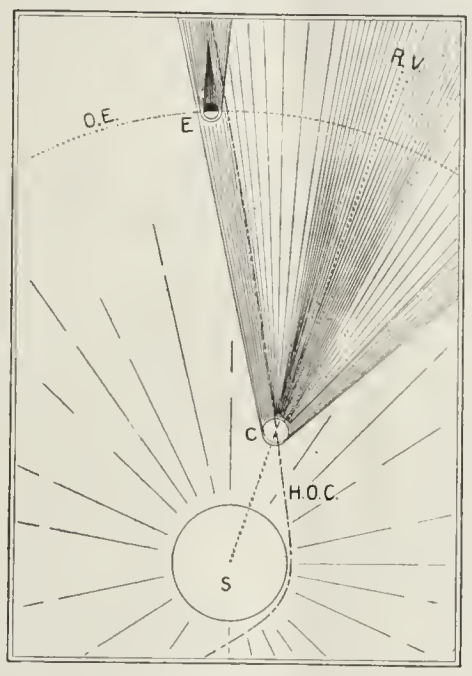
There will be no doubt about the presence of the new comet on Thursday, June 17, when, at sunset, will occur an eclipse of the sun.

On the night of the eclipse of the moon, June 3, I observed most unusual light effects, not, as I had anticipated, *through* the shadow or the umbra of the earth, but *on* the penumbra of the earth, after the moon had emerged from the umbra, or shadow, and the eclipse was over. At the extreme limit of vision (and what I mean by the extreme limit of vision is the perception required by a sharp-eyed person to see, with the naked eye, a star of the seventh magnitude many extraordinary manifestations of the presence of the comalight entirely around the earth were apparent.

On the morning of June 4, when Mars rose, instead of being its usual ruddy color, it was a very faint bluish-white, and looked more like the star Vega than Mars. This was due to the fact that the comalight from the comet extended from the head of the comet at that time beyond the earth and to Mars, then over sixty millions of miles away from the earth.

Relying upon my study and experience, I pointed out certain phenomena that should follow the appearance of the new comet. Two sets of light rays—one radiating from the sun, and the other, defracted sunlight, radiating from the gaseous head of a comet—meeting at angles varying from acute to obtuse are bound to produce results. The most obvious is an unsettled state of the weather. Prismatic effects, plural shadows, mirages, and the multiplication and intensification of auroral and zodiacal lights are logical consequences. Other things—unaccounted-for explosions, for instance—may follow. It must be remembered that the heads of comets are gaseous bodies, which are, in effect, huge celestial lenses. They condense, transmit, refract, deflect, and reflect the radiance of the sun's light. The earth's atmosphere tremendously affects the results, refractions, reflections, and other phenomena.

Comets' "tails," "beards," and "wings" have always been a great puzzle, but the explanation of these various appearances is, after all, very simple. The heads of comets are generally spherical bodies of gaseous constituency. Any one of these gaseous globes, traveling in space in an orbit around the sun, acts as a great lens, and the "tails" of comets are really long shafts of transmitted, or slightly deflected, sunlight, passing through the outer and more diffuse parts of a comet.



Effect of Comalight on the Earth

S is the Sun, showing solar radiance in all directions. C is the new comet having passed around the sun, now on its journey away from the sun. H. O. C. is hyperbolic orbit of comet. R. V. is radius vector, or line joining center of comet to center of sun. O. E. is earth's orbit. E is the earth, showing lighted hemisphere, dark hemisphere, umbra or shadow, and penumbra or almost a shadow. Although H. O. C. appears to pass close to the earth, the orbit of comet and earth's orbit are at angles, and do not lie in same plane. The left angle of comalight surrounds the earth, penetrating the penumbra, but not strong enough to penetrate the umbra. The comet is moving toward the earth now, but the earth is also moving in its orbit at 66,000 miles an hour

The Heads and Tails of Comets

THE "envelopes" of comets are really the meridian lines of high illumination, by the sun, of the outer portion of the comet. Where more than one "envelope" is observed, this is due to variation in density of the gas in the head of the comet. Sometimes the gas lies in strata, and each strata reflects light of itself. If the comet's path is in line with the earth, or if their orbits agree, the "envelope" of a comet will appear, not as a half-circle, but as an elongated ellipse. A dime first held at right angles with the eye, and then turned until it is almost flat with the eye, will show this clearly, the milled edge of the dime representing the meridian line of light, which, in so far as the comet or any body in the solar system is concerned, always agrees with the equatorial line of high illumination on the sun.

The "beards" of comets, so-called, are, really, light reflected back to the sun from the illuminated hemisphere of the comet. The "wings" are really rays of light deflected from the sphere of the comet at the same angle at which they enter. The curved "tails" of comets are explained by the fact that we see these "tails" through the globular shell of atmosphere surrounding the earth, but only through 120 degrees, so that the atmosphere becomes a convex lens. You take a convex lens, place it in front of your eye, and look through it at a straight line; that straight line follows the curve of the lens and appears to be a curve equal to that of the lens. Where comets' "tails" appear curved, it is due to the fact that they lie along the lens, or with their axes in the same direction as the chord of the arc, but when straight lie obliquely, so that you look along the line instead of across it, and the light or line appears straight.

The new comet is a good example of this, for its comalight comes to us, as I am writing this, at such an angle that its lines of light appear perfectly straight. When the new comet's head appears above the horizon the comalight will appear fan-shaped, but with straight rays, later probably changing to curved rays. The larger the comasphere, or head, of the comet is, the more diffuse will be the light reflected by it; the smaller the comet, the sharper will be the pencil of light, modified in appearance in both cases, by the orbit of the comet, and its distance from the earth at the time we see it.

Analogy of a Comet's Tail

LET me explain in this way. Suppose a great searchlight were mounted on the Capitol at Washington and you stood at the White House, and the searchlight were turned at right angles; if it were a powerful condensing searchlight, you would see a great shaft of light stretching straight away in the heavens. If, on the other hand, you were standing half-way down Pennsylvania Avenue, the pencil of light would become a great cone-shaped ray, and if you again moved your position, so that you were close to the searchlight, it would then appear as a wider cone, because you would only see a portion of the light. Variations of this will readily explain variations in comalight from comets.

In considering all effects of light, it must be remembered that light is visible only because its speed is increased by deflection in our atmosphere. Without the atmosphere we could not see. The outer circumsphere of our atmosphere is globular; therefore, any section of it must be convex, thus affecting our vision of celestial objects. Stars and planets, being points and disks, are not [illegible] long rays of comalight are.

A Strange Comet-like Object Observed in the Eastern Sky

By WILLIAM R. BROOKS,
Professor of Astronomy, Hobart College

ON THE early morning of May 24 I observed a very strange object in the eastern morning sky. It had the appearance of a gigantic naked-eye comet, and was so bright as to illumine the atmosphere. The time of observation was from two to three o'clock. When first discovered the object was in the middle of the great square of Pegasus, a conspicuous constellation at this time of year in the eastern morning sky. The square is formed by the well-known stars Beta, Markab, Algenib, and Alpheratz, the latter star really being in the constellation Andromeda.

The tail of the object stood parallel with the eastern and western sides of the great square, and hence at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. The rounded head of the object was of great size, while the tail stretched upward toward the north celestial pole, reaching at one time to the chair of Cassiopeia. A remarkable feature was the uniform and rapid motion of the object, which was nearly eastward or toward the sun. Shortly after two o'clock it occupied the middle of the square of Pegasus. A quarter of an hour later the head enveloped the star Algenib, giving the appearance of a stellar nucleus. By three o'clock, the head had reached the eastern horizon, and the great tail was soon lost to view in the rapidly advancing dawn.

While this strange celestial visitor bore some resemblance to an auroral streamer, it, however, differed from it in many respects. The form was in just the reverse position of a streamer from the aurora, and the fluctuation of both light and position was lacking, and, besides, no other auroral effects were in evidence in any part of the sky. The object maintained its form throughout the entire apparition, and its steady eastward motion was most impressive. If the object was really a comet it must have passed very near to the earth. I consider the reappearance of the object very uncertain.

JUNE 12, 1909.



Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tenn., June 7-10

A picturesque and striking incident of the parade of June 10 occurred when General Clement A. Evans, commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans, rode out of line as he came to the grand stand and shook hands with General Frederick Dent Grant, U.S.A., who was reviewing the procession. Thousands of people packed the city to watch the military and civic parade, in which were many decorated cars filled with pretty Southern girls—One of the lower pictures shows the unveiling of the Southern Cross at the Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, June 6



They drive the finest horses in the Far West

The Guest That Tarried

The Vagabond and Dreamer, Who Heard the Call of Manhood

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

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Illustrated by MAYNARD DIXON

"She's the darlin' of the parish, she's the pride of Inniskillen;
'Twould make your heart lep up to see her trippin' down the glen;
There's not a lad of life and fame that wouldn't take her shillin',
And inlist inside her service: did ye hear her laughin' then?

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!
And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the guest that tarried—
An hour plucked from Paradise: come back to me, Rosleen!

"Across the seas, beyand the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,
The rigimint come marchin'—I hear the call once more:
Shure, a woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's shillin',
For the pride o' me was hurted: shall I never see her more?

"She turned her face away from me, and black as night the land became,
Her eyes were jewels of the sky, the finest iver seen;
She left me for another lad, he was a lad of life and fame,
And the heart of me was hurted: but there's none that's like Rosleen!"

A SOFT rain was falling, but, seated on the stump of a maple which had furnished part of the late winter's firewood, the singer took no notice. His leather jacket, made for him by one whose eyes were not so bright as those of Rosleen of Inniskillen, had resisted many a heavier storm than this, and his face was turned to the south, whence the spring seemed to come—the smell and the sweet sting of it making the sap of life flow eagerly in the veins of the winter-folk, stirring the flood of old memories, turning the sods of new dreams. Even the eyes of this incorrigible idler in a land of buoyant activities had warmed to the vibrant life which was pouring its desire into the womb of May. They shone with the potential power of unused and ample manhood. His voice, as he sang, had the pulse of a regiment marching—a phenomenon with one to whom the world was but a poorhouse, supported by those foolish multitudes who toiled from morn till eve for bread or fame. He had got bread and a good deal else without labor, and he had achieved fame, too—as the most useless white man from the forty-ninth parallel to the magnetic pole.

As he steeped himself in the luxury of vocal sentimentality, his face was turned away from the small house on the knoll above the little maple and poplar wood, toward the prairie breaking into green over a score of miles to the south. Who could have thought from his careless air and his still more careless song that—or was there, then, his tragedy in the song: a manhood not strong enough to take the adverse fate which had attended the life of his emotions? The careless lilt of the song had, however, a wealth of melody and sweetness which betokened something underneath, if perhaps that something was only a touch of temperament in the body of a vagabond, and the song itself only a luxury of that temperament. But who could have thought from the careless air and the apparently careless song that there was dark trouble, maybe deep tragedy, in the little house behind him, and that he was aware of it? As he finished the song, repeating the last verse twice—

"And the heart of me was hurted: but there's none that's like Rosleen"—

the face of a man, a young, bearded, keen-eyed man, appeared at the window of the house behind him. It was the Young Doctor who had lately come to Askatoon.

"How many years, you say?" he asked of a woman standing beside him, and nodding toward the singer.

"Fifteen years, doctor."

"He's no relation?"

"None. He's Irish and we're Irish, that's all."

"How did he come to plant himself on you?"

"Well, you see, doctor, it was pourin' wet, that day, fifteen years ago, an' he just stepped in out o' the rain!"

The Young Doctor turned and looked at her closely, reflectively. Was she mocking him, trying to be humorous, with this dismal tragedy behind them in a darkened room where two people lay stricken and beaten—flotsam of fate left to the sport of the monstrous sea of pain and helplessness? But he was Irish, too, this son of Esculapius, and the years he had spent in this new land had not dimmed or smothered that flickering fire, that fantastic glow of wit and humor, that quivering presence, like an unmaterialized spirit, which turns real life into the paradoxical and the grotesque in the Emerald Isle. As her words fell on his ear, and he looked at her, he was back again by Inniskillen, among the cabin folk, the barefooted, barelegged girls, with the flying hair, the creamy cheeks, and the wild glances of the eye. He was back among all the elements of superstition and poverty and tradition, where heart and head were in constant contradiction; where the heart seemed spontaneous and was only calculating; where the head seemed deliberate and tyrannical and was only spontaneous; where the pity and beauty and falsehood and disloyalty and comradeship and clanship, with treachery and bad faith went hand in hand; where love, chastity, and a sweet bodily morality were linked with drink and boycott and cattle-driving and the murder of landlords; where political immorality went cheek by jowl with financial good faith and reliability; where men cried out like martyrs for a free Ireland, and called settlers from the next county foreigners—he knew it all. And he had left it all, because the old estate was long since sacrificed, with scarce enough remaining to keep above the poverty-line his sister and mother and a futile uncle, whose only use had been to keep the peasants and the small farmers in good-humor by his dry wit and homely humor, saving his people from evil treatment when other landlords barricaded their households and never ventured forth without a firearm. Yes, he knew it all, and this woman's unintended, arid humor threw him back again into that land which has given more exiles to the world than she has people starving in her homes or lying in her churchyards.

"Oh, he just stepped in out of the rain, did he, fifteen years ago?" he rejoined meditatively to the woman. "That's a long time. But it's been dry since!"

"'Twas the luck o' heaven that whinever he wint out to take the road again, it began to rain—there, 'tis rainin' hard now, and him out in it, coaxin' death onto him!"

The Young Doctor's face suddenly twitched with a laughter which seemed uncontrollable. Then he recovered himself. It would not have been seemly to guffaw, with that tragedy in the dark behind; and, besides, it would have offended and shocked greatly the woman whose face was drawn with trouble and clouded by anxiety; though, as she spoke now, a light came over it which seemed stolen from a world with which she could have no part.

"How old are you?" the Young Doctor asked curiously, but with his face turned toward the bedroom where a woman's voice was sobbing softly and a man's voice was speaking in gentle wheedling tones.

"I'm thirty-one," she said with a toss of her head; and by that the Young Doctor knew beyond peradventure that she loved the man outside, for she was forty-one, if she was a day.

"And what for d'ye ask? Couldn't ye tell by lookin' at me teeth?" she added maliciously.

She showed her teeth not unpleasantly, and she could have no reason to regret doing it, for they were her best feature, as fine and even and white and beautiful a set of teeth as ever woman had.

"The teeth are twenty-one," he answered gallantly.

Something like a smile played at her lips, and lakes of light suddenly flooded her eyes. How far can not a woman go, and what hard roads can she not travel with a word of flattery in her ears and a little bread of praise in her wallet! The Young Doctor suddenly had a revelation on this matter. He had known it somewhat indefinitely in the past, but now the lesson was set down on the everlasting tablets of life.

"Now is a lie like mine any better than a lie like hers?" he asked himself. "And yet, my little lie will stiffen her back to the heavy task she has before her; and if I say it often enough, she'll die with a smile on her lips, breaking down 'neath the load of it all. Seein' the weakness of human nature, isn't lyin' a virtue of an exalted kind betimes?"

Suddenly his face grew very grave, and he looked at her fixedly and very sorrowfully, for skilful as he was his skill had not so far blinded him to that which could not be healed or helped by skill.

"What for d'ye look so sharp at me?" she asked a little flutteringly, as though he was repenting what he had said to her about her teeth, and the thought of it made her weak at the knees.

"You have the teeth of twenty-one," he answered slowly, "and the light in your face is that of a girl steppin' home along the road down by Tralee—steppin' home from school. Faith, I hope your heart is as young, for there's stiff work before you—bitter stiff work to your hand." He glanced toward the bedroom door, through which came only the man's voice now, pleading and kind.

A flush of pride stole over her face. The lines in it softened, and some of them stole away altogether. Never did liar reap so fine a crop of honest flowers from the seeds of false weed sown. Then a look of firmness and resolve came into her face, and courage seemed to make sacred the pride and vanity of it.

"There's a dark road ahead, I know," she said. "But 'tis me own that I'll work for, and that must be cared for; and, God's love! but the back will not break nor the hand go palsy."

The Doctor's eyes rested for a moment on the man without, whose voice still told the rain and the world of spring of Rosleen of Inniskillen, then they turned gently and inquiringly upon the woman.

"Your father may get well perhaps, but it will be slow, and he can't help himself much"—he nodded toward the other room—"but 'tis a kind man, and—"

"'Tis the kindest iver was—wid no whisky in the house. Wid the book of Isaiah and 'Burke of Ours' and the other tales of Mr. Lever he's contint. He was a schoolmaster in Ireland, at Malahide, it was. The kindest iver was and the best—widout the drink."

"Well, he will make it as easy for you as he can; but she—your mother—can't make it easy, no matter how she tries. She can only move one arm, and even that may go with the rest—but, there, we'll hope for the best. She has to be lifted often and often, and you can't do it alone. Besides, it's a night and day business. Is there no sister, or aunt, or cousin—?"

"There's no one at all, at all, of women folk. We were five—father and mother, the two b'ys, and meself. Terry, he's gone this fifteen year. Left us one day after a shindy—father'd been drinkin', an' he laid hands on Terry, and Terry flew off like a colt with the bars down. Did ye iver see a horse gone mad and wild, and runnin' over the long road from Connemara to Galway maybe? Shure, that was Terry. All temper and spunk and divilry, an' could do annything wid his hands or his head. Nothin' was too hard for him. Many and many a time he used to help the schoolmasters out with the algebry and the gaymomitry—as aisy as flyin' to a bird, it was to Terry. But he wint; and he niver looked back, or sint word, or give a sign. Ah, Lord, Lord, he was the pick o' the posy, wild as he was. And cruel, too, he was in goin', for him and her"—a hand flung toward the bedroom door—"was niver the same after Terry wint."

Her eyes filled with tears, which she dashed away, and her face turned to the man without. "'Twas a week after Terry wint, he came. He'd seen Terry down by the new railway, and they'd been drinkin' together, and whin he stepped in out o' the rain, 'twas like a link with Terry, for he'd seen him since we had, and—"

Suddenly she opened the front door and put her head out.

"Come in out o' the rain, Nolan," she said sharply.

"'Tis growin' weather," said Nolan over his shoulder at her, but not looking toward her.

"You've got your growth—come in," she urged.

"When the doctor's gone, I'll come," he answered, and went on humming to himself:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!
And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the guest that tarried—
An hour plucked from Paradise: come back to me, Rosleen!"

The Young Doctor intervened. He touched her arm peremptorily. "Come in," he said. "What's your name?" he added, as she shut the door with a sigh.

"Me name's Miss Brennan," was the stiff reply. Who was he to command her and to question her?

"That's a woman's name. What's yours as they call you, girl?" . . . Girl! Oh, deceitful human nature—the black hypocrite! Yet, he had lived in the snakeless land of the broken harp and the shattered oath, and he knew—he knew!

"Norah's me name," she answered him softly, for he had got into the softest corner of her nature. Surely there was no trouble too big to be borne, even with the stricken ones yonder, and poverty so deep, and Terry gone, and—

"You've told me about Terry, but what of the other?"

"Shannon's carting over against Askatoon. He'll be back to-night. Ah, that's a man for all the year, is Shannon, drivin', drivin', drivin'—at four dollars a day."

"Why isn't he a farmer, with land so cheap and plenty?" He waved an arm round the circle of the horizon.

"That's how we started—farmin'; but after Terry levanted everything wint wrong, and then the land wint by and by, and only the horses and the two wagons was left, a hay-wagon wid a rack and a grain-wagon wid a box."

"It's a struggle to live then?"

"There's only Shannon's four dollars a day and the garden. Father had a job on the new railway—away all week and back on Saturdays, two dollars a day it was. But that's over now." Her face turned sympathetically toward the bedroom.

"And him—Nolan—what else—?"

"Nolan Doyle's his name."

"And Nolan Doyle—what does he do?" He knew well what he did not do, for the fellow's discreditable fame needed no special revelation. It was common knowledge: he was a loafer, a vagrant, and a pauper in a land of work and action.

"Shure, there's the garden stuff to be pulled, and there's food to be got in the city"—a village of one thousand people is a "city" in the West—"and there's prairie-hens to be shot, and fish to be caught, and—and all that, doctor dear."

"Four dollars a day won't be enough." He glanced toward the bedroom door again. "You'll need help for the sick-room and for the housework, and help out here is expensive."

"I'll do it meself, or die," she responded stubbornly.

"It'd be hard on the sick ones if you should die," he rejoined pointedly. "There's no glory or gain in that. 'What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widow!' they say on the prairies, and they're right. It's an expensive business, Norah, *girl*."

Her eyes contracted and expanded, expanded and contracted. Was he anxious about being paid then? But he had called her "Norah, *girl!*" and she grew younger every minute, braver and younger and stronger.

They heard a noise behind them, and turned quickly. The old schoolmaster stood in the door, his gray hair tumbled, his body bent almost double, but his eyes bright, feverishly bright. He had heard something of what they had been saying.

"The Lord will provide," he said tremblingly. "He sent the ravens to feed Elijah. There was manna in the desert. The widow's cruse of oil did not fail—oh, ye of little faith! . . . ah, doctor dear—!"

They were beside him now, lifting him back to his bed.

"Lave Nolan alone," he whimpered. "Tell him to step in out of the rain, Norah darlin'." . . .

As they laid him down, he murmured the name of the boy who had fled from his hand and his fury fifteen years ago. "Terry—Terry—Terry!" he said pleadingly, as it were to God above, for Terry had been the apple of his eye, in spite of all.

A few moments later the Young Doctor was out in the rain, now diminishing to a fine mist, making his way to Nolan Doyle. Still the voice kept dreaming of Inniskillen far away and all that was done and left undone by Rosleen—

"Across the seas, beyand the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,
The rigimint come marchin'—I hear the call once more:
A woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's shillin',
For the pride o' me was hurted: shall I never see her more?"

"Why not go back to Inniskillen, where you'd have a chance of seein' her? Do you expect her to come to you?" said the Young Doctor.

There was cold irony in his tone, and Nolan, who had begun the next verse, stopped short. For an instant he did not move or turn his head or make reply. His senses seemed arrested. His eyes half-closed, as though in sulky meditation—or was it an effort at memory, for the Young Doctor's voice had struck strangely on his ear. They had never met or seen each other since the Young Doctor came to Askatoon.

"Inniskillen's the place for you, my man. You'd not be a *rara avis* there. Here you are a *rara avis*, and you're not popular."

"I'd be what I was before, and it wasn't a rareravis ayther," said Nolan, still without looking up, though the Young Doctor now stood almost in front of him.

"And what were you before then?" asked the Young Doctor.

"As good a man as anny—barrin' one, an' he was a lad of life and fame."

"What did you do for a living?"

"What does anny one do for a living in Ireland?"

"Why don't you do it here?"



"Me name's Miss Brennan," was the stiff reply. Who was he to question her?

"Where's the peat to cut here?"

"There's land to plow, man."

"Where'd I be larnin' to plow?"

"How did you learn to cut peat?"

"That's born wid ye; ye don't larn it."

"I heard you singing, as I came out, about a lad that took the Sergeant's shillin'. It's a pity you're not young enough to do the same, and make a man of yourself."

"Well, why didn't it make a man o' me—if it didn't; an' by the sour speech of ye, ye're thinkin' it didn't?"

"You took the shillin'? You were in the army?"

Suddenly Nolan got to his feet, for the first time looked the Young Doctor in the eyes, and saluted. "I was helpin' hold the pass beyand Peshawur whin you was ridin' the gray marc barebacked round the Bantrim Ridges. There was work doin' then beyond Peshawur. You're a doctor now, savin' a man or two here and there; I was a soldier then helpin' save the English pride—and that's life or death to millions from Rosslare to Gravesend."

The Young Doctor's eyes opened wide, and he stood astonished and inquiring. "You came from Inniskillen then—the song you sang . . . !"

"Oh, the song—well, can't the truth be told in a song annyhow?"

"It is your song—your words—you made it?"

"Shure, it's aysier than euttin' peat or stalkin' Afghins."

"And who was Rosleen—ah, was it then Rosleen Dennis from under Calladen Hill?"

The eyes of the vagrant grew brighter, and he threw his head back, as though his thick waving hair was in his eyes—as he had been wont to do as a boy when he wore no hat or cap, and his hair was the pride of his life.

"The same, sir. And I saw her kiss you once. You was but twelve years old then, and she was 'most a woman grown. 'Twas hard by Calladen Wood, where the red cross stands."

"But your name—Nolan Doyle?"

"Me name then was Phelan Fane."

"Phelan Fane—ah, now I remember! You joined the Divil's Own, and went to India with Lord Harry Nolan as your colonel?"

"And Captain Doyle was adjutant, sir."

"Why did you change your name?" He looked at the other suspiciously.

"I desarted."

"A deserter, too! Why did you desert? How many years had you put in?"

"Six and a half—sivin was me time. I desarted, because I had a friend in the same rigiment, and he killed a man—oh, a damned villain he was, that man! And I'd rather desart than swear false upon the Book before the Judge. For, God help me, I saw the man killed wid me own eyes, and I was the only one that did, and if I'd spoke the truth . . . !"

"And your friend?"

"Shure, how could they hang him, whin the evidence was gone away into the wide world—flyin' and flyin', and flyin' twinty thousand miles away?"

"Aren't you afraid to tell me this? . . . The arm of the law is long; years do not count when crime's been done. The law goes on and on and on, no matter how far you be flyin'."

"Hush! Arrah—hush! I'd never be thinkin' that one from Inniskillen would betray me. D'ye mind the day twinty-two years ago I filled y'r basket with fish y' didn't catch y'rself? And 'twas not aisy fishin' yander. Betray me! Shure, wan that's been kissed by Rosleen Dennis—is it that y'd have me think?"

"Rosleen Dennis!" The Young Doctor looked at him queerly, hesitated a moment, and then added: "Have you heard of Rosleen since then—how many years ago?"

"Oh, twenty-one years, and niver word of her. Shure, she wint with Michael Kelly, a lad of life and fame—wint to the altar wid him. But the day that Clancy was married I—"

As though oblivious of the other's presence he began to sing again:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?" . . .

His eyes were fixed on the eastern horizon where the light of the sun was breaking through the gray sky, a soft joyous radiance; and, overhead, a great rainbow drew its band of gorgeous ribbon athwart the heavens.

"Dreamer — sentimentalist! But there's something in him somewhere," murmured the Young Doctor to himself. "Poor devil, let him have his memory. I'll not tell him what happened to Rosleen. . . . And a damned clever song, too, as good as Tom Moore might have written! Oh, there is something in him! He deserted to save a friend. He's gallant and generous, too. He speaks of Michael Kelly as a lad of life and fame—the dirty dog of a buccaneer! Well, we'll see if what's left is as good as what once was, as far as it goes."

As Nolan Doyle ceased singing, breaking off abruptly, and sank back upon the stump, whispering to himself, the Young Doctor came close to him and put a hand upon his shoulder.

"You needn't have any fear, man, though Lord Harry Nolan was my uncle, and is still alive; and Adjutant Doyle is now commanding the troops in Canada—he was only fifty miles from here last week. I'll not give you away. But in return—"

"Must there be a bargain? Can't ye do it for its own sake—or for the sake of Inniskillen?"

"Quite right, quite right, Phelan."

The man started up. *"Phelan!* Is that the way you'll be kapin' me secret? Need I have told you? Didn't I trust you? Oh, wurra, wurra!"

"And quite right again, Nolan Doyle. 'Tis a good name you've taken; of two unwilling godfathers, as fine men as ever gave glory to Ireland. 'Tis a better name than you've sluffed. Now, here then. We've been palaverin' of Inniskillen and of you that's of no account—for is a man of any account that lives on bread he doesn't earn, and doesn't own?" His voice grew stern. "I'm ashamed of you, Nolan Doyle. I thought you a fine fellow over beyond the seas, when you filled my basket with fish, and when you beat them all, tossin' the stone in William Conner's yard."

"Oh, you remember that—the stone-throwin'! Shure, now, I recall ye sittin' on the gray mare watchin' us! She could take a fence in her day, the gray mare—"

"Never mind about the gray mare. You've lived on Larry Brennan and his family ever since you stepped in out of the rain fifteen years ago."

"And there's been a dale of rain since—and the deep snow that makes rain."

"Oh, have done, you idle gossoon! You're no better than a leech. As fine and handsome a fellow as you—"

Doyle spat upon the ground. "That for me looks!" he said. "Michael Kelly—"

"Damn Michael Kelly! Have done with all that. Man, it's over twenty years, and nothing's the same as you left it yonder. All's changed, and your song can't set it right. Have done with it. We're here to-day on the prairies in another life. You've been livin' in a dream; come out of it. You've moved from eighteen to near forty years of age since you joined the Divil's Own. There's no going back. There's sorrow here in the little house. There's terrible sickness. Mrs. Brennan is paralyzed, and the poor old man—"

"I know. Shure, I know."

"Then what you are going to do—?"

"Shure, I came out here in the rain to think it over."

"You're not to be trusted in the rain. 'Tis your habit to take shelter, and food, and bed, and friendship, *and all the heart a woman can give*—"

Doyle stood up and put out a hand. "If the place had been mine, and Terry Brennan or Shannon had stepped in, they could have stayed and welcome. But that's no matter. I—"

"I want to know what you mean to do, Doyle," the Young Doctor interrupted. Then he hastily drew a picture of the dark days ahead; of the misery and trouble and awful hardship, and the sickening burden which must fall upon the shoulders of Norah Brennan; of the killing expense, and only Shannon's four dollars a day to meet it. There must be help for Norah. There must be some one to nurse and some one to help in the house and all—a tale which grew more somber as it went on. Once or twice Doyle closed his eyes for a minute, as though to shut out the picture. When, at last, the Young Doctor had finished, and stood with a look of inquiry on his face, the clear eyes of the vagabond looked into his own with all the turbid emotions, and vague, useless dreams, and fifteen years' stagnation gone from them, and the deserter from the Devil's Own said slowly:

"I'm goin' to help."

"What are you going to do?"

"To nurse them—in there," he answered.

"You—nurse?"

"Could I earn as much as two hospital nurses'd want pay for? What can I do—a peat-cutter and a soldier? But I can nurse. Didn't I nurse a dozen b'ys that was struck wid fever in Injy? Have I a gift? Shure I have. I'll be two nurses yander—night and day. She's been a mother to me—Mrs. Brennan, an' the old man always sayin', '*The Lord will provide*,' and believin' in the manna, and Elijah's ravens, and the widow's cruse of oil, and all the rest. I lost me own mother when I was nine, and she's been like a mother to me. God save me, but I'll wait on her like a son."

"There's things a man can't do—nursing." The Young Doctor could scarcely take it in. It was unlike what he had expected.

"There's nothing a man can't do for his mother."

"There's Miss Brennan, a young woman— You alone with her in the house! Do you think—?"

Nolan Doyle's face flushed. "God forgive ye!" he said. "And you an Irishman, an' from Inniskillen! The cabins are small in Ireland, and there's a dale o' propinquity bewhiles, for poverty makes small rooms, and there's many slape in one room, but Irishwomen and Irishmen—!"

The Young Doctor suddenly caught the vagabond's arm. "That's all right, Doyle. Say no more. I apologize. If you mean it—"

"I'm going to pay for the last fifteen years' bed and bread," he said.

"Are you sure they'll—"

"Lave it to me. Mrs. Brennan's glad to have me by her. She says it kapes her from frettin' too much about Terry."

"And I suppose Terry was a waster."

"Terry? Terry was a man, ivry inch of him. He was as good as you an' two of you. Wid a head—ah, sure he had a head!"

"Very well. Settle it in your own way. But if you are going to nurse these old people—I warn you 'twill be a heavy job, a dismal and weary task!—then listen to me, Nolan Doyle, and hearken hard to what I say, and take note of what's to be done, and how it's to be done, and—"

II

AND it was so. As he said he would, Nolan Doyle laid himself out to pay for the bed and bread he had had over fifteen years. The summer came, and the autumn, the former and the later rain, falling on the just and the unjust, the snows of winter, the inexorable frost, with all the bitter outhouse tasks—the wood to cut and carry, the water to fetch, the wet clothes to be hung out on the line and brought in frozen stiff, the hundred harrying chores to be done. Yet all the time, day and night, the man-nurse, with the fine gentleness of a woman and his strong arms and coaxing voice, contested inch by inch the advance of disease and death, ceaselessly vigilant, automatically precise, concentrated, self-forgetful, comprehensive, thinking of everything, and doing all with a smile and a humorous word.

His long, idle life lived in the open air, without excess of any kind—for he drank nothing, smoked little, and had never been a big eater—had given him a store of energy and a reservoir of strength on which he now drew, steadily diminishing the supply. The Young Doctor watched him almost as closely as he watched the two sick people whom he was drawing slowly away from the brink and setting them on high, safe places. There was talk, of course, at Askatoon at first—ugly, unstinted talk; for there were days and days when Shannon was away with his sleigh or his wagon, and Nolan Doyle and Norah Brennan were alone in the house, save for the two bedridden people—and Another; and the talk became a scandal, which at least materialized in the definite proposal of tar-and-feathers for Nolan Doyle.

It was then that the Young Doctor, who had a gift for acting at the right time—not by any means a rare thing in his race—went out upon the warpath. First he went to the Rev. Ebenezer Groom, the Methodist minister in whose "parlor" much sanctimonious scandal had been brewed, and insisted that he should come out to "the house of shame" and learn the truth.

They came to the door of the shaded sick room at a moment when Nolan Doyle was holding the paralyzed woman in his arms like a child—and a very heavy child at that—and Norah was freshening the pillows. The pious sky-pilot saw the woman put gently back on her bed, whispering blessings on the head of "Nolan, dear," heard the whimsical replies of the man-nurse, saw the face—how thin and worn it had become!—met the dark eyes with the soft slumbering fires, saw the girl on the other side of the bed with that look of single purpose which sick-bed watching, more than anything else, gives to the faces of those who fight death and decay for others, and into his lean soul there entered a new understanding of human nature, the first glimpse of a real revelation of humanity.

"My dear friends, I would offer up a prayer at the throne of grace," he said unctuously to them all at last. "Verily, pain is the bowl into which God's mercy flows."

The old paralytic woman turned indignant eyes upon him, for she was a Catholic, though her husband was a Protestant of the Church of Ireland, and her daughter and Nolan Doyle were Catholics also. It was the old man who settled the question, however. He raised himself on his elbow, and a flush spread over his face, where undeveloped intellect did not wholly submerge the contour of the peasant—distinction and the commonplace in conflict—and he said in a low, reproving voice:

"The bowl will be no fuller for one prayer more. Shure, in this house we catch the drip of mercy at matins and evensong, and betune whiles—betune whiles. 'Tis not a Pagan place, and the only haythens here are those who come from beyond and away. Lave us be—lave us be wid the praying, but thank ye kindly for steppin' in with the Doctor. Ah, that's a man—the best that ever grew by Inniskillen! Shure, if it wasn't for him and Nolan—and Nolan the boy, the silver cord would be loosed and the golden bowl be broken—not the bowl of pain, as you say, but the bowl of life. Well, good-day to you, for 'tis time for us to be shlapin'—'tis time, isn't it, Mary, darlin'?" he called across to his wife.

"'Tis long past the time," she answered peevishly. Then with a faint flash of her eyes she drew a rosary from beneath her pillow with her one strong hand, and repeated a prayer over and over: "*Salve, Regina, Mater . . . Mater clementissima. . . . Ora pro nobis . . .*" with a look out of the corner of her eye at the preacher.

"You see we're papists here—most of us," said Norah as they all left the room, "and so we'll not be forgetting to remember where's help to be had whin needed."

In the other room Nolan Doyle said to the bewildered preacher: "I've had letters—from some of your flock, I'm thinkin'. Here's wan of them—read it. It come this mornin'."

The preacher read a letter of a dozen lines which brought the blood of shame to his fat face. He was not wholly a hypocrite; he had a good heart and an ill-used conscience. He had had forced into his Cornish mind, prone as it was to believe evil, that this house was saintly with self-sacrifice, and free from all impurity. He had been in hundreds of sick-rooms, and this he knew was shadowed by no umbrageous growth of sin or shame. He handed the letter back.

"A cowardly attack—a cruel slander," he said. "I will try to put things right. I should like to shake hands with you, Mr. Doyle."

"It was an inspiration fetching him here," the Young Doctor said to himself as Norah brought from a cupboard a jar of preserves and a cake, and poured a cup of coffee for the preacher. This softened the sting of the reproof the man had had from Larry Brennan, and he ate and drank with an appreciation which only those know who find that stimulant in food which others find in spirits. His heart grew warmer and warmer, and, by accident, his visit left behind it a seed of pleasure which flourished exceedingly in Norah Brennan's broken heart. As he was leaving, he said with oracular sympathy and pompous kindness to Norah:

"Ah, to be young—young at the start of life, like you, and so to have opportunities for devotion and sacrifice and the Master's service! To be young, lassie, to be young like you! The coffee excellent—excellent, and the cake. Well, good-by. Good-by. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—to the lamb. Farewell and farewell—excellent coffee, excellent! Soon it will be spring again. Be patient and hopeful, lassie. '*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He feedeth me beside the still waters.*' The wind is tempered to the lamb, lassie."

After his fashion he kept his word. The Sunday following, having judiciously set the rumor flying that he would preach a special sermon, on a special subject of local importance, he found a congregation that filled the church to the doors; and when he stood up to preach, it was so still that only the roaring of the fire in the huge stove could be heard—typical of the flame of the spirit, as he very obviously said, when he gave out his text, which was: "*Judge not, that ye be not judged.*" He did not delicately veil his allusions, and, at the last, after ruthlessly condemning judgment by appearances, and asking if none of them had hidden sins and unrepented misdeeds, without mentioning a name, he drew a picture of an apparently worthless, useless being winning his way back to self-respect and manhood by service to the afflicted, such as few could sustain and probably no man had ever to the same degree, and in like delicate circumstances, done before. He repudiated the slanders brewed in his own parlor, though he did not say they were brewed there, and he called upon them all to put forth the hands of succor and charity, and help to lift the burden carried heroically by two people whose lives were being eaten away by self-devotion—"shredded of vigor and youth and strength," he said.

The sermon was very fully reported in the local papers, and the story he had told was of such an unusual nature that the sensational parts of it were copied in paper after paper till they appeared in cities on the Mississippi and ports in the Bay of Fundy. And the people of Askatoon, if not all wholly convinced, strove to make amends for slander and suspicion; though they not inaptly said that people should not fly into the teeth of decent custom, and should not give cause for suspicion by strange conduct, which the world said was beyond the bounds of convention. Their kindness came too late, however. They had practically boycotted the house of Brennan, they had ostracized Nolan and Norah, and—worse still—had let the effect of their ostracism and boycott fall on two helpless, bedridden people fighting with death. They had so frightened the few timid, if true, souls, and the charitable-hearted, and those women who might have helped in the sick-room or in the household work, that the people of the house of Brennan were on an island in the sea of Christendom, into whose harbors, to whose shores, no ship came, no boat brought freight of human sympathy, no corn and wine and oil of friendship—save that shallop of the Young Doctor which touched the sands now and then, and was gone all too soon, for he, too, was overworked, and medicines could do little in the house of Brennan. Nursing and nursing only with ceaseless care, could bring back to the height of land, where people lived in safety, these two falterers on the brink. Sometimes he asked himself, did the Young Doctor, if it was well that the lives should be saved at such awful toll of the health and vigor of youth, for the vital forces of Nolan Doyle and Norah Brennan were being worn away, and what would come if either broke down, he shuddered to think. Yet it had made a man of Nolan Doyle—or had he always been really the same man, waiting his opportunity, reserved for this strange experience, this terrible test of patience, strength, human love, and sympathy? The hospital? It was in a town far away, and the house of Brennan had opposed it from the first. That might come; it would have to come if Norah or Nolan fell in the struggle. But what was the end to be, and was it worth all the sacrifice?

People from Askatoon came to offer help, but Nolan

(Concluded on page 16)



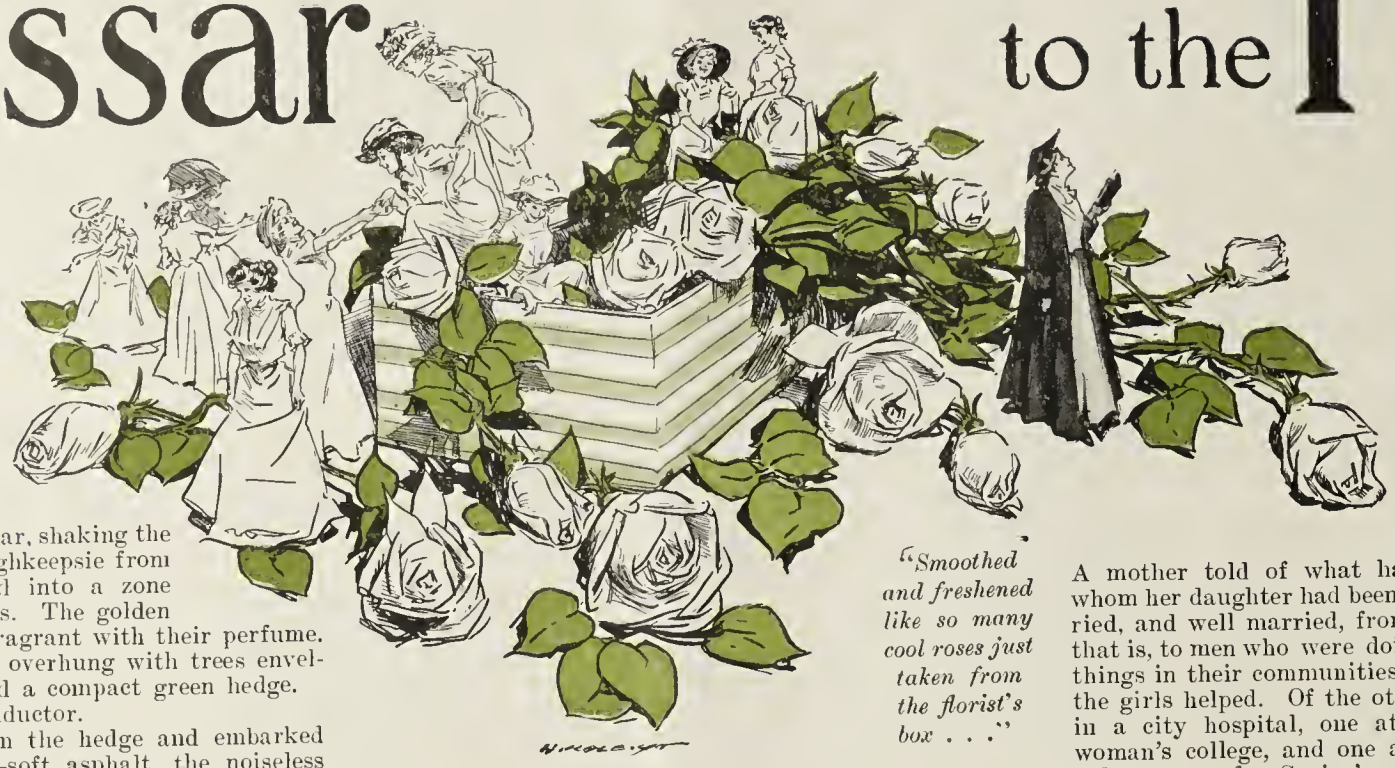
"Terry—Terry, me own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms

From Vassar to the Hill

By ARTHUR RUHL

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

A Somewhat Sentimental Journey of Exploration From Poughkeepsie to Wisconsin



"Smoothed and freshened like so many cool roses just taken from the florist's box . . ."

THE open trolley-car, shaking the hot dust of Poughkeepsie from its feet, whirred into a zone of apple-blossoms. The golden afternoon was fragrant with their perfume. A shady avenue overhung with trees enveloped us—on the left stretched a compact green hedge.

"North Gate!" said the conductor.

I stepped through a slit in the hedge and embarked on an empty asphalt walk—soft asphalt, the noiseless sinking of one's feet into which conveyed vaguely the notion that it was something to bite rather than step on. Across a level, spacious lawn rose dormitories and college buildings.

High in an upper story of one a girl was drying her hair. She sat in the open window, with her back to the sun, and the hair fell loose to her waist and glowed in the sunlight. The silence being pricked by the sound of a boot striking a harder bit of asphalt, the girl turned and looked down over her shoulder. She looked long and searchingly, as a deer might lift its head at the first sight of man in its primeval forest; exactly, indeed, to venture a more familiar simile, as cows lift their heads when a stranger climbs over the fence into their sunny meadow. Satisfied that the intruder was harmless, or uninteresting, she gave the hair a toss and again turned her back to the sun.

For perhaps fifty yards the silence of the desert. On the top step of North, almost articulate in the bright sunlight, lay a hairpin. In the teeming silence it seemed symbolical of something, one couldn't tell what. Without waiting for the visitor's name, the little hall-boy and little maid at once and smilingly volunteered in chorus: "She said to tell you she wouldn't be home till four o'clock." With some archness I asked if they were sure that I was the one. Embarrassed by such levity, the two little servants exchanged deprecating looks and vouchsafed no reply.

I continued my walk. All about were tall, quiet dormitories and the level green of a park; beyond, trees and grass, still more park-like. Groups of girls—sometimes one alone—were reading under the trees. In the distance figures moved across the grass—white, pink, blue against the green—silent as dreams.

Behind a circular hedge dresses flashed and there were occasional voices. The voices sounded light and strangely far away. They were playing tennis and basketball over there. Near the hedge, but outside of it, a girl dozing in the grass, with her body twisted half-round as if she were a mermaid who had come up to sun herself on the shelving sand, suddenly sat erect and brushed the hair from her eyes. One had a curious sensation of walking uninvited into a picture.

Three figures emerged from the hedge and proceeded down the path. One, a lithe, well-built girl in a white dress, loosened at the neck, seemed the leader and the admiration of the other two. Unaware of strange observers, she wound her skirt about her and struck an attitude, chin in air. Then, stretching both hands high above her head, she brought her arms down with a motion of swimming. And swimming leisurely thus with the upper part of her body, she continued to walk, and back across the silent, sun-drenched lawn came her song:

"Ev—ery little bit
Added—to what you got
Makes a lit—tle bit more. . . ."

We dined at six in one of the dormitories—one man among a great many girls, all smoothed and freshened for the evening like so many cool roses just taken from the florist's box—and then they gathered on the steps outside to sing. The Seniors sang to the Sophomores from the steps of one building, the Juniors to the Freshmen from the steps of another, and the underclassmen stood at a respectful distance, and after each song applauded politely, as I was told they do each evening, with unabated enthusiasm from the first day they can sit out of doors in the spring until snow flies in the fall.

From where we stood I could not hear the words, but I was told that the Juniors were probably telling the Freshmen how nice they were or singing about debating. Vassar students take a great deal of interest in questions of the day—they were much more excited over Governor Hughes's agitation for direct primaries than the rest of Poughkeepsie—and the inter-society debate is one of the great events of the year. Every Senior or Junior is a member of her class debating club and is obliged to attend its meetings. Last year the subject of debate was municipal regulation of the liquor traffic, and this year it was direct primaries, and both these fascinating topics were celebrated in their songs. I had heard many songs about bright college years, brown October ale, steins and alma mater [illegible] I had never heard undergraduates sing about debates. And until you are used to it it is a distinctly odd experience to hear that frail soprano chorus pipe across the grass and know that they are riming "mention" with "convention" and "Tammany" with "me" and telling what happened in the committee on credentials or what the weary truckman will do when the municipality abolishes the saloon.

Thunder clouds rolled up from behind the Hudson hills, and just as the singing and sunlight were ending the warm rain came. There was a general scramble for umbrellas, and the customary march across the lawn to chapel became a hurried scamper. Twilight was deepening as we emerged from evening service—the girls filing out, two by two by classes, Seniors first—and strolled across to the old main building between grass carpets washed and fragrant with rain. The dusk shut in closer, lights came out, and one understood the remark of the young teacher that it was now, when evening began to shut them in, that she felt more strongly the life of the place—the place that meant so much to them all.

One could scarcely be insensible to it: the quiet beauty, the decorous, well-ordered existence, the chance—unhindered and undismayed by the world's feverish necessities and forced surrenders—to contemplate and prepare for some ideal future life. And I do not mean by this a pallid, cloister-like seclusion. In talking with those interested in Vassar one becomes conscious of the frequent use of such words as "sane," "good citizenship," "lack of sentimentality," "service." When Mr. H. G. Wells was inspecting America he was troubled by the sight of Wellesley's art students making copies of antiques. From floor to ceiling of the room were drawers full of photographs—enough, Mr. Wells thought, to contain pictures of all the antiques in existence. And he lamented what seemed the pale and rarefied atmosphere in which these young women were preparing for the world in which they would be jostled as soon as they left college. One shudders at the kind of training and the kind of young women that would be found in Mr. Wells's ideal world, and yet, without in any sense referring to the sister college, I imagine that Vassar would object to a pallid estheticism almost as vigorously as he.

To do this, however, does not imply that she would have her undergraduates shouting for votes for women, rushing into settlements, or gulping down socialism. One gets the notion that there is an objection to the girls mixing up too precociously in things to which semi-political names are attached. As President Taylor put it in a recent address to the alumnæ: "Vassar affirms its belief in the home and the old-fashioned idea of marriage and children and the splendid service of society wrought through these quiet and unradical means. It cries out against the tendency to put the tag of social service only on a service which has a committee and a board and public meetings and newspapers behind it."

I once knew a Vassar girl who admitted, on emerging into an inferior world, that the only man whom she could consider as a prospective husband would be a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. That was ten years ago, and her ideal is still, apparently, as unshaken as Gibraltar. For girls of a certain vigorous, unsentimental, and highly ethical trend, there may be a slight danger in shutting oneself up in a quiet park for four years and thinking acutely even of good citizenship.

And if You Don't Belong to the City Club—?

GOOD men-citizens, no less than good women-citizens, exist without the support of "committees and public meetings." Some of them, doubtless, run steam laundries or grocery stores, and would be very much improved by marrying somebody from Vassar. If the lady who had the Chief-Justice notion had tried to make a hit in musical comedy, endeavored to point her feet "to ten minutes to six and smile while you're doing it," as the Chorus Lady said; if she had chosen so astonishing a course as this and failed dismally and acquired a little humility and sense of humor, it might have been almost as good for her as Vassar. The objection to coeducation is, I believe, that it hardens girls' manners. There is also something to be said against hardening girls' hearts.

This was an aspect of the matter which we did not discuss as we strolled across the campus to Main that night. A mother told of what had become of the girls with whom her daughter had been graduated. Seven were married, and well married, from the Vassar point of view—that is, to men who were doing important and worth-while things in their communities, in which, in their own ways, the girls helped. Of the other three, one was head nurse in a city hospital, one at the head of athletics in a woman's college, and one a teacher of domestic science.

By grace of a Senior's permission we ascended to the Senior room. Each Senior class furnishes it completely, and after graduation the room is dismantled and each girl takes her things home. Here the Seniors can sit by themselves in undisturbed dignity, and here each class can express its idea of what a home-like living-room should be. As we came in, two girls were talking on a seat at one side, several reading under shaded lamps, and at the grand piano sat two, one with her arm about the other's waist, playing a low accompaniment and humming as they played. It was a pleasant room and it seemed a specially gracious courtesy—and expressive of the atmosphere which the place was planned to represent—that all went on with what they were doing, exactly as if they were at home and we were members of the family. Quite without self-consciousness the girls at the piano continued their low duet notwithstanding our audible comments and our active discussion of their college and themselves.

The Busy Shores of Lake Mendota

WHAT, I wonder, would they have thought could they have read through their guest's inside coat pocket to the letter burning there—a note from a Wisconsin man to the boys of his fraternity, genially urging them to take me out on the campus and show me "the skirts as they go by"? And what would have been their emotions could they have sat on the grass at the top of the Hill at Madison as I did a few days later and seen that army of men and girls—lawyers, engineers, farmers, and school-teachers-to-be, fussers, women-haters, man-eaters and girls just like themselves, pouring up and down the crowded walks and into lecture halls?

No cloistered park this—a city rather, a Middle-Western city, at once intensely practical and enthusiastically idealistic, crowded with young men and women, most of whom were driving at some specific tangible thing. Boys do not go to Wisconsin because their fathers went there—their fathers, generally, never saw the inside of a college—nor because they find there clothes, manners, and accents which suit their own esthetic tastes. They—and the girls too—go because they are hungry for "culture," a better standard of living, because they want something that will help them in their business. I don't imagine they think very much about sanity or sentimentality or service. They are thinking of how to make themselves engineers, lawyers, farmers, school-teachers. They're too busy getting the thing to spend much time over their attitude toward it—but this is not beginning at the beginning.

I was proceeding down Langdon Street toward the university, curiously scanning the horizon for the first signs of co-education. Spring was in the air here, too. They were plowing, harrowing, and planting corn all over the country through which we had ridden that morning, and the dry, sweet prairie wind blew into the car window across wide stretches of newly turned black earth and the vivid green of young wheat. Elms in their new foliage overhung the street, comfortable frame houses, each with its green front yard, were on either side; below, to the right at each cross street, was a view of Lake Mendota.

A boy and girl, sitting on the steps of a house across the street, came over to my side of the street and walked on in front of me. The boy was coatless and bareheaded; his sleeves were rolled up and his trousers turned into a broad cuff. He had tan bulldog shoes and a Bull Durham tag swung from his hip pocket. Possibly he was a Freshman, inasmuch as they are required at Madison always to have the "makings." The girl was also bareheaded, and she carried a lecture notebook. I was just trying to decide whether they were brother and sister or only acted so, when all at once, from a porch a short distance down the side street, came the wiry zing-a-zing of mandolins and guitars.

"Don't—take me home (zing-a-zing, plump-plump!)
Please don't take me home (zing-a-zing, pop-pop!)
What-did I-ever do to you (BING!)
Oo-oo-oo-oo— Have-a little pity, I'm—"

The contemplative pace and judicial calm became not altogether easy to preserve. A few steps farther ap-

peared, close to the sidewalk, a front porch crowded with exuberant young men humming, whistling, and evading the Wisconsin blue laws by rolling their own cigarettes. Evidently a fraternity house.

Directly ahead arose the sober, columnar façade of a library; beyond, other buildings and a grassy hill surmounted by a domed structure resembling a state-house. But in the immediate foreground, in front of the sober columns, was a baseball game. A crowd—hundreds—surrounded it, the men three deep from home to first and third, the girls mostly behind the fielders in the shade of the library. A big farmer-looking youth, with a great bush of fuzzy brown hair, started away for the Hill. I asked him who was playing.

"Laws an' the Agrics!" and as he galloped off he breezily volunteered that everybody hoped the Laws would get soaked because they made such a noise about it whenever they won.

Adventure with a Man-Eater

I ASCENDED the Hill—almost a mountain for this prairie country—a furlong stretch of lawn climbing steeply up to the main building, and bounded on either side by trees and walks. Classes were in session and the walks were empty. In the shade of a building on the right a benevolent instructor had taken his small class. They squatted on the grass, tailor fashion, all but one, intent on his book. This one was a girl in a tan-colored dress that might have been pongee, and a big pink mushroom hat with one stiff rakish black feather.

She sat erect, leisurely surveying the world. Some vague emanation that promptly flashed across the intervening distance convinced one that the alpine peaks of abstract thought were not those toward which her feet were irrevocably set. Of course, some co-eds come to have a good time. We gazed at each other fixedly until the building came between. When, a moment later, having passed the building, this same penetrating and analytical inspection was continued from another angle, I was conscious of a sudden and delightful exhilaration, such as a lamb might feel galloping gaily around a menagerie tent in front of the caged lions and tigers. With exaggerated slowness I proceeded onward up the hill, looking back now and then at the studious class bent over their books, and the lone figure sitting very erect and staring—not anxiously nor even curiously, but with a certain air of resignation, as if to say: "You may think this is funny, young man. It's all very well for you. But *some* day—"

I walked on over the hill and along the lake to the Agricultural School. Another class, all men, sat on the grass in front of the stock pavilion. The lecturer was discussing in-breeding, and the men played mumblety-peg as they listened. Every now and then a cow thrust her head through the fence behind the lecturer and, as if approving or protesting, emitted a loud "*Moo!*" At our very coat-tails a flock of sheep nibbled grass, and from time to time added to the perfection of this bucolic picture by lifting their heads in a quivering "*Ba-a-a!*"

Returning past an orchard where more Agrics, one a young woman in a blue gingham dress and wide straw hat, were learning horticulture, I passed the ball game and crossed over to the boat-house. The nearby shore was lined with the boat-landings of fraternity-houses. Two launches filled with girls put-putted by; a man and a girl put out from one of the floats in a canoe.

With a delicious *skwudge-skwudge* the 'varsity eight tramped down the float, swung their shell over their heads, and set it lightly on the water. At the same moment two girls ran down the wharf next door and climbed into their canoe. No one paid any more attention to the co-eds than as if they were butterflies, and the girls showed no more interest in the eight Greek gods than as if they were all members of a family at their own cottage at one of the Wisconsin lakes.

After dinner at one of the fraternities we strolled over to one of the girls' sorority houses, chatted on the steps a few moments, just as people were doing all over the Middle West at that hour, and then, two by two, in the fading daylight, drifted up to a concert by the college band on the hill. In the middle of that long stretch of grass stood the band, and all about were men and girls sitting on the grass like some vast picnic party. At the end, when the band struck up the college hymn, the whole regiment rose and stood till it was done.

Then—things never seem to stop at Wisconsin—we crossed to one of the buildings nearby, where another concert began—a piano and violin recital, given as part of their course by two members of a class in music. A young man played a violin; a slender, shy-looking young girl in a pale blue dress—especially frail and delicate she looked beside the great concert grand—played the piano. Her co-ed friends weren't sure that they cared for classical music, but she would feel it if they didn't come, and so they all went and applauded each number for all they were worth. She came from a little Wisconsin village through which my train had passed that morning—one of those little stations with a grain elevator, a few stores, and a tobacco warehouse, whence the wicked Wisconsin leaf is made into cigars named after actors—even good actors. The picture of it kept drifting across the concert program with its foreign names—Bach, Saint-Saëns, Gounod.

Many of the Wisconsin co-eds come from just such towns, some to be teachers, some because it's cheaper than the usual "finishing" school, some who would go to women's colleges in the East were their State university not so highly thought of. Many, like the one I had read about in the last number of the Wisconsin "Lit" that afternoon, came up straight from the farm:

"A solitary wagon was wending its way along a deserted road to the junction. The father was driving; the mother was imparting the usual parting advice. Mamie Doe, pretty, plain, artless Mamie Doe, was dreaming. 'Toot! toot!' went the engine; 'Good-by, little girl,' said the father; 'Write often and study hard,' said the mother; 'I will,' replied Mamie Doe."

Mamie roomed with Winifred Lillian, who owned a motor-car, and she accumulated a Chicago veneer.

"And you, Mamie Doe," continued the undergraduate philosopher, "how do you feel when you get back to the junction? You ought to help with the housekeeping. No more bridge whist after luncheon. At the junction they do not have luncheon; they have breakfast, dinner, and supper.

"No more dances! No more fussers! No more theaters! Everything is changed, is it not? Of course, you like father and mother as well as ever, but they have not been steeped in the quickening atmosphere, and you have just taken a four years' plunge into an inciting whirlpool and your spots have changed.

"And in the warm summer evenings, when you take your solitary walks through the golden cornfields just as the setting sun is washing the parental roof with colors never to be attained by sordid pot-boilers, what are you thinking about? Mind you, you have just dried the dishes. You are yearning for something; you are unhappy; all is not well with the world. Why should not you strive for a higher standard of living? Ambition is, of course, commendable, but often it can not find expression, and then—"

I do not believe that this is at all typical of the effect of university experience on the average sensible, plucky Middle-Western girl, but it is worth quoting, found in an undergraduate paper, and the half-real, half-whimsical objections to girls put forward by the clever young man who wrote it made his college seem a specially interesting place as we walked back that night to my hotel.

"Cows and Co-eds"

WHATEVER its other qualities, it is certainly not a rarefied air the Wisconsin co-eds breathe. The keynote of the place is the accomplishment of practical results. Wholly dependent on the State Legislature, it has had to show that it could give such results. And the Legislature of a Middle-Western agricultural State is not going to spend money on highfalutin bric-à-brac. The work of the agricultural school has, perhaps, been sufficiently celebrated. The undergraduates of the academic wing rear up on their hind legs at the very mention of it—"People think we haven't anything here but cows and co-eds!"

An article in the same paper from which I have already quoted, on "Why is the English Department?" charmingly illustrates, however, this same avid hunger for "results" in what is generally a far more dilettante field. The italics are mine:



"Like members of a family at their own cottage on one of the Wisconsin lakes . . ."

"When your theme makes a hit, you want to know why it hit, so as to repeat the performance. You want to know the principles of vivid phrasing, the possibilities of plot variation, the trick-work of suspense, the essentials of climax. . . . When a stude is making his first fumbling attempts at literature, what he values are *crude, concrete, constructive, hunches on the tricks of the trade.* What he gets is abstract—a comparison of Arnold's and Pater's theories of style or a line of talk on the Ultimate Motive of True Art. . . . Every literary stude has ideals somewhere in his system. . . . There intervene, however, several years during which he will typewrite hackwork to live while he is mastering the craft. It would be ample for his present simple needs to be able to make good with a short story in 'Hampton's.' He wants to know how to swing a surprise ending; how long to make his introduction. Is it a good scheme to make Basil Baskerville look dully out into the wind-swept streets for a few paragraphs or ought Basil to shout 'Marked cards!' at the start of paragraph one? . . . A timely hunch from a man who has been through the mill saves you months of this, but you get few of them from the English dep't. A managing editor or a producing magazine man can advance you more in an evening's talk than the whole English dep't in a semester."

The co-ed is here not only because such an arrangement is a natural sequence to the boy-and-girl high schools, but because it is cheaper for the State to teach both sexes in one place. As the girls said in their recent number of the "Sphinx": "Wisconsin being established for men and women on terms of perfect equality, any discussion of the *status quo* seems a little beside the mark. The men and women of the State have spoken through properly accredited representatives, and it remains for us respectively to make the best of it and the most of it."

Determinism and Dutch Necks

AND this they generally seem to do with a good sense and good humor which is part of their experience in the grammar and high schools. The girls are subject to few special regulations. Several hundred live in a dormitory with a woman dean, a hundred or so others live in sorority houses with a chaperone of their own; the rest of the one thousand live in boarding-houses. Formerly, men and girls might live in the same boarding-house, but this is now practically discontinued. They can go canoeing and driving and picnicking with each other, just as if they were at home, and there is no bother about chaperones. When a large and rather formal affair is arranged, however, a chaperone is ingenuously thought necessary. The reasoning seems to be that a chaperone is something dressed up and Eastern—very much as you "dine" when you have guests and merely "eat dinner" when alone. Calls on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday evenings are considered legitimate "fussing," but boys who are forever mooning about the sorority houses are rather looked down on as "candy-kids."

The boys assert, and with much reason, that the overwhelming preponderance of girls in, for instance, popular literature classes tends to drive men away and that it often prevents perfect freedom of discussion. With the intention of observing this at close range, I dropped in at a nine o'clock philosophy class the next morning.

The subject was determinism, and the instructor was giving a very interesting criticism of Professor James's ideas of free-will. From where I sat, his head emerged above a large black mushroom hat trimmed with lilies of the valley and pink flowering almonds, and in the same line of vision were various engaging coiffures and backs of necks. It was a delightful May morning. On a branch just outside the open window a robin was amusing himself with his liquid chirp, and the fragrance of fresh grass and leaves that drifted in from the campus mingled with more artificial and disturbing perfumes. I am afraid that my own "sphere of determinism" would have been unprofitably circumscribed by flowering hats and Dutch necks. But that, of course, was as good an argument for co-education as against it, for the young men who sat about me paid no more attention to these phenomena than to the plaster on the wall. And they drew pictures in their note-books and went to sleep quite like any undergraduates.

In the Shakespeare class, into which I next went, the power of the co-ed to destroy the opposite species was more evident. It was notoriously a "snap" course and almost monopolized by girls. The instructor, a charming old gentleman quite saturated in his subject and removed from the modern world, maintained a fatherly and rather drowsy monologue, answering most of his own questions and every now and then letting fly little whimsical and humorous sparks, which fell quite helplessly against the opaque perceptions of most of the class. He would have been a charming companion in front of a wood fire on a winter's evening, but he was scarcely the one to compel cerebration in a crowd of indifferent girls.

Having called the roll and carefully marked as "present" those who were there and those for whom some other girl, suddenly remembering instructions and almost popping out of her seat, shrieked "Here!" he opened his "Hamlet" and wondered if Miss Jones knew what "cicatrice" meant. As Miss Jones was quite too bored to reply, he went right on with: "Probably she uses the word 'scab' instead. It is simpler." Miss Jones sighed, and, turning to the girl next to her, rested her elbow on the chair arm and her head on her hand, as if saying: "What a bore the old gentleman is; isn't he, girls?"

"Well, let's continue. When was it that the Danes invaded England?" Could Miss Smith tell that?

"Oh, about a thousand years ago."

Yes, but couldn't she get a little nearer? Was it nine hundred and something or ten hundred and something? What? Did Miss Smith say nine hundred? Because if she did she would be sorry—really, it was ten hundred. And he dreamily wondered if Miss Smith had an English history in her room or did she have to go over to the library for it? She ought to have it on the shelf in her room, because if she was going to be a teacher—however. Now what did Hamlet mean about Laertes and the French bet? (No answer.) Why, Laertes was a sort of dude, wasn't he? (Unsuccessfully suppressed yawns.) He'd been spending his time in Paris, standing down there at the corner of the Boulevard San Michel and the Boulevard San Germain, where they are so terribly dissipated, eh! The old gentleman looked up with a whimsical smile, which met

no response from the placid faces of the maidens in front of him. The only thrust that seemed at all to stir them was a remark about Barbary horses. The professor asked if these were not Arabian horses—the kind the young ladies had seen now and then in circuses. This one of the young women disputed with great vigor and stubbornness, declaring that they couldn't have Arabian horses in circuses because they were "too expensive."

It is classes like this, doubtless, of which the vivacious young man whom I have already quoted was thinking when he complained in the "Lit" that the "feathered hordes" were weakening Wisconsin's pristine virility. "The recitation is a function, and the flannel shirt and the unshaven face evoke a stare, the 'hang-over' expression, a suspicion. As you enter the classroom, which is permeated with a delicate perfume, you do not walk, but tread to your seat with a stately, serious mien, and in the next fifty minutes you emulate the reticent clam. The loud outburst, the crude phrase, are arch sins; a voluntary remark is a misdemeanor. The tone of the classroom is artificial and contaminated. By whom?"

"We are perfectly willing," the girls promptly replied in their issue of the "Sphinx," "to take the blame for those faults which are ours. We are not perfect. But we decline with thanks to be responsible for the idiosyncrasies of the 'bunch' or the follies of the fusser. We don't ask to be worshiped. We have no use in the business of daily life for an aureole or pedestal. They are both troublesome to tote around. We would rather at any time be first-rate human beings than any poor second-rate goddesses. But, for goodness sake, try to be a little human yourselves and remember we can't help being co-eds, and if there are traits in our exceedingly complex characters which seem to you to need nitroglycerine blasts in order to clear them away, at all events be a little jolly about it."

Able, evidently—these young women—to speak for themselves, and in arguments like this generally to get the better of it. After all, by very reason of her comparative maturity, doesn't the co-ed often rather have the better of it all along the line? The night before I left Madison I went to a reception given to some of the Faculty at one of the sorority houses. It was, perhaps, as representative a group of Wisconsin girls as could have been gathered—girls quite able to take care of their older guests and to meet the social demands of the occasion as gracefully as the girls had met theirs in the Senior room a few nights before at Vassar.

They were ready to step from their own reception-room into almost any social position; ready, were he to appear to-morrow, to invite the Fairy Prince to rise and despair no more. But the boys at whose house I dropped in a moment later to say good-by were in quite another case. They were "bucking" under hot student-lamps, trying to get work to tide over the empty summer, worrying about what they were going to do in the world. Nominally, they met on equal terms the girls with whom they had worked and played during their undergraduate years, but it would be a long time before they could pose as Fairy Princes or, even in the same sense in which the girls were women, could call themselves men.

BUDDHA'S EYE



"The two of 'em compared it with Buddha's Eye"

Its Evil Activity, Its Malevolent Influence Over the Borrold Family, and the Part it Took in the Fate of Milly the Dancer

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by C. B. FALLS

"I'M AFRAID you've got to die, Lord Bray," says that old blighter from Harley Street.

"Then get out and let me die!" says I. "I don't want to die with you about." And so out goes old Meacham on tippy-toes, looking more than ever like an elderly sheep, and walking like a cat in papers.

Got to die? I'm rather a young one to die! Two-and twenty.

"Well, I won't deny I've been a bad lot. We've bad blood in us, we Borrolds—rotten bad. And I can't say that I've tried very hard to go against the Borrold blood.

Got to die, eh? Well, that'll give young Jerry a chance when the governor shuffles off, and young Jerry's a good lad.

He takes after the mater, bless her! We may not end so awful after all.

Got to die? I don't know as I care. Milly's gone, poor girl! Milly's gone, and, after all, now that I look back at it, it was Milly made things worth while.

Young Jerry'll grow up healthy and straight and decent, and marry some nice pink girl, and the old family'll take a fresh start—now that the curse is off it—Buddha's Eye gone back where it came from.

It was the Eye did for us all, you know.

So I dessay I don't mind dying very much. I should have missed Milly.

How d'you tell a story? Begin at the beginning, I dessay.

Well, this story begins a long way back, but I'll cut it short. Make a quick jump of it.

You see, it begins in a pleasant, jovial way with my great-grandfather looting a temple out in India when he was a young man. That is to say, he helped to loot it. He carried off Buddha's Eye, anyhow. It was during the Mahratta Rebellion.

My great-grandfather fought in that and got a wound at Nahidpore. So he was invalided home, he and a pal of his called Staines. It seems this chap Staines, while they were on their way down country, heard tell of a temple in a little village that had something special in the way of a statue of Buddha in it. So off he goes, Staines and my great-grandfather with him, to see the Buddha. They were halting that night in the village, you understand.

It wasn't much in the way of a temple, my great-grandfather said, in the account he wrote of the affair later on—the governor let me read it once when he was tight and incautious. It wasn't much in the way of a temple. He'd seen a dozen finer ones. And it was almost deserted—all the country-side was, to be sure—no priests on view, and only a half-dozen filthy, maimed beggars outside the gate. They made their way in and found the place half dark and empty, and smelly the way temples are. But, my great-grandfather said, when their eyes got accustomed to the dark, there was a most tremendous statue of Buddha reared up in front of them, with his head among the rafters. It was the standing-up Buddha, you know, not the squatting down one—the Amida Buddha with his right hand up before him and his left one down—first finger and thumb pinched together—*you* know. My great-grandfather said the statue must have stood twenty feet high. The two of them came not much above its knees. It was made out of wood, painted and lacquered and gilded, but very old and smoky.

Well, those two chaps stood there for a long time staring up through the half dark at that tremendous Buddha, and finally Staines says:

"What's that on the Johnnie's forehead? What's that on its forehead?" says Staines.

So they stared a while longer, and Staines moved about where he could see better. There was a bit more light up there near the roof and it struck down across the statue's face.

"By Gad!" says Staines, in a sort of whisper, you understand. "By Gad, that's either a lump of red glass as big as a walnut or it's a ruby worth half of India." And he began to breathe hard.

I dessay you know that those "eyes"—only they ain't eyes at all, they're a head-jewel set in the middle of the forehead—I dessay you know they're often valuable stones—diamonds, rubies, almost anything. They're held to be rather uncommon sacred, and all that, by the native Johnnies.

Well, my great-grandfather said that this Staines chap couldn't take his eyes off the red head jewel on that tremendous Amida Buddha. He went all queer—quite daffy about the thing. He wanted it, you see. There was the most wonderful ruby he'd ever clapped eyes on—or any one else had ever clapped eyes on. There it was twenty feet above him, stuck on the face of a heathen god in a deserted temple. It was a fortune, I dessay, to this Staines man. It seems to have got in his blood all in a minute. He wanted it. My great-grandfather tried to drag him away, but Staines wouldn't go, and so presently my great-grandfather left him there.

When he came back, after an hour, he found the chap where he'd left him, head back, staring up at Buddha. Staines says:

"Jim, there's a way up there. You give me a shoulder," he says, "and I can climb the rest of the distance along the drapery folds. I'm going up."

My great-grandfather didn't like the idea and told Staines not to be a fool, but the man was mad. It had got into his blood, you see.

Jewels are like that, the big ones. There's something damnable about them all.

Well, of course it ended in my great-grandfather, after they'd had a look about, giving his shoulder to this Staines chap. Then it seems he went back a few paces to watch.

It was half dark in the place, you remember—black shadows on all sides, and ugly, squatted demigods grinning out of the shadows. A fearful spooky place, you can believe! No place for me. The spookiness began to take hold on my great-grandfather, but he stepped back away and stood there and looked on while his pal climbed up Buddha's arm and then along the horizontal folds of drapery across the body.

"Either the light is very bad," says my great-grandfather, "or that statue ain't steady on its pins, Bill. It appears to me to be wabbling."

Staines looked down once, it seems, but didn't answer—just climbed on. And again my great-grandfather thought the whole tremendous great statue swayed a little on its feet, as if the man's weight was unbalancing it.

Those Buddhas wear their clothes very décolleté, if you remember—very much so. Staines got his feet on the décolletage of the statue and held himself by his left arm round the neck. He had a heavy clasp-knife open in his teeth, and he took it in his right hand and reached up and began to hack at the great ruby on Buddha's forehead.

"Look out, Bill!" calls my great-grandfather once more. "It's swaying on its feet." Staines didn't answer.

He was fair mad, you see. He kept on hacking with the clasp-knife.

Then all at once he stopped and was still, his arm down beside him.

It seemed to my great-grandfather that the place was getting darker—especially up high there where Staines was clinging.

Then quite suddenly Staines gave a most terrible and

blood-curdling shriek, and after a moment another one. My great-grandfather wrote that each of those horrible shrieks seemed to strike him in the pit of the stomach, and well-nigh paralyzed him. But for all that he ran back farther yet, away from the statue, and turned again to look. He was shivering.

Staines clung up there holding on by Buddha's neck, stiff and rigid, with his head strained back.

"It's alive!" he screamed out. "Oh, my God, its eyes are alive!" And he screamed once more for help, but my great-grandfather was frozen where he stood. You know how you are when you're frightened. Frozen, he was. Paralyzed. He stared up, and it seemed to him that the big eyes beyond Staines's head were glowing as if there might be fire behind 'em—but that may have been the queer light. He never knew.

The next thing he realized was that he was shouting: "Come down! Come down!" But he knew it was too late, for the statue had begun to fall over forward. Staines must have moved suddenly or leaned out too far. Or else— Yes, of course, it must have been Staines that did it.

He never made a sound afterward. He let go with his arms, but his feet stuck where they were, and the man and the statue came over together. My great-grandfather says that after they had begun to fall they seemed to hang there in the air for hours, just poised and still. Then they came with a rush, there was a most infernal roar and splinters of wood flying about and a cloud of dust.

Out of it all something rolled across the floor to my great-grandfather's feet, and what dim light there was in that dark place found it out, so that he said it was like a little stream of bright red blood. But it wasn't blood. It was the ruby—Buddha's Eye. And my great-grandfather picked it up and put it in his pocket. And at that instant the beggars and all came rushing in.

And they found some rags that had been Staines's, and buried 'em.

So that's how Buddha's Eye came into the Borrold family—and some rotten curse came with it that has poisoned the lot of us.

My great-grandfather was already married and had two sons when he went out to India. He lived ten years longer after he returned, you see, and had six sons more. Then he died, raving mad. His wife killed herself a few years later, and then the eight sons began to go—all violent deaths, beginning with the eldest and going straight down the line, so that it was always the head of the family that went—the earl. Seven of 'em died in twenty years without issue until only the youngest was left—my grandfather—and he lived and married, had three sons and two daughters, and then was smashed in the hunting field.

My father was the youngest of that lot, and he had married and I was half-grown before he came into the title. One of the elder brothers was drowned, the other one killed himself just in time to hush up a scandal. The less said about my two aunts the better. I fancy they're still living, somewhere on the Continent, but no one wants to know just where.

Yes, of course. You'll ask why we didn't get rid of that cursed ruby. Well, in the first place, we couldn't, because my great-grandfather had it put into the entail—or whatever the phrase is. So it was family property like the Castle or Denforth House. And, in the second place, it seems never to have occurred to any one for a long time that the ruby had anything to do with our bad luck. The heir was usually told of how the stone came into the family, but nobody else knew. You see, the thing has always been our *cachet*, as you might say. The Borrolds have been famous for the Denforth ruby. There's nothing like it anywhere, and the Countess has to wear it whenever there's a show—balls and big parties and all that. My great-grandmother wore it as a pendant, and she was a big dark woman, half Spanish, so it must have become her very much. But the fourteenth Countess (my mother's the sixteenth) began wearing it, set in the middle of a sort of big pair of diamond wings, as a corsage ornament. So my mother does, too. A fair Saxon type of woman couldn't wear a ruby half the size of a golf ball swinging from her neck. She'd look ridiculous.

I remember very well how my father began to change after he came into the title. By George, I wish I didn't remember so well! You see, we'd lived quite quietly down in Gloucestershire, with not too much money, but enough to come up to town for a month of the season, and go to Switzerland in August. And it was a far cry from all that to Denforth House and the Castle and the big income. My father didn't stand it well. He'd been, before, one of the finest old chaps I ever saw. Yes, by George, the very finest! But he began to drink more than was good for him, and his temper turned sour, and when he was in his cups he was rather a beast.

It was the curse, I'll swear to that.

The mater was broken-hearted. She did all she could, but it was no use. She lost her hold on him. They kept up a sort of pretense before people, went out to parties and all that. When I was at home I'd see them going off, my mother, with that cursed ruby at her breast, and the governor scowling.

He and I didn't get on any too well either. You see, there was some sort of a row at Eton and I had to get out. And then, after a couple of years, I was sent down from Oxford. Rank injustice, that was! And the governor turned on me. Once, when he wasn't quite sober, he called me a lying, epileptic little cad, and I never forgave him. Liar himself! I wasn't epileptic. It's just fainting spells. I've never been very strong, but he always expected me to do the things strong people can do. He never understood me, the governor didn't. He was always unjust to me.

I'd have cut my throat long ago but for the good old mater. God bless her!

Oh, well, I dessay he ain't to be blamed for it all. It was that ruby. None of us ever had a chance—no Borrold of the lot.

Except young Jerry. He's got a chance now, and he's a good clean little lad. He'll ride straight, I promise you.

Then Milly came in.

I dessay you'll have seen Milly at the Palace in those Greek dances of hers, what? She wore a little nightie and waved her arms and skipped about—like Maud Allan and Isadora Duncan, only not so good. I've heard people call Milly a bad lot, but that wasn't true. Milly was as cold as a fish and as hard as nails, and as ambitious as what's-his-name?—Napoleon, but she was too clever not to keep straight. She knew her value, Milly did.

When I first met her she was in the chorus at the Duke of York's, and no visible chance of ever getting any higher; but I made her take dancing lessons—no good to bother about singing, she'd a voice like a crow—and she worked hard, and, after a bit, we got her a small engagement at a cheap hall. That was how she started the nightie dances.

You see—well, I'm afraid I can't tell you very much about Milly, after all. I thought I could, but— The poor old girl's gone now, and when I think of what a hand I had in it, and all that—it comes hard to talk about Milly. I'll cut it short.

She was ambitious, you see. She was playing for high stakes, and at first the stakes were me. Yes, *me*—heir to earldom and all that rot. Milly'd got the fever for strawberry leaves. She worked hard, played her game all she knew, and, for a time—for a time, mind you!—I was about ready to give in. I don't deny I was fonder of Milly than I've ever been of anybody else. But I got to thinking about the family—and I couldn't quite do it. We've been a rotten lot, some of us, but we've never yet picked our wives out of the chorus, and I couldn't begin it.

Some rumors got to the mater, and she talked to me and mothered me and wept a bit, and—oh, well, I couldn't do it. I dessay it was the mater, God bless her! more than anything else.

Milly was furious, of course, and wouldn't see me for a month. I dunno just how I got through that month. But she liked to have me about. I didn't bore her, you see. And so, after a time, we went on again. I had a habit of dropping into her flat in the afternoon, and I fancy Milly missed me. So I was allowed to come back.

That wasn't her last try. Not by a good deal! There was young Horsham—silly little ass!— She almost had Horsham, but his people found it out and packed him off to the Riviera. I heard it said they bought Milly off, and maybe they did. I don't know. She came out in some extra fine black pearls just about then. She had a passion for jewelry—the only passion she owned.

Then Milly and the governor fell in with each other.

The silly old goat!

I could have poisoned him. Not on Milly's account. I wasn't afraid there. Milly was far too wise to encourage married men. It was the mater I was thinking of.

Still, who's to blame the poor old beggar? He wasn't himself, in those days.

It hit him hard, you know. It was the first time, so far as I ever heard, that he'd looked away from the mater—and Milly was a kind of new world to him. She took him off his feet.

Why she let him hang about her I never knew. That was a mystery. But she did—more or less. Just enough to drive him crazy. He talked to me about it once or twice. It turned me sick. The poor mad old beggar!

And the worst of it was that the mater found out. She'd got used to his bad temper and his drink and all, but this was one too much. It nearly broke her heart. She got thin and white, and I wanted more than ever to poison him.

We had a jaw about it, the mater and I. I tried to smooth her down—told her just what sort Milly was, and that she'd never let it come to anything serious—too clever by half for that. But of course the mater wouldn't believe me. You see, odd as it sounds, she'd never got over being in love with her husband, and I gathered that she didn't believe it possible for any woman to resist him. I could have laughed if it hadn't been too pathetic.

Just when Buddha's Eye came on to the carpet I never knew. If I remember right, I heard of it first from the governor in a maudlin sort of talk we had. He'd been raving on, thirteen to the dozen, about how miserable he was, and this and that. I didn't listen very close, but all at once I pricked up my ears because he was talking about the ruby.

He wanted to give it to Milly!

Of course he was quite mad, but even madmen can do a lot of harm. I talked to him like a Dutch uncle—called him hard names, I dessay, and he called me a few names back.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. The man was serious!

When I found out that he really meant what he said, I wasted no more time on him; I went straight to Milly's flat, and we had it out.

Well, she was mad, too. At first she laughed and denied it, then got red, and, when I put the thing to her straight off, she stood up and defied me.

She actually meant to have Buddha's Eye!

I told her that the governor had no more right to give her the ruby—or sell it or dispose of it in any way—than he had to dispose of the jewels in the Tower of London. It wasn't his. It was Denforth property—entailed. Well, I might as well have talked to the wall. You know how women are. If they set their hearts on a thing, they can't see that the law has anything to do with it.

Quite mad, she was! Her eyes, you know—all different from usual—bright and shining. Milly'd met her match at last—found her one real passion and gone



"On 'er knees before that Thing, with 'er 'ands over 'er face"

down before it. She'd have sold her soul—if she had one—for Buddha's Eye.

It seems she saw the cursed thing first one gala night at the opera, where she'd got some man to take her. My mother was there with the ruby on, and Milly spent the evening staring at it through a glass.

She seems to have been hit like that chap Staines—bowled over absolutely. She went home and lay awake thinking about it. You know how they are, women! And always, after that time, she thought about it, night and day—couldn't think of anything else—couldn't sleep. It began to seem to be the only thing in the world, and after a bit she began on the poor old governor about it.

There must have been a queer streak in Milly all the time.

No, I hit it before when I said she had just one passion, and that for jewelry. All the other passions, human ones, that she ought to have had, and didn't have, had got twisted into that one direction.

I told her that if the governor ever came to be fool enough and criminal enough to give her the Denforth ruby, I'd go straight to the police. Milly looked me in the eye and dared me to do it. She knew she had me there. She knew I wouldn't risk the scandal on the mater's account.

Then, a few days later, the governor had an inspiration. It was a nasty, contemptible one, and I hate to tell it of him, but you must remember that the poor old chap wasn't himself. I blame no Borrold for anything.

We never had a chance, any of us. I came on him one morning in his study, sitting over a table with a little foxy foreign party, and on the table between 'em was a heap of rubies and a jeweler's scale.

The governor looked flustered when I came in and then angry. Then the little foxy man went away, and I heard what it was all about. It seems there's a new way of manufacturing rubies. You take a lot of little ones—chips and all that—and fuse 'em, and make a big one out of the mess. So the thing's a real ruby—color right out of the mess. So the thing's a real ruby—color right—weight right—deceive anybody, even dealers. Only the experts can tell. There's a name for the things, but I forget it.

The governor was having an imitation of Buddha's Eye made to trick Milly with.

I gasped a bit, and I didn't like it. I told him so, straight out. I told him it was too dashed low, but—well, he was a madman. You couldn't do anything with him. He didn't see the hundreds of difficulties in the way. He only saw what he wanted.

A fortnight later the stone came. The little foxy foreigner brought it, and the two of 'em compared it with Buddha's Eye, and weighed it and pawed it over. The little man got his check for a thousand pounds (these things ain't cheap, you see), and went away. Then the governor's secretary called him out of the room and I was left there alone.

It came to me in a sort of a flash—all in a quick flash.

The two rubies were lying on a square of cotton wool together, for they'd taken Buddha's Eye out of its setting to compare 'em, you see. The wrong stone had a bit of white paper stuck on one side to mark it from the other. And the settings were there beside—the double wing thing for Buddha's Eye and a queer band for the new one, because it seems Milly wanted to wear it on her forehead, set in a band of gold.

All in a flash it came to me, and the room went round for a bit.

It seemed to me that I looked backward and saw all the horrors that miserable stone had brought to the Borrold family—all the fine, clean, decent men it had smashed, all the women it had brought sorrow to—or worse. And I looked forward and saw more of it—generations to come ruined by a curse.

And the way out was as easy as turning over your hand.

It was like one of the inspirations these Johnnies have who write poetry or music.

You see the point, don't you? Nobody'd ever know. Before this imitation stone was made, the thing was insane—impossible. If the governor had given away Buddha's Eye then, it couldn't have been kept dark for a fortnight. There'd have been a most frightful smash-up. But now, who'd ever know? The mater would go about wearing the new stone, and the women of the family after her to the end of time. Who'd ever think of testing the Denforth ruby to see if it was genuine?

As for Milly with her new ornament, people would laugh and call it glass.

I'd lectured the poor governor about doing a dirty trick. This one of mine was dirtier still, but I found I didn't care. The only thing I could think of was that maybe now the curse could go from off the Borrolds, and I could be the one to send it.

I found it had to be done and I did it. It was so easy! I wet the little bit of white paper, loosed it, and stuck it on Buddha's Eye.

And the back of my head felt cold and I wanted a drink.

Then presently the governor came back, and with him the little ruby-maker's assistant, who was to put the stones in their settings, and I got away.

No, I'm not sorry I did it. In spite of everything, I'm glad, though now I come to the part of all this that's hardest to tell. It ain't easy to tell it, but I'll get on—and be quick.

That was on Thursday, late in the afternoon, and we'd a dinner party, political, at Denforth House in the evening. The next morning rather early I was turning into Piccadilly out of St. James Street. I was going to old Lord's in the Arcade to look at some ties and things, but at the corner a newsboy scuttled past, shouting out about an "'orrible murder," and I caught a name. I had a glimpse of the yellow bill he was holding, and the name was there, right enough.

Things went black about me.

I don't remember getting into a taxicab, but I found I was in one and half way to the circus when I came to. So I must have given the address. You see, Milly had moved out of her flat a couple of months before and into some rather queer lodgings in Soho, because she said she wanted more space. She wanted a large room to practise her dances in, and she got it, and had one wall covered with tall mirrors so that she could see what she was about.

There was a little knot of people before the door of the house—just standing there idle and gaping, but I pushed through them and went in. A pair of police officers on guard at the foot of the stair stopped me, and I had to tell them who I was. Then they were very civil and made no trouble for me. I ran up the stairs. Milly's door was ajar, and the old hag who kept the place—her name was Mink—sat just inside it, rocking herself back and forth in a chair and sniveling. And she reeked to high heaven of gin.

I caught her by the arm, and she blinked up at me and her mouth fell open. I shook her and cried out: "Where is she? Where have they put her?" or something like that.

I could hardly speak.

The hag told me that they'd taken her away, and told me where. I was for rushing off, but the woman held me. She was weeping aloud. I made out that there was some horrible reason why I shouldn't see what was left of poor Milly.

And then that shaking, sniveling, gin-soaked old woman told me the most incredible tale. I don't expect you to believe it. I don't know whether I believe it or not. She told it all feet-foremost, heels-over-head, weeping and crying out and repeating herself. And I sat in a chair with my head between my hands, and tried to think I'd gone mad. I dessay one of us had—one or both.

In the first place—to put it more or less in order—it seems the governor had come there between twelve and



In the shabby village Buddha's Eye abides once more in the dark old Temple

one the night before. The woman let him in, but didn't know who he was.

"A tall, thin gentleman, me lord, with gry 'air and a gry mustache and an eyeglass. I let 'im in. It's no business o' mine 'oo comes 'ere—nor yet at w'ot 'our. But 'e didn't stop no more than five minutes!

"I took 'im 'arf wy up the stair and pointed out Miss Montmorency's door. She might a been expecting 'im, for she'd 'ad a message early in the evenink.

"The gentleman says:

"'I've brought it, Milly! It's 'ere.' An' she gives a little glad kind of ery, and the door shut to be'ind them.

"Then in five minutes, or less, the gentleman comes down the stair agyne, an' I let 'im out. 'E gave me 'alf a quid. An' his eyes was very bright. 'E looked 'appy.

"It might a been a quarter of a nour later, Miss Montmorency called to me, and I went up. She was in 'er w'ite dancin' dress with bare arms an' legs. I was fair ashimed to look at 'er. An' on 'er forred she 'ad a grite red jewel—as big as an 'alf erown—or bigger yet. Fastened there by a gold band, it was. And she'd lit a lot of candles and stuck them about the pliee, and the light of them struek on that red stone—she said it was a rooby—an' it looked like fresh blood.

"She was 'alf wild. An' no wonder.

"She stood in front of the lookin' glasses with 'er arms up, and took some dance steps, and that red rooby flashed like a—like a red signal light on the rilewy line.

"She says that she's going away to-morrow—meaning to-dy, me lord—for a week. An' then she's coming back to danee at the Palace agyne, wearin' 'er red rooby.

"So I went out and down the stair. She never even knew I went. She was staring at 'erself in the glass.

"Maybe it was a nour later. Maybe 'alf a nour. I'd dozed off in me chair—awaitin' up for Mink. There eame a most 'orrible long seream. A sort of screech, it was. And then another. 'Orrible!

"I says to meself, 'She's been and set 'erself afire with them candles!' And got upstairs as quick as I eould run. The third floor back 'e stuck 'is 'ead out and says:

"'For Gawd's sake, 'oo's killed? Call the p'lice!' But I didn't answer 'im. I opened 'er door an' went in."

The woman's face turned quite yellow there, and she began to whimper and shake. She went on, whispering:

"It was all chinged. The room was all ehinged. It wasn't the sime room at all."

I stared at the old harridan, thinking she might be drunk. But she wasn't. She was frightened half to death, but she wasn't drunk.

"What the deuce d'you mean?" says I. "How was the room changed?" And she began to whimper again, wringing her hands.

"All chinged it was," she said in her scared whisper.

"It was like—opening a door and going quite unexpected into another 'ouse—that you 'adn't never seen before.

"And the smell! A queer smoky smell—like shootin' eraekers. Maybe you smelt it when you come in, me lord? It's 'ere still."

I began to shiver a little.

"Get on!" says I.

"It was bigger, the room was—and 'igher—like as if the roof 'ad been took off. Only there was a roof, away up, because I could see the rafters. And all the candles was out. I couldn't see them nowheres. And the plice was dark—not black dark, but dim.

"And up in the middle of it, across from the door, was a *Grite Thing!*—a figger of a woman, like, as 'igh as a 'ouse, with its 'ead away up amongst the rafters. The woman 'ad short 'air all in little reg'lar knots—like a sort of cap, and a yellow fice, dirty gold color, and slanting eyes, like Chinee eyes, and ears with the lobes of them pulled down long. And she 'ad on a kind of dressing-gown, like it might 'ave been a bath-ro. . me lord, 'anging in folds, and open down on 'er breast.

"And there was a wound just in the middle of 'er forred."

I fancy I cried out, there, and hid my face. And I know that I was eold all through and shaking. I wanted to stop the hag and have done with it all—and I wanted to get away, because I was afraid. But I couldn't stir. And she went on in her seared whisper, speaking as if she saw what she told about before her. I think I could have screamed.

"There it stood, this 'ere Grite Thing—woman or wotever it was—a-towering up in the 'alf dark quite still, only its eyes were alive—like there was fires in them.

"And I couldn't move 'and or foot.

"At first I 'adn't seen Miss Montmorency at all. I thought she'd gone along with the rest of the room. But after a minute I saw 'er—just a w'ite wisp on 'er knees before that Thing, with 'er 'ands over 'er fiee.

"And onee more she cried out—trying-like to scream, but it wasn't a scream. She couldn't.

"And the Thing bent over forward, and its eyes burnt red, and it stretehed out one grite 'and, and caught 'er up in it. It caught up Miss Montmorency in its 'and like she was a little doll, and 'eld 'er in the air.

"She dangled there up over my 'ead, quite still and limp.

"And the Thing put out its other 'and and—and— Oh, my Gawd! I can't—it was like—"

I called on her to stop. I felt that I couldn't bear any more, but the hag seemed to be under some sort of a spell. She didn't seem to hear me.

"And then it dropped 'er! From away up 'igh it dropped 'er on the ground, and she lay there without moving—just like a little twisted w'ite rag. And I saw the rooby shining red on the Thing's forred where the wound 'ad been.

"And then I found I could stir at last, and I ran out on the stair, screaming, and the door banged be'ind me.

"People came. And finally the police."

There was a lot more of it. The old woman went driveling on as if she couldn't stop. But it was mostly repetition, and ealling God to witness that she'd told the truth, and what the police said, and what she'd said to them. It seems she'd had the sense not to tell them what she'd told me. I wonder just what tale she did give 'em? I fancy I didn't pay mueh attention. I was seeing horrors just then.

I asked her if she could find me a drink of something, and she brought me brandy in a glass-and-silver decanter I'd once given Milly. I drank a stiff peg of it, but it couldn't warm me. I rather think I've never been warm since.

I heard voices outside on the stair, and one of the policemen opened the door and the governor came in. He'd seen a newspaper, too, at his club, and his face was ghastly.

I eouldn't talk, but the old woman went over her incredible tale again. Her sort seem to revel in horrors. And the poor old governor covered his face with his hands and heard her through. Only once, when Mrs. Mink began to describe the "Grite Thing," the woman "as 'igh as an 'ouse," he looked up and caught my eye, and I saw him go yellow and limp. He seemed to shrivel quite literally.

We got out of the place, leaving our names with the police officers, in ease we should be wanted later, and I put the governor into a cab and took him home. I was bad enough, God knows! but the governor was worse. He was like a little bewildered ehild. I almost had to carry him into the cab, and, at Denforth House, out of it.

I got him to bed, and he stayed there for two days. We told the mater he'd had some sort of a stroke in his club.

Well, that's about all there was of it. The governor got up after two days, and he was like a man who'd been mad, but was sane again. But it had taken something out of him, you know. He was older. His bounce was gone.

We talked it over together in his study, quite open and frank. We didn't keep anything baek. And I remember that, all at once, the governor gave a ery and said:

"Good God, Charlie! d'you realize what happened? He got the wrong stone. He made a mistake. What if He finds out and comes back?" And the poor old chap began to tremble. But I shook my head.

"No, he didn't, governor," says I. "He got the right one." And I told him what I'd done.

For a minute, you know, a touch of his old temper came back and he got fierce and red. Then he sat still for a long time, and at last stuck out one hand without looking up. And I took it.

"It's gone," says the governor. "Praise God! the curse is gone. Maybe we shall have a chance now, we Borrolds."

The mater came into the room, and when she saw us started to back out again, saying:

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know any one was here."

But the governor went to her and took her by the shoulders, and he said:

"Agatha, I've been a mighty bad lot—a bad husband to you, though not as bad as you may think. There's no excuse for me, but I'm sorry. D'you think you could take me back?"

The mater put her head down on his coat and began to cry, and I got out of the room.

So you see it seems to be all right again—all right for everybody but me.

"I'm afraid you've got to die, Lord Bray," says that old blighter Meacham.

All right! Who cares? Young Jerry'll be a better man than I could ever have been. I was done for long ago. A bad lot. I'm not denying it.

It's a bit young to go, but I don't think I care much about living on now that poor Milly's gone. I was fond of Milly. And yet, in a way, I killed her, didn't I?

I should like to find Milly, wherever she is, and explain that I didn't mean it.



A youth who wanted a job

Bread on the Waters

The Young Reporter and the Newspaper Man of the Old School

By PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by H. E. TOWNSEND

WILLARD, the city editor of the best daily paper in Chicago, became conscious of some one standing at his elbow. Growing impatient at last, he looked up. But it was no member of the staff, nor a boy with a galley proof, nor a grouchy printer, nor, in fact, any one who had any business to be there.

Instead, a youth who wanted a job. Four times in two weeks he had been told there was no chance. Yet here he was again—and this time he had "broken in." The city editor turned fairly about to tell that youth a few things. He knew what the would-be reporter had to say. He had heard it all at least twice. He had worked on four daily papers in Michigan. He could "get a story" if anybody else could. He knew Chicago well enough not to get lost. And so on and so on. The usual talk of a man hunting for a job. It sounded right, too, but the fact was that the city editor had about one man too many, and there was really no chance. This he was about to impress on the applicant in his own inimitable ice-cold way, when the youth spoke.

There was a flutter in his throat, and his words were not those of assurance, self-possession, or the set speech of other days.

"For God's sake, won't you give me an assignment—anything."

He could say no more. His voice broke on the last word, and he stood with trembling lips.

The words of disapproval in the editor's mind stood still. Emotion and newspaper work do not travel hand in hand. It is the beginning and the end of that game to laugh at tears, freeze pity from the heart, and mock one's soul. And the city editor had been at the game twenty years. On none of the four occasions before when the youth had called had he betrayed any emotion. Willard had rather liked him for that if nothing else, and now—and now the lad had "let go all holds," he had "quit." He was beaten.

History does not tell us that hunger was ever tried on the young Stoics of Rome. Youth will endure so long as the gnawing comes from without, but within—that's unfair. Perhaps such a thought ripped through the mind of the coldest city editor of his time—and in all climes and times city editors have been as bloodless as the stinging sleet of a winter's night. Never had Willard been moved by hard-luck stories, never had he given anything to one who had weakened. He was a part of the most merciless machine invented since the beginning of time. Hence it could not have been emotion or pity that caused him to reach toward the lead under which his assignment notes lay. No, it must have been the hand of fate. He did not even look at the slip of paper his fingers lifted from the desk. He simply handed it to the starving lad and said:

"What it's worth."

The youth could not speak. He turned away with a flush of joy that brought tears to his eyes. Some hours later he laid his copy on Willard's desk and took a seat in the outer office. An hour passed. He was told the city editor wanted him. He walked in and stood.

"What's the name?" asked Willard.

"Carter—George Carter," he replied.

"Regularly," said the editor, and turned back to his desk.

In a year it is doubtful if the two men spoke beyond the orders and brief conversation necessary between editor and reporter. He was a good man, and Willard saw to it that Carter got the top salary paid. Willard wanted to keep him. But another paper sent for him. Carter went to Willard and told him.

"Go, if you can do better," said Willard, without resentment. And Carter went. Willard realized that Carter was playing the game according to its rough and tumble, "save himself who can" rules, and, while he was sorry to lose so good a man, admired him.

Years passed. They met sometimes and spoke, and that was all. Each went his way. There was never a thank you for the first assignment, never a reference. Willard was still the city editor, Carter became a star reporter. Then something happened in the newspaper world. The sensational, "yellow" methods hit Chicago like a hot wind. To Carter it meant a better chance and more money. He was young and learned the new trick quickly. Not so with Willard. He was past forty. He had been reared in the old legitimate school of news-gathering, and he resented the cesspool and burglar methods to his last drop of blood. It could not prevail, he argued, and held to his old forms. With a stubbornness born of indignation, he ran his paper "as a gentleman should" until the circulation began to fall away. He was sent for and asked to change his methods. He refused point-blank, and was discharged on the spot.

He went forth to find a job. But the world had changed in the ten years he had been "holding down a city desk." It was the "yellow" methods, he argued, but one day an editor dropped the word "old" in speaking of him. Finally he found himself at a copy desk, but it did not last, as he would not allow sensational writing to pass his blue pencil. Then he began to drift, and "poor old Willard," as Chicago knew him, was spoken of as a relic of other days. But his soul was resolute, and the old school dignity held him together as he tore a meager living from the clutch of circumstances.

It was all different with Carter. He became a pacemaker for sensationalists. He was made assistant, then city editor of Chicago's biggest daily. Cold, merciless, without regard for living or dead, he played the game to the limit. Within five years from the day Willard had given him his first chance, he had gone as far as he thought was worth while in a town of Chicago's size. He quit the best job in town, and went to New York. And he went to work at once.

Not at as good a job as he had left, but good enough for one who could master Chicago in five short years. Within six months he fixed his eye on a certain mark, and began to climb to that.

Willard stayed on in Chicago a year or two. Then he began to drift Eastward—he and his wife. They had been pals always, and in the twenty years since he had married her, a fresh, straight thinking girl, they had known nothing but love. Her belief in him was supreme.

His attitude of mind toward sensationalism she shared as faithfully as his meager bed and board. They might starve, but they would at least keep their own self-respect. He read copy, wrote editorials, and did everything that a man of his age could do, but some way,



A thin, gray old man entered

somehow, something of his resentment toward the monster sensationalism which had robbed his profession of dignity crept in until he was put down for a crank and passed along.

Finally he reached New York. It was on the day that Carter had reached his goal. But Willard did not know; in fact, he likely had forgotten Carter. And he began the search for work. An old man looking for a job on a newspaper. Not feeble, not helpless, not incompetent, not old, really, save to a newspaper. They remembered him, some of the men in high places; some had worked with him, some for him. But he was old. That ended it.

Weeks crept by—then months. He borrowed a little money, and somehow they lived—he and his wife with the soft voice and the lovelight in her eyes.

EVERY wave must recede, and one tires of the B flat cornet as a musical instrument. Carter, in the very height of his newspaper manhood, saw the coming of another age. Sensationalism had been overdone. While it was clear that newspapers would never go back to the old methods, it was just as clear that something must be done. Why not bring back some of the old things that were good, he argued. The idea evolved as the days went on until Carter knew exactly what he wanted. And that was a paragrapher—a good, old-time, caustic paragrapher. He laid out the space for the stuff, knew exactly how it would look, and was certain it would be read—could he but get the right man. But who? It was a lost art.

And then the hand of fate opened his office door, and a thin, gray, old man entered. He stood close to the door, his hat in his hand. It was Willard, whipped at the end of five years. There was nothing of the old spirit. His wife was ill and starving, and he had "let go all holds."

"For God's sake, won't you give me something to do—anything."

The words came from trembling lips. The voice broke with despair. He did not know Carter. The years had changed him.

Carter's heart stopped at the cry of the beaten man. He reached for a copy of his paper that lay at hand and turned to the page on which he intended the paragraphs to appear. Then he picked up a pencil and drew a rude circle.

"There," he said, indicating the place. "Four columns wide, eight inches deep. Old-time paragraphs, Mr. Willard, six days a week, so long as I am managing editor here and you live."

The Automatic Senators

By MARK SULLIVAN



Composite photograph of the Senators whose names are printed in lists on this page

THE cartoon reproduced on this page has been printed before, both in the Chicago "Tribune," originally, and in this paper last week. We print it again because the voting in the Senate has now gone far enough to make it possible to give the correct names to the little "me too" manikins whom Mr. McCutcheon—with the good cartoonist's skill in putting a complicated situation into a simple picture—has represented clambering happily about Senator Aldrich's chair, the Senators who always vote as Aldrich tells them.

In the Senate discussion of the new tariff there have been upward of a score of votes in which each Senator has been compelled to go on record for or against the duty proposed by Mr. Aldrich. Many of these votes have been on minor, unimportant schedules. From among them we have selected these eight as being important and representative:

Lumber	**Sugar**	**Iron ore**	**Cotton**
Cutlery	**Lead**	**Earthenware**	**Pig-iron**

We print now the names of those *Senators who have voted with Mr. Aldrich on every one of these schedules.* In each case the *duty in question was dictated by Mr. Aldrich as chairman of the Finance Committee.* Then when the balloting came to determine whether this duty should be adopted Mr. Aldrich always voted first (the fact that his name begins with A was in the beginning one of the strategic sources of his power), and after him dutifully came all the Senators whose names are printed below, voting, *in every case*, exactly as Mr. Aldrich voted. They have had no ideas on the tariff that Mr. Aldrich didn't have first. The communities they represent have no business interests more to be considered than Mr. Aldrich's dictation. A charitable person might assume, although the assumption would cripple the law of averages, that in seven out of the eight schedules the ideas of these thirty-eight Senators, and the interests of their communities, would coincide with what Mr. Aldrich dictates; but eight times out of eight is, to borrow a phrase from the contemporary classics, "going some." The Senators who *have voted with Mr. Aldrich on every one of the schedules are these:*

Brandegee of Connecticut
Briggs of New Jersey
Burnham of New Hampshire
Burrows of Michigan
Carter of Montana
Dixon of Montana
Flint of California
Gallinger of New Hampshire
Guggenheim of Colorado
Hale of Maine
Heyburn of Idaho
Kean of New Jersey
Lodge of Massachusetts
Oliver of Pennsylvania
Page of Vermont
Penrose of Pennsylvania
Perkins of California
Piles of Washington
Root of New York
Scott of West Virginia
Smoot of Utah
Stephenson of Wisconsin
Wetmore of Rhode Island

The following Senators must be added to the list above. Their record is exactly the same except that upon some schedule each of them was either absent or "paired." (For example, Senator Frye of Maine is permanently "paired" with Senator Tillman of South Carolina. This merely means that whenever Tillman is absent, Frye does not vote.) This list is distinguished from the other merely to be technically correct. No man on either list voted *against* Aldrich on any schedule:

Bradley of Kentucky
Bulkeley of Connecticut
Clark of Wyoming
Crane of Massachusetts
Cullom of Illinois
Depew of New York
Dick of Ohio
Dillingham of Vermont
Elkins of West Virginia
Frye of Maine
Nixon of Nevada
Smith of Michigan
Sutherland of Utah
Warner of Missouri
Warren of Wyoming

With this faithful band as a nucleus, and a few Democrats on one schedule, a few other Democrats on another, Aldrich has been able to be an autocrat. *Their servility has made his autocracy possible.*

Aldrich

WE wish the insurgents were less restrained in their attitude toward Aldrich. Some of them are very much terrified by his one conspicuous power, his ever-present threat, always hinted at, but never put in execution, to read them out of the Republican party. When Aldrich called the opposition a "heterogeneous combination," Beveridge, who is among the less courageous of the insurgents, began to search his soul for sounds to tell how good a party man he is. Cummins is more debonair. Said he:

"Mr. President, evidently some of my Republican associates have been a little disturbed at the suggestion that they are Democrats. That has long ago ceased to disturb me. A certain kind of republicanism has been calling me a Democrat for the last six or eight years, and I have become so accustomed to the charge that I can bear it with unruffled composure; and I hope that these friends of mine, who seem to think that the country at large will regard that as a disparagement, will take courage, because there is an intelligence abroad now that weighs the opinions of men and determines the position of men without regard to appellations and without regard to the attempt here or elsewhere to expel men from the Republican Party because they are not willing to accept the Republican doctrine as it is expounded by those who are about us."

Nevertheless, as to most of the insurgents, the party fetich is at once Aldrich's club and his defense. If it were a matter of man to man, and the insurgents were free to say outright what they feel about Aldrich, that autocrat's power would melt to limpness. La Follette is the one man who gives his indignation free rein and defies Aldrich to his face. No well-informed person will give Aldrich credit for any higher motive than service to the organized wealth which he represents. This Senator is not a pleasant public character. His financial relations with the powerful capitalists who profited by his work in making a former tariff have already been told in print. Still later, when the Dingley bill was being made, Aldrich entered into a conspiracy with William Whitman, of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, by which Whitman's confidential man, North, was secretly permitted to write the woolen schedule, for which North received $5,000 from the Association. During the present session Aldrich has been caught repeatedly in false statements designed to further his own ends. Where he can be, he is bullying and brutal; where he must be, as to some Southern Democrats, he is fawning and truckling.

Urbanity

SENATOR ALDRICH, speaking of Senator Beveridge, achieved this euphemism for the shorter and uglier word:

"It seems to me there are some Senators who are without imagination at all. I do not think the Senator from Indiana belongs to that class, because I think he has an inflated imagination."



Mr. Aldrich's Senators

For the proper names of these amusing little manikins, read the list of Senators printed on this page

This is characteristic of the vulgar bullying with which Senator Aldrich intimidates some of the younger Senators who oppose him. Senator Beveridge has faults of boyish zeal and self-consciousness, and even of taste, which, quite fairly, make older Senators smile at him, but there is not a more conscientious man in the Senate. Senator Aldrich's misstatements of fact have no relation to an excited imagination—they are entirely cold-blooded, intended to deceive, and part of his general determination to achieve the purposes of organized wealth.

From a Prime Minister

THE statesman who uttered these words has been dead a good many years. He was a free trader, but we would match his wisdom against the spirit that has made the present tariff:

"I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who from less honorable motives clamors for protection because it conduces to his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food—the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

The eloquence which lies in the simplicity of that paragraph has not been matched in this Congress.

Collier's maintains at Washington an office in charge of a legislative expert who will be glad to answer any questions concerning the work of Congress and the Government at Washington. Address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Week

THERE has been no sudden flare-up among the kingdoms, nor as yet any renewal of recent hostilities. Turkey continues more placid than her enemies had hoped.

Germany, observing that Great Britain does not care to play the game of being friends, has grown irritated and even bitter in a few of the public remarks of her statesmen. Lord Rosebery's phrase of "that threatening and overpowering preparation for war" proved not to be a winsome method of wooing a neighbor.

London, and indeed all England, has been entertaining the Imperial Press Conference—threescore proprietors, editors, and managers of newspapers read by subjects of the King in his dominions overseas. Here were concentrated in one group the creators of public opinion for the Empire.

France has been eying the passing of the man who founded the great Parisian store, Magazins du Louvre, where all good Americans go when they buy. Chauchard died and was gathered to his fathers in a pompous empurpled funeral, and wearing four pearls on his waistcoat, the market price of which, so Paris thought, would better have fed the hungry or bought some joy for children. So the procession and final rites were hooted and ridiculed in the deft way of the boulevardiers. It may well become a saying in Paris to mark a *bon mot* or a merriment: "I haven't laughed so since Chauchard died."

In the home country prosperity is not only promised, but it seems assured, if crops and money are a basis for hope.

In Washington the atmosphere of the week has been in a state of liquid air—hot and moist—that has visibly depressed our statesmen. Nightly the Senate has been thronged to hear the deep and rolling voice of La Follette and the other insurgents beating themselves, like waves on a breakwater, against the high-tariff ramparts. The Wright family, all of whom fly, spent a dashing day in the capital city, and were much honored and little moved. The President looks fatigued and careworn. The job does not sit lightly on his competent shoulders.

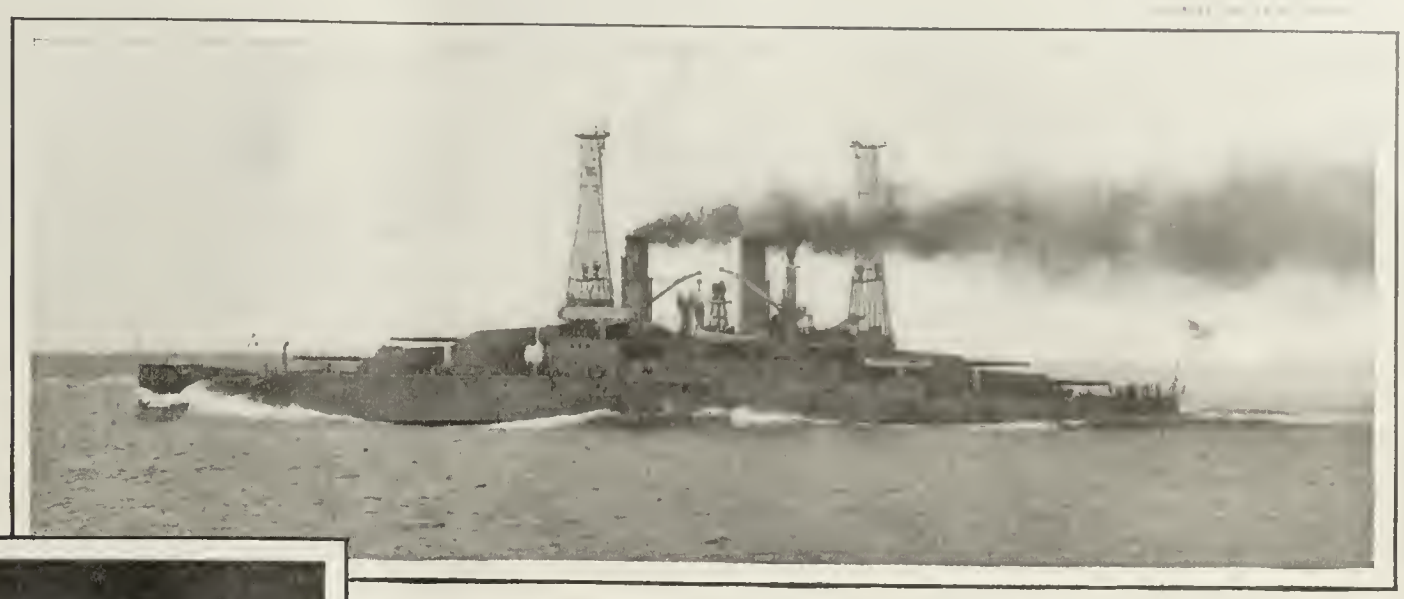
The Wright Family in Washington

ALL through the Washington day of honor for the Wrights, that which colored every situation—the welcome at Union Station, the breakfast at the New Willard, the large reception at the Cosmos Club, the President's welcome and medal presentation at the White House—was their invincible modesty.

Four hundred people were swirling around the refreshment tables at the Cosmos Club—stout diplomats, men radiating importance, an ex-President's daughter. The Wright family were lost in that crowd. Occasionally the eye would pick them up quietly chatting with a neighbor or looking out for the sister, who was a happy little woman that day. But it was impossible to make them the center of any group. You feel that they want to get back on the job. The public fuss neither overwhelms nor exactly bores them. But it isn't what they care for. They are the sort of folks we should like to think are American, sturdy and simple. What the general public experienced in first reading of a certain kind of soap, "It Floats," each person instinctively feels in meeting the Wrights. "They Fly," and you look at them as if the chemistry of their being had properties of levitation not granted to the wayfaring man. You almost wondered if they could drift up to the ceiling by flapping their arms. And then you remembered that all they did was to pull a lever and set a motor chugging.

Mr. Taft is the first President since George Washington to give official recognition to air-flight. Washington is reputed to have witnessed a balloon ascension. It was the first whole-hearted piece of recognition for the Wrights that has emerged from the "seat of government." But all past neglect was swallowed up in the hearty, humorous appreciation of Mr. Taft, sincere as the man himself who said it and the men to whom he said it. They stood there so simply and quietly, beaming back at the President as he jested about their slimness and his heft, and then, with lowered head, they heard him say that they had probably laid down for all time the principles on which heavier-than-air navigation will proceed. That modest men of theirs finally moved the President to close his speech with a tribute to the men that, unagitated, have stood before kings.

Major George O. Squier, of the Signal Corps, says: "In the case of the Wright Brothers it is desired to associate the Signal Corps of the army publicly and officially with the present universal recognition of their work in advancing the science and art of aviation. These results have been due to the persistence, daring, and intelligence of these American gentlemen, to whom the whole world is now paying homage. It will ever be recorded that the classic series of public demonstrations first made by Orville Wright at the Government testing grounds at Fort Myer, Virginia, in September, 1908, and by Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, France, made a profound impression throughout the world, and kindled especially the patriotic spirit of the American people."



The U.S.S. "Michigan" on Her Trial Trip

The battleship developed a speed of 20.01 knots



France Praises

In appreciation of the industry and courage of the people of San Francisco in rebuilding their burned city, the French people, through their Ambassador, M. Jusserand, presented to the city, on June 5, a medal of commemoration. It was received with appropriate ceremony by Mayor Taylor and other notables



The $360,000 Holbein

This portrait of the Duchess of Milan, loaned by the Duke of Norfolk to the National Gallery, was about to be sold to an American bidder, when a gift of £40,000 from an unnamed person, said to be a woman, saved the picture to the English nation



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Wreck of the Canadian Locks at Sault Ste. Marie

The gates at the lower locks were rammed June 9 by the steamer "Perry G. Walker." The water rushing down the locks damaged them to the extent of $250,000. The steamers "Crescent City" and "Assiniboia" were swept into the river below. It is believed that the lock will be out of commission for the rest of the season

Edward Everett Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who died in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on June 10, was a national figure because he had been able to celebrate patriotism in a fresh way. Love of country has generally been rendered in its warlike aspects as a cry to arms or a shout of victory. In "The Man Without a Country" he was unusual in revealing the sentiment of patriotism as a steady flame instead of the sudden spurt of the battlefield.

This popular story was in key with Dr. Hale's life as a citizen. He was a humanitarian, but without losing himself in that vague wash of the modern brotherhood which obliterates national and racial lines. He was a hearty lover of the race, but, unlike many modern idealists, he never offended the primitive instincts of clannishness and love of the fatherland.

Our rapid, irreverent American life has often shown itself glad to vent its kindlier sentiments on some one person in the community, advanced in years, whose life work has been honorable. Such a venerable figure for the Boston and the Washington community Dr. Hale has been.

In his two most famous stories, "The Man Without a Country" and "My Double and How He Undid Me"



Bad Air *vs.* Good Work

You can't do your best work—and you shouldn't expect it of others—in a stuffy, perhaps smoke-filled room, breathing the same air that has been breathed over and over by several people. Pure air is just as necessary as pure food. Poor ventilation produces not only discomfort and loss of energy, but greater susceptibility to disease.

The only way to get fresh air indoors at reasonable cost is to use a

STURTEVANT
Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set

Desk and ceiling fans do not ventilate, they simply stir up the stagnant air, and make you feel a little cooler. Ventilation by means of windows is slow and insufficient, and subjects you to drafts.

To produce **real** ventilation the stagnant air and disease germs must be removed and fresh air substituted. This is just what the Sturtevant Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set does.

Completely changes air in an ordinary room in from 10 to 15 minutes at a cost of only one to three cents an hour. Simple, noiseless, mechanically and electrically perfect.

Indispensable in the office, workroom, home, in the sickroom, smoking rooms, telephone booths, phonograph dictation and listening rooms, and scores of other places.

It will pay you to investigate. Write today for Bulletin 108-C.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Boston, Mass.
General Offices and Works, Hyde Park, Mass.

We are the largest manufacturers of heating and ventilating machinery in the world. Whatever your problem, large or small, we can solve it.

The shave that is like a caress means either a good barber or an

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Stropper and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

The only razor with which anyone can strop automatically, correctly and quickly without removing the blade, and shave with a barber's velvet smoothness. Combines all the good points of both "safety" and "old style."

Ask your dealer or write for our booklet "Shaving Sense," free.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
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Standard Outfit—Self-stropping, Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horsehide Strop contained in Leather case, $5. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

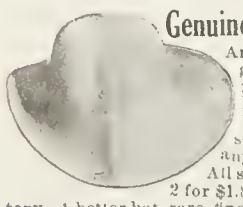
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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

BETTER—STRONGER
More lasting in flavor than any other.
A try—a test—
Goodbye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.



Genuine Panama Hat $1.00

An exceptional introductory bargain, imported direct. Same as much higher priced Panama hats, but rather coarser weave. Weight 2 oz. Very durable, and so flexible it can be shaped to any style for man, woman or child. All sizes. Mailed prepaid for $1.00; 2 for $1.88. **Money back if unsatisfactory.** A better hat, rare, fine weave, blocked, with band and sweat band, regular value $7.50, to introduce, express paid, for $3.79. Catalogue of Mexican and Panama Hats **FREE.**

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. FR 64, Mesilla Park, New Mex.

Music For Hot Weather



Think of it! A real, practical Talking Machine for the home, **complete with 12 Finest Records for only $5.50**

This machine is not a toy remember, but a full size machine; will sing the songs, tell the funny stories, play the band music just as machines you hear in music stores. This is the greatest offer ever made. Send today for FREE Catalogue, No 6.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., Dept. 87, Chicago, Ill.



SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER **$15**

In one operation, cleans, sweeps and dusts. No pipes, no wires or other installation. Ready for instant use. Weighs only 8 lbs. Lasts in continuous use for years. Unconditional refund if not wholly satisfactory. **Agents and dealers wanted.** Our proposition is a whirlwind for business. Our agents making big money. Write quick for discounts and full selling plan.—Hutchison Mfg. Co., 331 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Pa. (Greater Pittsburg).

BELLE ISLE Marine Engine



2 to 3 H.P. Bare Engine $23

Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable 2-Cycle engine of its size on earth—entirely new design, improved and perfected in every detail—makes speedy little launch from an ordinary row-boat. Catalog describing all sizes FREE.

New Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Hale used the method of Defoe and of modern newspaper men in creating effects of reality. He loaded his paragraphs with such details as the time of day and the number of the house in the street, and by this casual exactitude and accumulation of the concrete he made his imaginative narrative proceed like a fact recital.

The man without a country is Philip Nolan, army officer, who angrily says: "Damn the United States! I wish that I might never hear the United States mentioned again."

That is his very sentence, and on navy vessels he spends a lifetime, in which, by order, no mention is made to him of his country. He learns his lesson by this slow and rather tragic marooning.

In his life Dr. Hale was editor, author, clergyman, and social reformer. He was once minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Worcester, Massachusetts, and since 1856 he led the South Congregational Church of Boston. Since 1903 he had served as chaplain of the United States Senate.

He had been editor of the "Christian Examiner" and of the "Old and New Magazine."

Among his writings are: "Ten Times One is Ten," "In His Name," "If Jesus Came to Boston." All told, he published nearly fifty books—novels, histories, sociological books, sermons, short stories. He was born in Boston in 1822.

A little late in the group, but still of the group which included Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, Thoreau, and Lowell, Hale was a Harvard man and also a unit in the Athenian community, inhabiting and leavening Boston, Concord, and Cambridge.

A motto to which he gave international currency is: "Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand."



Adam's Monument

Adam has had a long wait; but in America—where you can't keep a good man down—he is accorded recognition at last. This shaft, a monument to his distinguished services, has been unveiled by Mr. John P. Brady of Baltimore, at his country home, Gardenville, Md.

The Destroyers

GREAT BRITAIN is planning the most convincing spectacle of naval power in her thousand-year history. The greater part of the home and Atlantic fleets will draw up in the Thames on July 17, and for four succeeding days. One hundred warships will stretch from Westminster to the Nore.

Twenty-four battleships, such as the *Bellerophon*, *Téméraire*, and *Agamemnon*, sixteen armored cruisers, six depot ships, five warships attendant on the destroyers, will be among the craft riding at anchor at Southend, Marsh-End, Canvey Island, East Tilbury, Rosherville Pier, Mucking Lighthouse, Purfleet, Woolwich Reach, and Silvertown.

The Knapp Cure

THE Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work is an instance of taking education to the man on the job and luring him into the better way. It is instructing the Southern farmers, by practical demonstrations on their own farms, in the best methods of soil cultivation. A subdivision of the United States Department of Agriculture, and conducted by S. A. Knapp and his son, two men who have had twenty-five years of familiarity with Southern agricultural problems, the work aims at these final results:

1. The emancipation of the farmer from the bondage of debt.
2. The ownership of more and better tools, teams, and stock on the farm.
3. The improvement of the land.
4. Better rural school buildings and more months of schooling.
5. Better highways, rural-mail delivery, and telephone service.
6. Contentment with the life of a farmer.

A man familiar with local conditions, a practical farmer, is sent around to the farmers in his community. "Use five acres in the way I advise you," he says, "and I will give you the seed for nothing."

The farmer complies, and cotton, say, or corn is planted and cultivated by the best modern methods.

There is a system of three sorts of agents. The local agent comes from the neighborhood in which he is going to do his work. He receives $75 a month. He drives around day by day through the different farmers, makes these suggestions for new methods of planting, and then returns from time to time to see that they have been carried out. He has absolutely no expenses, because he uses his own horse and team and the farmers put him up for nothing. If he were to go to a hotel he would be at a remove from the sources of information, but when he goes right into the family he is able to convince his host of the best thing to do in planting. Over him is the district agent, who receives $100 a month and expenses. These expenses are the railway fares which he has to pay out in traveling from county to county where his men are at work. Over the district agent is the agent for the State, who receives from $125 to $150 a month.

The department has 325 such traveling agents. It watches their careers by a system of gaudy-headed pins which are placed in a map and moved about from town to town as the agents make their rounds. Oftentimes the locality will vote part of the salary for the agent because it sees the large benefit to its local needs. Sometimes a community will give $100 a month to a district agent and the department will then add $25. The Government gives an appropriation of $225,000 a year, and the General Education Board gives $102,000 a year.

This demonstration system began with the fight against the boll weevil of Louisiana. The campaign was then taken up in Texas, and since then has spread through Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Mississippi, but not only has it been a campaign against the Mexican boll weevil, but also the other local needs have been considered and the work has extended itself over into Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. These demonstrators are preaching to their locality the need of raising supplies of all sorts at home, and of cultivating cotton intensively as a cash surplus, by raising corn and the other supplies on the same farm. The one-crop idea has been disastrous to Southern prosperity. The great central West made itself independent by raising its own supplies of every sort, instead of sticking to the one-crop idea.

The Easy Doctor

A STRONG and intelligent section of the community is desirous of a rigid enforcement of the immigration laws, and some desire an extension of the statutory power of exclusion. The following item states that the Queenstown examination of immigrants sailing to America was wholly inadequate on a certain day.

It is an extract from the unpublished report of the Sub-committtee of the United States Immigration Commission.

"The Sub-committee of the Immigration Commission, consisting of Senator A. C. Latimer and Representative John L. Burnett, to whom was referred the territory of northern Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany, on the European trip, respectfully report:

"Memorandum of Commissioner John L. Burnett of his trip from London through England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland:

"August 29—I arose early and went down to the dock where a tender was to carry the emigrants to one of the ships sailing to America.

"I did not make myself known, and directly the third-class were ordered aboard. The doctor stood at the gangway, as the employees said he would do, and I stayed till every one of them had gone on, and not a single eye or head was examined, nor any other examination made. I visited Mr. Culver, the American Consul, afterward, and asked him about the examination at the gangway, and he said they were very rigid. This did not conform to what I had seen, although I did not let Mr. Culver know that I had witnessed it. The Consul is an honorable man, and had his deputy at the gangway where the third-class passengers were being examined, and no doubt thought it was properly conducted, but I fear he is being imposed upon. The Consul informed me that the emigration from southern Ireland to the United States and Canada was considerable, and that it practically all passed through Queenstown."



Until the Summer is Over, Bid Your Oven Good-by

Next winter go back to home-baked beans, if you will. But have some of your summer meals ready to serve. Let us bake your August beans.

It requires sixteen hours of soaking, cooking and baking to prepare a dish of home-baked beans.

That's why you don't serve them often in summer. You are seeking for dishes that require less heat.

But let us have the heat, the work and the worry. We will send you the meals all ready to serve.

And we promise delicious meals. They will be the finest baked beans in the world. We will try to please you so well, if you try us for a month, that we can keep your trade forever.

Baked pork and beans, when the beans are digestible, make an ideal summer dish.

Don't judge them by home-baked beans—beans that ferment and form gas. They form, it is true, a severe tax on digestion.

But Van Camp's do not. They are baked in steam ovens. We apply twice the heat that you can in a dry oven.

The heat breaks the granules so digestion acts instantly. There's nothing easier to digest than a dish of Van Camp's beans.

And Van Camp's are delicious, for every bean is left whole.

None of the crisped beans that you get in home baking. No beans that are mushy and broken. They are mealy because they are perfectly baked, and nutty because they are whole.

Then our tomato sauce is baked into the beans, giving a delicious blend. Everyone likes Van Camp's pork and beans. One never can serve it too often.

Good beans are 84 per cent nutriment. And one-fourth of that nutriment is nitrogenous. This is Nature's choicest food.

And beans, as you know, are cheap. With more food value than the choicest beef, they cost not a third as much.

And they are ready to serve if you buy Van Camp's. Every can in the pantry means a meal without cooking.

So we ask you to try them for August. Don't spend summer hours around a hot stove. Now is the time to learn what this dish means to you—to learn how your people like it.

And don't buy from hand to mouth. Have them on the pantry shelf. Always buy a dozen cans.

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

More people are using Van Camp's beans than all other brands together. For nobody ever wants common beans after once tasting Van Camp's.

Some time try to bake beans as Van Camp's are baked —having them nutty, mealy and whole. You will realize then what a science this is. We have spent 48 years in learning it.

Nobody ever yet has baked beans that begin to compare with Van Camp's.

We use only the whitest and plumpest of Michigan beans. Every bean is picked out by hand. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We use only vine-ripened tomatoes, to get a sauce with sparkling zest. It costs us five times what some sauce would cost.

But we have an enormous business staked on this single dish. So we make it without regard to cost—make it as people like it. It will pay you to insist on Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Indiana



Gillette Safety Razor

SLIP a Gillette Safety Razor, Pocket Edition, into your vacation grip.

You'll find it the most useful single article in your whole outfit. The GILLETTE has solved the shaving problem for summer, winter and all the time.

Whether at the mountains or seashore, hotel or cottage, on the trip or in camp, you can always be sure of a clean, satisfying shave with the GILLETTE at hand.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It insures a perfect shave, no matter how tough the beard or tender the skin. It is the one safe razor and the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

No matter where you go—at home or abroad—you'll find the GILLETTE in use and you will be able to supply yourself with GILLETTE blades.

The New Pocket Edition is about the handsomest and cleverest little device you ever saw; pocket case is made in gold, silver, nickel or gun-metal. Plain polished suitable for the engraving of initials or monogram or richly engraved in Renaissance or Floral designs. Handle and blade box each triple silver-plated or 14K gold-plated.

Prices $5.00 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

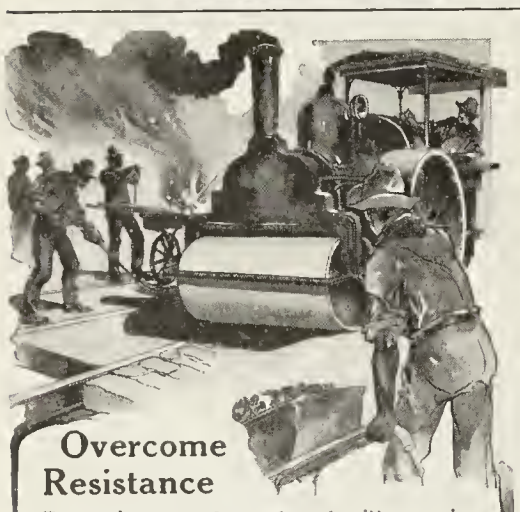
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Pave the way for orders by illustrating your goods so people will see what they are. No matter what you manufacture or deal in, well illustrated advertisements, catalogs or booklets will increase your sales. Write for free information.

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Delicious—Antiseptic
Combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste
42 inches of cream in trial tube sent for 4 cents.
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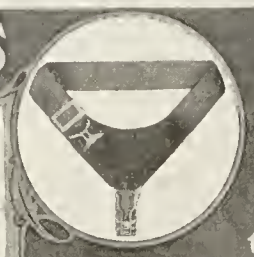
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They fit so well you forget they're there



A necessity with Knee-Drawers

No metal can touch you



You need them the year round

Sold Everywhere

25-50¢

A. Stein & Co., 160 Center Ave., Chicago

The Guest That Tarried

(Concluded from page 15)

and Norah and the old people would have none of it. The sick seldom realize the drag and drain made upon them who nurse and serve them, and Mrs. Brennan would hear of no one touching her save Norah or Nolan; and Norah flamed out at any stranger from Askatoon, which had so cruelly treated them, entering the sick-room. A little help—very little—was accepted for the kitchen and the garden, but the burden and the watching and the wearing care of the sick-room remained their own portion.

Another spring came, and then the early summer—the first of June; and then the end came like a sudden gust of wind in a still valley, which whirls the dead leaves and lifts old branches from the ground, and while yet the valley is all tremulous and disturbed, the gust becomes a gale, and the floods break loose, and villages are swept away.

The end fell suddenly—but not like that. There came to the door of the house of Brennan one bright morning a man bearded and big and buoyant. He had in his hands a canvas bag, such as postmen or fishermen use, and in his eyes was a light of humor and eagerness and anxiety all in one. He knocked at the lintel of the open door and entered. As he did so a figure came slowly from the other room, bent and feeble and gray-haired. At sight of the bearded stranger the old man stood still for an instant, bewildered and troubled, and then with a moan of joy he stumbled forward.

"Terry—Terry—Terry, me own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms.

The old man convulsively clutched the man's hands and kissed his cheek. "Shure, God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once again. *'Now let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word,'* " he added. Then, after an instant, he said: "Let me break it to her—to your mother, Terry. Oh, God, be praised! 'Tis just in time you've come, for you'll set things right—Terry, Terry."

But the quick ears of love had heard; the ears that had listened so long had grown acute beyond all usual measure. They heard the voice of the old woman calling from the bedroom.

"Terry, my son—oh, my son, my own son!"

A moment later her arms were round him, drawing him close—her arms were round him, for thus much had Norah and Nolan done. They had brought her back from the moveless life, to the use of all her body again, albeit feeble and uncertain: and her face shone as she held her boy's hand in hers, and she told him of the months that had gone, and of Nolan and all he had done, of Norah and all she had suffered. And the strong man shook with sobs as he heard the tale, and looked at these two beloved beings brought back from the brink to the height of land where the feet are firmly placed.

"There was a piece in a newspaper—I got it down in New Orleans," he said at last. "Lifted out of a sermon preached at Askatoon it was, and I came as quick as I could. I ought to have come before, but—"

He paused, for some one was entering the room—the ghost of a man, as frail and worn as one that has come back from the desert, its famine and its thirst. The hair was no grayer, but the face was sunken and the eyes were like caverns in which great lights glowed. He moved with an effort at briskness—a pitiful attempt to imitate the days that were gone.

"Oh, 'tis you—'tis you—and in good time!" he said feebly, and in a voice husky with weakness. "You can take my place, Terry, for I'm not feelin' so well as I might; but 'twill be all right in a day or two if you'll take the shift. Turn and turn'll do it."

The strong man put an arm round him, drew him into the other room, and seated him peremptorily, yet gently, in the great armchair.

"Yes, 'twill be all right now, Nolan," he said with a voice blurred.

"She'll need good care yet," Nolan said; "they'll both need watchin', but the worst is over, and they're steppin' out into the sun—out into the sun."

" 'Tis fifteen years since you stepped in out of the rain," said Terry. "I met Norah and the Doctor on the road here, and they told me all I wanted to hear. I wouldn't let 'em come back with me."

"But I've earned me bed and bread this past year and more. Shure, I can say that, Terry. 'Tis all I *can* say, I owe thim for the rest."

"Owe them—God's love, owe them! I tell you what, man, I owe you two lives as dear to me as my own, and I mean to pay you for them, one way or another."

"How d'ye mean to be doin' that?"

"Well, first, I'll be settin' you up in any business that you like—when you're filled out again, and look like a man and not a disembodied spirit."

"Settin' me up in business? How'd ye be doin' that?" He looked at Terry's bag on the floor. Terry's clothes were not especially fine. He did not look flush.

"With a few thousand dollars, Nolan. Listen now. I came here—I'd a fancy to do it—pretendin' to be as poor as when I left. But it's little *they* think of that—" he jerked a thumb toward the other room. "It was me, only me, they wanted. Well, there's my baggage"—he kicked the bag on the floor—"but here's my wallet," and he drew forth a great pocket-book, opened it, and took out a handful of thousand-dollar bills. "Nolan, my boy, I'm a millionaire—twice a millionaire—and in fifteen years. Mines—railways—mines again, and then a newspaper—and that's a mine too! There you are, Nolan." He chuckled and slapped Nolan's knee.

Nolan did not show surprise. He did not seem greatly moved by the sight of the money. There were other things in life.

"Shure, what else but a millionaire would you be wid your head, Terry? There was niver a head like yours; and I said that when I stepped in here fifteen years ago. You'll be doin' a lot for them, I suppose," he nodded toward the other room, "and for Shannon and for Norah?"

"They'll have everything and anything they want."

"Norah's a fine woman—oh, the finest and finest! To think that I've come into sich a family! Put ye're hand behind ye're ear, Terry, and hear the news I've for ye. Norah's to be marryin' of me when we can lay hands on a priest—if ye think I'm not too old for her," he added innocently.

"Too old? Norah? Why she is—" Terry stopped short and changed the sentence. "Norah is the pick of the bunch; and the two of you are the best of the basket."

"Well, if I'm not too old for her—"

Terry smothered a laugh. "What kind of business shall I start you in, Nolan?"

"Shure, I think a stage 'twixt Askatoon and Cowrie would do. Four horses to the stage, and ten altogether—that'd mean a change and two for accidents as well. An' the stage painted red, and a horn—there'll not be a railway that way for ten years. Then there'd be breedin' of a few horses—I larnt about horses in Ireland and I cared for them in Injy—bedad, I did care for them there. Shure, that's a life to keep the blood stirrin'—a fine stage painted red, and a horn, and four horses forninst it, rattlin' the whipple-trees! Would that be too much, d'ye think, Terry? Could ye stand it now?"

"Well, of all the blasted—" But Terry turned away to choke back his tears!

A week later Nolan sat in the sun on the maple stump in front of the house, singing to himself:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!
And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the guest that tarried. . . ."

"What's that you're singin', Nolan?" said Norah's voice behind him.

Nolan started, as from a dream; then, with the resource of a resourceful race, he said with an air of delicate confidence and a candor quite inimitable:

"Oh, just a little anthim of the happiness that's comin' to us, Norah, dear." But he winked slyly to himself.

She laid a warm, kind hand on his head and looked down at him with a rich, low laugh, bubbling from her mouth.

"It's a fine tooth ye have in your head, Norah, girl," he said, glancing up at her, the rogue in his eye.

Her face flushed with pleasure. "That's what the Young Doctor said," she answered; and what the Young Doctor said had carried her on through many a dark day and night, not forgetting the help of Nolan Doyle.

"Oh, the Young Doctor—him? Shure, he's the best breed of Inniskillen. We'll ride a steeplechase yet together, him and me, same as we did beyand—under Calladen Hill."

And they did. They drive the finest horses in the Far West, importing the brood-mares from under Calladen Hill near by to Inniskillen.

PURITY ESSENTIAL

In no other form of food is Purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, as without richness, milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the embodiment of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal.—*Adv.*



Summer Weight—Fashionable Shades

More Than Merely "Guaranteed Hose"

They Look Neat and Feel Good on the Feet

Everwear
TRADE MARK
Hosiery

For Men and Women

Don't make the mistake of thinking all guaranteed hose are alike. Many brands not half as good as Everwear are "guaranteed."

Don't think because Everwear sell at the same price as other guaranteed or ordinary hose, that Everwear are coarse, heavy and awkwardly made. For Everwear are *more than merely guaranteed hose*. They embody all the best features of the finest imported hose, though they cost much less. Everything that constitutes the making of a really superior hose,—yarn, workmanship, colors, etc., goes into them.

So make sure you get Everwear. Some merchants might try to sell you something they claim "just as good." For your own protection see that the name "Everwear" is on the box and on each pair of hose.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order stating size, kind and color wanted. Enclose price and we will send you the hose express prepaid. If you have worn other guaranteed hose and they were not satisfactory, you should order a box of Everwear at once. You will never really enjoy hose comfort, satisfaction and economy until you try them.

Six Pairs of one Size in a Box Solid or Assorted Colors

Men's Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, purple, gun metal, light and dark shades of blue and gray, Hunter Green and Reseda Green.

Ladies'—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

Men's Egyptian Cotton $1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy; light and dark shades of gray and tan.

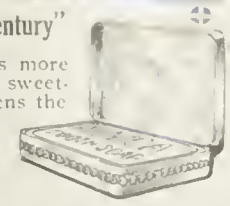
Ladies'—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 12, Milwaukee, Wis.



STRONG'S ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

"Supreme for a third of a century"



THIS wonderful soap does more than cleanse the teeth—it sweetens the breath and hardens the gums. Ordinary dentifrices often injure the tender gums which in turn affects the roots of the teeth. The teeth can never be healthy under such conditions. But with **Arnica Tooth Soap** the enamel is left sparkling with cleanliness while the gums are soothed and nourished. The teeth remain sound for years.

The package is the most convenient ever put out. The cake fits snugly into a metal receptacle covered with a hinged lid. There is no glass nor box to break and let the liquid out. There is no powder to spill and waste. You simply wet the brush and rub it over the cake of soap. Then apply to the teeth and the effect is that every impurity is instantly removed, the teeth gleam like ivory and the breath is sweet and delightful.

Try a single package. Compare it with any other similar article—powder, paste or liquid—then you will forever ask your druggist for only **Arnica Tooth Soap** at 25 cents a box.

STRONG'S ARNICA *JELLY*

BEAUTY consists of more than graceful outlines—it means a perfect skin. Pimples and eruptions indicate an unhealthy condition of the skin. Sunburn can be avoided during the hot summer months and chaps prevented in winter by a little care of the skin. All that is necessary is to apply **Strong's Arnica Jelly** with the finger tips, rub it gently into the pores, and the skin becomes as soft as velvet and as smooth as silk.

This soothing ointment now holds a place on the dressing tables of all who have tried it once.

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NOTE: If your druggist does not have these goods, send the price to us and we will mail them without any charge for postage.



Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial Number 1612

C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.



"If you lived in our dark basement you would know why we want to go to Sea Breeze."

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for sufferers in dark hot tenements.

$10 Sends 4 to Sea Breeze

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How many may we send as your guests?



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$5 gives two whole weeks of new life and cheer to a worn out mother and infant, to an underfed working girl, or to a convalescing patient.
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$25 names a bed for the season. $50 names a room.
$100 gives a happy day excursion to 400 mothers and children, their only outing.

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Earn $100 to $600 Per Week

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The illustration shows this knife actual size. It is made in America—is strong and very useful, and with proper care will last a lifetime. It has a stag horn handle with German silver bolsters and shield. The temper in each of its four blades is specially adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, as shown by the straw color of its leather pouch blade—the Harrison patent—made of best quality tool steel—it will cut with ease a perfectly round hole any size up to ½ inch.

The large cutting blade of Wardlow's Crucible Steel will hold a razor edge. Its screw driver blade will turn any rusty or resisting screw, while the can opener blade is of a quality of finely hardened steel rarely put into an article used for the purpose. If you camp, hunt, fish—use belting or harness or do anything that requires a reliable, handy toolkit, you'll certainly like this knife.

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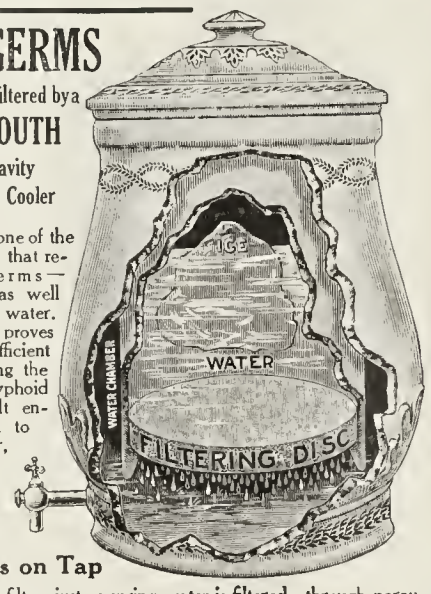
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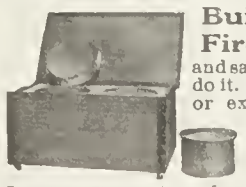
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The Foremost French Pioneer

A Story of Samuel Champlain's Voyages Which Are to Be Celebrated in a Series of Pageants on Lake Champlain Next Week

ELEVEN years before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the foot of an adventurous Frenchman had trod many miles into the interior of this continent.

In July, 1609, Samuel Champlain discovered and gave his name to the beautiful lake which lies between New York and Vermont. While New England still remained uninhabited by white men, and the English colony at Jamestown hugged the coast, looking to the mother country for food and protection, Champlain gazed upon the great lakes, crossed Huron and Ontario, and penetrated into the center of New York State.

Unlike most of the early pioneers who came to Canada, Champlain was neither a priest nor a fur-trader. He had many of the qualities which go to make up the soldier of fortune: the disregard of danger, the indifference to privation, the ardent love of adventure, but he was not the coarse, cruel, grasping soldier, lustful for blood and gold—he was the *preux chevalier*, gentle in time of peace, forgiving toward his enemies, generous and deeply religious. He was a captain in the royal navy during the reign of Henry IV, and, becoming tired of the perpetual warfare of the Old World, Captain Champlain resigned his commission to explore and colonize the new.

Suggestion of the Panama Canal

THE expedition which led to the discovery of Lake Champlain was by no means his first voyage to America. As early as 1599 he had gone as far south as the Isthmus of Panama, and had described the advantages to trade which would result in *cutting a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific.*

In 1608 the Sieur de Monts received a grant from the King of France of all the territory between the fortieth and forty-sixth parallels of latitude. With a stroke of the kingly pen, De Monts was made feudal lord of a territory reaching from the neighborhood of Philadelphia to Cape Breton Island. Three years later James I of England granted to the Plymouth Company the right to establish colonies in this same region, paying no attention to the French King's claim, but this is also a kingly prerogative. De Monts selected Champlain to go and build a settlement in his new domain, and in doing this he chose one of the ablest of the early makers of America.

Champlain sailed from Honfleur in May, and, going up the St. Lawrence River, he built a few huts where to-day stands the picturesque old city of Quebec. Of course, he and his men had a hard winter. It was so severe that more than half of them died of scurvy. The Indians, who, like summer insects, lay by no store for the future, came to him and begged for food. They were literally starving, and fought among themselves for the carrion with which the Frenchmen had baited their traps. Champlain received them with great compassion, and gave them food from his own scanty supply. The generosity and humaneness with which he always treated the Indians won from them an enduring friendship. They never faltered in their trust in him, and never once betrayed his trust in them. Had it not been for this friendship on their part, he could never have performed the wonders he did in the way of exploration.

The March upon the Iroquois

THE spring of 1609 found him in good health and courage, planting his garden against the necessities of the winter to come. At this time a young Algonquin chief came to him and made just the kind of a proposal that would naturally appeal to the adventurous soldier. It was to join the allied tribes of Canada—the Algonquins, Hurons, and Montagnais—in an expedition against the Iroquois of New York. In return for the favor of his alliance, the Indians promised to take him, at some future time, to the Great Lakes and to show him where there were copper and other wealth dear to the heart of the European. Champlain agreed at once, and in May he set out, accompanied by eleven of his men and his Indian allies.

The party went up the St. Lawrence as far as the Richelieu River, which is the connecting link between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. Here they found that they could not navigate the smaller stream in their shallop, and nine of the men went back in it to Quebec. Three-fourths of the Indians deserted at this point, leaving Champlain with two white companions and sixty Indians to invade the Five Nations of the Iroquois—the fiercest, most ruthless warriors on the American continent. The Canadian Indians would never have dreamed of such an invasion if they had not had a sublime confidence in "the man with the iron chest," as they called Champlain.

They had a difficult journey up the Richelieu River, and coming down the western channel, past the islands of La Motte and North and South Hero, reached a point where the full expanse of the lake lay glistening under the July sun. If we eliminate the summer cottages which now dot the islands and shores, Champlain looked upon the same scene which the traveler who goes there on a pleasure trip sees to-day. On the left were the Green Mountains, whose summits of white limestone Champlain mistook for snowy peaks; on the right were the Adirondack Mountains and forests, then the favorite hunting grounds of the Iroquois.

The original plan of the Indians was daring enough to satisfy the love for the wildest adventure. It was to traverse Lake Champlain, go through Lake George, make a portage of a dozen miles, and, striking the Hudson, glide down that river to the sea, borne along by the absolute belief in the omnipotence of three muskets and three steel breast-plates. As will be seen, this plan was interrupted, but had it not been, Champlain would have antedated Henry Hudson's discovery by a few months, or, possibly, as traveling was a slow process in those days of Indian ambuscades, Champlain, going down the river, might have met Sir Henry on his way northward.

When the invaders reached the southern extremity of the lake, off a rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was afterward built, they met the Iroquois, who, having got wind of the invasion, were coming to seek it. The first meeting was at night while both parties were in their canoes, and by common consent they agreed to wait until daylight before beginning the fight.

The inhabitants of New York State were very disdainful of the Canadian Indians. Having no information as to the great power which was concealed in their ranks, the Iroquois wondered at the temerity of their northern foes, and watched them closely during the night, to see that they did not run away without giving battle. Both sides spent the time in shouting boasts as to what was to happen as soon as it was light, but the Canadians were silent as to the secret of their courage.

At sunrise the Iroquois began the attack, and, as they advanced with more military precision than was usually shown in Indian warfare, Champlain took time to admire them: two hundred stalwart braves, in stature more majestic than any he had ever seen, and with three chiefs at their head, wearing a rude armor of wood bound with thongs.

Champlain Turns the Day

HAD it not been for the presence of Champlain the allied Indians would have turned tail and run. As it was, they became very anxious and called loudly upon their champion. Clad in light armor, with shining breast-plate and a plumed casque on his head, Champlain stepped through the ranks and strode forward until he was thirty paces in advance of his party. The Iroquois stopped short with astonishment. Here was an apparition to strike terror to the bravest heart, because it was the unknown and the mysterious. There were a few moments of silence; the Algonquins behind him were too intensely wrought by excitement to utter their shouts of defiance, and the Iroquois in front were too much astounded to move or speak. Champlain quietly raised his arquebus, and taking careful aim, as if he were shooting at a mark, put a bullet through the brain of one of the chiefs. Instantly pandemonium broke loose. The allies yelled like so many fiends; the Iroquois also yelled, but with a less certain note; then, with a valor which deserves to be chanted in their war-songs, they rushed toward this terrible foe, who, armed with a thunderbolt (which he had reloaded), launched it again in their faces. The two other white men, who had been concealed under buffalo robes in canoes nearby, suddenly opened fire. This settled the fight. No courage was proof against such odds, and the Iroquois fled in consternation, while the allies followed them to complete the victory.

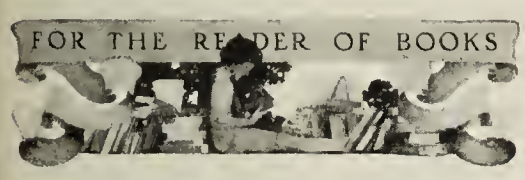
Since that day Lake Champlain has been the scene of many a bloody conflict. Fort Ticonderoga was taken and retaken during the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, the hills reverberated

with the thunder of cannon when Mac Donough defeated the English fleet, but Champlain's shot, killing the Iroquois chief, was the first explosion of gunpowder to awaken their echoes. It won the day, but it kindled in the breasts of the defeated Iroquois a rage which did not become extinct for years—not until they had burned the villages of their enemies and practically annihilated the Huron and Algonquin tribes.

When the ceremonies attendant upon this victory were completed, the Canadian Indians were satisfied to return home, taking their hero with them, in triumph.

Six years later he made his longest and his last voyage into the interior of the continent. With a dozen white men and a band of Indians who were always eager to avail of his prowess against their Iroquois foes, he ascended the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, crossed Lake Huron and Lake Ontario, and came down into New York State as far as Canandaigua. Here he found a town of the Senecas which was fortified by a stout palisade thirty feet high and defended by a large force of warriors. Nothing daunted by this obstacle, Champlain and his men built a wooden tower with huge shields, capable of sheltering several men. When this was finished three or four of his men climbed into it, and two hundred of his Indians dragged it forward, very much after the fashion of the famous wooden horse which the Greeks employed at the siege of Troy, only in this case the vehicle rolled up in broad daylight, accompanied by the yelps of painted savages. From this portable fortress a raking fire was poured over the stockade. The ruse might have been successful if the attacking Indians had possessed more patience, but in their exultation they exposed themselves too recklessly and met with serious losses. Champlain himself was wounded by an arrow, and, although he drew it out and wanted to continue the fight, his allies suddenly became discouraged and drew off, carrying him with them. They were kind enough to him, nursed him in his wounded condition, and finally brought him safely back to Quebec, but he had lost prestige among them, for they had discovered that the man with the iron chest was not invulnerable.

He made many voyages between France and Canada, visiting the court at Paris, being fêted by King and nobles, and returning to the hardships of life in New France with equanimity and pleasure, for his heart was in his work in the New World. Here, on Christmas Day, 1635, at the age of sixty-eight, he died, and at his death his country lost her foremost pioneer in America.



John Bull and His Island

IN APPROACHING his explanation of England and the English, Mr. Price Collier is attracted by the Englishman's breakfast. It is a solid repast of tea, eggs and bacon, cold meat, and jam. What you want is not refused, but what *they* like is gradually forced upon you. Thus the English govern their colonies. There is no raising of voices, no ridicule of your habits, just slow-moving, confident bulk. The Englishman holds himself at high value and, wherever and whenever possible, takes all he can get. It is done quietly, as a matter of right, with a subdued air of sanctity.

For other meals there are eggs, bacon, sole, beef, mutton, ham, tongue, chicken with potatoes, cabbage, and cheese. It is a man's diet, suited to men who play and fight hard and rule about one-fifth of the world. The Englishman likes it, sighs for it when separated from it, and those who survive are, as Mr. Collier admits, splendid animals indeed. It is washed down with a prodigious amount of malted liquors and heavy wines. In 1906 the English consumed twenty-eight gallons of beer each for every man, woman, and child. They spent over a thousand million dollars for drink, sport, and the navy.

Sport is a religion. Indeed, the English spend more, as Mr. Collier rather quaintly puts it, "on sport than they do on religion and education." Young and old play outdoor games together in a way almost unheard of here. It gives the boys manliness and poise, and keeps their elders fit. Keeping fit is a duty for these modern Romans. They never can tell when they will be called upon. When the South African war broke out, Lord Roberts, already an old man, and grieving then for the loss of his son, said: "I have been keeping myself fit for just such an emergency," and started for the front.

It is a man's country. Society is ruled by men rather than, as in America, by

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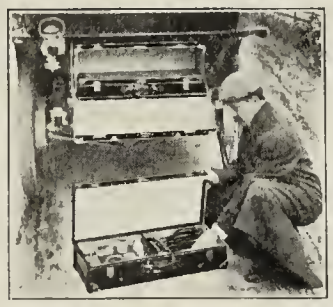
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Every time you drop a nickel or a dime in the slot the machine automatically takes a cigar from the original box and deposits it in your hand.

We control and make the only Automatic Cigar Selling Machine in the world. That means a monopoly of the *automatic* selling of 9,000,000,000 (nine billion) cigars sold annually in the United States, with total profits of $200,000,000 at 2 cents per cigar.

The monopoly of the automatic end of the cigar business is too big for us to handle alone. The local territory in Chicago, which we reserve for our company, is as much as we can handle.

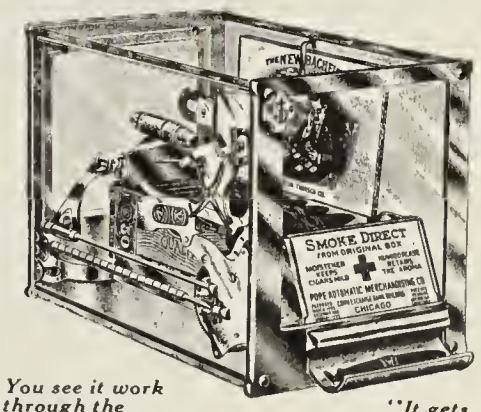
We are organizing a force of operators to install these machines and to control them locally in other cities and states. It takes big men with brains and push to carry out our plans. We can't afford to tie up the territory to any man who cannot develop its possibilities.

We sell no patent rights—no stock in our company. We furnish you the machines and show how to operate them to attract your share of the millions of nickels, dimes and quarters that flow in a constant stream into the cigar business each year.

Big fortunes are made from chewing gum machines that attract mere pennies. If pennies make fortunes, then 5, 10 and 25-cent pieces will make bigger fortunes from Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machines.

Compare the volume of cigar sales with that of any other article sold or that can be sold in merchandising machines. You will then realize what vastly greater possibilities for profit there are in catering to the millions of smokers.

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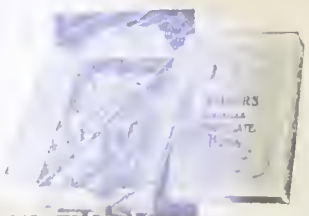
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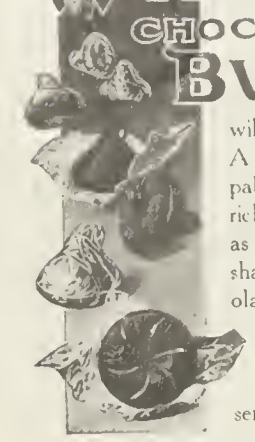
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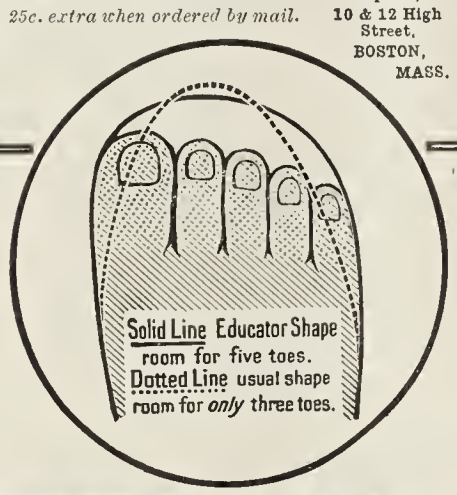
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women. Politics, not amusement, is its keynote. Echoes from the far-flung battle-line are always in the air. Fighting is going on somewhere. At London dinner-tables and clubs one is always meeting some one just setting out upon or returning from exploration, colonizing, or war.

More About an Englishman's Home

IN HIS home the Englishman is master. It is his castle, rather than his wife's. He spends a great deal of time there, and he likes to entertain and invest himself with a certain personal dignity. If he is living in a big house and loses his money, he would rather move to a small house and keep his servants than live apart and shabbily in the big house. Also, the horses for his wife's brougham will be sold before he will sell his hunters. The Englishman's domestic economy throws light upon the larger questions of British politics. The severest stricture that can be passed on a man's political course is that he neglects imperial interests for personal ambition, and the reason is that, in imperiling British interests, he imperils British incomes and thus the peace and comfort of the English home.

These are not new things, perhaps, but Mr. Price Collier, in his "England and the English," just published by the Scribners, puts them and much else in a new and especially understandable way. His own experience gives him an uncommon point of view. Mr. Collier was a student at the Harvard Divinity School in the early eighties; in 1903 he was living at Tuxedo Park and writing a book about driving. He knows Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, the City of Mexico and New York, and mentions an acquaintance with England extending over some thirty years. Toward his own countrymen his attitude is that of one who, although living in a fashionable country neighborhood from which detached but pleasant relations with Wall Street can doubtless be maintained, yet feels free to lambaste the vulgar new-rich.

He steps easily from budget statisties to French epigrams and coachmen's "hands." Yet, although decidedly a sportsman, his reticence toward a great Personage is worthy of remark. He is more inclined toward Cleveland, President Eliot, Charles Eliot Norton, Choate, and Root. He has no sympathy with Socialism nor votes-for-women, and in quite a London "Spectator" manner curtly dismisses such matters as "sentimentalism" and "effeminacy." Indeed, toward the whole altruistic tendency of to-day, Mr. Collier appears to present an almost early-Victorian opaqueness and indifference. Within the field which interests him, however, he is keen, widely-informed, and always vigorous and interesting.

The Sun that Never Sets

ALTHOUGH he deeply respects and has real affeetion for this stout, red-eheeked, honest, sport-loving old fellow, Mr. Collier is not without misgivings about his future in a new, nervous, scientific age. "Although one may praise," he says, "and praise honestly, the game he has played, and the manly way he has played it, this need not interfere with the conviction that he is being caught up with—which means, of course, ere long, left behind—in the far more scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are now playing." Many other vistas, similarly interesting, are lighted by Mr. Collier's book. He tells who the English are and discusses their home life in town and country, sport, society, Ireland, and the way they govern themselves and others. It would not be easy to find more interesting reading on such a subject at this time. A. R.

A Transcript of Tenement Life

CHARLES FORT has lately published an unusual book, "The Outcast Manufacturers." There is no story, and its language is elliptical, consciously terse, forbidding. Read the first chapter, in which his score or so of slovenly New York tenement types are created and staged, and you'll wonder why good white paper was spoiled to picture chaos, complete and sordid. Chapter II will interest you, and you'll sit up as late as is necessary to finish the transcript. Arthur Morrison and Gissing have gone to the heart of the London slums, and have made fair stories out of their accurate studies. Fort cares nothing for his story, and he is a rampant individualist as to style, but he makes his group of tenement incompetents live under your eye. It is superb verbal photography—atmosphere, humor, the sordidness of the people and streets, brief flashes of exaltation, the by-play of politics, poignant little tragedies, are thrown upon the pages sharp-edged and convincing. In place of a story there is a slow progression of the group. At the end you'll wonder who Fort is and what he thinks about his people. The book won't even give you a hint. J. M. O.



On the Links

At the mountains or shore, at tennis, canoeing, however you may be spending the vacation days, you are bound to appreciate deeply the collar that is always nobby and fresh, that neither dust nor heat can affect.

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

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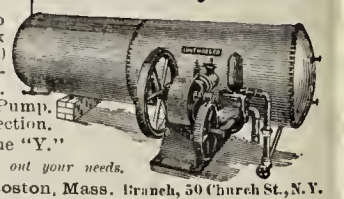
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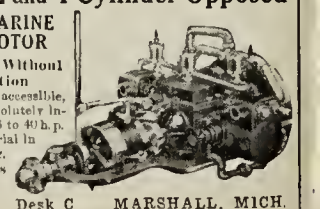
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE TOURIST

VOL XLIII NO 16

JULY 30 1910

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Holeproof Hose

Made and Guaranteed For Men, Women and Children

Think of this, you mothers who must now darn hosiery every week,—and you fathers who must now buy hosiery almost every week!

If you buy six pairs of soft, light and attractive "Holeproof" Hose—the original guaranteed hose—for yourselves and the children, you must get this guarantee, signed in ink by the dealer or by us: "If any or all of these hose come to rips, tears or holes, or need darning within 6 months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

31 Years' Experience

The secret of the wear-quality and comfort-quality together in "Holeproof" Hose cost us 31 years of patient experiment.

We use a 3-ply yarn which is especially soft and fine.

We reinforce the heels and toes to 6-ply. In the children's stockings the knees are also reinforced in this way.

Yet you do not feel these reinforcements because the yarn is so pliable and light, and the knitting is done so expertly.

If you want the most comfortable, the most economical, the very finest hose on the market, see that the "Holeproof" trademark is on the toe.

All the Latest Summer Colors

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request. Or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Holeproof Sox 6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—Made exclusively of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, $2.00.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox 6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full Fashioned Sox 6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre Sox.

Holeproof Stockings 6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings 6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings 6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 336 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Write for Free Book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy"

Are Your Hose Insured?

Arabian Nights' Series

are twelve fairy tales told in pictures. They come direct from dreamland, and the beauty and power of the artist's imagination carry you with him into this unknown realm. The originals by

Maxfield Parrish

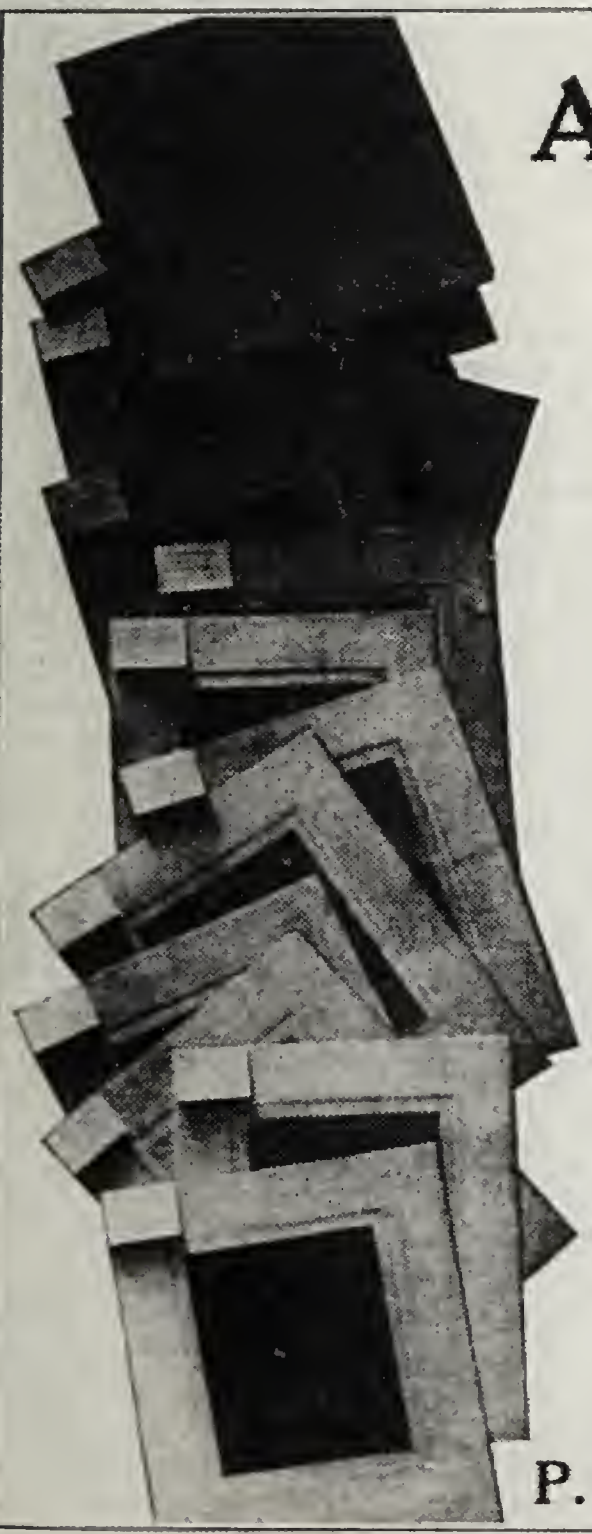
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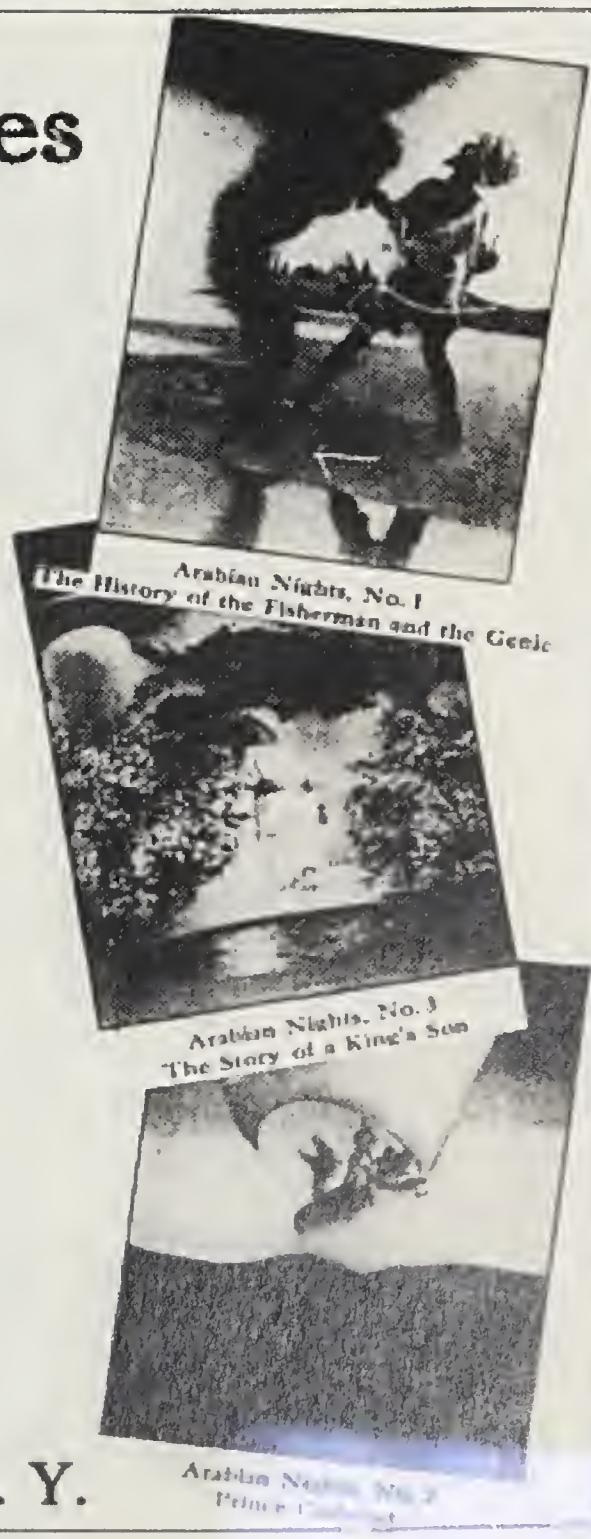
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Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's thentre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 lnrge, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

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Chalfonte ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

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Poland Spring House and Mansion House. America's leading resort. Famous for **Poland Water**, the purest known. **The Samoset**, Rockland Breakwater—Maine's finest seashore resort.

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Spend Your Vacation on Quaint Cape Cod

Ideal for vacations—seashore, woods, country, fishing, boating, bathing

Send for free beautifully illustrated book.

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FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

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Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

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S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from 'Frisco, $650 and up. 12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, $400 up. Ll-yd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including days Egypt and Palestine.

FRANK C CLARK, Times Building, New York.

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EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. P. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa. | THE IDEAL WAY

Collier's

Saturday, July 3, 1909

Cover Design . . . . *Drawn by Maxfield Parrish*

Dayton puts the Wright Brothers Through the Third Degree. *Photographs* 6

Editorials 7

The Goddess of Noise. *Poem.* . . . *Wallace Irwin* 8

The Nightmare of Great Britain's Press. *Photographs* . . . 9

An Empire in a Fright . . . . *Frederick Palmer* 9
Illustrated with Cartoons

Punk and Firecrackers . . . . *Leonard Hatch* 11
Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

Our Young Barbarians About to Leave Their Play. *Photographs* . 12

Scientific Nature-Faking 13
Illustrated with Photographs

The "Western Vanderbilt" . . . . *Julian Street* 14-15
Illustrated with Photographs

The Straggler. *Story* . . . . *Katharine Holland Brown* 16
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A Misunderstanding . . . . *Drawings by Oliver Herford* 17

What the World Is Doing 18

Who the Insurgents Are . . . . *Mark Sullivan* 20
Illustrated with Photographs

Volume XLIII Number 15

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 10

MEDICAL COPY

IT is quite generally understood that Collier's does not carry medical advertising of any sort. This, of course, excludes patent medicines. We even go farther and exclude the word "cure." Some weeks ago we received an advertisement from a man who claimed to cure by natural means, dyspepsia, heart disease, and so forth. Now, this advertiser is an honorable business man and above the suspicion of quackery, nevertheless we had to tell him that it was against our rules to accept any advertising copy in which the word "cure" was used. He wired back: "Change your rules; it is easier than to change my copy." So it would have been, but he overlooked the important fact that our readers have something to say.

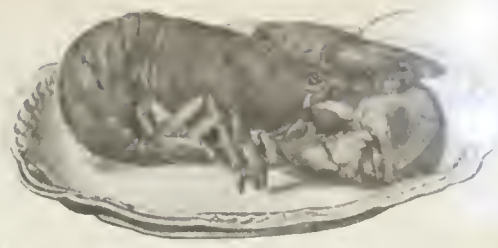
We convinced this advertiser that the ruling was made, not to work a hardship on him or on any legitimate advertiser, but for the protection of Collier's readers against the hordes of quacks who solemnly promise cures for every known malady. He did not belong in their class and yet by the use of the copy he submitted he would have placed himself in their ranks. Thousands of dollars are paid out every day by innocent readers to the frauds in the patent-medicine business.

Look over our advertising columns and then compare them with the advertising columns of the large majority of other weeklies and monthlies who exercise no censorship. We are not finding fault with those publishers who will allow such advertising to enter their papers—that is their business—but we want you to know where Collier's stands, and why it is always safe to deal with any advertiser who uses Collier's. They will all keep faith with you and with us!

T. L. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"School Advertising"



Try It On

LOBSTER

All varieties of Fish, are deliciously seasoned and made more appetizing with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.



For four generations it has stood unrivaled as a seasoning.

See that **Lea & Perrins'** signature is on wrapper and label.

Return Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts. New York.



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TOYLAND

A Poster by Maxfield Parrish

PRICE 75 CENTS

This large poster is done in Mr. Parrish's happiest style and with all his wonderful wealth of color and detail. It is just the picture for nursery decoration—also suitable for the college man's den.

Order from Any Reliable Art Dealer in the U. S. or Canada

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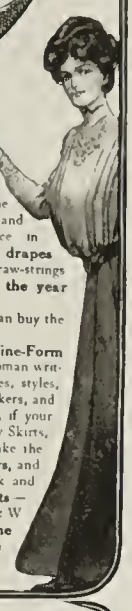
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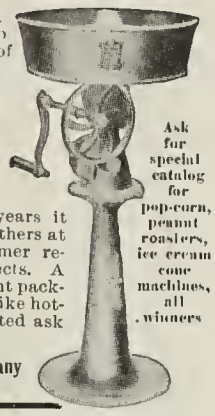
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 3, 1909

Vacation

¶ *Next week's issue will be devoted almost entirely to the spirit of summer-time; vacation experiences and vacation thoughts will pervade its pages. Mr. Maxfield Parrish has drawn a cover for the number which he calls "The Tourist," and Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has made a double-page picture illustrating a timely theme. The characters are papa and some pretty girls. The prize-winning essays in Collier's Vacation Contest of last year will be printed in this number. In addition there will be photographs of beautiful girl graduates and other Commencement pictures. As a sequel to the article contained in the present number on "An Empire in a Fright," Mr. Palmer will contribute an article showing the Teutonic viewpoint in the same crisis, entitled,*

"The March of the Germans"

¶ *If seven German babies are born to every four British babies, and if the seven little Germans when they grow up will work ten hours a day to the Britishers' eight, which is going to win, England or Germany?*

Something depends on the number who emigrate, on how well they know their A B C's, and on keeping up the supply of jobs for the newcomers. A good deal depends, too, on the continued patriotism of German mothers.

"Where are we going to put all our sons in this crowded country?" they are beginning to ask.

"You leave all such details to me," answers the Kaiser. "Keep on doing your duty to God and the Fatherland and urge your husbands to join the Navy League."

Everybody wants those plus three little Germans if they leave their nationality behind, and nobody wants them if they bring it with them. The Kaiser insists that they shall, at least, have it concealed somewhere about their persons. Otherwise, they can never be allowed to fight and die for him and enter the Brandenburg Walhalla.

Suspicion that he means to find room for the plus three in the British Empire and give them jobs that belong to Englishmen has aroused England to double locks and patent burglar alarms.

What is the nature of the Frankenstein of the British imagination? What is the character of that navy, half its own strength, which the British navy suddenly finds so formidable?

This terrible German smiles over the British scare. He smiles as innocently as if he really held as strong a hand as the British credit him with holding. Who said that he aimed at the Englishman's job? Nobody but the English. Has England a patent on Dreadnoughts? Hasn't Hans a right to some, too?—especially as he pays for them; and he does not like that part any better than any other taxpayer.

We really know less of the real Germany than of any other great country, says Mr. Palmer. The secret of her power is her success in finding work for the 900,000 increase of population every year. How long can this continue? Either the outward pressure of her own numbers will force her to strike for more room or the German mothers will have to take a text from the book of the women of France, where the population is stationary—and that is "lese-majeste."

'Ever-Ready Safety Razor $1.00



Trade-mark face.

The Ever-Ready guarantees you the best shave of your life, or your dollar back. Nearly 2,000,000 in use. That's good proof of its merit.

12 BLADES With Every Set



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Each Ever-Ready blade is protected against rust-dust dullness and exposure by patented individual package. Count the 12 blades in each $1. set, and look for trade-mark face.

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Extra Ever-Ready BLADES 10 for 50¢

This $15 Solid Oak Porch Swing

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DURING THE SUMMER avoid that red, shiny complexion caused by perspiration. Use **Lablache,** the great beautifier, and have no fear of exposure to the sun and wind. Pure and harmless.

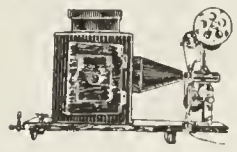
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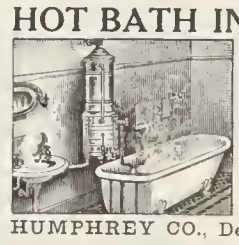
"3-in-One" brightens everything about home or office; injures nothing, not even soiling hands. "3-in-One" is the only

CLEAN HOUSE OIL

Oils bicycles and sewing machines. Good bottle and book *free.* Write quick.

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HOT BATH IN TWO MINUTES FOR TWO CENTS



Moses, by the aid of a rod, struck a rock and got cold water. You, by the aid of a

HUMPHREY HEATER

strike a match and instantly get hot water. Easily connected, simple, durable. Write for Booklet and 30 days' Trial Offer.

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All Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at ½ to ⅓ Mfrs. Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for catalog "M."
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Governor Harmon presents the medal



He shows the assembled multitude that it is a real medal



The Brothers say "Thank you"







The heralds



One of the floats



"Let us fly—I mean flee," said Wilbur to Orville





A glee club, disguised as troubadours, sang at the Wrights too,—and the whole city was decorated with banners and flags

Dayton Puts the Wright Brothers Through the Third Degree

Photographs by JAMES H. LARE

(See Page 24)

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

July 3, 1909

Is There Really Hope?

PRESIDENT TAFT'S PROMISES to revise the tariff downward were all made *before* his election. Not at any time since November 3 has he repeated that pledge or referred to it. From this nothing sinister is to be inferred. It would be more in keeping with his poise and solidity to remain silent until the time comes for performance, and then to live up to the last letter of his pledge. But this silence has given courage to Senator ALDRICH, Senator LODGE, Senator HALE, Senator HEYBURN, and the other machine Senators to insist, by word and deed, that Mr. TAFT'S promises are not binding on the Republican Party. Finally, during the last two months, to frank repudiation of the promise to revise downward, they have added open sneers for the man to whom the public justly looks for redemption of that promise. Meantime, up to the present writing, from President TAFT has come nothing—unless it be assumed that Secretary MACVEAGH speaks by his authority. Mr. MACVEAGH said:

"This Administration will be conciliatory if you do, not ask it to give up a principle or *go back on its promises.* Neither of these things will it do."

At Milwaukee, September 24, 1908; at Des Moines, September 26; at Cincinnati, September 22, President TAFT *promised revision downward.*

Mr. MACVEAGH said further:

"To argue that the revision expected is not a revision down is talking against the wind."

That is exactly what Senators ALDRICH, LODGE, HALE, and HEYBURN have *said*, and exactly what the Republican Senate machine, under the leadership of these men, has *done.*

Again, from Secretary MACVEAGH:

"The main point is to satisfy the people of the Middle West."

It is exactly the people of the Middle West who are not satisfied. From the Middle-Western States come all the Insurgent Senators. Iowa has two Insurgent Senators, Minnesota two, Nebraska two. Kansas has one Insurgent Senator and half a one; South Dakota the same. Wisconsin has one Insurgent and a nonentity. Indiana has one Insurgent and one Democrat.

Finally, this threat:

"And you and I must agree, for we can not escape the conclusion, that it might become at any time the duty of any great party leader to create for his party a new majority and control."

If we could but know that the Secretary of the Treasury spoke on behalf of his chief! When President ROOSEVELT sent Secretary ROOT to Utica to denounce HEARST, the formula used was this: "By the authority and direction of the President, I say to you."

Just a Few Figures

THE RECORD SHOWS that out of seventy-nine cases heard before the Supreme Court of California from 1895 to 1907, in which the Southern Pacific appears as plaintiff or defendant, fifty-seven were decided in favor of that company, almost four to one. Take, now, a different period. Of all the Southern Pacific cases argued and submitted in the same court *prior* to 1895, thirty-four were decided for the company, and twenty-eight against, showing almost an even break.

Who Is This Man?

FROM UNCLE JOE'S APOLOGIA:

"Another publisher, childlike in his frankness, comes direct to the Speaker's room in person with a proposition *to throw the whole newspaper press of the country* over to support any ambition the Speaker may have if he will secure just one desired piece of legislation, and the threat that he will turn this terrible engine of publicity against the Speaker if he refuses."

This statement involves two propositions:

The first (stated in so many words) that some man made this offer.

The second (by necessary inference) that the man was sane, and that he was in a position to bring "the whole newspaper press" of the United States to the support of Uncle JOE'S campaign for the Presidency.

Will Uncle JOE now name for us the man who can deliver "the whole newspaper press" of the United States? A great many people will be keen to know the answer. The general public has the feeling that they are entitled to know who are the men and what the interests that control, in individual cases, the newspapers which they read. If there is any one man able to deliver them all, that will be a revelation, indeed. Colonel WATTERSON will undoubtedly want to know who it is that can swing the "Courier-Journal." We hope he will second our effort to persuade Uncle JOE to tell. Mr. NELSON will be glad to learn who it is that can deliver the Kansas City "Star." Let everybody join hands to find out who was Speaker CANNON'S remarkable visitor.

One Source of Revenue

FOR THE SAKE of the application which comes later, we crave the patience necessary to read two rather formidable legal paragraphs:

Revised Statutes of the United States, Section 3893: "Every obscene, lewd, or lascivious . . . paper . . . print or other publication of an indecent character . . . are hereby declared to be non-mailable . . . and any person who shall knowingly deposit . . . for mailing . . . anything declared by this section to be non mailable . . . shall for each and every offense be fined not less than $100 nor more than $5,000, or imprisoned at hard labor not less than one year nor more than ten years, or both, at the discretion of the court."

That statute is still in force. Under it, on or about October 23, 1906, JAMES GORDON BENNETT, owner of the New York "Herald," was indicted in the following language:

". . . did knowingly deposit . . . in the mails of the United States . . . a certain paper, print, and publication entitled the New York 'Herald' . . . and the same paper . . . contained (among other things) . . . certain obscene, lewd, lascivious, and indecent matters in print . . . against the peace of the United States and their dignity and contrary to the form of the statutes of the United States in such case made and provided."

In the indictment against Mr. BENNETT, the following advertisements from the "Herald," among others, were set forth:

"A.—A.—Magnetic young masseuse (new assistants) gives magnetic, Swedish, vibratory, general massage, manicuring, baths . . ."

"A.—A.—Magnetic trained masseuse, with assistants, gives Swedish, general, vibratory magnetic massage; baths; Persian, French, and Western operators; select patronage . . ."

"A.—Refined, young masseuse, magnetic, massage, manicuring; Parisian operator; expert assistants . . ."

"A thoroughly competent masseuse; general massage. . . . Competent assistants wanted."

"A.—A.—Expert Norwegian masseuse; bath, massage, vibratory treatment . . ."

"EXPERT masseuse gives magnetic oil, alcohol rubs . . ."

For his offenses, Mr. BENNETT was speedily and simply convicted and sentenced, and paid $25,000 into the Treasury of the United States. For two years the "Herald's" personal columns have contained no advertisement less innocuous than "Anti-Fat."

Read now the following advertisements from the opulent "personal" columns of the San Francisco "Chronicle" for any recent Sunday:

"A.—A.—Miss ——, scientific masseuse. Open Sunday . . ."

"A.—Newly opened massage parlors; Eastern assistant . . ."

"A.—A.—Miss ——, vibratory massage . . ."

"Miss ——, Eastern masseuse . . ."

"A.—Miss ——, tub baths, alcohol, magnetic massage . . ."

"A.—A.—Miss ——, magnetic treatment . . ."

"—— ——, massage; select patronage . . ."

"Modern Rooms for select parties . . ."

Now substitute in the indictment above, for the New York "Herald," the San Francisco "Chronicle," and for "JAMES GORDON BENNETT," the name MICHEL HARRY DE YOUNG. Then guess the answer. The statutes of the United States are the same in San Francisco as in New York. The Grand Jury that indicted Mr. BENNETT, the Court that tried him, and the jury that convicted him, formally recognized the class of advertisements here set forth—as everybody in the newspaper business has long recognized them—as "obscene, lewd, lascivious, and indecent," and so described them officially. What has been held by the United States courts in New York is binding on the United States courts in California. Any citizen of that State may instigate the prosecution, as WILLIAM R. HEARST did in New York, provided the local United States attorney is not restrained, by fear or favor, from prosecuting so powerful a personage as the owner of the San Francisco "Chronicle." MICHEL H. DE YOUNG is a man of power in the land. The distinctions he enjoys have lately included a publicly announced lunch at the White House. His honors would not be less if he should divest himself of this small part of those ample revenues which make him different from the common run of men.

"And Then What?"

MR. BRYCE, who understands America so much better than many Americans, was reminded during his recent visit to California of the great ALEXANDER. That restless conqueror was describing one day nation after nation which he intended to overrun and subjugate. "And

"Well, that, what?" asked one of his counsellors, and ALEXANDER replied: "Well, I suppose we shall sit down and enjoy ourselves and live happily for the rest of our lives." To which the counsellor answered: "If that is your object, why not begin to be happy now? You already have more than any one ever conquered before; why not take your enjoyment now?" And the British Ambassador then reminded his audience—he was speaking at the Charter Day exercises of the University of California—that even were they not to slacken the pace at which they were pursuing material development, they might well reflect upon what were "the ultimate aims for which they were working." Part of the fascination of pioneer life is that a thing so "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" as an ultimate aim rarely intrudes to break the spell. There is no time for it—or it is easy to think so. Because of its apparent necessity, every commonplace piece of work—clearing land, raising a roof, digging a well—becomes an act of creation. There are no other wells, no other roofs, within hundreds of miles, perhaps. So seldom can this particular emotion be enjoyed in the highly complex and endlessly divided activities of a more settled community, that people have even fallen into the habit of considering as creative work only that done by writers and artists. As if merely because it is set down on paper by one man, unaided, some perfunctory magazine story were any more "created" than the orchard which some skilful and imaginative pioneer makes to grow in a desert.

The Ultimate Aim?

YOUTH and the golden age can not last forever, however. There comes a time when it is no longer necessary to grow food in order to live. The bakeshop and grocery store are just round the corner. The old Middle-Western régime, "to raise more corn to feed more hogs, etc.," can no longer be adapted in terms of irrigation ditches and citrous orchards to California. The Golden West is growing up. The ultimate aim *must* be considered. Mr. BRYCE makes several suggestions. The Californians, with their marvelous land and climate, should stick to the country and not degenerately flock to the cities. There are cooperative methods among cultivators worth their thought. If they insist on the city, let them make it beautiful and well-governed—certainly there is a field in San Francisco. Let them give a little more thought to things of the mind—why may not a new and distinctive type, perhaps of landscape painting, perhaps of literature, grow up in this extraordinary State, so strikingly an empire in itself? Californians already have an individuality. Their mountains, gigantic trees, and splendid sunshine seem to have produced an exuberance, a light-hearted worship of pagan beauty, quite different from anything found in the East. The Bohemian Club's summer gambol and outdoor play would be impossible in New York or Massachusetts, no less because of differences of temperament than because of the lack of a redwood forest. A surprising number of Californians write stories and help to fill Eastern magazines and newspapers. Whatever development may come with the increase of leisure, it is a fact that in another generation the question, "What next?" will become very pertinent all the way from the Cœur d'Alene country down to Yuma and the Salton Sink.

Wheat

FAR-STRETCHING FIELDS of waving grain will soon cover the infinite prairies. The harvest days will come when, despite the problems of the unemployed, the rancher will call in vain for the hands with which to gather the spoil of the reaper and the winnowed wealth of the thrasher. It is a great industry, this tickling of the vast plain to feed the craving appetite of a nation. More enduring it is than that other great industry of the West which explores the fissures of the earth for treasure. The men who sweat and moil under the hot blasts of the prairie sun earn their wage. The nation whose blood is renewed by the yield of their labor is their debtor.

The Goddess of Noise

By WALLACE IRWIN

THEY have done her in bronze and in plaster,
Sweet Liberty, saint of our land;
In ponderous bronze have they cast her,
A giantess guarding our strand.
The blood-muddled French call her "Reason"
(Which very near shattered her poise)—
But now in the Firecrack Season
Let's call her the Goddess of Noise.

BEHOLD how she calls to her people!
The little toy cannon's a-load,
Old Glory streams over the steeple
And havoc begins to explode;
Staid nerves may be torn from their sockets,
But the battle's the thing for the boys,
And the midnight is splendid with rockets
High-flown to the Goddess of Noise.

AH, Glorious Fourth! though endurance
Be strained by the things that you do,
Though you baffle the laws of Insurance
And knock all the echoes askew,
Yet we'd burn half the barns in creation
And scorch all our thumbs for the joys
That spring from one mad salutation
To Liberty, Goddess of Noise.

CAN'T you hear the great soul of it calling—
The deep-throated Voice of the Day;
How the blood that is blessed in its falling
May trickle again in our clay?
For back of these loud salutations,
If idle and meaningless toys,
Is *your* faith and mine and the Nation's
Blazed forth by the Goddess of Noise.

Are Reveries Obsolete?

REMINDED BY IK MARVEL'S death that our copy of "Reveries of a Bachelor" had gone unread for ten years, we fell upon those mellow paragraphs once again. Time has not chilled them, though it has made them seem quaint. It sets a city man to wondering if bachelors have reveries in these days of severe office work and multitudinous social engagements. Club-life, a winter with five nights in each week devoted to public or semi-public banquets; unmarried women, perfectly understanding that the benedick is not in earnest, willing at all times to eat or drive or see the play in company with his lack of intention—these are the elements of modern city life. What room is there for firelight moping and the architecture of the fancy, when a telephone will reduce the evening to a definite plan for bridge whist or a Barrie play? Melancholy is gratuitous when the receiver is already off the hook. It was pretty to play with sadness and to let the thoughts flicker around dead or wedded or unattainable beauty—the might-have-beens in the gallery of heart's desire. But the old mood has passed. That gentle sadness does not lend itself to midnight dashes on motor-cars.

The Girl in White

MIDSUMMER nights when shrubs and trees breathe perfume, and when Japanese mats and sofa pillows are brought out on the front steps. Under leafy arcades trolley cars whiz by, leaving an impression of hair ribbons, bare arms, and starched linen. Beau BRUMMELL once said something very complimentary about starched linen, but what he said applied to men. Has any poet yet satisfactorily put on paper the exquisiteness of duck skirts and white shirtwaists? Possibly BEN JONSON had the summer girl in mind when he wrote:

> "Give me a look, give me a face
> That makes simplicity of grace."

Who can resist the whiteness and freshness of newly laundered linen, piqué, or duck? Angels themselves are not more fair. Hair adorned only by ribbons, and flowing in the breeze; bare arms a little sunburned, and just brown enough to contrast with the snowy white of the shirtwaist; little white shoes side by side, like a pair of doves; like a pair of very small, slim doves. Her destination, if it is not the summer theater, is, like as not, the soda fountain, where the red and green lights of the drug store glow alluringly. Her young face uplifted at the soda fount—it is like a rosebud at dawn. A little laugh as she makes a dab after a recalcitrant berry, a droop of eyelids, and home again—the summer's evening is over.

One Summer Trip

FOR HIM WHO, putting the care and heat of the East aside, turns his face toward Seattle's Alaska Exposition this summer, much is in store. He is going "where rolls the Oregon," and where but a little while ago, in the calendar of the years, that noble river "heard no sound save its own dashings." Now he will find that region quick with the best of American life and industry. Nowhere can he travel in our country with less of summer discomfort. He can select no other outing and see on his way so much that is educational and interesting. He may visit Denver, Colorado's beautiful capital, set in the clear atmosphere, a mile above sea-level; the Garden of the Gods; Pikes Peak, the City of the Mormon Saints, the waters of whose great lake are a pleasure and a tonic. If he wish he may break his journey between Salt Lake and Portland by a stop at Boise, unique among mountain cities; and when he has reached Portland and until, on his return, he sees the mammoth copper mines of Butte, the red fire of whose smelters splotch the sky, he will be in a belt of matchless summer weather. Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane will each give him, as an American, a thrill of pride. He will see how our Western spirit builds cities, selecting the best in modern architecture. He will find no extreme poverty and few, if any, slums. And if he has the time he may visit the Yellowstone National Park, for he passes within a few miles of its Golden Gate. For broadening culture and informing sightseeing, here is a trip worth while.

The Nightmare of Great Britain's Press



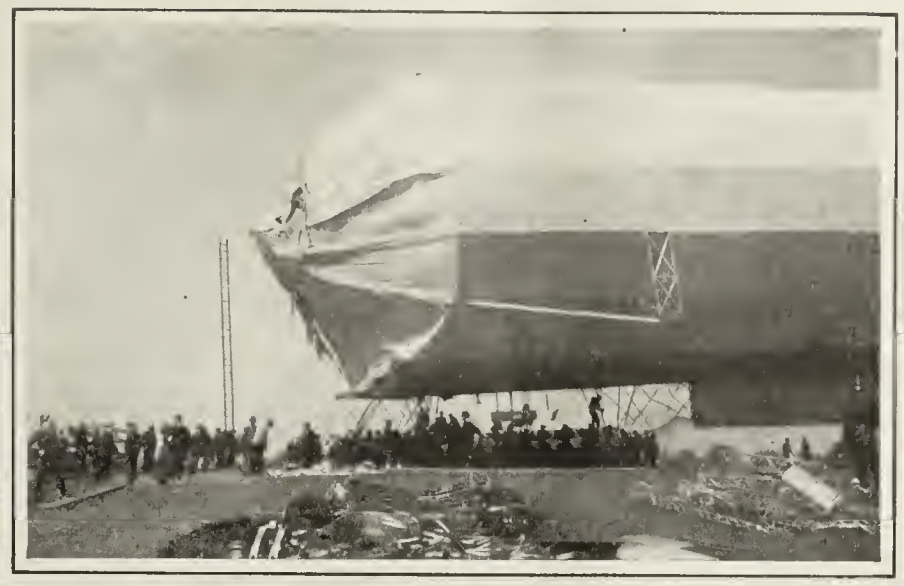
The big Zeppelin dirigible airship collided with a tree:—



it ripped its cover and scattered a certain proportion of its ribs over the surrounding pastures;—



The nearest firemen were called on for aid;—



assisted by soldiers, they proceeded to sew up the balloon's broken nose;—



this operation being successfully completed—



the great airship sailed majestically away, and for some time afterward was laid up for repairs

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S dirigible airship *Zeppelin II* started on May 31 from Lake Constance and flew to Nuremberg, where it arrived next morning. Count Zeppelin, accompanied by two engineers and a crew of seven men, then proceeded toward Berlin, where the Emperor was prepared to greet him, but he turned backward and came down when about seventy miles from the city. After repairs, the airship rose once more and returned to its shelter at Friedrichshafen. The average speed maintained during the vogage was 25 miles an hour; while the total distance of 900 miles in 38 hours broke all airship records. This flight demonstrated the fact that Germany's fleet of eight or ten air cruisers could start from Metz and sail over Paris or London without needing to land or replenish fuel. The war panic now sweeping across England has been greatly increased by the performances of Count Zeppelin's machine. The most recent development is the subscription campaign undertaken by the "Morning Post," to raise sufficient money for the Government to purchase an airship—one that has been proven navigable, so that there need be no more time lost in frittering experiments. The "Post" declares that British lethargy upon this subject resembled madness; that England has looked inertly on, while other nations have fashioned weapons for her ruin. Earl Roberts, Lord Milner, and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford are enlisted in the enterprise, and have agreed to act as an advisory committee, in conjunction with the War Office, to determine which is the most practical type of dirigible now in service. The "Post" has donated $10,000 toward the construction of a dirigible and the "Daily Mail" has offered $25,000 to build an airship garage

An Empire in a Fright

The Phlegmatic Englishman Has Become the Most Excitable Character in Europe

By FREDERICK PALMER

WHO ever heard of a wiry, excitable Italian having nervous prostration? The worst kind of a case is that of a reserved, calm man. He lacks the safety-valve of gesticulatory expression. He explodes.

For centuries the British have enjoyed a reputation for phlegm. They are supposed never to get excited except in telling other peoples how to keep cool. Even now it does not occur to them that they are hysterical. Haven't they been living in a state of siege and suspense for six months? They think of themselves as exhibiting stony stoicism in the face of conditions which would make the mercurial Frenchman, the vociferous German, and the emotional American collapse.

London Doomed Daily

EVERY foggy morning, with face blanched but sternly set, the commuter starts for London, which he knows may sink before his eyes under a shower of dynamite from an aerial flotilla secretly made in Germany. Every foggy morning, undaunted, the milkmen enter the streets of Dover expecting to encounter a dozen German army corps landed overnight. When the weather is fair, Englishmen feel reasonably safe. They know that the Germans are too unsportsmanlike to strike on a clear day.

Let no one ask such a foolish question as why include the army corps when the flotilla will do the work so quickly and thoroughly? The more thrills the better. All suggestions for the destruction of the British Empire overnight are welcome. A farmhand who imagines he sees a dirigible is good for columns without any editorial inquiry as to how much bitter ale he consumed the night before.

It is easy for the outsider to take this, the humorous and satirical, view; and it is difficult for him to adapt his imagination to such a staggering possibility as war between these two great nations. The trade relations of all the world would be disrupted. Every stock exchange would know a panic. Millions without end would be given to powers of destruction. The naval struggle on the North Sea would eclipse the battle of the Sea of Japan as Trafalgar eclipsed the duel of two buccaneering frigates.

It is safe to say that every human being on earth would directly feel the result in his daily life. If Germany won, four hundred million people might change their sovereignty.

India and all her other great colonies might be lost to England, which would be plunged in debt and reduced to the rank of Italy among the Powers. If England won, Germany would lose her trade, and her people, so dependent upon exports, would suffer dire poverty.

War Alone Will Answer

SOUNDING opinions as you travel in England and on the Continent, you find few men who do not believe that war is inevitable, sooner or later. No rules except those of force will apply to such mighty disputants, you are told. England stands at the gate of her possessions and Germany advances. The two peoples are being set against each other like terriers for a mill; and it is the responsible statesmen of England who are trumpeting the alarms which the music halls and the newspapers echo.



From "Punch," April 7, 1909

"All's well!" cries watchman Asquith—the British Prime Minister—but Citizen John Bull, with his head at the window, grumbles: "So *you* say. All the same, I think I shall sit up a bit"

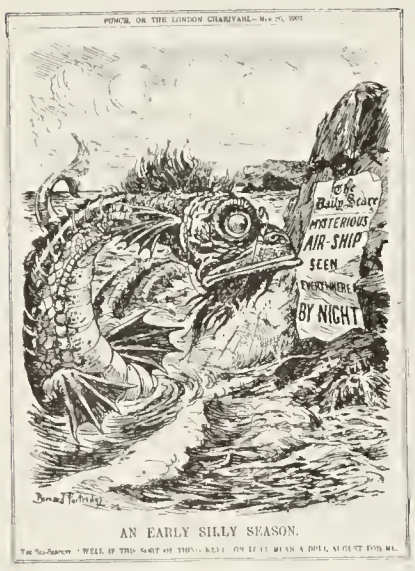
Armageddon is a good, strong old Biblical word—the name of the plain where the Jews suffered decisive defeats and disasters—but Mr. Arthur Balfour does not hesitate to use it prophetically in a public speech. Lord Rosebery, the only other living ex-Premier, says that Europe is returning to barbarism, and speaks of the forthcoming struggle as unavoidable. Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Minister and head of the diplomatic service, becomes bellicose before the Imperial Press Conference. Scarcely a day passes that some "eat-'em-alive" question is not asked in the House of Commons which refers directly to Germany as an adversary. Are the German merchant ships armed for action? Is the Government aware that the German waiters are all spies, with a central bureau in London?

In quarters where education should mean broad-minded philosophy, a word of praise for German civilization, regardless of race, is taken for a word of treason. John Bull, with sleeves rolled up, is shaking his fists and feinting and shouting: "Britons will not be slaves! I dare you! Come on!" From this attitude political opinion on the Continent draws the conclusion that England would welcome any action that would give her an excuse for attacking Germany.

England Now Twice as Strong as Germany

SHE is stronger now, relatively, than she may ever be again. Her navy is at present double the strength of the German. She is free to strike. No political complication can hold her back. Germany arouses the fears of Russia and France, already overweighting her side of the balance of power. Her neighbors favor any obstacles to her aggrandizement. They will not give her a free hand. If there is a conflict in the next few years, England must begin it.

But four years hence only *Dreadnoughts* will count, declare the agitators. This is equivalent to saying that all the battleships which we sent around the world will then be due for the junk-heap. In other words, even the four twelve-inch guns aboard the *Connecticut* are of no service. England originated the *Dreadnought*, all-big-gun type. She built the first one in a hurry to demonstrate her ship-building powers in defiance of Germany. Now, if *Dreadnoughts* be the only standard, both countries are starting afresh on something like equal conditions. This year the Asquith Ministry is building four. The Opposition is demanding eight. There party politics appears in a question which is above party. Balfour has fanned the "scare." The imaginary German artillery which he lands daily makes political thunder for him. The personnel of the navy, divided into the Fisher and the Beresford factions, is drawn into the game.



From "Punch," May 26, 1909

The Proverbial Sea Serpent sticking its head up out of the sea finds a newspaper poster of "The Daily Scare," which announces: "Mysterious Airship Seen Everywhere by Night!"—"If this sort of thing keeps on," muses the Sea Serpent, "it'll mean a dull August for *me!*"

By 1913 the Germans may have as many *Dreadnoughts* as the British, says Balfour. He is a wonderful mathematician—any leader is when after votes—for the best that any one else can do is at the ratio of three to five. Premier Asquith holds that four new *Dreadnoughts* are enough for the present. Balfour has made him paint four on his banner, as the Republicans nailed 16 to 1 to Bryan's. But he says that he will lay down four more immediately the need is evident, so that they can be of the latest type.

Speed in building in this age, when improvements are so rapid, may be an asset offsetting numbers. For example, suppose Nation A has twenty *Dreadnoughts* built and lays down five, and Nation B has fifteen *Dreadnoughts* built and lays down ten. If B can build her ten quicker than A her five, B can enter the field suddenly with a numerical advantage. A more theatric and a possible situation would arrive when one country with tremendous building facilities at her command literally declared war by an immense program against another country which, whatever her wealth or resources must take a year longer to build an armada of equal power. If Germany and the United States were to lay down ten *Dreadnoughts* to-day her ten would all be off the ways months before we had one finished.

This winter the Germans decided to accelerate the progress of the ships they had under way. Then came the revelation that they could actually build *Dreadnoughts* faster than the English. This was indeed a blow out of the blue for the calm, phlegmatic man. John Bull thought that he had no master in this line. Here is the real cause of the scare. It is economic, not military.

Evidence which had slowly accumulated came to a head. England has command of the sea, the wealth of the Indies, and the mines of South Africa. Every German ship has to pass through the British Channel on its search for trade. Yet in every corner of the world British trade is suffering from German rivalry. British exports decreased $69,119,405 in the first five months of 1909. The old champion is angry and resentful. "What business have you with a navy, anyway?" is his cry to Germany. "Don't you know that the seas are mine? You are a parvenu. Stop this! It isn't according to Hoyle!" And the German says: "Gott mit uns!" and plods on. The old champion sees the young champion growing. Germany's population is 62,000,000 and increasing; that of the British Isles is 45,000,000 and almost at a standstill. The old champion trains spasmodically, finds fault with his trainers, and observes that the young, confident of his own new system, waits his time.

The war began long ago, as we shall see in the article on "The March of the Germans." With armies of skilled industrial workers, Germany conducts her offense. The traveler who crosses from Germany to England need not look up statistics. The explanation is visual. He goes from a country of thorough tillage to one of parks and grouse-shooting privileges.

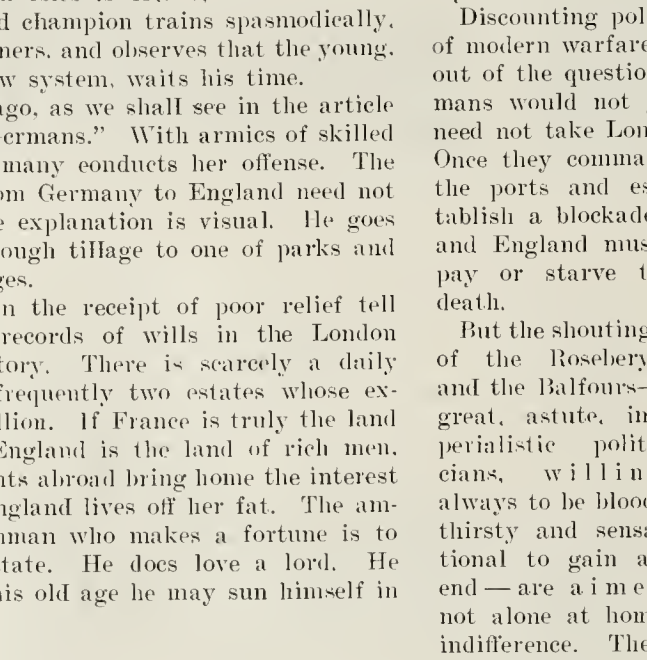
Record percentages in the receipt of poor relief tell another chapter; the records of wills in the London papers complete the story. There is scarcely a daily list without one and frequently two estates whose executors confess to a million. If France is truly the land of wealth and thrift, England is the land of rich men, whose capital investments abroad bring home the interest on which they live. England lives off her fat. The ambition of every Englishman who makes a fortune is to retire to a country estate. He does love a lord. He likes to think that in his old age he may sun himself in noble company.

All England Ready for a Fight

A COUNTRY with a large portion of her population in factories or given over to attendance on wealth can not be hard except in its out-of-door classes. Poor younger sons would rather go into Government service than business; the rich man's sons are for the army and the navy. Let the subject of Imperial administration rise in the Commons, and the men who speak are affectionate masters of their subject. If it is a problem of industrialism, all the honors are with the Reichstag.

The British know that they have a "good thing." They do not intend to lose it. What—what if England should be beaten! If England—*England* should! It is nightmarish. By fighting they won their inheritance. By fighting they will keep it. Has the time arrived when they must go out and "kill something?" The readiness with which they are roused to a fever of pessimism indicates their alertness as well as their apprehension. They are not effete or effeminate. A German army corps may some day camp in Hyde Park, as they say, but we will not live to see it—and few of them will.

By "they" one means, of course, the British upper classes—"the English gentlemen"—who won Trafalgar and Waterloo, who manage India, and who rule England always in the end. They see the need of technical education and industrial organization; of conscription for other than purposes of military defense. But they begin late. Germany has a long start. The British masses are as yet little moved.



From the London "Daily Chronicle"

The Government organ pictures a serene John Bull, content with the Government's policy, in face of the panicky outcries of Ex-Premier Balfour, who demands eight *Dreadnoughts* in place of the four which Premier Asquith is laying down this year. The leader of the Opposition is accused of inciting the "scare" for party purposes. Lord Rosebery, Liberal Ex-Premier, however, is also a pessimist

Take the play "An Englishman's Home," for example. In this, as you know, Prince Yoland, commander of the foreign forces which land on a foggy morning, is the type of the unsentimental, cold, remorseless German officer who makes of war a game of chess with unerring, resistless moves against blundering, undrilled troops. The play ends with Mr. Brown, whose house is invaded, passing out between a file of soldiers to be shot, according to the rules of war, because, as a civilian not in uniform, he had fired on a uniformed enemy.

Such was the version which people of intellectual and social standing saw. They understood its deadly significance. But that type of patronage is limited. The management wished to keep the play running. With the gallery in mind they made a new version, in which Major du Maurier's point is wholly lost. Now, Prince Yoland speaks with the accent of a German farce comedian and indulges in horse-play; and the curtain goes down with the British volunteers and the British bluejackets victorious. 'Arry likes the shocks in the newspapers; he is learning to hate the Germans as mortal enemies, and he is still confident that one Englishman can whip any three foreigners—with his fists anyhow.

"I 'ope this 'ere invadin' will stop pretty soon," said a London 'bus driver in dry sarcasm. "Hit's too 'orribly 'arrowin' to the feelin's."

Discounting political objects and reduced to the logic of modern warfare, German battalions in Hyde Park are out of the question, for the simple reason that the Germans would not go to the bother and expense. They need not take London as they took Paris to force peace. Once they command the sea, they have only to occupy the ports and establish a blockade, and England must pay or starve to death.



From "Punch"

Under the title of "The Call of the Blood," Bernard Partridge pictures envious Germania gazing out over the North Sea at Britannia's latest warship—a promise from one of her colonies. Germania exclaims: "A 'Dreadnought' for Britain from New Zealand? These lion cubs are splendid! I wish I had an eaglet or two like that!" By "eaglet" Germania means "colony." It pleases the British cartoonist just at the present juncture to emphasize Germany's lack of extensive colonial possessions

But the shoutings of the Roseberys and the Balfours—great, astute, imperialistic politicians, willing always to be bloodthirsty and sensational to gain an end—are aimed not alone at home indifference. They would arouse the colonies, using the "scare" to cement Anglo-Saxon ties. Newspaper men from all over the Empire met in conference recently in London, and after frightening them with alarmist speeches and gorging them with great banquets and flattering them with social attentions, the peers and statesmen showed them the united armada at Portsmouth to prove that there was no danger after all.

New Zealand and Australia have already offered presents of *Dreadnoughts*. That is, at least $15,000,000 worth of work for British shipbuilding yards, not to mention that the German has been shown up as a wicked, designing brute who will drop dynamite on defenseless people on foggy mornings. The United States is also expected to come to British aid.

"How would you like to see Germany mistress of all the seas and of the Continent of Europe?" the American is asked. "We are your first line of defense. A victorious Germany means a war for you."



From "Punch," March 24, 1909

John Bull, as an English sailorman, is extremely disgruntled over the antics of the German Jack-tar who sings the song on which the "copyright" seems to have "expired": "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too!" "I say, that's *my* old song," growls the Britisher. "Well, it's mine now," replies the German

Let England Put Her House in Order

THE most sensible thing I have read on the whole subject is an editorial in the loyal Toronto "Globe." It said, in effect, that England was in no imminent danger of invasion, but she would do well to put her industrial house in order; and one might add that the mother country may have something to learn from the hated Germans and also from Canada.

In twenty-five years Canada will be as powerful as England herself. With her, in the end, rests the fate of the British Empire. Meanwhile she will win all the trade she can from the United States, from Germany, and even from the British Isles. That is the real modern war, in which victory is to technical education and intelligent application. Beat Germany industrially and she is beaten in *Dreadnoughts*.

Punk and Firecrackers

A Real Boy's Fourth of July From Sunrise to Rockets

By LEONARD HATCH

TUG! But you sleep soundly on. The cord tied to your wrist no longer trails upon the floor, but grows taut, from your bed across the room and out of the window. A steady pull gradually drags your arm from under the bedclothes, and holds it far out into mid-air, pointing in a lean and spectral way at the open window.

Still you sleep, but, under this stress, you begin to dream—a vision quite in tone with the Fourth of July. You are sitting in the family pew at church, and beside the pulpit stands a massy Chinaman. He holds a lighted firecracker as long as your forearm. You try to run, but discover that you are tied into the pew. He flings the scarlet cylinder at *your* feet. The sputtering spark has but a quarter inch more to crawl. Now it disappears into the mouth of the cracker, and there comes—



Tng!

You sit up in bed, wide-eyed and trembling. What ails your arm?—why does it stick out like that? Then suddenly your mind straightens out. You spring from the bed to the open window and peer down into the gray darkness.

"Is that you, Splint?"

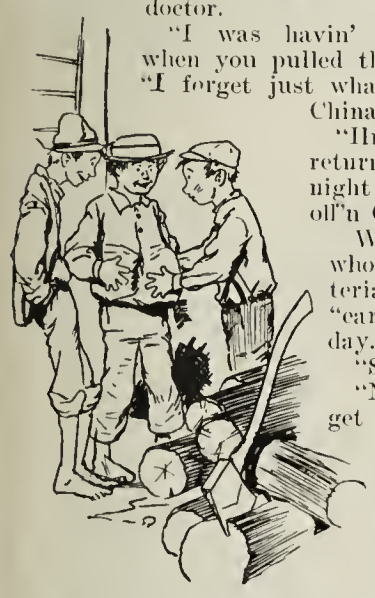
"E-ah," comes back a giggling whisper. "It's us."

"Well, just wait half a second," you answer, "till I get m' clothes on."

To-day your toilet is not complex. It consists in exchanging your night garb for a cotton blouse and knee pants, the two being held together by "galluses" over one shoulder. You eschew such banalities as shoes and stockings and face-washing.

You might, if you chose, walk softly down the stairs and out the front door without waking either father or mother. But stealth and bravado are the keynotes of this morning, and on July 4 the patriot's path lies over the shed roof and down the grape trellis. Though, first of all, you balance a chair against your bedroom door, so that when Aunt Martha comes to call you she may receive a clattering greeting from the absent.

They welcome you with open arms—"Rev" Henderson and "Splint" Rogers. "Rev" is only thirteen, the son of one of the village ministers, and dubbed a "holy terror." "Splint" Rogers is a lean lad, which has earned him the nickname of "Splinter," commonly "Splint"—a two-edged abbreviation, since the boy's father is the village doctor.



"I was havin' an awful funny dream when you pulled the string," you volunteer. "I forget just what, but somethin' about a Chinaman."

"Huh! That ain't nothin'," returns Splint. "I dreamp' las' night I made two home runs off'n Cy Perkins."

Worsted, you turn to Rev, who, by weeding the ministerial vegetable patch, has "earned" his money for the day.

"Say, Rev, what yer got?"

"Now I ain't a-goin' to get 'em all out," returns Rev bluntly. "You can feel 'em through my blouse if yer want, only don't go an' break the punk."

So, with your fingers, you explore the distended girdle round Rev, and discover lumpy packages and little cylinders crammed full of silent noise. "Gee!" you exclaim.

The air is cool and mellow. In the east the stars have been gradually extinguished by the faint lemon hue which is creeping up the sky. A waking bird pipes out his morning notes. But you have ears only for the deep intermittent "thoom" from the other end of the village, where Len Hitchcock and his gang are dragging the old cannon from house to house.

The important question is—where to go this morning? Rev is for Simon Randall's, the crustiest old curmudgeon in town; Splint advocates the "Widow" Jones's. The "Widow"—a sarcastic title—is one of the ideal, vinegary old maids who lives in a square white house with a family of cats. It was she who made the remark that "if she were the only woman in the world she wouldn't get married," upon which Sam Small, the soul of the barber-shop, "cal'ated she was jest about right."

You listen to the arguments as to the respective eligibility of Simon Randall and the "Widow" Jones for the privilege of being tortured, and at last you settle the matter with the observation that Simon has a mastiff, while the "Widow" Jones has a cherry tree.



Splint begins a little rehearsal on his Devil's Fiddle. Now a Devil's Fiddle consists of a baking-powder can in the bottom of which a hole has been punched, and through this hole a string is run, with a knot to hold it from slipping. If one grasps the can tightly and draws the string slowly between the thumb and a lump of resin, there issues from that can the most raucous, nerve-shredding howl that ever ontdid a cat.

Your trio reaches the home of the hapless spinster. First of all, with Splint at the helm, the cherry tree is compelled to fling down its crimson riches. Then you creep softly up to the house. Splint makes ready his Devil's Fiddle; you light a stick of punk; and Rev gets out a four-inch cannon cracker. You touch off the fuse, and Rev flings the sputterer high into the air. "*Bang!*" Then, from the Devil's Fiddle—"*Wrowxxxx! Wrowxxxx!*"—right against the window-pane. Silence. After a pause the patriotic serenade is repeated. From an open window flies a voice, a deliciously irritated voice: "Little boy! Little boy! You stop that! Stop it this minute! Do you hear me?" The only answer is another wail from the Fiddle. Again the voice: "Little boy, I know who you are, and I shall tell of this to Mr. Simpson. (Mr. Simpson is the town constable.) "I can see who you are." (A palpable falsehood.)

The program goes on, sometimes cracker by cracker, sometimes a whole bunch at a time. You take your turn at the Devil's Fiddle, vying with the others as a virtuoso. You are not far from right when you imagine the poor "Widow" Jones writhing in impotent wakefulness. Poor old maid! And yet there is a sort of poetic justice in the fact that she, who has always mocked at marriage and its consequences, should have three of these little Consequences capering beneath her window, making the dawn hideous.

But the light is growing fast. The spruces upon an eastern hill are picked out against the sky, and over their tops the golden sun at last helps to make a Glorious Fourth.

So you wander aimlessly down the main street, picking up bands of stragglers like yourselves, just back from the front. A score of you gather at the village green to make plans for the day and compare notes on the morning's adventures. With pride you display a patch of dried blood on your shin and explain at least eight times how you got it. The chimneys up and down the street begin to smoke, and you suddenly realize that you are very empty. After making an appointment with Splint and Rev for the forenoon, you scuff toward home, with your bare toes in the dust.

At table you take your seat with some trepidation. In your family there is evidently a variance of emotions. Sally, your "kid" sister of ten, is bubbling over with curiosity to hear what you have been up to. Your Aunt Martha is disapprovingly militant. She explains how her "poor nerves were set all of a twitter" by the upsetting of the chair against your bedroom door. She also intimates what she would do "if she had the bringing up of that boy." Your mother is just the same as usual, and your father, when his sister Martha tells of finding the string stretched through the window and across the shed roof, takes a sudden and very long drink of coffee.



But after breakfast he calls you into the next room and cross-questions you sharply upon your doings. You tell him, tactfully forgetting the rape of the cherries. With mild severity he censures your cruelty to the "Widow" Jones, but when you mimic the way she said, "Little boy, I see who you are," he remembers that he has forgotten to shave, and hurries away, clutching at his lips.

So the morning is yours. First of all, you corner Sally, who has offered you her savings for the purchase of a cap-pistol, and, with brotherly affection, assist in the process of disemboweling her china cow of its coppery "innerds." Next you craftily persuade Sally—by telling her she may hold the punk stick part of the time—that several bunches of lovely red Chinese firecrackers are far preferable to a pistol and caps. Then you hunt up Aunt Martha and murmur that you had no idea the falling chair would set her "all of a twitter," and that you are very sorry, and that you have used up all your firecrackers—and that— At this point Aunt Martha relents and gives you two dimes.

You hurry away to the store whose sign says "Stationery, Millinery, and General Notions," and purchase six flaming packages of General Notions, with some punk.

At home you find Rev and Splint eager to demonstrate a few tricks in the firing off of crackers, of which they alone are masters. You give Sally the punk to hold, unlighted, for, as you explain to her, it is too valuable to be wasted. (Burning the superfluous punk is the invariable cold comfort of July 5.) So, to save it, you use instead a "punk pile" of smoldering, exploded crackers.

Splint and Rev and you have contests of throwing the crackers into the air. You bury them in dirt; you explode them in water; you make a "sizz" by breaking one open and setting it off between your thumb and finger; you prove who dare to hold a lighted cracker the longest. Your father comes out to watch, and at last takes a hand. But he demands that a whole bunch shall be set off under a tin pan—a proposition you accept only on condition that he provide its substitute. You levy on him for the nickel, and "the kid" is sent scampering off to buy another bunch.



At last into the yard comes sauntering Arthur Whitredge, the prize sissy-boy of the town, with shoes and stockings on, and carrying—a box of torpedoes. Torpedoes! They are almost as puerile as those canes you slip a cap into and hammer on the ground.

Arthur Whitredge volunteers the information that he is going to a lemonade party that afternoon with all the girls, and your scorn is rampant.

"Girls! Pfa!" says Rev.

"Girls!" echoes Splint. "Fourther July ain't no time to bother with girls."

Nevertheless, Arthur talks on about the lemonade party. This interests you not a whit. But at length he mentions the fact that Minnie Winter told him there was to be a cake with pink frosting. So Minnie told him, did she? Told *him*—that little chinless, white-eyed Arthur Whitredge. You glare at the unconscious Arthur; you feel a queer stiffening in the muscles of your throat, and you have a wild longing to jam his face down into the grass and sit on his neck. But if you did, Splint and Rev would ask you why you did it. And that would be embarrassing—very. So instead of assaulting Arthur, you say clearly, though that topic has long since passed: "E-ah; girls ain't good for nothin'."

So the morning wears by, and the crackers dwindle, until the last one has uttered its little volcanic note. And by that time dinner is ready. This is a pleasanter meal than breakfast, and you gorge yourself with salmon and new green peas; but your father is palpably nervous. In the afternoon there is to be a ball game between the married men and the unmarried men of the town, and your father is to play right field for the married men, though he has not known the feel of a baseball for ten years. You offer him your mitt, and explain to him that in right field he will get the sun full in his eyes. But this doesn't seem to make him any less nervous.

After dinner you are forced into shoes and stockings. You make straight for the ball-field. When the town has gradually assembled, the men and boys cluster about the home plate, while the women with their parasols and light dresses fill the little knoll back of third base.

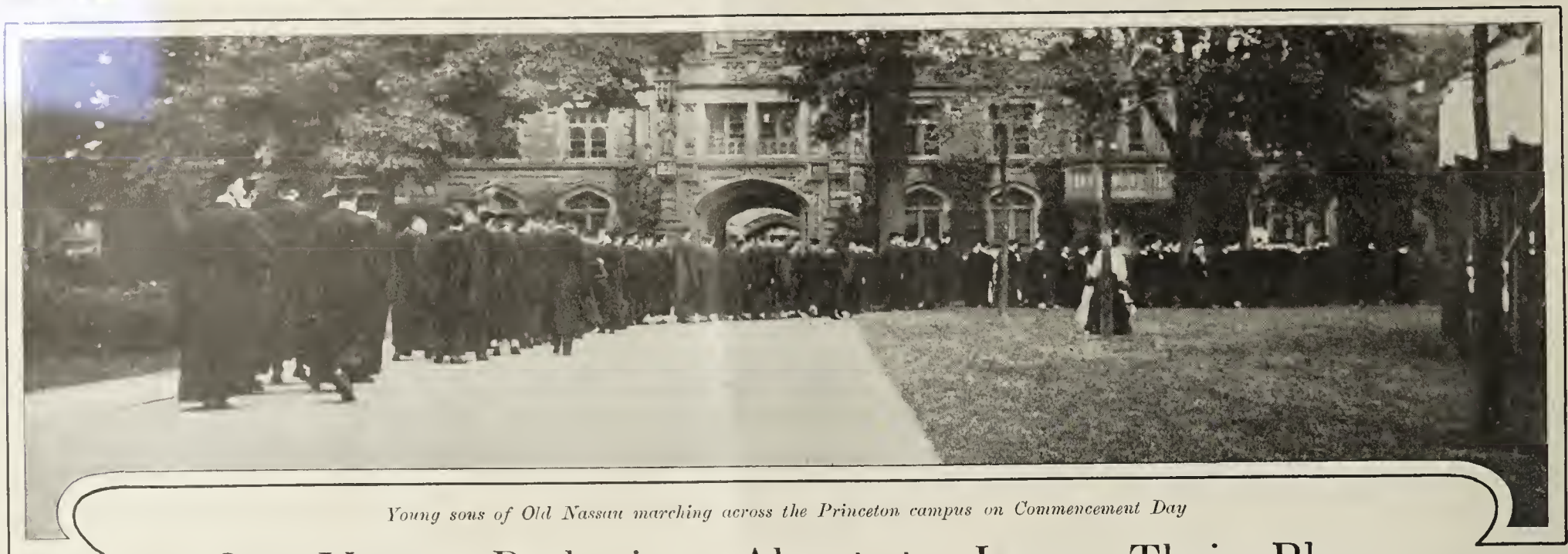
One by one the players appear—the unmarried men trimly and fittingly clad, while the married men swelter in all sorts of motley rigs. Your father looks uncommonly droll in an old flannel shirt and crash trousers which were built for his waist of five years ago. The town's best baseball talent finds a place among the unmarried men. Will Langdon, who is just home from his first year at Princeton, is among them. Now he played on his Freshman class team at college, and this so alarms the married men that they insist on having him ruled out as a non-resident. Young Langdon, therefore, is relegated to the position of umpire. Smoking a cigarette in a holder, he swaggers about in light flannel trousers and a Norfolk jacket.



The game is on. Of course, you are with Splint and Rev. Splint is wildly excited, for his brother is pitching for the unmarried men. The first inning is uneventful, except that the unmarrieds make three runs by banging the ball all over the field. In the second, your father steps to the plate. Now—But no—he strikes out ignominiously without even making a foul. The last ball at which he swipes is at least six inches above his head. The crowd howls, and Splint knocks you over backward on the grass. In the next inning Splint's brother knocks a high fly which soars in a lofty parabola toward right field. The ball hangs in the air for an instant, then descends toward your hapless sire, who stands beneath it with wrists together and fingers spread like the sticks of a fan. The ball strikes one hand and—sticks there. Now, Splint!

But more distinction it awaiting your family. In the fifth inning your father is again at bat. He makes a terrific swing at the first ball, and the leathern sphere bounds slowly between short and third, while your father lumbers down to first. You race round to him, and in a hoarse whisper adjure him to "Steal! Steal!" And he hears you. A second later he is off, running like the old Concord coach. You yell: "Go it, Pa!" and he goes it. But the catcher has the ball and slams it down toward

(Concluded on page 41)



Young sons of Old Nassau marching across the Princeton campus on Commencement Day

Our Young Barbarians About to Leave Their Play

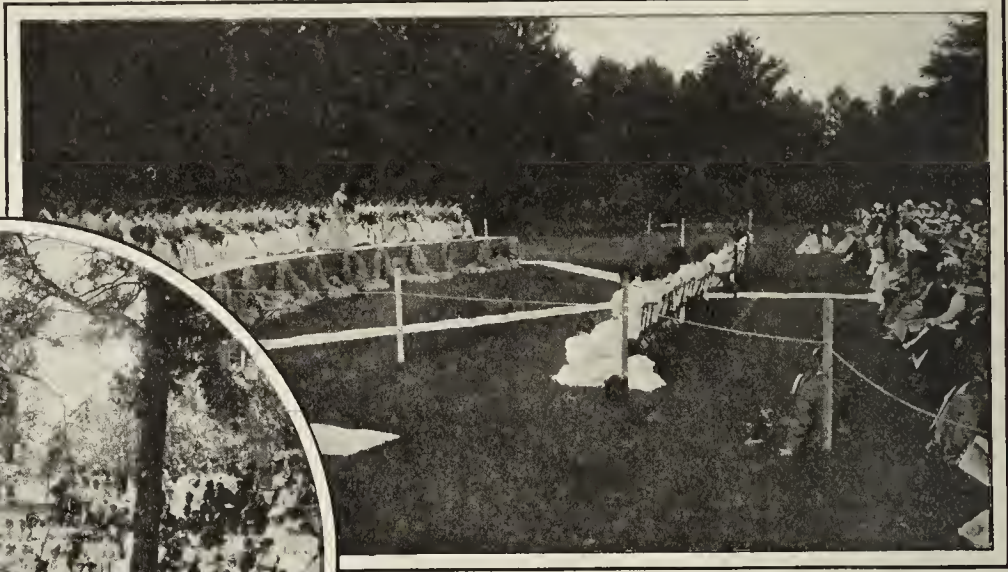
THIS year's college commencements brought out an unusual amount of frank criticism of academic methods and undergraduate life. Said President Wilson of Princeton: "Universities like Princeton must pass out of existence unless they adapt themselves to modern life. So far as the colleges go, the side-shows have swallowed up the circus and we in the main tent do not know what is going on." President Schurman of Cornell replied that such a description might apply to the older universities where the accent fell on literary courses and the ancient discipline, and whose social prestige was such that they attracted young men less interested in intellectual training than adventitious social advantage. It did not apply to the newer State universities, which were created to minister to the needs of all classes—farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, builders, etc., as well as lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. At the same time President Lowell of Harvard contrasted the low esteem in which scholarship is held in our universities compared with Oxford and Cambridge, and suggested that competition was as necessary to stimulate the highest endeavor in mental work as it is in sport. In short, a new sense of responsibility seems to stir our academic world.



Proud parents on the campus at Bryn Mawr, where intellect is supposed to reign particularly supreme



Part of the Centennial celebration at Miami, the college of Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid



Commencement Day oratory at Vassar. In front of the platform is draped the historic Daisy Chain



At Rockford College—Miss Jane Addams's Alma Mater—a daughter of Mt. Holyoke and one of the oldest institutions in the Middle West



The graduation of Mr. Ying Hsing Wen, one of the two Chinese cadets, in this year's class at West Point. Cadet Wen stood 82d in a class of 103



On the "Hill" at the University of Wisconsin, where coeducation is especially successful. Of the four thousand students about one thousand are girls, to whom all departments of the university are open on terms equal to those provided for the men. In the academic courses the numbers of men and girls are about the same

Scientific Nature-Faking

The Roosevelt African Expedition as It Was Staged and Photographed for the Stay-at-Home-Man, With a Nickel to Spend, in a Chicago Moving-Picture Studio Jungle

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED BY THE SELIG POLYSCOPE CO

THE moving-picture companies, whose enterprise ransacks every corner of the earth for graphic subjects to amuse an ever-sated and insatiable public, are already showing "Roosevelt in Africa," a jungle adventure as it was staged in America, the pictures for the film being made in a Chicago studio. A real lion was brought down by the made-up ex-President of the United States, the king of beasts was tied to a long pole and carried to the Roosevelt camp, there hung up and skinned by the glow of the campfire, around which the party gathered.

Preparing the Jungle

THE great hunt happened in April, several days before Mr. Roosevelt arrived in Mombasa, Africa, taking place in the studio of a motion-picture company. The lion-hunting à la moving-picture plant was far from being free from danger during the time that the movements of the fakers were being recorded by the camera. For, "once a lion, always a lion," and when the fatal shots were fired, Leo came near making an end of the moving-picture Roosevelt and the African beaters, otherwise members of Chicago's colored population.

The beginning of the subject, telling of the ex-President's hunt for big game, displayed the celebrated American and his son Kermit instructing the beaters preparatory to the dash into the jungle. At last, all arrangments having been made, the party was off for a white rhinoceros or anything in the way of an African animal that might turn up.

It was the jungle next—a cage about sixty feet long by twenty wide, with the best jungle scenery that could be manufactured. A bellows was being operated on one side of the cage, giving the effect of a spring breeze, which agitated the bamboo and palms. The cage in which the lion was held a captive was wheeled up to the larger one and the animal admitted to the dense jungle, his native habitation. The creature did not seem to like his new home and became frightened, then bellowed, and, when prodded in the ribs with poles, sought a place to lie down back of all the vines, bushes, and other scenery.

The Home-Made Beaters Earn Their Pay

FROM the camera platform it was the most realistic thing in the world. Hardly had the lion hidden himself from view when the beaters, headed by the tracker, entered the cage, followed by Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit. On all fours, his sharp eyes scanning the ground, the tracker crept forward. At the sight of Leo's fresh tracks he stopped, bent closer to the ground, then, in effective pantomime, leaped straight up in the air and waved frantically to the rest of the party.

The hunters came forward on the run, Mr. Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and R. J. Cunninghame, the great English hunter of moving-picture make. The hunt was on in real earnest now. The white members of the party retired to the background, and a horde of native beaters, stripped to the skin and armed with every conceivable sort of weapon, came forward. The lion again became the center of attraction, and, as the beaters closed in upon him, wilder and wilder he grew. The creature snarled, and it was thought that the crucial moment had now arrived, but, suddenly swirling against one of the beaters, the animal dashed back into the foliage of the jungle. From his present place of hiding the beaters were unable to stir him. There was but one thing to do; desperate action was needed; Mr. Roosevelt must dash into the dense foliage and beard the lion in his own quarters.

Into the Lion's Mouth

THE producer bit his lip, and everybody took a long breath. The beaters became scared, but the ex-President was calm, and his eyes rested upon the huge form of the lion. The camera men up on their platform estimated the distance between them and the lion. Not a sound was heard throughout the big studio.



Mr. Roosevelt acknowledges the plaudits for his marksmanship





The lion coming out of the jungle, and the bearers carrying him away after he had been shot

"Are you ready?" the producer asked.

"Ready," replied Mr. Roosevelt, who was then taking aim.

Just as the outdoor American said ready the lion came rushing out of his quarters. The animal did not like the appearance of the man in khaki and came toward him. There was a puff of smoke and the sharp crack of a 303 high-power rifle. The next instant there was a roar such as no lion ever turned loose in a cage, and Leo, his left lower jaw broken by the bullet that went too low, burst out into the open and straight for the men upon the platform. The bars were twelve feet high, but the infuriated animal attempted to jump over them, but fell back, unable to make the distance because of the loss of blood. The sight of blood had now enraged him, and he charged the beaters, but two quick shots, which were not bungles, ended the animal's existence. One of the bullets hit in the right eye and the other just an inch above. Leo was killed as dead as anything Mr. Roosevelt will bring down in the real Africa. Down on the home-made jungle ground he sank and there passed from the world of moving pictures to the happy hunting ground.

"Get him!" cried the huntsmen, by this time worked up to a stage of real excitement.

The Wounded Monarch Expires

THE big native tracker, always on the job, burst through the underbrush and found the slain monarch breathing his last. Again he raised his war-cry and wrapped his arms around his naked body, snake fashion. The other natives hurried up, with Mr. Roosevelt and son in the lead and the Englishman trailing along beside.

They picked Leo up and looked him over. They counted the bullet holes and shook each other by the hands. Then Kermit wound up the jungle scene by pointing his camera at the natives.

But the realism of Mr. Roosevelt's African expedition did not end here. The game was tied to a long pole and carried to the distant camp. The beaters pranced along gesticulating and shouting. Some natives were passed, including little brown babies.

Night Comes in the Wilds of Africa

"YOU see, we've got to have the real color in such a picture as this," said the producer at this juncture, "and I believe we've come to as near doing the real thing as it could be done."

Leo, the deceased, was now hung up and skinned. It was night in the wilds of Africa, and the warm glow of the camp-fire reflected on the dark bodies of the natives. While the head tracker and the aforesaid Englishman were engaged in removing the animal's hide, the statesman and hunter, as well as writer, scribbled some notes upon his pad, which probably read:

"Perhaps another century and big-game hunting, as far as lions, elephants, rhinos, and hippopotami are concerned, will be past forever."

This hunt was voted a success. It was considered by the producer the most realistic faking that was ever done.

A Profitable Film

ALL of the participants in the hunting expedition were pleased with the events of the day, which had been recorded upon hundreds of feet of celluloid. One man who had stood by and watched the proceedings muttered discontent. He was the wild-animal man from whom the moving-picture company purchased the lion.

Although the expense of making this picture was not normal, running well above the $1 000 mark, its total sales will probably net $15,000, and more than one hundred million will enjoy this faking of Roosevelt's African expedition. Many copies of the film were made by the moving-picture company—one hundred and twenty at least—and sent round to the exchanges in the Film Service Association. Each exchange, in turn, will supply the film to the thousands of nickel show-houses [illegible] the cities and towns.



Ira M. Cobe of Chicago presenting J. Matson with the Indiana Trophy

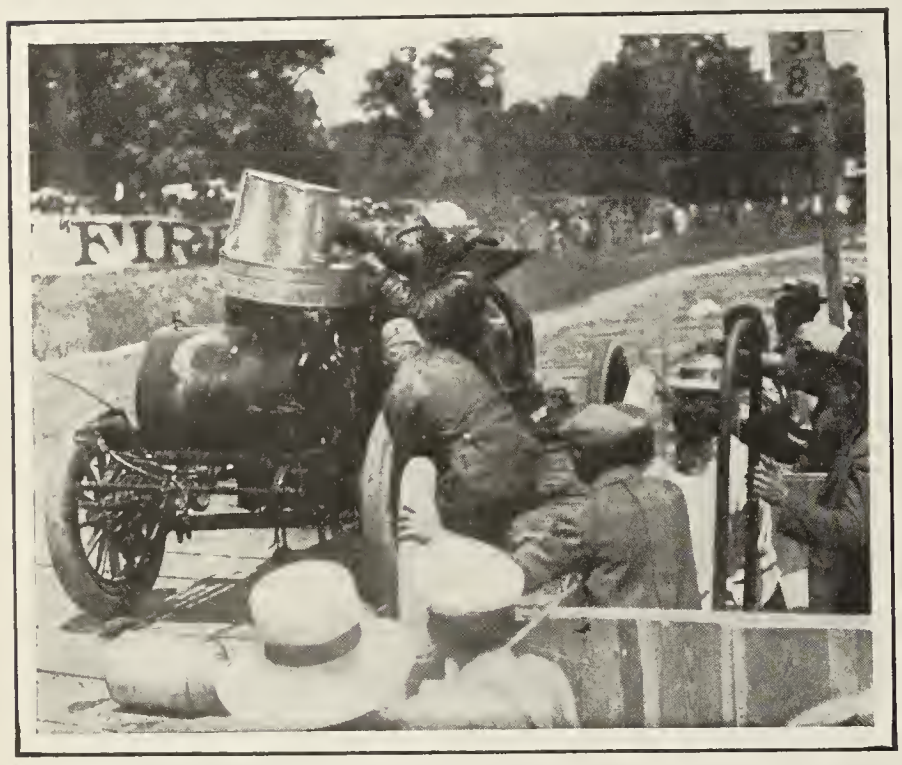


Hearn, the Chicago Amateur, rounding "Death Turn," Lowell, Indiana, Cobe Cup Ra

Photographs by
L. L. ATWELL
and
SPOONER & WELLS

The "Weste

The First Great Speed Event in the Mississippi Valley—Chicago's A



Lytle filling his car and making a tire change in the heavy-car contest



Signal station, showing devices for communicating with the racers



By JOHN T. McCU

A SPIDER, planning to make the circuit of his web without passing over any transverse strands, would not be more perplexed than were the promoters of the Western Stock Chassis Races, when they tried to find near Chicago a course free from railroad crossings. Illinois was finally abandoned, and it fell to a Committee on Diplomatic Relations to steal across the line and prospect Indiana. Suitable roads were found near Crown Point, forty miles from Chicago. The committee "diplomatized" the town, the county, and the State. The Lake County court-house at Crown Point—a hitherto respectable old edifice standing in a square surrounded by an iron rail, to which the farmers hitch their horses of a market day—assumed a frivolous, if not quite dissolute, aspect; half automobile club, half garage. General Executive Frank H. Trego diplomatized his way into the sheriff's private office and presently diplomatized the sheriff out. So it was that Chicago took Crown Point. Crown Point was glad to be taken.

Though no speed records fell in the Indiana races, the contests were sensational, the most striking feature of the meet being the victory, in both events, of low-priced cars. In the Indiana Trophy Race (232.74 miles), for light stock cars, some of the aristocrats of American motordom fell before a stock "30" Chalmers-Detroit, driven by Matson at an average speed of 51.53 miles an hour. When it is recalled that Strang's average with the Isotta in the 240-mile Briarcliff race was 46 miles an hour, and that Hilliard, in the Lancia car, won the Savannah light-car race at an average speed of 52.6 miles an hour—a shorter race and an infinitely superior course—it will be seen that the little Chalmers's time was excellent. George Robertson, in a "30" Locomobile, was second; Monsen, in a Marion, third; Florida, in another Locomobile, fourth.

The roads of the Crown Point circuit (23.27 miles) are narrow. Passing is difficult. There are some bad turns and several miles of heavy going. One driver in the Cobe Cup race said he was forced to slow down to five miles an hour on one part of the course where the sand is deep. The light cars lacerated the roads, making the second day's event more difficult. The race for the Col Cup (39 miles) for heavy stock cars stands.



Chevrolet's driving finish—crossing the line in the victorious Buick, while Starter Wagner, at the left, waves the flag which signals "Your Race is Run." Chevrolet covered the 395-mile course in 8 hours, 1 minute, and 39 seconds—1 minute and 5 seconds ahead of his closest competitor, Bourque, in a Knox car, who crowded him hard clean up to the last moment



Strang trying to pass Pierce in front of the grand stand—Indiana Trophy Race

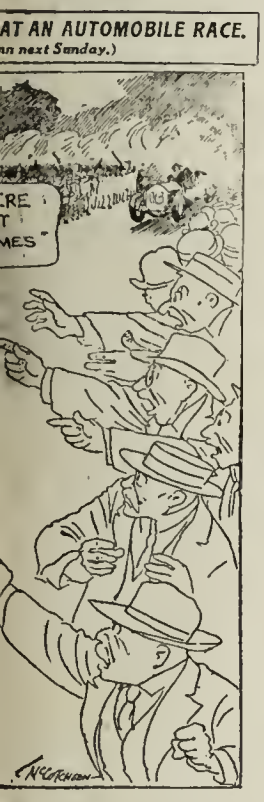
Vanderbilt"

By *Julian Street*

bile Road Race Held Near Crown Point, Indiana, June 18 and 19



Chevrolet, winner of the Cobe Cup, tearing through Crown Point on his last lap



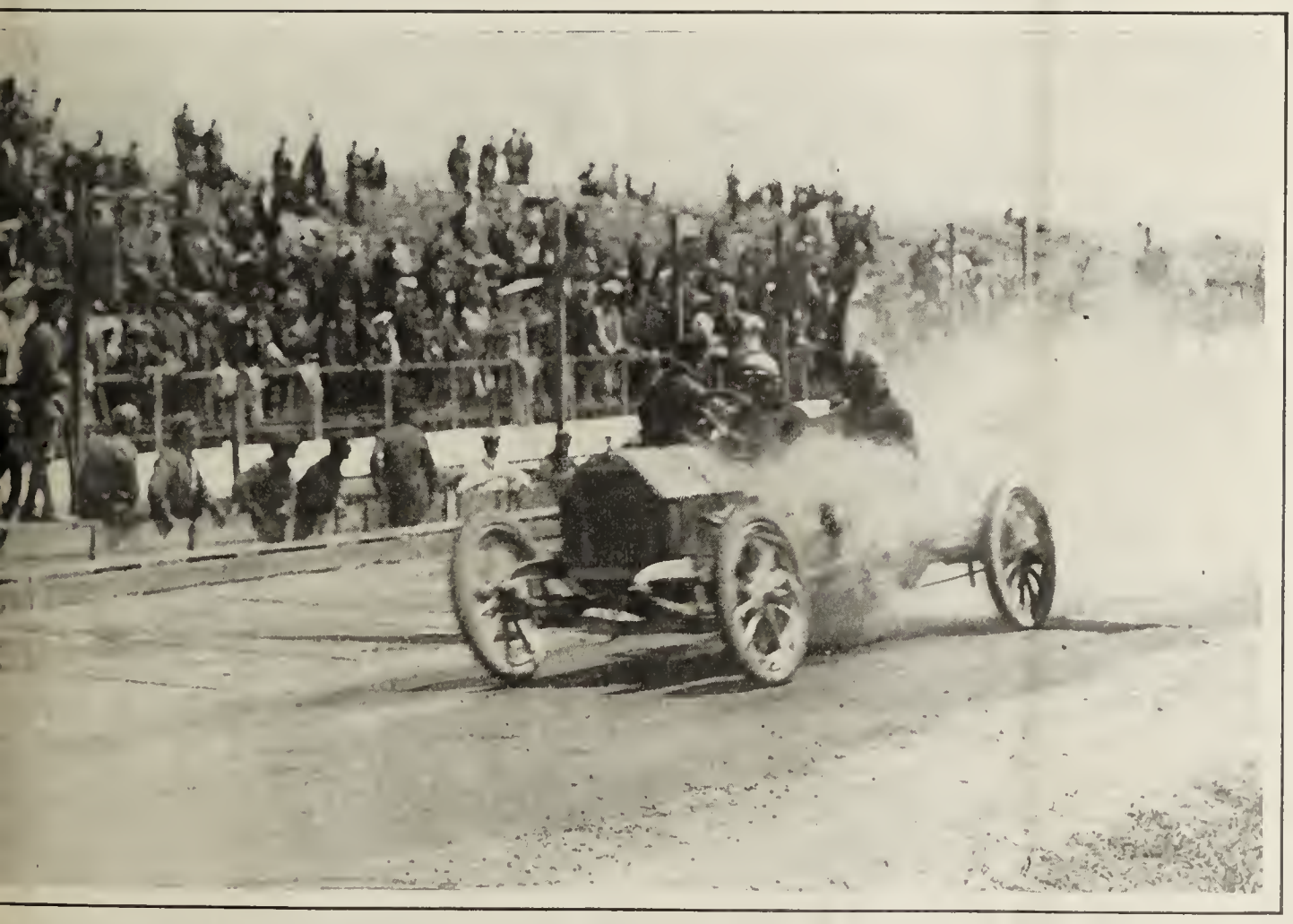
ago "Tribune"



The Quick and the Dead—Miller passing by the dreaded Graveyard Turn



The excited grand stand—uncertainty marked the Cobe Race to the very end



Matson making his phenomenal dash with the Chalmers-Detroit—winning the Indiana Trophy and defeating sixteen cars. on's time averaged two miles an hour faster than that of Chevrolet in the heavy-car race. The circuit was guarded by bers of the First Regiment of Illinois militia. Estimates of the attendance vary from 250,000 to 300,000 people

with the single exception of the Grand Prize race run by high-powered racing cars at Savannah last year, as the longest road race ever held in the United States. It was a grueling grind for cars and drivers, a broiling sun adding to the torture. Toward the last the men were absolutely dazed. Only five of the twelve entries were running at the end.

When George Robertson half fell from his machine at the end of the Cobe cup race and reeled toward the garage, with eyes swollen shut and hands and face a mass of blisters, an Indiana farmer of the comic-opera type, including the proper allotment of chin whiskers, stepped up, peered at him, and, turning to a friend, remarked with the most perfect nasal twang conceivable: "Thar's one o' them thar dare devills." At which poor Robertson was obliged to laugh and crack his blisters.

A Buick, driven by Chevrolet, limped in first, winning at an average speed of 49.3 miles per hour. Borque, in a Knox, was second: Robertson, in a Locomobile, third: Hearn, a Chicago amateur, in a Fiat, fourth, and Englebeek, in a Stoddard-Dayton, fifth. It will be noticed that the average running time for the big-car race was approximately two miles an hour less than that of the light-car race. The large cars made better time in the stretches than the small ones, but the added length of the race and the deterioration of the roads combined to cut the average down.

The light-car race was not well attended, nor was the grand-stand more than half full on the second day. Many cars were, however, parked in the fields about the course, and some thousands of enthusiasts who came by rail were stationed at the turns, which had been widely advertised by the Chicago papers. The "S" turn proved tricky, somewhat after the manner of the Jericho turn on the Vanderbilt Cup course. The drivers took it carefully, and the crowds which gathered there, in the hope of seeing a bad spill, were disappointed. Likewise the luridly named "Graveyard Turn" and "Death Turn" exacted not a single victim. Though there were several accidents to competing cars in both races, no drivers or mechanics were injured, nor were any of the spectators seriously hurt by racing cars. Most of the accidents which occurred in connection with the race resulted from the racing fever which got into (Concluded on page 19)



Wilmarth sat back in his deep chair—he looked quite shrunken and old

The Straggler

The Man Who Was Left Behind by the March of the Army of Youth

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

"DAD."

No reply.

"I say, Dad."

Wilmarth, his finger on the case of the People *vs.* the Westover Mills, looked up with some impatience. Wilmarth, Jr., perceived the impatience. His level, thick-lidded eyes beneath their thatched brows did not waver; but his square, boyish face reddened.

"Sorry to disturb you. I just had a long-distance, calling me to New York. I'm off now. Back to-morrow. Too bad I can't hear your speech at the Somerset to-night."

"Going to New York again? What's up?"

"I don't know. They just said for me to come." Wilmarth, Jr., parried the father's question so placidly that it seemed an unwitting evasion. There was not a shred of diplomacy in young Thomas's make-up for that matter. He was as blankly ingenuous as a wooden Indian. Yet Wilmarth shrugged his shoulders. He was distinctly curious; and he was distinctly aware that his curiosity would avail him nothing whatever. For all his blunt stodgy cubbishness, Tom knew how to keep his own counsel. It was not a bad trait in a fledgling lawyer. However, Tom had a tedious trick of carrying this tongue-tied policy into unofficial relations. For instance, this trip to New York would be the fourth in a fortnight. And he had never vouchsafed one word concerning their object.

"Who's your New York man, son?"

There was an indefinable pause.

"Baxter, Hollister, Varick & Baxter. That Broad Street crowd."

"H'm. That young firm? Of Yale men? They're attorneys for the Child Labor Association, I believe?"

Thomas did not reply. He stood poring over the telephone directory. His face was guilelessly intent; his lineaments as rock.

Wilmarth frowned. He resented his son's taciturnity all the more because it implied such tranquil indifference to his own momentous opinions. One would suppose that the boy would turn constantly to his brilliant and successful father for advice. But Tom never turned to anybody. He went his own road, stolid, content. It was a good road enough; straight, level, glaring open to the eye. But its very openness baffled. Surely there must be some hidden goal beyond that broad, unshaded expanse!

Whatever and wherever that goal might be, Tom would undoubtedly get there. Tom always got there. And without half-trying. The ease of his boy's successes was another thorn to Wilmarth. His own work had always fagged him, drained him, body and soul. But Tom took everything in his Colossus stride. Sometimes he seemed less a human being than a big splendid machine, moving in unerring accord with some vast, mysterious power behind him. It was as if all eternity were backing his cool, unhurried plans.

"They're the Child Labor attorneys, you said?"

Tom put down the directory deliberately.

"Yes, sir."

"H'm. I understand they're working up a lot of litigation concerning the Colonial Mills disclosures. Rather sensational methods for a firm of any dignity."

Thomas did not reply.

"Baxter himself has worked along those lines for some time. Trying to get Congressional legislation to back up the State laws. Clever chap, Baxter. A bit of a fanatic, though. There is such a thing as unconstitutionality."

Thomas listened respectfully. His gray eyes looked levelly past his father, out upon the autumn park, across the broad avenue. Through its misty reds and golds there shone the deeper glow of bronze, the white gleam of a lofty pedestal.

"Well, Baxter is all right, I dare say. A good fighter, too. But he's like all that reformer breed. He may start out in all sincerity to better his cause, but in the end he'll find himself doing more harm than good. You've got to weigh facts. Property rights; the legitimate powers of the manufacturer—"

Thomas's eyes drifted deprecatingly toward the clock.

"What train, Tom?"

"The 2.10."

"Well, your cab is waiting, isn't it? You can spare two minutes. There's something I want to speak of. Sit down."

THOMAS sat down with an effect of imperturbable assent. The chair, a massive carved-mahogany piece, huge and costly like every other fitting of the room, creaked as he settled into the leathern seat. The boy himself was even more massive than his surroundings. Even this lofty, sumptuous room gave an inadequate perspective for his husky young magnificence. He demanded a horizon not just a background. And this twenty-two-year-old stripling had presence, not just mere bulk. When he stood before his father, he towered. It was easier to talk to him sitting down. Even then he was formidable. Wilmarth was a big, florid, handsome man, yet he always felt dwarfed beside his son. And he could never shake off the grotesque conviction that the boy, clumsy lout though he was, yet never felt himself the inferior in his father's presence. They two met man to man. As Wilmarth fretfully phrased it, eye to eye, like duelists. Yet Tom's speech and manner were invaryingly deferential. Whatever antagonism hung between them was the intangible antagonism of temperament. Intangible—and inexorable.

"Thayer and Westcott were talking to me yesterday," Wilmarth began. "Concerning you."

He paused, significantly.

"What they said was a complete surprise to me. And a most gratifying one. As, undoubtedly, it will be to you."

He paused again. Tom listened, silent.

"They both spoke in highest terms of your work on the Bradbury case, and of your share in the Easton Hills suits. Thayer especially was—ah—enthusiastic. Quite. Even Westcott expressed unqualified approval. Also, they announced that they had been considering you for some time. Also, they wished to state their willingness—their *cordial* willingness—that you should be taken into our firm."

He looked at the boy.

"And at once."

Thomas's level glance did not flicker. But he stirred slightly in the great chair.

"It is an amazing opportunity for so young a man." Wilmarth's voice rasped a shade. "An inexperienced youngster, out of college barely a year. I said as much, and frankly. I declared you were far too untrained, too superficial. My colleagues, however, waive all that, and insist."

He stopped, his eyes on the boy's impassive face. His fingers clicked angrily on the chair-arm.

"A most extraordinary opportunity." His voice was harsh, with mingled pride and exasperation. "I am glad that you can consider it so—ah—coolly."

Tom looked back at his father without reply. This slow, pondering stare of his was a habit which bored Wilmarth intensely. It was a sort of elemental judgment. His heavy jaw clinched; his heavy-lidded eyes brooded, unseeing. At length he spoke.

"This is most kind of you, sir. And of Mr. Thayer. And Colonel Westcott." He spoke slowly, in the deep, mellow voice which always came as a surprise from his hard, young throat. "I appreciate this, sir, indeed."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Wilmarth, with a caustic laugh. "Then I have your permission to accept?"

Tom hesitated. A shadow of reserve crossed his face. Again he glanced through the window upon the autumn park. Half-hidden by the vivid trees, his eye caught that gleam of bronze, that high pale glimmer of marble. He stared at it, unblinking, as if the great imperial statue were clear to view.

"Well?"

Tom stood up. His eyes turned again to the clock.

"I'd like to talk it over with you further, sir," he said, apologetically. "There's a few points— But it's mighty good of you and the firm to consider me, Dad. I surely realize that."

"H'm. Sorry that you must put us on probation. Hope you can keep us in mind while in New York."

The boy fumbled with his coat, silent. He did not seem to hear the affront. Only he seemed to loom. His presence gave a sort of vibration. Again he was less like a sentient thing than a big, pulsing force, the embodied youth and virility of him were so strong.

For the thousandth time Wilmarth's querulous eyes studied him. Black, heavy hair, with odd reddish lights; gray, thick-lidded eyes, steady and intent; high forehead, forehead of the seer, the dreamer, and balancing it, truing it, the grim, inexorable chin. There was little of Wilmarth in that face. But, had he glanced from the window, he would have seen the boy's replica in the bronze and marble of that great heroic figure, framed in its autumn trees. There, mounted high like a conqueror, at the head of the city's proudest thoroughfare, it stood: the famous statue of Wilmarth's father, the first Thomas Wilmarth. Of all her treasures, the city held this sculpture her dearest possession. It was not only a master-work of art: it marked a civic shrine. It was the homage paid by the Commonwealth to her noblest son. And, by quaint irony, here it stood, in its calm splendor, on the very spot where the man himself, leader of his forlorn, obstinate Abolitionist band, had been mobbed, insulted, spit upon: a spot held to-day as sacred ground by all his nation.

"Well, I'm off. Good-by, Dad."

"What's your address?"

"University Club. Good-by."

Wilmarth watched him stride away. The room seemed suddenly large and empty. He bent to his desk. At length he sprang up, impatiently, and began pacing to and fro.

The broad, dim mirror above the fireplace revealed

him—arrogant head: full, powerful mouth: dark, sullen eyes. He was thinking over that talk with his colleagues. He could see their faces: Thayer, lean, sharp-tongued, politic, with his cool narrow eyes, his smooth insistent voice: Westcott, red, pulpy, clamorous.

"Really, Wilmarth, you underestimate your son. Young, yes. But sagacious, balanced. Why, he'll double the efficiency of the firm."

Then Westcott's fat squeak. "Confound it, Wilmarth, you think he's a lumpy cub, hey? Well, that lumpy cub of yours can give you forty yards and beat you at a canter. Stupid? By George, sir, he's a dynamo, I tell you, a dynamo. You're the only one who can't see it. You think he's so commonplace, so normal. By George, sir, it's because he's so normal, so level-headed, that he's such a wonder. Can't you get that into your head?"

Perhaps Westcott was right. Certainly, Tom was normal enough. And he was balanced, body and mind. On that score he surpassed even his seer grandfather, standing there in his grave majesty. Wilmarth scowled.

This resemblance between his own father and his son had always irked him. It left Wilmarth himself so unconcernedly out of the game. Wilmarth's father, the first Thomas, had been the epic character of his tempestuous day. He was a daring antislavery leader, a man of power, and charm, and spirit. He had belonged utterly to his generation. He had lavished himself—life, property, traditions—on this cause that he adored. Wilmarth thought of his father always with a queer, half-resentful ruefulness. Never in sympathy with his soaring ideals, he yet owned a grudging admiration for the man himself. He recalled him as he had lived: handsome, chivalrous, the aristocrat born, yet the lover of humanity; his eager, exquisite face, his deep voice, mellowed, resounding—Tom's voice: the fine radiance of his nature, through failure and poverty and evil report, unconquerably golden and serene. True, Tom lacked these riper graces. However, Tom had other traits, more solidly reassuring.

"Thanks be, there's no slavery question nowadays. Else he'd probably take to soap-box-and-pine-knot oratory, just as father did," grumbled Wilmarth.

Wilmarth himself had never strayed into his father's lawless road. On the contrary, his career had been supremely sensible. A boy of twenty-one, he had stepped into the working world in the mid-seventies, just as the nation started on its long upward rebound, after the dragging war years. Alert, resourceful, a born opportunist, he had succeeded from the start. Of late years he had devoted much time to the Colonial Mills, a corporation unpleasantly well-known for its frequent collisions with laws governing the employment of minors. As their chief counselor, he had steered their somewhat devious course past the rock of opposing statute, and through the veering currents of public criticism. He had not enjoyed the work. While never narrowly puritanical, he had his standards, and the Colonial Mills were certainly a bit messy. Each year he had planned to step out. But they needed him badly, for an impertinent legislature and an unabashed press continually pried upon their most sacred reserves; and nobody but Wilmarth could bluster away these unterrified marplots. Moreover, his fees were enormous, and they must be enormous. Wilmarth's tastes were never ascetic. And he wanted Tom to know no stint. Although, as he irritably reflected, that lout had never half appreciated either his eminent father or his eminent father's liberality.

"Oh, blazes!" He brought his foot down with a fretful stamp. "It's a relief to know that the cub is going into the firm. There he'll be anchored. And it's a good thing, as Westcott says, that he's so absolutely normal. If he wasn't, I'd hardly know what to expect."

TOM did not return for five days, instead of two. He and Baxter had taken a run down South, he explained. Yes, it had been a pleasant trip, he assured his father with bovine maddening candor. No, nothing interesting. Stopped over in Washington, and had a planked steak at the Friars' Grill that was fit for the gods. Why was it a fellow could never find a decent steak in all New England?

"What points did you wish to discuss with me?" Wilmarth finally drove the question home.

"Points of *what?*"

"Our—ah—partnership."

"Oh, you mean—"

"Our offer to you. Perhaps you recall it?" Wilmarth's tone soared.

"Oh." Tom considered. "I don't know that I wished to say anything—especially."

"Then you go in with us—unconditionally?" Wilmarth's gratified smile took the sting from the words.

Tom stood up, rubbing his big hands through his hair. His face wore its brooding look. His gray eyes dulled with undecipherable thought.

"I don't know how to express my appreciation, Dad," he said, finally. "I surely would like to come in." He paused, hesitant, yet not embarrassed. "But I've decided—not to accept."

"Not to accept!" Wilmarth's book crashed on the floor. He sat gaping, incredulous.

"No." He thought a moment. "Perhaps I'd as well come out with it, flat. I'm going in with another firm."

"Another firm!" Wilmarth's florid face was imbecile with bewilderment.

"Yes. Baxter's."

Wilmarth reared in his chair.

"Baxter's! Those fool, hare-brained agitators! That visionary, sensational gang!" He spluttered the words out, gasping. Then sheer rage mastered him. "*Baxter's!* You impudent young pup! You great blithering loon! So our partnership is not good enough for you, hey? We're rated a tolerably sound firm, let me tell you. We stand second to nobody in the State. That is, in the eyes of our associates. Though, perhaps, your requirements are more exacting!" He plunged to his feet, and stood, blazing. His powerful voice rang shrill. "So you'll go in with Baxter, hey? So you'll identify yourself with that bellowing, muck-raking crew! 'Leaders of Labor Reform,' they call themselves. Leaders of Labor Ruination, they'd better put it. Of all the loud-mouthed, canting blackguards! And you, the third Thomas Wilmarth, to take your stand with such a gang!"

Tom heard him, unmoved. Not a muscle flickered in his smooth, stolid face. His hard jaw set: his gray eyes, behind their half-dropped lids, stared somber and unflinching. His silence redoubled Wilmarth's rage.

"So you're so confident you're right that you won't stoop to defend your position! You're so confoundedly assured that you won't bore yourself to make explanation to your own father. You'll take all the advantages I've poured on you, and step out without so much as a by your leave. You'll abandon an opportunity that would have given you prestige and success from the first day. You'll throw down the finest chance a man ever had. And for what? For a share with a mob of shysters that no decent lawyer would face in a court-room. You lubberly young whelp! I always knew there was nothing to you. But I kept on spending on you, I kept on banking on you. Because I thought, with the blood that was in you, you might come to something. I might have known—"

His furious voice lagged suddenly. The savage red ebbed from his face. He gaped at the boy with a startled, curious stare. Yet Tom had neither moved nor spoken. He stood, erect, impassive, on the great tiger-skin before the fire. His enormous body seemed to grow granite as he listened. His father's storming voice washed over him, futile as angry surf.

Wilmarth's lips parted again. Then an odd constriction tightened his throat. A dazed wonder assailed him. Would that dumb block never open his mouth? Could no taunt rouse him? A chill of misgiving ran icy through his veins. Then his passion flared high.

"Oh, I dare say it's just as well. You'd never have made good, anyway. You'd have bogged and floundered, straight through. Yet I was fool enough to bank on you—"

Again that poignant tremor shook him. He bent forward, peering, bewildered, at the boy. Tom's face had not changed.

"—And, by Jove, sir, I'm fool enough to feel like giving you the chance again!" That icy fear was gripping every heart-beat now. A blue mist thickened [illegible] eyes; his voice sounded very far away. He [illegible] laugh, unsuccessfully. "Come! Drop your rotten quixotic notions, and stay by us. I—I spoke hastily, just now. I am sure that you can make good. Indeed, you may turn out a credit to the firm. Come, now!"

Tom turned to him, slowly.

"I'm sorry, sir. I really can not reconsider."

Wilmarth's hot eyes strained to him. His mouth grew dry. "Tom, you're carrying this too far." His voice jerked. He was shaking, now, with sick, hideous, prescience. "You won't smash all your chances. And all for this infernal, sensational— Will you explain yourself, sir!" His voice leaped up in shrill, weak fury. "Why are you doing this? What damn schemes are you contriving, that you can't go in on your own father's firm? Answer me that, sir. Make that clear!"

"I would if I could," said Tom, meditatively. The contrast between his naive calm and his father's heaving passion was almost comic. His eyes turned to the great arched window. The velvet curtains had not been drawn; he looked out, across the frost-whitened drive, at the moonlit park, its red and golden trees now silver in that cold mystic light. "I've wondered how I could make it clear. I knew you wouldn't understand."

HE TURNED again to the low fire. Its flames illumined him, like votive fires before a statue. His splendid poised body: the warmed marble of his columnar throat; his cool, relentless mouth. And as he stood there, a slow light deepened and burned in his gray, half-shut eyes.

"I guess it's because I'm a born scrapper," he said, meditatively. "I do love a fight for the fight's sake. Yes, probably it is rather low-down of me. But I've always envied grandfather out there his chance at freeing slaves. 'Course he got tar and feathers and jail sentences and his head smashed every now and then. But he was right in the game, all right. And you bet he made good!" His leonine head lifted: a red spark gleamed in his eyes. "I always did wish I'd known grandfather. He was the real thing. And, as I say, I've always envied him, just as I used to envy the knights

(Concluded on page 26)



The Misunderstanding

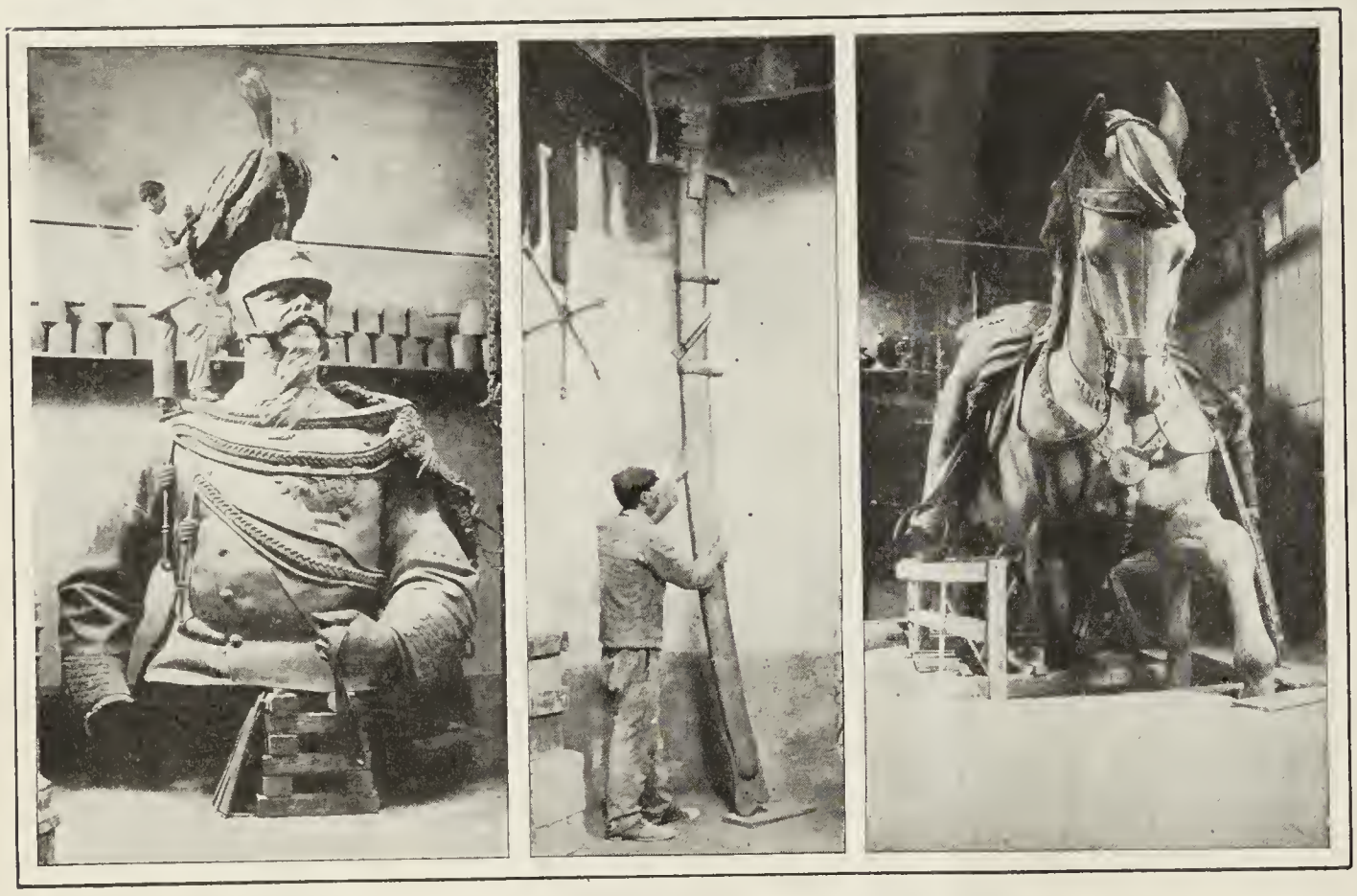
Drawn by OLIVER HERFORD

What the World Is Doing:



Raising a Historic Wreck

Among the historical exhibits to be shown at the Champlain Tercentenary will be the hull of Benedict Arnold's schooner, the "Revenge," raised from the bottom of Lake Champlain, where it has rested for over a century



A Fifty-Ton Bronze Statue of King Victor Emmanuel

This huge casting, now being put together in Italy, was designed by Chiaradia and was made from 170 molten cannon. It is to be erected in Rome next September and will be officially dedicated in 1911 at the fiftieth anniversary of United Italy. The cost of gilding the statue will amount to over $20,000. The sword alone weighs 350 pounds and is 14 feet high; the King's head weighs 2,500 pounds; thirty people have sat at luncheon inside the horse's body



Some Little Heathens Afraid of a Flashlight

Chinese pupils at the dedication of the Imperial Chinese School in San Francisco,—the first of such schools to be started in cities of the United States. A number of the young celestials were a trifle timid about the impending explosion

This Great World

CRETE, the island famed in story, is a succulent bone of contention. Greece wishes to annex Crete. Turkey prefers to maintain her suzerainty. The affair will give the Young Turks their first chance at international statesmanship. Which way Crete yearns is reckoned of small moment.

"In the best imperial spirit" the editors of the British Empire have scattered to their colonial swivel-chairs and blue pencils—there to help raise money for *Dreadnoughts* against the day of Armageddon. "Did we really expect," asks the "Fortnightly Review," "that we could permanently keep under the British flag at a cheap price a quarter of the world?"

Dayton, Ohio, clasps hands with Washington, District of Columbia, in proving that those who make good elsewhere may return with honor to their own country and home town. Dayton's favorite sons, the Wright boys, who have discovered a new thoroughfare through space, receive a civic parade, rockets, and perishable souvenirs on June 17 and 18.

New York's budget of local news is of a rather sordid kind. Two murders, each of a subtle ferocity, have puzzled the local sleuths, and a suit for divorce, containing salacious elements, is dragging its slimy length across the front pages of the great dailies.

With the bitterness of a neighborhood fight or a Mississippi feud, the trial in San Francisco of Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, has drawn to a close. Local issues of club life, society life, and political life have intruded in such ways as sometimes to make pure and undiluted justice a stranger at the feast. Heney, although weakened by his gun wound, displayed most of his famous militant energy in summing up for the prosecution.

Meanwhile, the city of San Francisco is preparing to celebrate the rebuilding. On October 19, and thence for a week, festivities will mark the community's uprising from the earthquake.

This issue will be reaching our island possessions and other friends of the farther regions on or about July 4—the day we celebrate with access of noise, sunburn, and powder stain. American eloquence will be released from a thousand platforms, while the flag of the free flutters just over the impassioned orator.

It will be pleasant when Maxim's "silencer," which makes a rifle sound like a soda-water bottle, is adapted to firecrackers, gutter torpedoes, and the other joy items of the Great Day. Boys will then feel keen rivalry in seeing who can buy the hugest and most noiseless cannon crackers. Non-detonating bombs will softly perform their mission and silently crumble away. Unostentatiously the guns will roar like a sucking dove, while entire bangless packs of fat red firecrackers modestly explode at the windows of unawakened sleepers. You will know the day by the great hush that falls over the earth from sun-up to evensong.

The Itinerant Monarchs

IT MAY be true that there is no East nor West when two strong men meet. But the meeting of Czar and Kaiser only emphasized the points of the compass and the subdivisions of geography by national and racial lines.

In the middle of June, at Pitpikas, on the Finnish coast, Nicholas and Wilhelm chatted about the future of Europe. Knowing that the Czar was planning a series of visits to President Fallières, to King Edward, to the Pope and Victor Emmanuel, and to one or more of the northwestern countries, the Kaiser inserted a call at the beginning of the imperial tour. It is believed that the German Emperor desired by his urgency to weaken the fellowship of Russia with Great Britain and France.

King Edward of England recently completed a pacifying tour, where his infallible tact was never in better oiled condition.

The theory of sovereignty used to be the static. "I sit. I teach," said the New England sage. And it was the old-fashioned idea of kings that they were immovable on a golden throne. Seated like Javey, they dispensed justice from the center of rest. But to-day, to stay at the same point, they sometimes have to run at the top of their speed. A modern king is a bit of a commercial traveler.

The Sultan is said to have caught the idea, and packs his grip for a jaunt through Europe in the autumn of 1909. He will call on England in December.

Weston's Astonishing Walk

FOR three months now this infinitely minute microscopic ant of a Weston has been crawling steadily westward across the continent. On June 10, in southwestern Wyoming, he clambered over the continental divide and started the down trail toward San Francisco. All sorts of difficulties, in addition to those which would naturally oppose the attempt of a man seventy-one years old to walk across the continent in one hundred days, beset him in this deserted country. He was following the Union Pacific tracks. They are high up in the air in these parts—seven thousand feet, more or less. There was rain, wind, and hail; the stations are scarcely more than signboards; often he was unable to get proper food, sometimes no proper place to sleep. Yet he kept on. On June 16, at some lonely telegraph station near the Utah line, he wires about a chill and threatened lumbago. The next morning he is up and off again as good as new, apparently. And

A Record of Current Events

piloted by some of the railroad people, he tramps interestingly through the Aspen Tunnel, a mile and a quarter long. Next day he falls, a bottle breaks, and cuts him severely in the chest, and he returns greatly disturbed. The railroad people examine him, decide that he is not seriously injured, and away he goes, again rejoicing. The hoboes who tramp the tracks and steal rides "don't look good" to him. "I am now carrying a revolver," he wires, "but for what purpose I hardly know, believing that if I were attacked they would also take my gun." Childlike, indomitable, he plugs along, his legs, wind, and pluck sufficient for each present moment as it comes. It is an extraordinary performance. Whether or not Weston succeeds in covering the distance in one hundred days, as he hoped to do, it is still an extraordinary performance. It is something which ought to help every man who feels inclined to whine about getting "old" or to yield cheaply to cold or hunger or fatigue. Blow winds, beat rain, and do your worst—at least, we're men and captains of our souls.

Recent Pranks of the Sugar Trust

THE Sugar Trust continues playful. Indeed, it is revealing an unsuspected genius for achieving the limelight. Three times running all the lights have been turned on while it was pursuing its coy and saccharine pranks in the pantry. With the jam on its face and gluing its teeth together, it is holding its peace. Its whimsical extra-legal ways were most recently shown in its settlement out of court of a thirty-million-dollar suit brought against it by the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company.

The terms of settlement are said to be two million dollars, canceling a loan of one and one-half million dollars, and returning certain securities.

The Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company had accepted a loan from Gustav E. Kissel, a secret agent of the Sugar Trust. The loan was secured on a majority block of the Pennsylvania Company's stock, and Kissel inserted the playful proviso that he, the lender, should nominate the directors till the loan was paid. Then clever Mr. Kissel elected himself and three Sugar Trust clerks as directors, and forthwith closed the new refinery of the Pennsylvania Company, ruined Adolph Segal, the head of it, and drove the president of a real estate company—connected with Segal—to suicide.

The whole performance from the Trust's point of view was thorough, swift, and mirth-provoking. But it has had a nasty look to the general public, and prosecution by the Government may result.

Grilling the Newspapers

NEWSPAPERS sometimes think themselves the movers and shakers of the world forever, it seems. Then some swift abuse will be passed out to them, and they grow humble-minded for a little. They have just been in for both treatments.

Lord Rosebery has been saying:

"The power of a great newspaper, with the double function of guiding and embodying the public opinion of the province over which it exerts an influence, is immeasurably greater than that of any statesman could be."

Then spake Sir Hugh Graham of Montreal to the British journalists, indirectly smiting America's scribes:

"They know that, as a rule, you (journalists of Britain) are not publishing inspired nonsense to help your Government. They feel sure that you are not the paid megaphones of financial buccaneers."

And the final touch is laid on by the special committee of Governor Hughes, which has spent a half-year in Wall Street. It reports:

"A large part of the discredit in the public mind attaching to 'Wall Street' is due to frauds perpetrated on the small investor throughout the country in the sale of worthless securities by means of alluring circulars and advertisements in the newspapers. To the success of such swindling enterprises a portion of the press contributes.

"Papers which honestly try to distinguish between swindling advertisements and others may not in every instance succeed in doing so; but readiness to accept advertisements which are obviously traps for the unwary is evidence of a moral delinquency which should draw out the severest public condemnation.

"So far as the press in the large cities is concerned, the correction of the evil lies, in some measure, in the hands of the reputable bankers and brokers, who, by refusing their advertising patronage to newspapers notoriously guilty in this respect, could compel them to mend their ways and, at the same time, prevent fraudulent schemes from deriving an appearance of merit by association with reputable names."

When Sugar Met Oil

IT WAS night. Without, the rain was dropping in fierce gusts. The great hall of the club was rich in warmth and light. The two old cronies met in front of the blazing red hearth.

"Hello, Oil," said the round, fat, little fellow. "Bad night out. Let's have one."

"Say, Sugar," said Standard Oil, menacingly, "we are friends no longer. Out of my sight."

"Cruel, cruel words," said Sugar Trust, grieved to the heart. "What have I done?"

"You have committed the unpardonable offense of being caught with the goods on three times running. Three times is Down and Out. You are a disgrace to trusts. You might have been a criminal in a large

(*Continued on page 22*)



The First Baseball Game at Night

The contest held under electric lights on the National League Grounds of Cincinnati, June 18, was an experiment so successful that the experts of the country have declared that night baseball may possibly have come to stay



WITH sincere and wholesouled flattery the English "Sphere" for May 8 lifts the clever cartoon of the "Scientific American" of March 27. The American sheet pictured the folks coming and going. The cultured thief of England has them going and coming. The caption of the "Scientific American" cut reads: "Receipts and expenditures of the United States Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908."

With easy grace, the "Sphere" alters and says: "Our national income for the year 1909-10—whence the money comes and where it goes."



A Good American Idea Adapted to English Use



Launching the "Half Moon" in Amsterdam

"De Halve Maen," a replica of the vessel in which Henry Hudson discovered Manhattan Island, in 1609, and sailed up the river, which now bears his name, has been rebuilt in Holland, and will be brought across the ocean to take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration, from New York to Albany, September 25-October [illegible]

Who the Insurgents Are

By MARK SULLIVAN

ON THIS page, last week, were printed the names of the thirty-eight Republican Senators who have voted uniformly with Aldrich on all the important schedules of the new tariff bill. They constitute the faithful band, by means of which he has been able to dictate the Senate bill.

Below are printed the names of the Republican Insurgents—those Republican Senators who have voted against Aldrich on a majority of the important schedules, who have been able to embarrass, though not to defeat, him. In determining what Senators belong on this list, the same test is made as was used in fixing the status of the thirty-eight regulars. In the Senate discussion of the new tariff there have been upward of a score of votes in which each Senator has been compelled to go on record for or against the duty proposed by Mr. Aldrich. Many of these votes have been on minor, unimportant schedules. From among them these eight have been selected as being important and representative:

Lumber	Sugar	Iron ore	Cotton
Cutlery	Lead	Earthenware	Pig-iron



Senator Cummins of Iowa, who has voted and worked against Aldrich on a majority of the tariff schedules

The thirty-eight regulars are the Senators who supported Mr. Aldrich on *all* these votes; the Insurgents are the Republican Senators who have voted *against* Mr. Aldrich on a substantial majority of these schedules, and have maintained, generally, an attitude hostile to his determination to revise the tariff upward. Stated in the order of their insurgency, so to speak, they are:

La Follette of Wisconsin	Bristow of Kansas
Clapp of Minnesota	Beveridge of Indiana
Nelson of Minnesota	Dolliver of Iowa
Cummins of Iowa	Burkett of Nebraska
Brown of Nebraska	Crawford of South Dakota

La Follette of Wisconsin is the greatest Insurgent of them all. He has voted against Aldrich on seven of the eight schedules named—on all except cutlery.

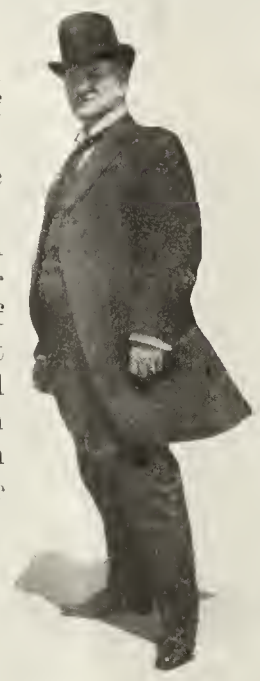
Clapp of Minnesota, like La Follette, voted against Aldrich on all the schedules named except cutlery; on the earthenware schedule he refrained from voting. He has been Insurgent in temper.

Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Cummins, and Nelson all voted exactly alike. They voted *against* Mr. Aldrich on lead, lumber, iron ore, pig-iron, cotton, and sugar; and *with* Aldrich on two schedules, earthenware and cutlery. Dolliver voted *with* Aldrich on lumber, earthenware, and cutlery; and *against* Aldrich on the other five schedules.

Burkett voted *against* Aldrich on five schedules and *with* Aldrich on three—earthenware, sugar, and cutlery.

Crawford of South Dakota voted like most of the Insurgents, *against* Aldrich on five of the schedules, and *with* Aldrich on two—earthenware and cutlery. He did not vote at all on the cotton schedule.

Having named the Regulars and the Insurgents, there remain nine Senators who fall within neither class. Senator Gamble of South Dakota voted *against* Aldrich on four schedules, lead, lumber, iron ore, and cotton; he voted *with* Aldrich on the same number of schedules, pig-iron, earthenware, sugar, and cutlery; Gamble is a near-Insurgent. Senator Du Pont of Delaware voted against Aldrich on two schedules, lumber and iron ore. McCumber of North Dakota voted against Aldrich on lumber only. Borah of Idaho voted against Aldrich on iron ore and pig iron, and did not vote on the cotton schedule. Johnson of North Dakota voted against Aldrich on lumber and sugar; Jones of Washington voted against Aldrich on cotton and sugar. Bourne of Oregon and Richardson of Delaware have been absent when most of the votes on the various schedules were taken.



Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, the chief Insurgent of them all. He has fought Aldrich at every step, and voted against him on seven out of eight schedules

A Remarkable Senator

NO OBSERVER of the tariff debate in the Senate can fail to be impressed by Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma. He is alert, well-informed, and effective in expression. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire was making sarcastic mention of one of those numerous Democrats in the Lower House who, for home consumption, delivered a bombastic oration against the tariff—and then voted for a tariff on lumber. The following passage then took place—one of those unusual interludes which relieve the debates and recall an older generation when classical allusion was more common in the Senate:

"MR. GALLINGER—In another body not long ago a distinguished gentleman said: 'The tariff bill is nothing short of an outrage. The witches whom Macbeth met on the heath never brewed a hell broth half so vile as this legislative compound.' Then that gentleman plunged his hands into the caldron of broth and pulled out a prize package inscribed 'Lumber' and voted for a duty on it.

"MR. GORE—Mr. President, I remember something else from the tragedy of 'Macbeth' where Macbeth himself had occasion to exclaim:

> "'And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
> That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope.'"

The aptness of the allusion, the fact that Senator Gore's quotation came from the same play that Gallinger mentioned, his speedy response with the best description in English poetry of a double-dealer, all constitute a remarkable bit of repartee. The Senator who accomplished this has been blind since he was eleven years old. He never *read* "Macbeth" or anything else—he has only heard them. No other Senator has shown either such memory or such command of classical allusion or such mental agility. Most men who, like Senator Gore, were blind and poor at eleven are now in indigent asylums. His career is an inspiration. "I strive against adversity," was the motto of Edmund Burke.

The Moral Issue

MONEY of Mississippi, Bailey of Texas, and Dolliver of Iowa, are the only Senators who see the tariff as a moral issue, or who care to say that they so see it. Senator Dolliver's words are these:

"As the result of my observations upon the different tariffs of the world (and I do not pretend to be wise or deeply read about the matter), I find that wherever there is a protective tariff it has built up a system of morality of its own, and I never found that its rules of morals were in accord with any other rules of morals, religious or secular, ever framed in this world. It has built up a system of morality in this country that not only is wicked, but it allows to be done, by authority of law, what the man who does it would never do in his private capacity as a citizen. It permits a man not only to covet his neighbor's goods, but to take them away from him by force of law. When we consider that we collected a little over $300,000 000 last year, and the people of this country pay in taxation to these protected interests $2,100,000,000, I think it is about time we are considering whether we are not taxing the American people a little too far."



Senator Dolliver of Iowa, who has led many of the debates against Aldrich, and has opposed him on a majority of the schedules of the tariff

All those millions which go, not into the United States Treasury, but into the pockets of wealthy manufacturers, can fairly be called by no other name than graft. And so long as this goes on under color of law, it is hard to keep the moral stigma upon all those other allied forms of acquisition which go by the same name, but are not sanctified by statute. When the *meum* and *tuum* distinction has been lost as between classes, it is hard to maintain it as between individuals. Senator Bailey has done more than any other one Senator to keep this aspect of protection to the front.

Perhaps the Churches Will Help

THE Episcopal Diocesan Council of Lexington, Kentucky, a purely ecclesiastical body, last week resolved that:

"Being a branch of God's church . . . we feel deep concern over conditions created and being perpetuated by alarming, if not revolutionary, legislation, whereby the necessaries of the lives of the needy are disproportionately taxed."

Perhaps the churches may some day come to see the tariff as a moral issue. Many a clergyman preaches his Sunday sermon upon subjects involving less fundamental righteousness. Aldrich and his machine are proving that they do not fear the press which, big and little, is substantially unanimous in denunciation of the Senate tariff bill. Possibly they would defy the church, too. We should like to see an organization of consumers' leagues, based upon the effective lines of the Anti-Saloon League, for genuine tariff reform.

283 Days

FROM the date of this paper, it is 283 days until any change can be made in the complexion of the present Lower House of Congress. The second Tuesday in April, 1910, is the first day when any American citizen will have the opportunity to cast his ballot for a Member of Congress pledged to vote against CANNON for Speaker.

Collier's maintains at Washington an office in charge of a legislative expert who will be glad to answer any questions concerning the work of Congress and the Government at Washington. Address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building



Chalmers-Detroit "30"
$1500

Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau
Landaulet
Coupe
Limousine

Here's Our Larger 1910 Model For Our $1500 Car

On May 12th, we sold the last Chalmers-Detroit "30" in the model of 1909. That completed our output—2,500—of these remarkable cars

There were 800 people left disappointed. There were orders amounting to $1,200,000 which we could not fill.

Now we announce these new models. Every Chalmers-Detroit dealer will have them on show in July.

1000 Extra Cars

This season our output of "30's" will be 3,500 cars. And those 1,000 extra cars will be produced without adding a dollar to our overhead expense. That means a great saving per car.

They will also be made with last year's tools and machinery. So this great expense will not be repeated. The new cars are not altered in mechanical ways. This year increasing the bore of our cylinders to four inches and making slight changes in the exhaust valves gives us considerable more power, but we still rate the motor at 30 h. p. Otherwise the chassis could not be improved.

Every cent of this saving will be given to you in the shape of a sightlier car. Our profit remains the same as last year—exactly nine per cent.

As a result of these savings, we offer this season—at last season's price—this amazing car.

neto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps, all for $100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be $175.

We will furnish our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for $75 extra. This is the very best top we can buy. Don't be satisfied with the ordinary top when you can get a mohair top from us for $75. The regular price of this top is $125.

On our "Forty" the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps and gas tank are all included in the price of $2,750. But we will supply with our "Forty" a $150 Newport mohair top for $125 extra, and we will supply two extra seats—for $75 extra.

These extras are all figured at a very small margin of profit over cost. We give to you all the enormous advantage we get through quantity buying.

The Records of 1909

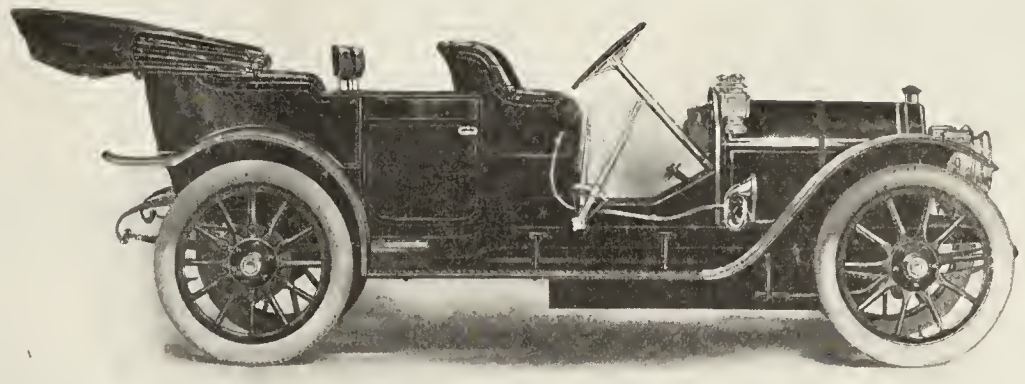
One of the Chalmers-Detroit "30's has covered 32,000 miles, and has just completed a path-finding trip from Denver to Mexico City. Never has any car, at any price, made an equal endurance record.

We have been paid for replacements on 1909 cars exactly $2.44 per car. No other car has a record like that.

On a long distance speed test this car has averaged 50.2 miles per hour. On an economy test, made during Carnival Week in New York, this car ran 25.7 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Never has a car, at any price, proved so satisfactory. Never did a car of similar size show such low cost for upkeep.

That's why we make no mechanical changes. No man dreams of a better car than our "30" of 1909.



The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750

Two Extra Seats $75

Roomier, Handsomer Car

The 1910 Chalmers-Detroit "30" has a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our "Forty" of last season.

Its wheels are 34 inches, while last season's were 32.

The hood is longer and higher—the tonneau more roomy; and the lines are like the costliest cars on the market.

Yet the price remains $1500. By increasing our output, and retaining our chassis, we save enough to make these improvements.

Extras at Low Cost

Here is an additional policy adopted for 1910; that is, to furnish the following extras at the lowest possible cost—much cheaper than you could possibly buy them unless you bought them from us.

We will fit our $1500 car with a Bosch mag-

Here is our "Forty" for 1910—with a 122-inch wheel base. That is ten inches longer than last season. The wheels are now 36 inches. And the car seats seven.

It is upholstered in hand-buffed leather, and fitted with Bosch magneto, gas tank and gas lamps free.

We will equip this car with a $175 Newport top for $125 extra. The two extra seats will be furnished for $75. That's because of our new policy—extras at nine per cent profit.

So this 7-passenger car, when fully equipped, costs less than our 5-passenger "Forty" of last season.

This is our "Forty's" fifth season. It is known far and wide as the best medium-priced car on the market. Scores of the best experts we have in America have selected it for their personal use.

This season's model has all the size, style and appearance of the costliest cars that are made. All that a higher price can buy is unneeded power and higher cost of upkeep.

Made as Touring Car, Roadster and Pony Tonneau.

New 1910 Catalog Free

—Demonstrating Cars in these new models will be in the hands of all Chalmers-Detroit dealers this month. Deliveries to users will begin August 1st.

Get our catalog now and make your decision, for orders will be filled in rotation.

The tide of automobile demand has turned to these medium-priced cars. The day of extravagance is past. A modest price and low cost of upkeep are sought by men who know.

The Chalmers-Detroits are the most popular cars on the market. The demand this season, as it did last, is bound to exceed the supply. For not another make on the market begins to give so much for the money.

By ordering now you will have five months' use before the car's year begins.

Please mail us this coupon now.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.
Mail your 1910 Catalog to

_____

_____

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, Detroit, Mich. U. S. A.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

$350.
For a Name
QUICK!

Read this story and hit upon a name that will appropriately mark the greatest and best-valued line of popular-priced underwear in the world. Just a good, practical, sensible name that everybody will be able to pronounce and easily remember. Here are the facts:

The Company wanting this name is the

Utica Knitting Company

Starting twenty years ago with a capital of $20,000 and one small factory, this Company has steadily grown into a concern operating seven great mills which produce over $4,000,000 worth of underwear goods each year. This growth has been due entirely to making better goods at no higher prices. The Utica Knitting Company cards its own materials, spins its own yarns, finishes every garment with the best machinery and handiwork in existence, and ships all its products in boxes made in its own paper and lumber mills. Nothing is overlooked from beginning to end that will save an outside profit, and *every bit of this saving goes into the quality of the Utica Knitting mills products.*

Now read this over until you understand the matter thoroughly.

The Utica Knitting Company makes many different styles of underwear for men, women and children, in winter and summer weights, selling at 50c. to $1.50 per garment, or double per union suit. These different styles are now highly known throughout the trade under various trade-mark names. Following are a few of the most noted of these names:

Lambsdown — For men, women and children

Vellastic — For men, women and children

Unitee — A patented combination garment for boys and girls

Olympic — Coat cut, knee length, KNIT summer underwear for men and boys

Standard Fleece — For men and women

Oriskany — For men and women

and many others.

These various names are now used and will continue to be used over the following shield design, in this space, as for instance:



What is wanted *now* is one name to go into the shield in this central space to be used in combination with each and *all* of the other names.

There are many different kinds of silverware, each having its own name. The word "Sterling" goes with all these names to show the highest possible quality. We want a name that will go with all our different styles of underwear—just as "Sterling" goes with different styles of silverware.

For the name we decide is best, we will pay: **$200**

For the second best we will pay: **$100**

For the third best we will pay: **$50**

If more than one person sends in the winning name, the prize will be divided equally. This rule applies to all three prizes. All names must be mailed on or before July 10th. You have, therefore, only a few days, but this is to your advantage, as the best ideas come from the quickest and hardest mind-work. Simply write the name or names you suggest on plain white paper, with your own name and address, enclose in an envelope, and mail to

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY
Contest Bureau 366 Broadway New York City

Read the above story over and over—let your mind play on it and the right name will suggest itself. Go at it now—and go at it to win the $200.

DO NOT FAIL TO WATCH FOR THE RESULTS OF THIS CONTEST TO BE PUBLISHED IN THESE COLUMNS AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE DATE.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

impersonal way: but instead of that you're only a blunderer."

Sugar stumbled out through the darkness and melted into the wet, gusty night.

Blessed Peace

ENGLAND, like a swelling schoolboy, is preparing to show its biceps to Christendom on July 17, when it marshals the long-drawn line of destroyers, one hundred strong, on Thames River. She has just given a full-dress rehearsal of battleships—forty-three of them—to the Colonial editors, who have been enjoying the pleasures of London for a season before returning to quill-driving in the Provinces.

Of course the veiled purpose of the Imperial Press Conference was to win the colonies overseas to England's war program. To proclaim danger, to clamor for aid—that was the predestined scheme to try out upon the visiting editors.

Lord Rosebery created the effect. "Dead earnest was his mien."

Said he: "There is a hush in Europe—a hush in which you may almost hear a leaf fall to the ground." To him this hush is "ominous."

He asked the scribes to return to their communities "missionaries of Empire, missionaries of the most extensive and the



Vassar's Bowl

The bowl is of silver and enamel, and was given to Vassar college by the Baroness Uriu. This bowl had been given to her by the Empress of Japan at an audience, and when she, the Empress, learned that the Baroness was coming to America and would visit her college, Vassar, she granted the Baroness permission to give the bowl to Vassar. At the bottom of the bowl is imprinted the Royal crest, the chrysanthemum. It is of great beauty

most unselfish Empire which is known to history."

Prompt as an echo came the answer from Sir Hugh Graham of Montreal:

"The people of the colonies are anxious for a rightful voice in determining what the strength of the British navy shall be. They regard the British navy as a form of Imperial insurance under a blanket policy, covering everything that you and we possess that is worth possessing."

And the like harmonious rumble is heard across the water. Says the Montreal "Daily Star" editorially on June 12:

"There is a new question to the fore; and that is Colonial cooperation with the Mother Country in the defense of the Empire. The day of drawing apart is over; and now the problem is how best to draw nearer together for mutual defense."

Then comes the companion thought:

"The movement for a Canadian navy is not anti-American in origin"—so says the Toronto "Daily Star." "It is a result of a desire to pay our own way and to keep control. Our land forces are not maintained as a result of fear of, or hostility to, the United States. We all hope that Canadian and American soldiers may never meet on the battlefield except as comrades."

The Reformers at Work

THE "New Knighthood," their lyrical friends call them. "Muckrakers" and "Parlor Sociologists," their cynical critics call them. More exactly, they were the fifteen hundred social workers, gathered in Buffalo, New York, during the second week in June, in the National Conference of Charities and Correction. They are a part of that army of humanitarians, philanthropists, settlement workers, officers and helpers in charitable institutions, whose far-flung battle line extends from nearby cities to South Sea islands. They draw a little closer each year to the ills and dangers that beset us in city and State and nation of overwork and congestion, child labor, tuberculosis. No medieval crusade had half the vigor of their advance.

With accurate methods of research and observation, with wise selection of reform and remedy, with good-humor, they go on their way against disease and poverty and



The Howard Watch

DOWN on the Big Ditch at Panama is a worse place for a watch than Suez or the Coast of Indo-China: blazing days—severe nightly drop in temperature—humidity 87°—and months of tropical rainfall.

All along the Panama Canal—you find "HOWARD time" the recognized standard—as in all big undertakings for the last sixty-seven years.

The HOWARD Temperature adjustment is *permanent*. Unaffected by the severest heat or the most violent changes.

The HOWARD is the finest practical watch in the world, and the strongest. Its special hard-tempered balance cannot knock out of true with the jolts and vibrations of rough use in the field.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD Watch, from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed price ticket attached.

Drop us a postal, Dept. A, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

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Low Fares to Seattle

$62 for round-trip between Chicago and Seattle for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition via the

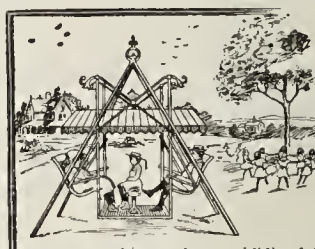
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Descriptive folder free.

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A SWING OF STEEL SPRINGS

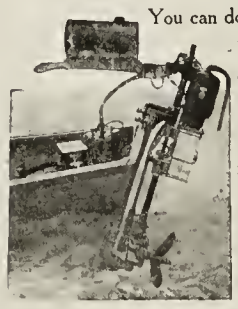
Brings **sunshine** to happy childhood days. Clean, healthful joy that will recall pleasant memories. A little **third seat** for baby—also makes a fine foot rest. End seats with spring backs for adults. Has a gliding motion that ends gradually. No jerks or jolts.

$9.00 ROOM FOR (9) NINE, entire family. Richly colored canopy. A SWING play-house. Absolutely no noise—easy, springing motion. Don't waste money on wood swing. to $10.75

First at wholesale. WRITE TO-DAY. Collier's sold a great many last year—half as many year before—shows pleased buyers. DON'T take our word that it is so much more attractive, dainty and trim. BUY ONE on money back plan, and if not satisfied we will make good.

(9 Col. St.) D. H. Bausman, Bausman (Lancaster Co.), Pa.

Make a Motor Boat of Any Boat in Five Minutes



You can do it with the Waterman Outboard Motor, which you can quickly attach (and detach) to the stern of any skiff, row boat, dinghy, punt, sail boat, and have a good motor boat. It is not a toy, but a reliable 2 H. P. Marine Motor that will drive an 18-foot row boat 7 miles an hour, 4 hours on gallon gasoline. Simplest motor made. Weight 40 lbs. Equipped with **Schebler Carburetor.** Four years' successful results behind it. Send for **Catalog C.** Canoe Motors, 1, 2, 3, 4 Cylinders—**Catalog K.** Standard Type Motors, 1 to 30 H. P.—**Catalog A.**

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HE'S TASTING

Season ham with salt and sugar and hickory smoke till its luscious ham aroma brings water to the mouth.

Boil it as tender and juicy as filet of beef, with all the good ham taste left in.

Grind it fine and mix it with a keen, piquant dressing of 42 spices.

Can it, without adulteration or preservative, in a white, clean, sunlit New England kitchen, where visitors are welcome.

Can it by vacuum process so it will keep fresh and tasty for twenty years.

This is how we make Underwood Deviled Ham This is why it smacks of deliciousness on the lips. Get a 15c or 25c can and

TASTE THE TASTE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Handy for picnicking, fishing and all outdooring. Still handier for luncheons, teas, meal emergencies and all indooring. Makes all sorts of new rare morsels. Our free recipe book tells how

Economical! Small can makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

We've also a book entitled "Taste The Taste." If you are deep breathing, Fletcherizing, exercising, sleeping out doors, not worrying, not afraid of anything, not hating anybody, not getting mad, always optimistic, it may not interest you.

Sent free to those who are not doing anything mean.

If your grocer doesn't keep Underwood Deviled Ham, send his name and 15c to William Underwood Co., Dept. 7 I, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass., and you will receive by return mail a 15c can of

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

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The Portable Wireless Telephone

Although the development of wireless telephony is still in a primitive state, the United States Government is promoting constant experiments toward perfecting the system. Not only has it been installed for a try-out in the war vessels and forts, but the Government is actively testing the possibilities of a movable instrument. The accompanying illustration shows a portable radio-telephone and telegraph outfit. There is no great difficulty in locating other instruments on vessels or elsewhere with this apparatus, provided the range does not exceed the power of the storage battery

graft. Already in the brief term of their organized existence they have let the light into dark rooms, given work to the unemployed, turned the fight against consumption, diminished child labor. There is less misery in the world because of their sane efforts. They are sincere and effective. In time they will learn how to make their knowledge attractive to a careless, busy public.

Little was heard of the Pittsburg Survey, for instance, that grueling of a modern city, which reached its very vitals, till Ida Tarbell picked up the welter of tragic fact and shaped it into a missile. Their other defect is an overseriousness of demeanor. As yet they take themselves and their work with a seriousness that is sometimes irritating and sometimes amusing. They are fighting for position and recognition, for an established place in an indifferent or hostile community. As with individuals in the act of becoming "self-made," their assertiveness and conceit are often the thin shell that coats over much tribulation and struggle.

Time will deal gently but radically in clearing them of these lesser imperfections, which impede the reception of their "message." When they add humility to efficiency, and infuse a human appeal into the academic data of their investigations, they will make citizens of wide influence. They will be dominant in the coming church. To such as they the future will belong.

It was fitting that this powerful body of workers should elect Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, as president for the coming year. For her it is the adding of one more burden and honor to overwhelming responsibility. Deep in the waters of an infinite fatigue, she sometimes is almost overborne before her work is done. It is to be hoped that with the large new duties she can be saved some of the wear of other work. The people have need of her.

Garden Spots

DOWN in the lowlands of southeast Missouri, where the Little River flows, they are now working on what is said to be the largest drainage project ever undertaken in the United States. During the next four years it is planned to drain and reclaim over one million acres in the seven counties to the south of Cape Girardeau. This alluvial land is said to be extremely fertile, and its nearness to Eastern markets, compared with some of the projects in the Far West about which so much has been said, ought to interest farmers. Also, the work is organized by 1,200 landowners of the district, working without help from State or National Government. It is believed that an average tax of not more than $8 an acre will cover the cost. There will be 600 miles of dredged ditches, 500 miles of floodways, and 1,200 miles of levees. Needless to say those interested in the scheme believe that the Little River lowlands will be "as productive as the lands along the Nile"—people always drag in the poor old Nile. Twenty-nine dipper dredges are scooping out mud now and hydraulic dredges are to be used later on. A vast lot of garden truck, not to speak of corn, cotton, wheat, and alfalfa, ought to come up from the Little River country one of these days.



It's the Wonderful Flexible Cement Compound

that makes the Carey Roof so entirely different from other roofs—so much more serviceable and enduring under all conditions. It is a combination of asphalt and other time-proved materials, scientifically prepared and tempered by the Carey special process. With this compound is formed that compact, impervious inner sheet which gives to the whole body of Carey Roofing its lasting flexibility and long life. Extreme heat cannot blister Carey Roofing or make it run—Extreme cold cannot harden it. It never loses its plasticity — Soaking rains, snow or ice do not affect it.

Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing

is absolutely standardized. It never varies in weight, thickness, quality or width. Always uniform, year in and year out.

Twenty years of service has proved it the ideal roof under all conditions in any climate—for flat or steep surfaces.

An interesting booklet, fully describing Carey's Roofing and containing information of importance to buyers of roofing material, is now ready. Write for a copy, also for a sample of THE CAREY ROOF.

THE PHILIP CAREY MANUFACTURING CO.

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found only on The Kady Suspender is the reason. Ask your dealer to show you The Kady and see how it works. It comes in many beautiful patterns. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

50c and 75c a pair

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A Genuine Panama



Express Prepaid **$4**

Fit for a King. Light, cool, dressy, closely woven, adaptable to all shapes, blocked and trimmed, all sizes, with neat silk band and leather sweat band, $10.00 value, sent prepaid for $4.00. Save two profits. We import direct through Galveston from South America. Order to-day. State size—Satisfaction guaranteed—Address

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The great durability and handsome appearance of concrete products is now recognized world wide. Big Money Making plants being established everywhere. It will pay you to investigate our proposition for a factory in your locality. We furnish machines, molds and everything needed. Write for particulars.

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To the ORIENT

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sailing from Seattle, September 18, 1909. Largest ship in Trans-Pacific service. Everything the best. Electric lights, telephones, laundry, suites with sitting room and bath. Hong Kong passengers go via Manila.

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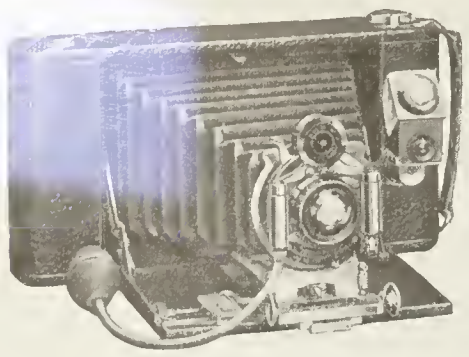
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Hawk-Eye

No. 3A

Pictures 3¼ x 5½.

The Complete Pocket Camera.

Simple, instantly understood, yet embraces every practical feature demanded by the expert.

Rack and pinion for focusing, sliding front, opens horizontally, —the way most pictures are made. *Daylight loading,* uses Eastman N. C. Film.

No. 3A Hawk-Eye, Model 3, R. R. Lens, Single Valve Shutter, . . $20.00

No. 3A Hawk-Eye, Model 4, R.R. Lens, B. & L. or Kodak Auto. Shutter, 25.00

1909 Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Blair Camera Division,

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HAWK-EYE CAMERAS

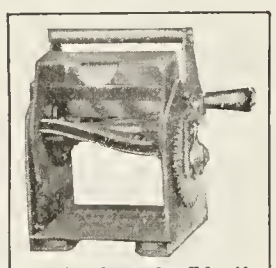
Every Smooth Shave

Requires Perfect Stropping

The shave without a scrape—is yours every time with the

Perfection Automatic Razor Strop

But don't class it with any other. There is nothing like it.



"It's all in the Edge"

Every turn of the crank gives six perfect strop-pings to each side of the blade.

This remarkable invention is the only automatic mechanical device which perfectly adapts the barber's knack in the peculiar twist of the wrist as he draws the blade, not flat, but diagonally, across the strop. It gives a perfect, easy shaving edge to your razor blade in a few seconds. With the old style ordinary or any safety razor blade it makes shaving a delight. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for our 10 day Free Trial offer. If safety razor, name make.

Perfection Razor Strop Company

93 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Interesting proposition to dealers or agents.

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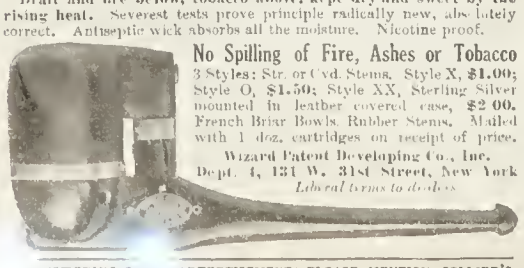
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MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

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Draft and fire below, tobacco above, kept dry and sweet by the rising heat. Severest tests prove principle radically new, absolutely correct. Antiseptic wick absorbs all the moisture. Nicotine proof.



No Spilling of Fire, Ashes or Tobacco

3 Styles: Str. or Cvd. Stems, Style X, $1.00; Style O, $1.50; Style XX, Sterling Silver mounted in leather covered case, $2.00. French Briar Bowls. Rubber Stems. Mailed with 1 doz. cartridges on receipt of price.

Wizard Patent Developing Co., Inc.

Dept. 4, 131 W. 31st Street, New York

Liberal terms to dealers

The "Western Vanderbilt"

(Concluded from page 15)

the blood of some of the spectators, inducing reckless driving to and from the course.

The policing arrangements were perfect. The first regiment of the Illinois militia was effectively distributed about the circuit. The crowds were orderly: in most cases wire fences were enough to hold them back. It would be interesting to know how far a cartoon by John T. McCutcheon, which appeared in the Chicago "Tribune" the day before the race, was responsible for the good behavior of spectators. The drawing represented the Idiot—familiar to those who have attended races in the vicinity of New York—who stands out in the course to see the racers coming. McCutcheon's Idiot was directly in the middle of the road, pointing his finger at an onrushing car and announcing with a maudlin grin: "Here it comes!" The laconic caption for the picture was: "For further particulars see obituary column next Sunday." That cartoon did yeoman duty. No one wished to be the Idiot.

On the second day several cases of sunstroke developed, to keep the field hospitals from being idle. The grand stand was uncovered, and many of the seat-holders retreated to spots beneath the trees.

"Paper! Paper! All about the horrible wreck!" cried a grand-stand newsboy. A scarlet-visaged gentleman, carrying a Japanese parasol and wearing a handkerchief over his head and another tucked around his neck, glared at the boy, savagely demanding: "Anything personal?"

It has been generally felt that in many of the so-called "stock car races" of the past, specially built cars have taken part. The authorities of the Western Stock Chassis Races made an unprecedented effort to assure the genuineness of all entries. Members of the Technical Committee called at the factories of all entrants to see that at least ten other cars exactly like those entered in the race were either in stock or in course of construction. All parts in the racers were marked, to insure against replacement. The gasoline used in each car was sampled before and after the race to preclude the possible use of ether or other agents which increase explosive force. It is safe to say that no stock car race has ever been conducted more strictly or more legitimately.

The Indiana farmer was not slow in learning to profit by the arrival of the hungry hordes. Like his Long Island prototype, he reaped a golden harvest. Cots in the houses adjacent to the course went at prices which would cause New York hotel-keepers to gasp, and semi-barbarous meals were served at rates which made one wonder if Raisuli had not moved to Indiana.

After the finish of the Cobe Cup contest, a solid stream of cars moved toward Chicago through the night. It was not like the return from the Vanderbilt course, because the roads were narrower and the cars were forced to run single file through clouds of Indiana dust. Indiana dust is worse than other kinds. It is deep and fine as talcum powder. It sifts through goggles and clothing, filling the eyes and lungs and soul, and making one admit to one's secret, sleepy self that automobile races, forty miles from home and bath-tub, aren't so absolutely necessary, after all.

✣ ✣ ✣

No Place Like Home

THE Wright Brothers got three medals each—one from the nation, one from the State of Ohio, and one from their own town of Dayton—at the Dayton home-coming celebration on June 18. They also made speeches, and although Orville restricted himself to one sentence, "I wish our work was commensurate with the honors that have been heaped on us," Wilbur almost made a regular speech. He said that they were very glad to get the medals and that they had had plenty of sympathy all along. If $1,000,000 would bring another Shakespeare or Tennyson, the money would be forthcoming in this country within five minutes, Wilbur thought. If poets and inventors didn't get their dues, it was because the public didn't know their needs, rather than because they were indifferent.

There was a pageant of floats depicting the development of transportation from the Indian runner up to the Wright aeroplane. There was singing and speeches and galloping fire-engines, and between times the brothers Wright ducked into and out of their workshop, packing up preparatory to going to Washington.

The last word in quick and easy tire-changing is the NEW

"Firestone"

DEMOUNTABLE RIM *(for all Quick-Detachable and Clincher Tires)*

Does away with road tire-repairing and vexatious delays; makes tire-changing a quick and easy operation at any time, anywhere.

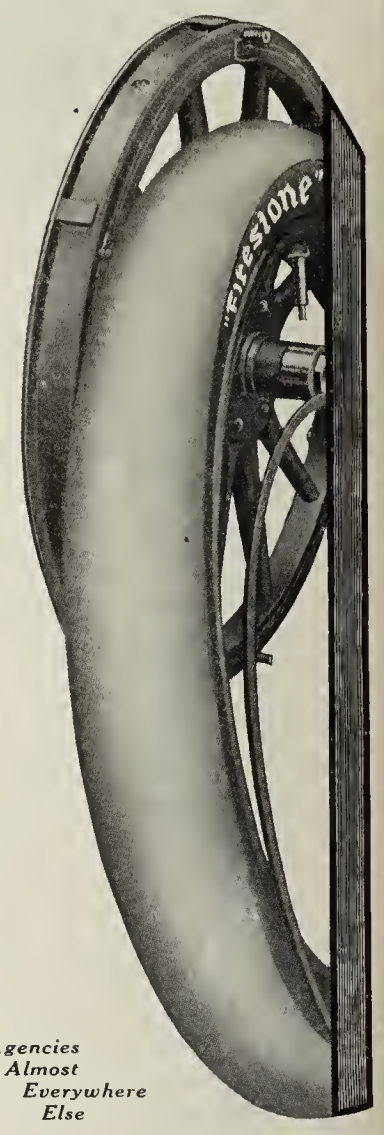
AND; this Rim with any quick detachable tire abolishes the nuisance of fitting short-stem staybolts, so objectionable a feature of demountable rims for clincher tires only.

ALSO; may be fitted to practically *any* car, new or old, without changing from *present* tire and rim equipment.

FURTHERMORE; the Firestone Demountable Rim requires no special tools; has no narrow wedge shapes, no complicated parts, no sharp angles to rust and stick fast. It is so easy to operate you cannot try it the wrong way.

Thoroughly tested in great racing events and in every-day use, the Firestone Demountable Rim is now offered to the motoring public a *completely proven success.*

Fully illustrated, described and priced in our "DEMOUNTABLE RIM BOOK" which will be mailed free upon request, stating sizes of tires and kind of rim you are now using.



FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

"Largest Exclusive Tire Makers in America" **Akron, O.**

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Cleans Everything and Everywhere

The vacuum cleaner for the home has proved such a valuable aid to housekeepers,—it has become so popular that a number of hurriedly made, poorly constructed, machines have been rushed onto the market.

The idea is right. Vacuum cleaners are one of the greatest advantages perfected in years and they have come to stay. The point is to get a cleaner that will clean.

THE **CYCLONE**

VACUUM CLEANER

has gone through the experimental stage. It is built on scientific principles that have been tried and proven in thousands of homes.

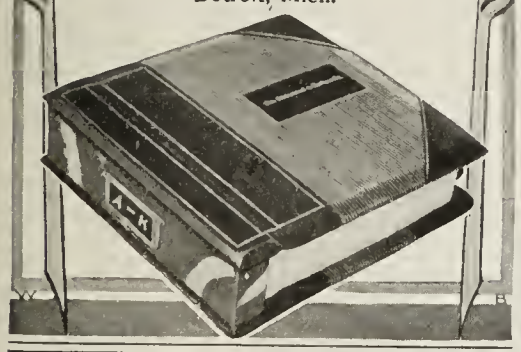
The Cyclone has **no springs**—Large valves make **easy running.** Dust separator can be emptied in half the time of any other. **Simple construction,** means **nothing to get out of order.**

Be sure to get the Cyclone—the machine that works, the machine that is made **for the home** and **at a home price.** Write for free book.

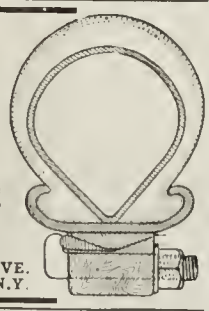
THE CYCLONE VACUUM CLEANER CO.
104-114 Blaisdell Ave. Bradford, Pa.
Agents wanted—write for unoccupied territory.

Are-and-be
FLAT OPENING

Detachable Leaf Book
and the
Bond Hinge Leaf
are efficient aids in the proper conduct of any business.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTION OF OUR
$6.00 Outfit
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The Richmond & Backus Co.
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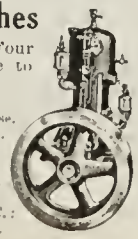


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No bolts or nuts to remove.
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Booklet explains how we have corrected spring troubles for
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Punk and Firecrackers

(Concluded from page 11)

second. Your father is almost there. "Slide!" you bawl. He hears you, sits down while going at top speed, and his toes touch the bag a quarter-second before the second baseman thumps the ball against his ribs. A minute later the postmaster, who is at bat, knocks out a hit over the center-fielder's head, and home trots your father, reeking with dust, sweat, and glory.

It matters little that he muffs two flies after this, and that the unmarrieds win the game by a score of 27 to 8. Your father made a hit and stole second. That is enough to fill your day.

The crowd scatters, and you saunter slowly back through the village. As you pass the house of Mr. Winter, the village druggist, whom do you spy but Minnie Winter herself, sitting under an apple tree. You pause tentatively.

"Hello!" you venture.

"Hello!" This from Minnie with an assumption of indifference that cuts you a little. But you go in among the fruit trees to her side.

"Say," you begin modestly, by way of breaking the ice, "I'll show yer a trick mos' fellers can't do."

And you catch hold of a bough and proceed to "chin" yourself nine times in quick succession.

"Huh! That's easy enough," says Minnie, and she tries it. But she can't pull herself up even once, whereat she looks at you with frank admiration.

"Say, Minnie," you ask, "why ain't you at the lemonade party?"

"Oh, I was goin', until—"

"Until what?"

"Oh, nothin'."

And not another word can you get out of her, although she seems rather to like your questioning.

The orchard grows more golden with the approach of sunset. You must go home. The announcement of that fact is your only leave-taking. As you turn to go she stops you.

"Say, do you *really* want to know why I didn't go to the lemonade party?"

With a fine show of mature nonchalance you make answer: "N-no—I don't care."

"Oh, well, if you don't care, then—" But she goes on. "Well, the reason why I didn't go—the reason why I didn't go was because—I heard you weren't goin' to be there."

And with this she turns and runs into the house while you stand rapt in a cloud of strange exaltation. What a queer creature, you reflect. To rush away like that! An' she couldn't chin herself even once. Had you been wasting your time?

With supper your day of license ends. That evening you are in the custody of your family. There are to be fireworks on the lawn of Mr. Winthrop, the owner of the shoe-shops. You are ordered into a clean shirt and throttled by a necktie. Then, with father, mother, Aunt Martha, and the "kid," you walk sedately down the street toward Mr. Winthrop's house. Your father moves with a limp which he got when he slid to second. But he seems somewhat comforted when you commend him, with filial judiciousness, for his afternoon's performance.

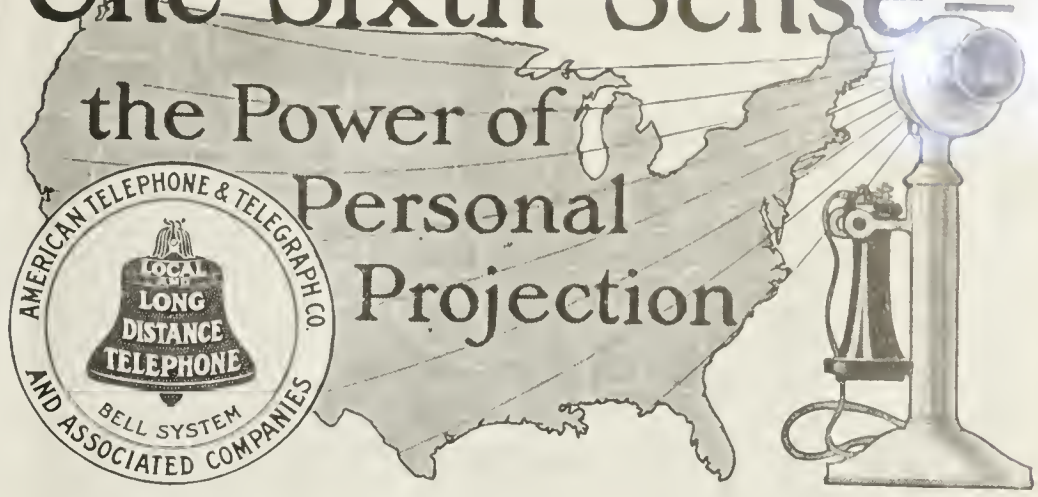
The street is full of the rigs of farmers, with their wives and children. Except for an occasional cracker there is little noise, for every one has used up his money. As you pass the minister's house, Mr. "Rev." himself invites you all up to watch the fireworks from his piazza. There you find your crony, likewise washed and brushed into somber respectability. As the first rocket hisses upward and blossoms into flame at the zenith, you can not—any more than Sally—suppress that ecstatic "Ah-h-h!" which bursts from your lips. And then come Roman candles and mines and silver fountains and more rockets and pinwheels and Catherine wheels and more rockets. And last of all comes the event of the evening—a great set piece representing the Father of his Country.

Scarcely have the features of the great man hissed and sputtered themselves into oblivion, before there sounds the rumble of thunder overhead. This thunder shower is the invariable concomitant of every Fourth, you know, only your mind doesn't phrase it in just those words. Rev. Senior lends your father an umbrella, and you all hurry home just in time to escape a wetting.

You kiss them all good night, and go up to bed, lamenting the fact that three hundred and sixty-five days must pass before you can have another day like this.

To-night again you dream. This time it is no adventure with a Chinaman, but an entrancing riot of pictures which jumble together most thrillingly all the events of the day.

The Sixth Sense—the Power of Personal Projection



An American's sense of projecting himself far beyond the skies and hills of his forefathers is largely responsible for his self-assurance—for his mental vigor and the progress which this has meant.

The Sixth Sense—the sense of projection—is due to the telephone. It is due to the *Bell telephone system* which at any instant conveys *his personality,* if not his person, to any part of the country. It carries his voice with *directness* to the ear of the person wanted. Carries it with its *tone qualities* and *inflections*—things which are *vital* to the expression of personality.

Bell telephone service is more than a mere carrier of messages. It is a system of sensitive wire nerves, carrying the perception-message to the nerve centre and the return message simultaneously. *It is the only means of communication which thus carries the message and the answer instantly.* While *you* are projecting *your* personality—the strength of your individuality, to the distant point, the party at the other end is projecting *his* personality, at the same instant and by the same means, to you.

You are virtually in two places at once.

Though this service is in a class by itself, the Bell telephone has no fight with the other public utilities. Its usefulness is dove-tailed into *all other utilities.* Each of the others is unquestionably made more effective by the Bell telephone.

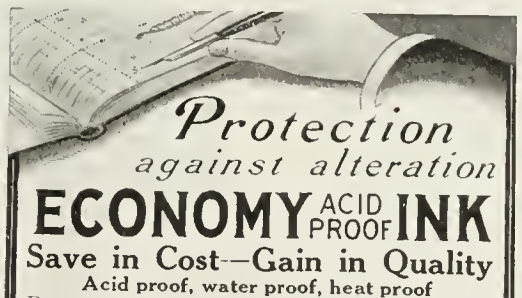
A telegram is delivered from receiving office to house by *telephone.* The more people telegraph, the more they *telephone.* The more people travel, the more they *telephone.* The more energetically a man pursues business of *any* kind, the more he needs and uses the *telephone.*

The universal Bell telephone gives every other utility an added usefulness. It provides the Nation with its Sixth Sense.

A business man has one important arm of his business paralyzed if he does not have a Long Distance Telephone at his elbow. It extends his personality to its fullest limitations—applies the multiplication table to his business possibilities. It keeps things moving.

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Every Bell Telephone Is a Long Distance Station



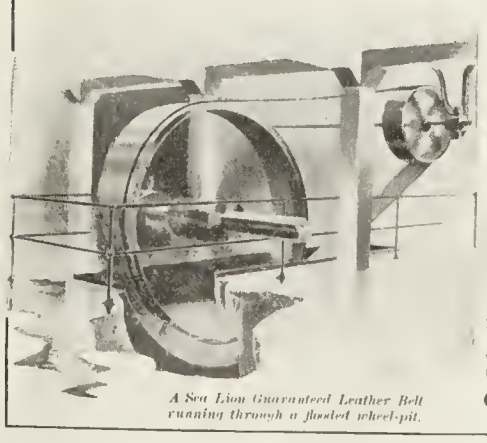
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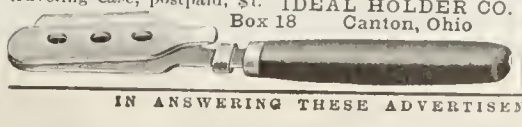
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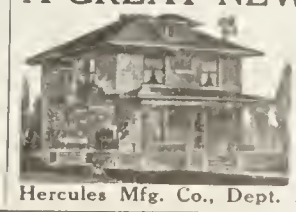
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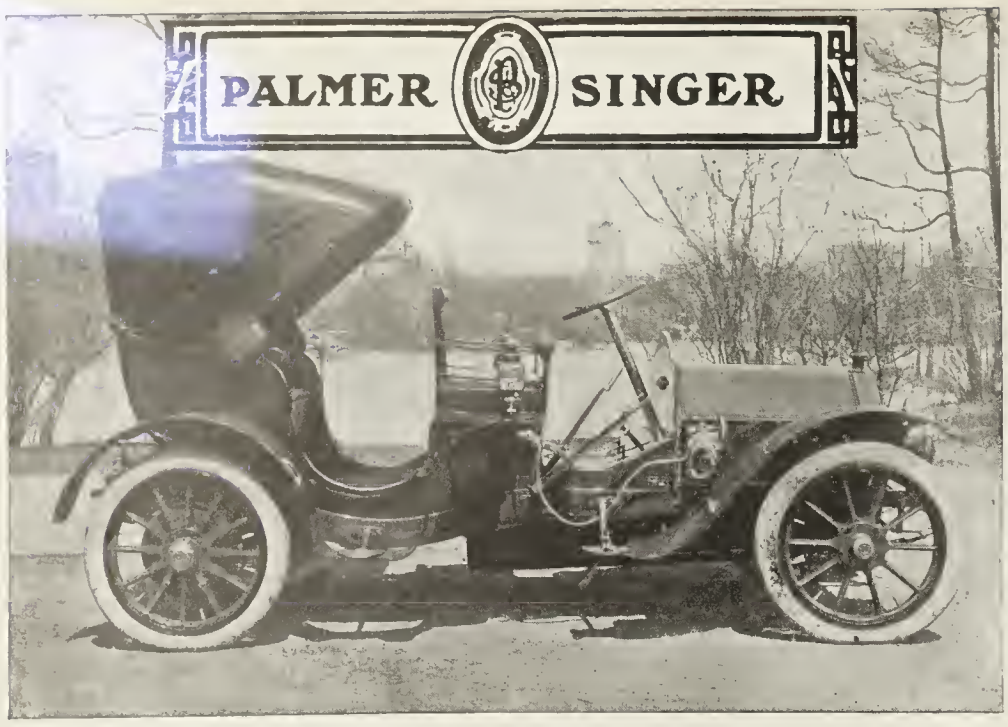


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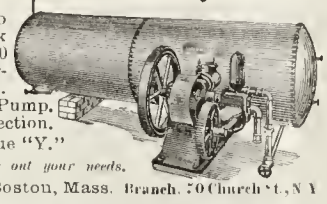
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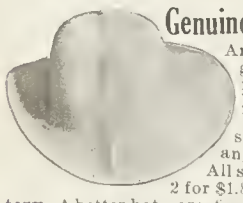




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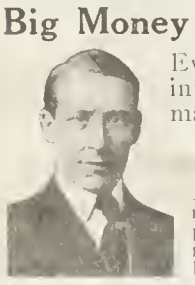




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The Straggler

(Concluded from page 17)

and paladins and those fellows their chances to make things lively." He grinned, shame-faced, at this romantic confession. "I've always longed for hardware trousers and a lance and a trusty steed and all the rest of the make-up. Tommy-rot? Yes, of course. But—but when you go down there to those mills, and see—*that!*" The young laughter faded from his eyes. His grim jaw clinched. "*Then* you've got your shindy cut out for you! And you want to roll up your sleeves and get busy. You don't care whether you're dressed for the part. You don't care whether you've got an arquebus or a half a brick. You just light in."

Wilmarth did not speak.

"I knew you'd call my going in with Baxter a Quixotic scheme. Well, I don't mind hard names. Dare say. I'll make blunders, all right. I'll bag a few windmills, as you say. But what's the difference? You bet I'll bag a few mill-owners before I get through. My grandfather helped to free slaves. Dad, if you'd go down there with me, and look with your own eyes, you'd find things harder to see than slavery ever was. Those kids, those babies!" He stiffened, lion-like, from mighty shoulder to heel. He threw up his head with a furious gesture: the blood flamed to his hair. "If you'd seen what I saw, and only yesterday! Those little girls, that ought to be skipping rope and tending dolls, standing there at the looms! With their skinny little legs, and their stupid, fagged eyes with puffy black rings under 'em, and their poor little dirty bodies in rags and strings when a little girl ought to be all starch and impudence and blue ribbon! And then the boys—oh, hell!" He wheeled on his father fiercely, fist outthrust. "If you'd seen *them!* Maybe then you could see some use in our sensationalism, our blatant muck-raking! Little knock-kneed, blear-eyed dwarfs, with their pipe-stem legs and their caved-in chests and their silly, blank faces, all the life and soul and spunk ground out of 'em! When their noon-hour came, I asked one of 'em what they played. 'Played?' he said. And he stared. 'We haven't time.' 'Can't you find time for football?' said I. He rubbered up at me as if I was talking dippy. 'What is football?' What is football! Good Lord! Think of it, Dad! The poor little wretch, he'd never seen a game. He'd never laid eyes on a ball, even! *Think of it!*"

Wilmarth was silent.

"I dare say that's a clumsy explanation enough." His tense voice dropped suddenly to its slow, even tones. He reddened again, sheepishly amused at his own vehemence. "But—but that's why. You see now, Dad. That's why I've gone in with Baxter's. That's why I shall stay with Baxter's. And—that's all."

WILMARTH sat back in his deep chair. He looked quite shrunken and old.

"Then nothing can change your decision?"

"I think not." The boy glanced again toward the starlit window. "I've threshed it all out. It's me for the Child Labor crowd. That's all."

Wilmarth groped for words.

"Tom! You must reconsider. You don't know what you're throwing away. You don't realize that you're refusing what other men would give their souls for! You—" Then frantic terror smote him. His voice rose in a scream. "Tom, you don't realize what this means for me! I've wanted you, I've counted on you. To have you bolt me now—and for this damn agitator mob!"

He was pleading for himself now, wildly imploring.

"You're not going to refuse! You're not going to leave me! Tom, this is madness! *Tom!*"

Then his frantic voice sank, mumbling. Dully he looked on this, his son. Child of his body, bone of his bone, core of his soul. And yet alien as if they two stood on distant spheres.

He did see, and clearly, now. The truth was beating down on his brain in pitiless white flashes. His mouth twitched in a faint grin.

When you stopped to think, it was not surprising. He had had his own chance, and he had thrown it away. He had sneaked out of the fight. Yes, he had thrown away his chance. There would be no more chances for him. That was all.

The boy was looking at him now. His glance was an arraignment. Yet his eyes held no contempt for the elder man's cowardly share in the battle, no disgust at his skulker's treachery. Instead, he considered his father with that emotionless, indifferent calm with which he would consider any other failure; say, a bodily cripple, or a man unfairly equipped mentally. Already, to his eyes, his father belonged to the past. Very likely he had meant well enough. But he had failed. Now he was down and out. Therefore the boy judged him not angrily, but from his cool, passionless distance: from the viewpoint of his own splendid, victorious young generation.

And as Wilmarth looked back at his boy, his eyes took on the stare of one who listens. For he seemed to hear a slow, nearing thunder: the thunder of that vast approaching host, that royal young army, as it marched on, to seize, to conquer, to destroy all that was old, unclean, ill-built; to tear down the tottering walls, set on unworthy foundations; to replace them by a sounder, cleaner, loftier state.

Yes, he had had his chance. And he was the one who had squandered and thrown away. He need not whine. He was down and out. Vaguely he realized now that, through all these years, he had looked forward to his boy's companionship. He would have Tom in his offices; he would turn things by degrees into his hands. They would be partners, comrades.

THE terrible primeval hunger for a man-child, a son to carry his name when he and his world were dust, snatched at his heart. Well, his name would not perish. But what of that? This, his son, was the child of his body, never the child of his soul. For Tom would carry the Wilmarth name, not as Thomas Wilmarth's son, but as the son of that other Thomas Wilmarth, that divine, careless prince of self-forgetting, who had counted his world well lost for the sake of his dream; who, losing his life freely, a sacrifice to his fanatic hope, had found it again in the undying reverence of his nation. He saw himself the ignoble link between these two glorious lives.

"Tom, you must come into the firm. I can't give it up. If you knew what it means to me, how I've hoped, and planned—"

The boy stood motionless. He looked past his father with level, unmoving eyes. He hardly heard; his trained brain had already swung back to its crowding problems; those children, those forlorn little heart-breaking Questions, the wee girls, with their starved little ugly bodies, their wizened patient faces; the tiny boy who had never seen a football. His calm face, turned to his father, was inexpressibly cruel. It held all the blind, merciless cruelty of youth, which has untold pity for the victim, but can never pity the victim's torturer, his own most piteous victim.

He waited, courteously, till Wilmarth's passion of terror and anger and desperation had beaten itself out. Then he spoke, deferentially.

"I'm tremendously sorry that you're so annoyed, sir. I quite realize that I'm wasting a great opportunity. But we fellows will pull together; and even if we are inexperienced, I dare say we'll flounder along. Anyway—" He halted. His eyes turned again to the deep window. In that high moon radiance the grand white shape stood like a statue of light beyond its silver tree-barrier. Aloft in its eternal calm it seemed to wait, to hearken. . . .

"Anyway," the boy's eyes flamed slowly. His voice took on a deep reverberation. "Anyway, it's the only road for me. I'd fall down, hard, if I tried any other. I'm sorry, Dad. Good night."

He strode away, with his heavy, measured step, and closed the door behind him. The father heard his slow, decisive tread ascending the stairs.

Wilmarth leaned back and stared vaguely into the dim mirror above the mantel. The gray man who watched him sat there, alike impassive. At his feet the dying fire dropped away to ashes. It was as if he sat before the ashes of his days. And with that ghost, that dying fire, he sat alone.

Yet the room seemed full of pulsing life, thrilled with mysterious vibration. For it was shaken as by the feet of a passing regiment. The terrible jarring tread of that hurrying army of youth, away on its high far road, leaving its dead, its deserters, its stragglers, behind.

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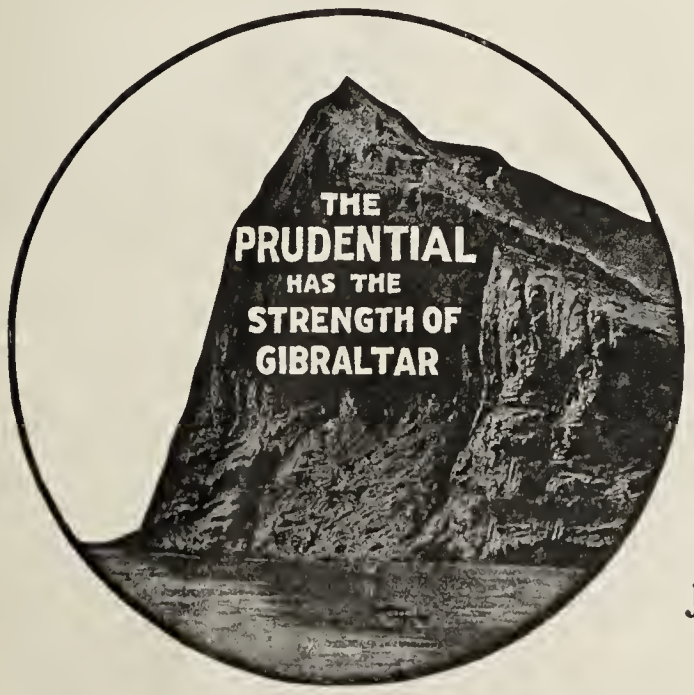
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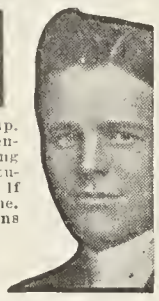
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 10, 1909

New Prizes for Vacation Stories

¶ Last September Collier's offered a small prize for the best account of a vacation experience, and agreed to buy certain other of the best little articles submitted. In the present issue "The Hayin'," the prize-winning essay, is published, as well as three other stories which seemed worthy of acceptance. These little accounts of outdoor adventure seem so well worth while printing that we are encouraged to offer more prizes this year for stories of a similar nature.

Collier's will pay one hundred dollars for the best account of a vacation sent in before October 1, 1909. For the second best article fifty dollars will be paid, and for all others that are accepted twenty-five dollars. The articles must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and must be signed on the first page with the name and address of the sender. Good photographs that illustrate and add interest to the account should be sent as a pictorial accompaniment to the article and will really count a great deal in its favor. On its back every photograph should be described, and the name and address of the sender should also be written. Be sure to send the article and photographs in the same envelope. Manuscripts and photographs intended for this competition should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

Almost all of us will be going on some sort of a vacation between now and October, and there will be so many different experiences that surely a dozen or more good stories should result that will be well worth printing. Whoever wins the hundred-dollar prize will have laid away a nest-egg for a vacation next year. The fifty-dollar prize will also be a long step toward another vacation.

As was the case last year, the present competition calls for specific stories of vacations, whether in the mountains, by the sea, on the lake, on the farm, afoot, awheel, in camp, on sailboats, in motor boats, or in automobiles—in fact, in whatever way the vacation was spent. Essays or fiction are not wanted; neither is it necessary for you to tell the whole story of your vacation. Use the twelve hundred words for a description of some part of your vacation, if this seems preferable. The more vividly you put on paper in words and in photographs the sense of joy of the summer's outing the more certainly will the story be of interest to others. Do not send sketches or drawings, these are usually unconvincing; photographs are almost always a reflection of real things.

Outdoor America for July

¶ "The Price of Bad Roads," which curiously enough casts a side-light on the price of bread, is the leading article in "Outdoor America" for next week. This paper illustrates how poor highways affect not only the man who hauls, but also the man who eats. The farmer's slow and sticky pull to market is the vent of a colossal waste—piling up into hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

¶ "The International Horse Show" held recently in London, will be described by Mr. Price Collier from a thoroughly critical point of view. American horses fluttered with official ribbons at this exhibition, and the development of the American horse is the theme of this account. Originally, we adopted everything from England, and in comparison succumbed to English steeds and methods; now, however, we return to Great Britain, with their ideas as we have expanded them, and rather concentrate the attention of the judges. But the writer points out the places in which the English animal continues to hold his own.

¶ "The Friendly Citizens of Chipmunkville" is a nature sketch by J. Alden Loring—who is at present one of the naturalists accompanying Mr. Roosevelt in Africa. He narrates an experience wherein he enjoyed chipmunks for associates and camp-mates. After a long, suspicious period, they became surprisingly intimate. Mr. Loring portrays their habits of life, private and civic.

¶ There will also be other features to round out the circle of open-air interest.

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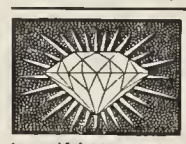
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FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

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Collier's

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 11

SCHOOL ADVERTISING

AN educational institution, being on a different plane from a business organization, has its peculiar advertising problems.

Some schools feel that students' recommendations are sufficient publicity, but the majority of progressive educational institutions realize the worth of a national reputation. Many of the best-known schools in the country have gained much prestige through placing their cards in those magazines that are an indispensable feature of the libraries in thousands of good homes.

Prestige is a plant of slow growth and therefore these schools in inaugurating magazine publicity did not prepare for an influx of students from all parts of the country. They realized rather that as time passed this publicity would promote, gradually but consistently, the confidence which their names inspired.

A word about the cost of school advertising: Principally through a desire to further educational work, most publishers have established a special rate to resident schools. Collier's school rate, for example, is but half the regular commercial rate — a half-inch advertisement costs a resident school $8.75—at the rate of $1.25 a line.

From Collier's half a million homes sons and daughters go away to school every autumn. Before you choose a school peruse Collier's School Directory. It runs once a month; the July Directory is in this issue. The arrangement is designed for your convenience: Boys' Schools, Girls' Schools, Military, Co-Educational, and Camps grouped. Perhaps the very school you want has its announcement here.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON HARMON

Mountaineering in the Canadian Rockies

Twenty-five years ago, when the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway were blazing a path through Rogers Pass in the Selkirks, Sir Sandford Fleming made his camp on the height of land in the Pass, and he and his staff were so impressed by the Swiss-like scenery that they formed the Canadian Alpine Club. The idea was more sentimental than practical, however, and it was not until two years ago that mountain climbing, as a sport, was seriously taken up for the exploration of the higher peaks of the Canadian Rockies. Since that time these American Alps have attracted some of the most intrepid and famous mountain climbers of the world, and the meeting of the club this summer will be attended by conspicuous figures in the mountain-climbing clubs of England, Italy, and America. Apart from the exciting sport (for the dangers are scarcely less than in the Alps), world-renowned geologists and botanists have become interested, and have intimated their intention to accompany the Alpine Club on its next outing. The picture gives but a faint idea of the vast snowfields and glaciers of the Selkirks of which Mt. Robson is the highest peak, soaring 13,756 feet above the level of the sea. Mt. Rogers is 10,500 feet high and very precipitous. The Illecillewaet and Asulkan glaciers are broad, extremely picturesque and difficult to climb. Only a beginning, however, has been made in the exploration of these wonderful ice-clad peaks and snowfields. The Alpine Club of Canada makes its camp on the height of land adjacent to the railway, where a broad tableland of several acres is admirably suited for the purpose; but the camp will soon give way to a permanent club-house

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

July 10, 1909

The Moral Issue

THE PUBLIC ATTENTION has been slightly shifted. It is focused at the present moment upon an issue only partially related to the tariff. But the most important moral issue in the United States to-day is inherent in the following paragraph. It has much to do with the cost which the people must pay next year for food and clothing and the commodities of daily living. But it is charged through and through with something less tangible but infinitely more important:

"It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the Republican platform will be, on the whole, *a substantial revision downward*, though there probably will be a few exceptions in this regard. As the temporary leader of the party, *I do not hesitate to say, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that if the party* is given the mandate of power in November it *will perform its promises in good faith.*"

This paragraph is taken from a speech delivered by Mr TAFT, while asking the people to make him President, at Milwaukee, September 24, 1908. At other times and places, Mr. TAFT'S promises of revision downward were more emphatic and explicit, more surrounded with words of good faith and trust. During his days upon this earth Mr. TAFT, at Milwaukee and elsewhere, will probably look into the faces of many another American audience.

The Courts Again

THE COURTS in many Western and Southwestern States have for nearly a generation been corruptly controlled by the railroads and other large corporations. Of the largeness of this generality, we are by no means unaware. To the specifications under it which we have already given, we shall from time to time add others. Corporation control of legislatures is evil enough; corporation control of the courts is infinitely more sinister for this reason: One purchased decision makes the law for future generations. That is the way courts work—one final decision is binding upon all the judges in the same State. Every future similar case that comes up must be decided the same way. It will take several decades of honest courts to undo the wrong that has been fastened upon the people of several Western States by the judges that the railroads and corporations have controlled in the past.

The Courts and James J. Hill's Railroad

THE SUPREME COURT of the State of Washington just about a year ago heard and decided a damage suit (HARRIS *vs.* the Great Northern Railway Company). They decided it *against the company.* The railroad company paid the amount of the judgment—about $1,400. They didn't mind that much money, but they went to work to guard against ever again losing a similar suit. Their Spokane attorney, M. J. GORDON, carefully prepared another opinion, *changing the law as previously laid down by the court.* This opinion he sent on to the head office of the Great Northern Company in Minneapolis. There it was carefully read by the chief counsel of the railroad, W. R. BEGG, and by him approved as an opinion which, if once inserted in the law books, would safeguard the railroad against ever again losing a damage suit like the Harris one. BEGG, the chief counsel, having approved the opinion, sent it back to GORDON, the local Great Northern attorney in Spokane. GORDON then carried the opinion to his close friend, Judge MILO A. ROOT, who had written the first opinion in the Harris case, and *got Judge Root to substitute the opinion which the railroad attorney had prepared.* Judge ROOT subsequently admitted this, and all the facts are established by correspondence and evidence in the possession of the State Bar Association. We presume that even those lawyers who criticise us bitterly for undermining popular faith in the sanctity of the courts will not fail to feel some horror at this transaction. The opinion prepared by the railroad attorney was so worded as to protect the corporation from future losses in similar damage suits. It was filed hurriedly, so that it might govern the trial court in Spokane in another damage suit against the railroad, about to be tried. GORDON, the local attorney for the Great Northern, who was the prime mover in this transaction, was himself years ago Chief Justice of the State of Washington, and resigned that office to accept the railroad attorneyship. While he held the office of Chief Justice, he handed down a long series of opinions which astonished lawyers by their corporate leanings. One of these set aside a clearly expressed statute and deprived any one but the widow and children of a man killed by the negligence of the railroads of the right to sue for damages for his death. This made it impossible, for example, for a mother to sue for damages for the death of her son. It made it possible for the railroads by carefully employing only unmarried men to avoid any pecuniary responsibility for the safety of the lives of those who worked for them.

Brutality

THE JUDICIAL SCANDAL now disquieting the State of Washington is only an episode. So rank have been many of the corporation decisions handed down by the Supreme Courts in some Southern and Western States that the Federal Courts are refusing to follow them. Among these are decisions which deny to the heirs of a foreigner working in this country the right to sue for damages for the negligence which results in his death. Having got this judicial precedent fixed in the law books, the way was simple for the corporations: employ foreigners only, use no safety devices, kill as many as you like, and remain immune from damage suits. The discrimination against citizens of the United States in the hiring of men is a small part of this brutality. In one case in the West where a score of miners were killed through the alleged fault of one of the subsidiary corporations of the Amalgamated Copper Company, the damage suits were all thrown out of court on the theory that the widows and children of these men had no rights. Some of the Federal Courts have declared this attitude contrary to law and justice. The scandal of the Supreme Court of Colorado is fresh in the public mind. That court was increased by law from three to seven—a somewhat similar increase was recently made in Washington—and the Colorado court was packed by certain corporations whose candidates were selected by them and appointed by the Governor. It was done to secure certain decisions unfriendly to labor and to protect certain franchises by which the city of Denver was despoiled. Exactly what happened in Washington happened there—a decision against a corporation was withdrawn and changed to favor the corporation.

The Little Land League

THE LITTLE LAND LEAGUE is an organization of which we know nothing except what may be read in its published prospectus:

"The Little Land League will persuade people to provide themselves with homes and employment by gardening; to live on the land and to do business there, and by doing so to promote their development intellectually and morally. It will show them where to buy land, help them to get onto it, and teach them how to make the best use of it."

We don't know how well equipped to do all this the Little Land League may be. We fear it is a purpose in which ambition neglects some fundamental elements of economics and human nature. But if it could succeed largely, countless generations would be the debtor of the Little Land League. To throw the protective tariff god overboard would help more than any philanthropic organization ever can. We would like to have the purposes here set forth printed on the top of every Congressman's desk, and we wish the Little Land League well.

A Man Who Died Recently

QUITMAN KOHNKE IS DEAD. For some panic weeks, four years ago, he was the storm center, in a sorely beset city. As health officer of New Orleans, he had failed to inform the public he served of the presence of yellow fever until it had reached epidemic proportions. For this he was rancorously criticized. For this, perhaps, he will be remembered when his brave and honorable failure of an earlier year to compel the city to protect itself shall have been forgotten. Dr. KOHNKE was, indeed, "a prophet without honor" until his prophecy was terribly fulfilled. When, in the piping times of peace from the fever-bearing mosquito, New Orleans had lulled itself into a false sense of security, he began to preach mosquito extermination and the netting-in of cisterns. But New Orleans wasn't worrying about yellow jack in 1904. Why borrow trouble? Seven years had elapsed since the last onset. In the face of public indifference, the health officer pushed his demand for an ordinance compelling the screening of cisterns. Interest awakened, rudely roused. How much would it cost? A hundred thousand dollars, perhaps. Why not a hundred million? The proposed ordinance was swept away in a flood of inextinguishable laughter. One year later New Orleans was flying the yellow flag. Quarantine had crushed its business, strangulated its commerce. The hundred thousand dollars had been saved—for a year. That much and more went for netting and ex-

foreshadow measures—too late. No man dares say, even now, how many millions the city lost before the bitterly and valiantly fought campaign was over. In that campaign QUITMAN KOHNKE, after his first error of judgment, bore an efficient and conspicuous part. Yet at the close of it he was retired from office. He left the city to which he had given tireless and unselfish service, broken in spirit. New Orleans can afford to forget wholly his mistake. It can not afford wholly to forget the prophet of science, the "outspeaker," in advance of his time, whose very failure points the more vividly the vital lesson of prevention. Substantially, the place the mosquito began to have in popular suspicion ten years ago is now the fly's, but the public is more willing to hear the warning and arm itself.

Where the Money Goes

IN 1899, the number of riders on Pullman cars in this country was 6,000,000; and they paid $10,000,000 as the price. In 1908, a year of hard times, there were 18,000,000 riders, at a cost of $30,000,000. A good deal of what is called increased cost of living in this country is really increased demand for luxuries.

Accommodated

FROM one who signs "Subscriber," Santa Clara, California:

"Referring to your editorial on books, your issue of June 19, will you kindly print 'the best pun in the English language' therein mentioned. I inquire for to know."

It occurs in the last verses of THOMAS HOOD'S "Faithless Nelly Brown":

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell."

The pronunciation of final judgment on this pun does not preclude an interest in other candidates.

On Loafing

NOW IS THE GLAD SEASON of rest and vacation, when most of us overwork. After months of physical stagnation in towns, we rush to scale a mountain or play five consecutive sets of tennis, and wonder when our hearts rebel. We are such victims to the habit of activity that we know not the habit of loafing. Body and mind need their ebb as well as their flood. Loafing, indeed, is not so much a habit as an art, and not so much an art as a process of spiritual digestion. Activity after meals is supposed to cause this too, too solid flesh to melt. The soul, also, grows thin without its still-times. Truly, to loaf is to meditate, to watch the clouds trail or the water-bugs dart on the pool, while puzzling problems come right of themselves at last, and the soil of the mind, lying fallow, regains its fertility. "All great deeds," said JAMES MARTINEAU, "are born in silence." So the great man, perhaps, loafs best—though it would be perilous to affirm that all loafers are great men! It is certain, at any rate, that the mind best stocked with fancies, most keenly alive to the varied sensations that knock for admission from the outer world, from men and nature, will make the most successful loafer. The mind keyed by long habit to pay attention to one stimulus only—to business, say, the stock market, the demand for this or that commodity—will be most lost when that stimulus is withdrawn. Hence the fretfulness of so many American men by the third week of their vacation. Sometimes they fancy it is to their credit, and hymn the gospel of "action." Is it not rather to their discredit, for does it not mean a poverty of interests in this pleasant world about them, a lack of spiritual sensitiveness, an inability to let the mind and spirit lie passive while new strength pours in upon them and they slowly digest the experiences of their lives? Unless we loaf, we lose a true perspective even on our practical, from day to day, activities, for it is always the tendency of action to become mechanical, and lose its value to the will. Unless we do nothing now and then, we are fitting ourselves but badly for doing anything. And the man who can do the most things, can do nothing best, for he has within himself the greatest store of interests and the widest touch with the floating impressions of sky and earth and passing throng. If he can "loaf and invite his soul," it is because he has not been too busy to remember the address.



The Watershed

By ALICE MEYNELL

Decoration by HENRY McCARTER — *On the way from Munich to Verona*

BLACK mountains pricked with pointed pine
A melancholy sky.
Outdistanced was the German vine;
The sterile fields lay high.
Through swarthy Alps I journeyed forth
Aloft; it was the North, the North;
Bound for the Noon was I.

I SEEMED to breast the streams that day;
I met, opposed, withstood
The Northward rivers on their way,
My heart against the flood—
My heart that strove to rise and reach,
And felt the love of altering speech,
Of frontiers, in its blood.

BUT oh, the unfolding South! the burst
Of summer! Oh to see
Of all the Southward brooks the first!
The traveling heart went free
With endless streams; that strife was stopped.
And down a thousand vales I dropped,
I flowed to Italy.

Furnish the Documents

THE NAVY LEAGUE of the United States includes among its officers General HORACE PORTER, ex-Secretary of the Navy TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY, J. P. MORGAN, Jr., ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy HERBERT L. SATTERLEE. In a recent pamphlet, soliciting money from the public, it states among its purposes this:

"The Navy League undertakes to combat certain treasonable movements intended (*a*) to prevent enlistment, (*b*) to encourage desertion and dissension in the existing personnel."

Further along, the pamphlet says:

"The attention of the members of the Navy League is being called to the literature circulated among our sailors and soldiers discouraging enlistments and encouraging mutiny and desertion."

This talk sounds hysterical. We should like to see some of that literature.

Sun and Shade

SEASONABLE WARNINGS of the solar peril are now in order. "How to Avoid Sunstroke" will presently be predicated, explicated, and syndicated in the wiseacre corner of several thousand newspapers. Time was when we ourselves oozed well-meant advice upon the subject. But that is over. Henceforth we

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,"

and exhort all others to a like redemption from the recurrent bugaboo. Not that sunstroke is wholly a myth. Indubitably there have been unfortunate folk who, overcome by the heat, have passed, from a bodily temperature which was the wonder and admiration of attendant doctors, to the cold waters of the Styx at one bound. But they are so rare and distinguished that they claim a headline to themselves, even in overcrowded metropolitan journals. In the tropics, sunstroke is almost unknown. Nobody thinks about it; therefore nobody suffers it. So, in our own latitudes, he who goes forth boldly and with his pores open, to face the radiant orb, wins through the dog-days with no worse harm than a desquamated nose. It is the timorous seeker after prophylactic measures in the dim and sheltered grotto of the barroom, who, on some humid August midnight, when the sun is running to schedule on the other side of the world, curls up like a caterpillar and goes to his fathers, in an access of heat-apoplexy. Haunters of the shady side of the street, beware. Malingerers under parasols, take heed. The few who have perished of too much sun, are, by the very singularity of their death, embalmed in the immortality of print. The myriads who have died of too little sun choke the churchyards and beggar the ingenuity of the epitaph-man.

Freckles

SING WE THE FRECKLE. Golden of hue, various of form, scattered with the prodigal fantasy of the stars of heaven, it is the caste-mark of the Tribe of the Open. Men of petty minds set forth in the public prints promises to deracinate it. Fallacious promises, happily. For where Old Sol has once set that seal, no art of man—no, nor wile of woman—may elide it, save by the somewhat radical method of skinning. And, indeed, why should the recipient of heaven's favor wish the mark thereof removed? The freckle is the kiss of the day-star. It is the signature of nature, our universal Alma Mater, upon the diploma issued by the great University of Outdoors. Baldur, the summer-giver, presumably boasted freckles. We may infer that Dionysius, born of the Sun-God, inherited them from his father. And we know BOB FITZSIMMONS has 'em. They are a proud luxury. Of a superb and triumphant woman it was once said: "She is so beautiful that she can afford freckles." Some day a poet will arise to laud, in imperishable music, the seductions of a bronze fleck upon a rose-leaf skin. Look to the man who keeps his freckles in fettle. They attest him a happy and rewarded lover of the wind and the sun. Such a one you may trust for a brain blown clean of cobwebs, and a vision cramped by no walls more confining than the radiant horizon.

Vacation Days

IN the issue of September 19, 1908, Collier's invited its readers to compete for a small prize for the best short account of a vacation experience. Not the fifty dollars we offered, but vivid memories of satisfactory days away from the year's grind, evidently inspired the great majority of the fifteen hundred manuscripts we received. The exact, simple story of the vacation—lakeside or mountain camp, adventures by the way—was asked for. And stories came from every corner of the world; surely no vacation spot in this country was left undescribed. In sifting the papers submitted it was difficult to reject, for hundreds, literally, seemed good and to the point. First place was given to Mr. Brush's story of "The Hayin'," because it seemed to us that it most successfully realized the writer's desire. To get "heart," loosen the stiff muscles, lubricate the creaky joints, and win a new clearness of vision is surely a fine use of a vacation. The others—Miss Harger, Mrs. Kay, and Mr. Spears—whose papers follow Mr. Brush's, are good guides. Follow any one of them and Collier's will guarantee that you'll come back with no regrets

The Hayin'

By Frederic Brush

Winner of Collier's Vacation Days Contest

WHY *the vacation anyway? What are we wanting to rest from? Heart weariness mainly; lonesomeness in the midst of many. The thing, after all, is just to* get heart *now and then; old-fashioned heartiness is the dose needed; such impenetrable soul-insulation does the modern city grow crystal-like about its workers.*



Anse

I DEVIATED from the direct way to the family and the hotel veranda and the whist, and went round by the home farm in the Alleghanies. The Old Man came down for me, and I noted, with a builder's quiet joy, a hold-back strap I had mended still doing sturdy service. Toward evening Anse Griffiths drove along with three other men and stopped in the road for a chat. I was shocked at his appearance. Humped there in the seat, he looked shrunken, narrow, age-wearied. I had a quick vision of the old beautiful Anse coming at me naked for a rough-and-tumble on the shore of Slater's Pond.

"What's the matter, Anse?" I said kindly. "Been sick late years? You don't look much like the fellow that mopped me over a half-acre of corn stubble at Burr's raisin' that last time. I got you, though, finally; do you remember?"

"I should judge that's the last man you ever threw," said Anse, looking kind of tartly down at me. "And you wouldn't 'a' done that if I hadn't let up a second on account of the pants. What's them bran-sacks on your shoulders for? You fellers see that bunch of waddin' passing along opposite you in the store windows and think you're giants, and gettin' bigger all the time. You don't fool any one up here. You're all in, Fred; any one can see that. You're softer'n a phosphated punkin. I'll back the Old Man to handle you now."

Another team had come up and heard this, and one of those semi-maniacal imbecilities of the first day out took possession of me.

"Come down here," I said; "we'll see who's sick, anyway."

Anse looked eight feet long as he unlinked from the wagon. At first feel of his arms I thought there was some mistake—that he had petrified. His hands sank upon me with the disconcerting impersonality of derrick hooks, and forty seconds later I felt the cold ditch-water seeking its level along my spine from both directions.

"Arn't you late with the haying?" I asked next morning.

"Yes, they backed out. Don't know just what I'll do. Hard to get men now—that's any good. You in your day were worth any three I've hired since." We gazed out over the waving acres, and I saw the wistful, slightly fearful old-age look in his eyes.

"I'll start in," I said, "and you can be the boy—till we get some one. I'm thinking a little hardening sweat-out might not hurt me. Anse started before I was ready, though."

I cringe now at the memory of that first week. I rode the machinery and pitched both ways. The wash of perspiration at times endangered the cured hay. Unused tendons creaked in their slots. Ten years of office adhesions gave way one by one. Bone-ends clucked at the unwonted strains. Blisters—blisters?—a spot without them became notable. Sleep was half-ache, and about the fourth day the water and food turned against me. The weather continued exasperatingly perfect.

The sixth morning I came down resolved to quit. "Another fine day," chirruped the Old Man. I looked in his glowing face and saw that he was back twenty years, with his boy again, and the old high hopes. "We'll show 'em how to do a hayin', eh? It goes like grease. Let's tackle the barn meadow to-day. How do you feel?"

"Never better," I said, and wired the folks the lie.

A little later the tide of vitality turned. I knew it first by being pleased at a bird upon the window-sill. Then came gradually boyish sleep, appetite, and afternoon staying power. Sloughing the superfluous, ever a part of progress, physical or mental, was becoming, as



The mower

always in its later stages, a pleasurable process. I got to looking back on the man I had been as a head, a few clinkered organs and a heavy load. I was getting all alive; what remained of me was all in use.

And, best of all, the spirit kept pace, or in advance. Certain city problems seemed to solve automatically, and life lined out clearly for the coming year. The most effective thinking of years was done on that mowing machine.

At the bottom of the last load I sank the fork to the hilt and broke the handle on a fair, slow lift. The Old Man cheered from the jammed loft—and hayin' was done. Then came corn-roasts, cooning, picnics, and scrub baseball, and another week slid by. On the return from a fishing we met Anse just outside the village.

"Get down," I said. "You ought to be ashamed to have picked on a tired, train-sick man that day."

Knowing that my main chance lay in superior quickness, I dived in as his latter leg touched the ground, and rushed him back over some blueberry bushes. His feet tangled, and in a half-minute more everything was satisfactorily arranged, and I fell upon him hard. I never felt heavier in my life—nor better. His expiratory grunt was to me the choicest nature sound of the season.

"That's one all," said Anse. "Come out here like a man, on the level, and have the rubber."

I saw that his wind was better, and that he appeared to be waking up. "I'll rassle you Wednesday noon," I said, "anywhere you like." On Tuesday I returned to the city.

That was a vacation so successful as to bring the feeling of never having had one before. Back to nature? No: back to one's self and to the basic verities of life. Back down where hand swings against hand now and then, and the inequality of ability marks the only caste. Not always to do hayings or dig ditches, but to do something, preferably productive, with the hands, close alongside of plain men. The ways are various, near, inexpensive; and the principle is right—for city office workers.

On the Rockies' Western Slope

By Lois Harger

TWELVE persons—two college professors and their wives, two juniors from Yale, five college and high school boys and girls, and five-year-old Robert—out for eight full weeks of invigorating days, of crisp nights, of fishing, hunting, climbing, and the utilization of old clothes; total cost, exclusive of tents owned and railroad fare, $32.50 each.

Such is the summary of our vacation spent on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, at an elevation of 8,350 feet, a mile from a post-office and five miles from a town.

We started July 11, and sought pleasure, not style. The outfit of two of the girls is typical of that taken by each member of the party—two large trunks, one filled with comforts and blankets, two empty ticks, a mandolin, several cushions, two camp chairs, a hammock; the other held several heavy short skirts, woolen shirts, heavy shoes with hobnails in the soles, large straw hats, a pair of rubber boots, and toilet articles.

The men went a day ahead, selected the camp site, and arranged for transportation of the party and its luggage. We pitched our tents in a meadow-like valley while a camp-ground was being prepared on the mountain-side, in the midst of majestic pine trees.

To smooth the site we built against large trees a wall of logs four feet high. Twenty feet back of that the men began digging. Earth was thrown against the wall until a level shelf was formed. On this they placed in a row three large sleeping tents: in front, a space five feet wide was left for a porch. To one side was the kitchen with wooden floor and walls, but a top of canvas: in it a stove, shelf-table, and box cupboards. Our dining-table, back of the sleeping tents, had on each side a log bench, seating six persons; a "fly" was over it. All the tents but one had served in former excursions.

An ice-cold spring, hidden in a clump of willows, was fifty yards from the kitchen. The pines provided material for our beds—the limbs and saplings made the frames, the tips of the branches filled the ticks.

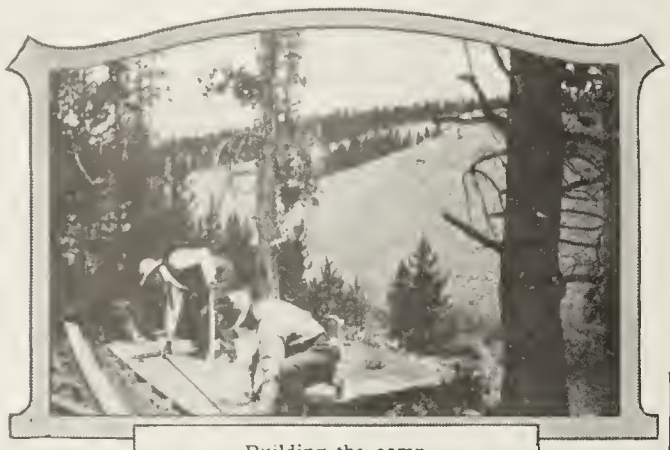
Three dish-washing squads (one for each meal of the day, and each consisting of one boy and one girl) and two head cooks did the work. Provisions came by express from the city, the boys carrying the packages on their backs from the section-house where the daily train halted.

In early summer we found wild strawberries for our shortcakes, and later many rings of meadow mushrooms. We baked eight loaves of bread every other day, but when more sandwiches than usual were needed for all-day expeditions we baked three or four days in succession.

Fraser and three other creeks were near camp; each abounded in trout. Some one went fishing nearly every

A Poor Man's Vacations

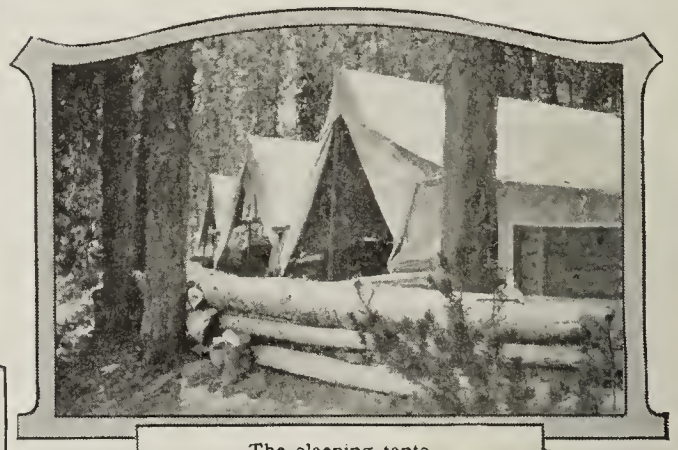
By R. S. Spears



Building the camp



An exploring trip



The sleeping tents



A good catch for breakfast

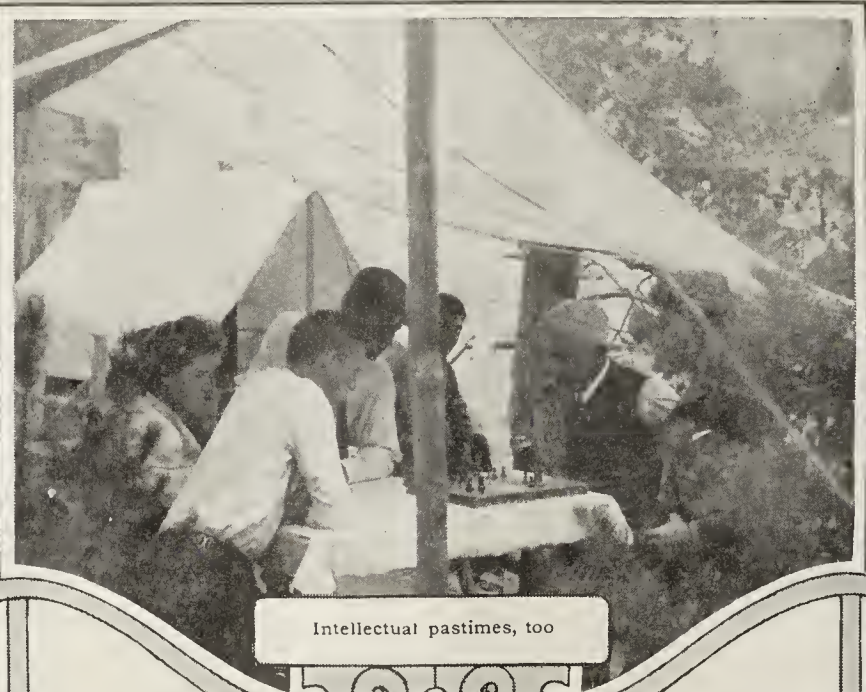




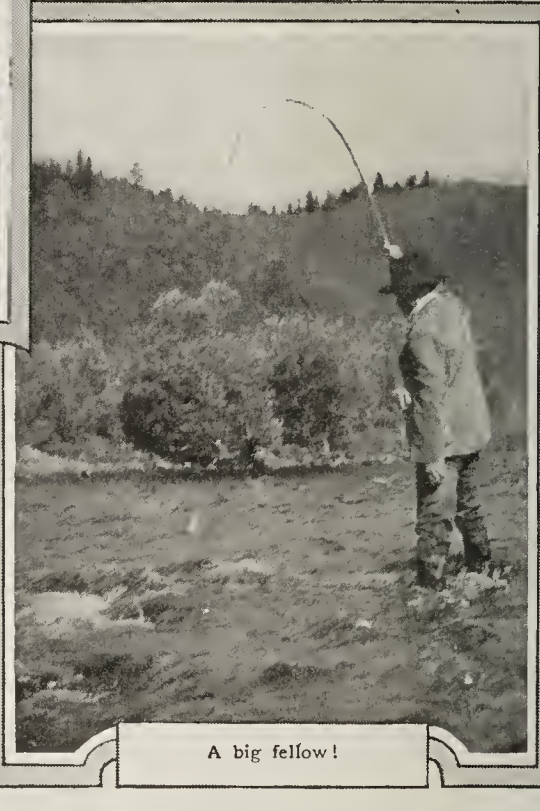
Sketching in the woods



The cook tent



Intellectual pastimes, too



A big fellow!

Nearly every evening we built on the level ground below the camp a huge bonfire. For this we carried wood from the mountain-side. Around the high-leaping, crackling blaze of sweet-smelling pine branches we danced the "barn dance" and sang college songs and camp songs to the music of guitar, mandolin, violin, and flute. Oftentimes other campers—the nearest a mile away—were invited for the festivities. For refreshments we served chocolate, made in the camp kettle, and hot cinnamon rolls—how delicious the lunch was!

When the camp-fire waned, we said good night, seldom later than half-past nine o'clock. Sweet were the beds of pine boughs and welcome the heavy blankets—for all through summer freezing temperature with clear skies was our nightly portion. We fell asleep listening to the yelping of coyotes, as near our camp as the willow-shaded spring—then dreamed until the sun came over the range and sparkled on the frost.

Toward the end we made parting visits to favorite haunts; then we began packing. Worn-out bedding was thrown away; old clothes were stuffed with pine branches and the effigies cremated at a grand camp-fire on the final night. All tents but one were down; the men slept out-of-doors. In the morning we ate and packed by stages, in order to get all the dishes in the trunks.

That afternoon, from the crest of the continent, we waved good-by to our summer's home—then down the eastern slope, taking our tents and such luggage as had escaped destruction.

MOST people spend too much money on their vacations. Usually, I spend all I have, but I make it go as far as possible. Once I walked from Utica, New York, down across Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia to southwestern Old Virginia, where I bought a skiff for five dollars and paddled down the Holston and Tennessee Rivers to Mussle Shoals, where I lost my skiff. I went on down the Tennessee to Paducah, Kentucky, and up the Ohio in river steamers to Pittsburg, and home again by railroad. The distance was more than three thousand miles, the time taken five months, twenty days, and the cost something less than two hundred dollars, all told. I camped out in woodlots, stopped rarely in hotels, sometimes in deserted barns, in log camps, and with the good-hearted mountaineers of the Tennessee and Virginia mountains. I carried a camping outfit—a little tent, frying-pan, two pails (three-pint and three-quart), ten or twelve pounds of food, some extra wearing apparel, and a camera. I worked in a Pennsylvania log camp for three days, dug potatoes one day, worked on a Holston log raft a week, on a Tennessee River raft a few days, was a river steamer roustabout for a week (there were seventeen of us, one white), visited the feud country, the corn and cotton bottoms, and added twenty pounds to my normal weight. I started out, determined to earn my way somehow, for I had only forty dollars cash besides my kit. The money lasted two months, and I was extravagant. It would not have lasted ten days in a summer resort.

Another time I bought a twenty-five-dollar skiff at St. Louis, put seven dollars' worth of grub in it, put a shotgun on the seat beside me, and rowed away to Morgan City, Louisiana, 1,200 miles distant. My river expenses were about fifty cents a day, including cost of boat. To this was added railroad fare to St. Louis and ocean steamer from New Orleans. I was on the water nearly six months, but two months of that time I was in a shanty-boat with a river gambler and a medicine man. We whacked up expenses, at a rate of about twenty cents a day each. They owned the shanty-boat, and charged me nothing for the place to sleep. Three weeks' board on a shanty-boat at Helena, Arkansas, cost me ten dollars, however.

Of course, I rough it when I travel. I had a bicycle. I strapped a rifle to the frame, put a camp kit in my pack-basket, and rode along a woods trail to Adirondack depths, where I saw, but failed to kill, a deer. A week in the Adirondacks costs but three dollars for the best work-producing grub for a man. One should have a light-weight tent (I use a 6 by 9 sheet of table oilcloth), a frying-pan, two lard pails, a knife, fork, spoon, and tablespoon, with food to suit. I might specify, for two weeks, twelve pounds of flour, six pounds of cornmeal, four pounds of bacon, two pounds of sweet chocolate, one pound of salt pork, one-half pound of baking-powder, one pound of cooking chocolate, two cans of condensed milk, and two pounds of sugar. One can usually catch fish or shoot squirrels, young crows, porcupines, chipmunks, bluejays, blue herons, or young owls for fresh meat. I've eaten all of them, and they have flavors of their own—excellent, too.

I prefer my vacation at an odd time of the year, when the summer resorter is not abroad. Last February I went over an Adirondack trap-line with an old trapper friend. I toted my share and was company for him. It was on snowshoes, through the wintry wilderness. We

crossed a famous summer resort lake—now deserted, wind-swept, and frozen. We followed the trap-line along lake shore, up streams, along mountain ridge to the green timber of the Adirondacks—a tramp of fifty miles, counting loops and side-jumps. Marten, mink, deer, fishers, foxes, rabbits, grouse, jays, and chickadees—these we found or saw their tracks. The cost was five dollars, for already I had three-dollar snowshoes, a two-dollar pack-basket, flannel shirts, socks, moccasins, etc. My outfit, worth about fourteen dollars, has served many a trip.

Incidents? Fourteen inches of loose snow and a sixteen-mile lug one day up and down the mountains! I was soft, fat, and tender—on the trail I became very tired and very hungry. But after four days I was fit. Trail-hunger is an awful thing—but if one has bars of sweet chocolate in his pocket, he need not fear—chocolate is better than jerk (dried venison or beef), for it does not create thirst.

The trouble with vacation-seekers is their dependence on hotels, guides, first-cabin rates. A raw city boy of thirteen, I camped out alone. I've camped in farm pastures, in the crook of a rail fence, in an Arkansas swamp, on a Mississippi sand-bar, and beside a public highway. It's all outdoors! If one has the courage, he can make a little Lewis and Clark expedition of his own. All he needs—all I ever need—is a sheet of oilcloth, a pail, a frying-pan, an ax, or a blanket, and a few pounds of things to eat, in a three-peck pack. On a river, a skiff or canoe or raft must be had. And experiences? I was mired to my neck in a Mississippi mud-bar, sneked over a wing dam on the Tennessee, suspected of being a detective in the feud country, and traveling in a gamblers' river den is one continuous performance of experiences from a family row to a sheriff's raid. A bit of independence gave them to me.

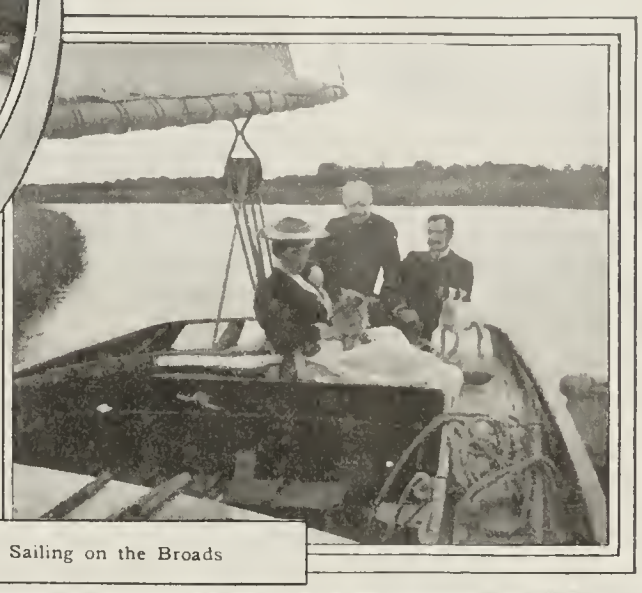
gay with all manner of craft. On either side appeared fields covered with crimson poppies or golden hay, thatched cottages, browsing cattle, red tiled farmhouses, stately homes, and magnificent trees.

Soon we entered Wroxham Broad, and as we caught the breeze the skipper hoisted extra sail to show us what the *Fast and Furious* could do. A larger boat with scarlet canvas overtook us. Her flaunting sails were like the proverbial red rag to our helmsman, and, with glinting eye, he tacked across her bow, took all her wind, and scudded across the Broad before her indignant captain guessed his purpose.

As we reentered the river a wherry hove in sight, a craft peculiar to Norfolk, which sails closer to the wind than any boat afloat, and varies from twenty to seventy



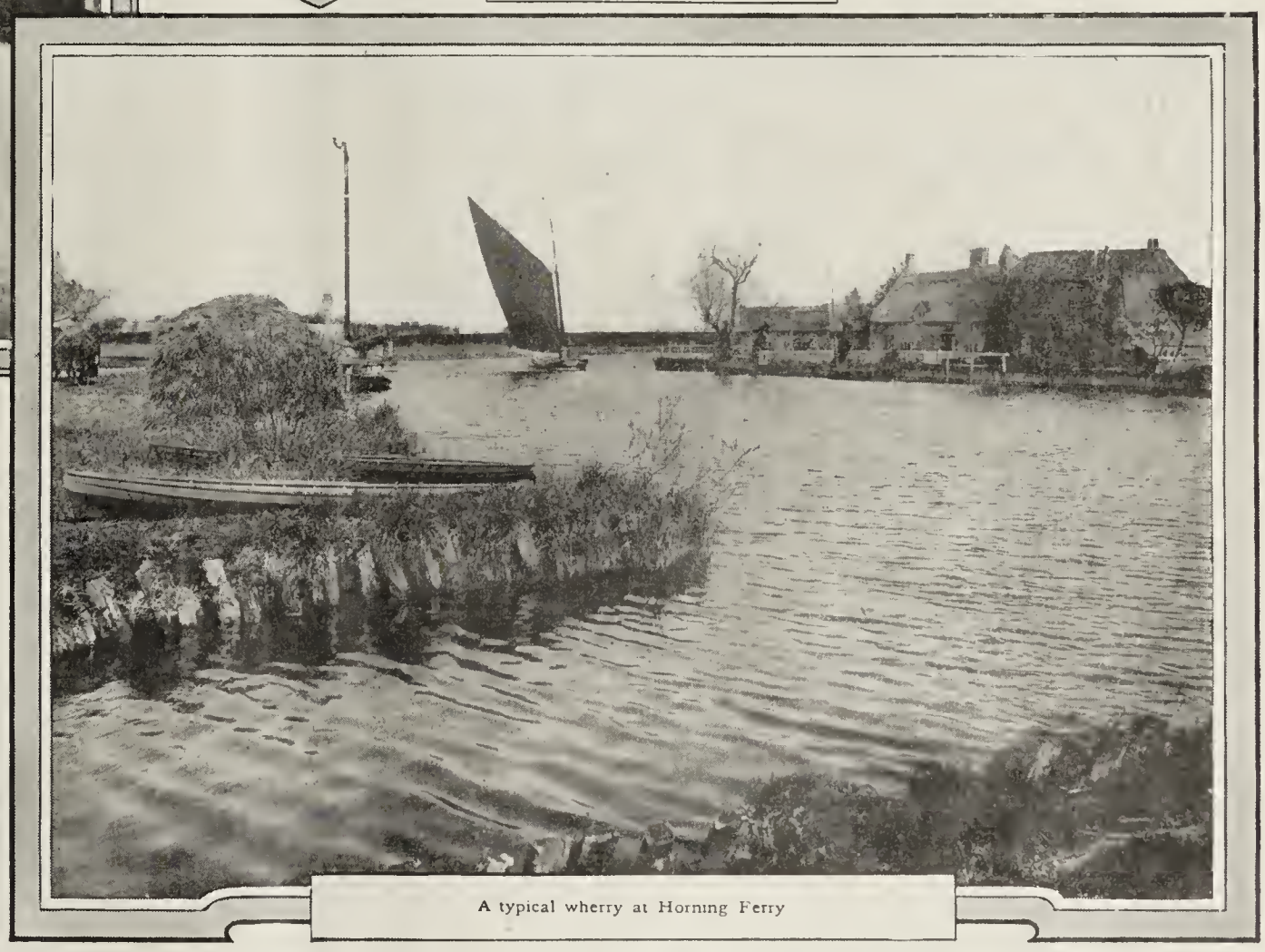
The "Fast and Furious"



Sailing on the Broads



Wroxham, Norfolk, on the Bure



A typical wherry at Horning Ferry

A Holiday *on the* English Broads

By Ella Darrell Kay

LET no one think unlimited time and purse are necessary for a vacation on the famous English Broads, or "river lagoons." Our holiday was limited to five weeks, and we started for the Norfolk "playgrounds" via Montreal. Three days on the St. Lawrence, a glimpse of Quebec, and six days on the ocean, with an occasional iceberg in the distance, brought us to Liverpool.

There we took a through car on the Great Central, across country to Norfolk, passing the cathedral towns of Peterborough and Lincoln. We changed at Norwich for Wroxham, the center of yachting activities on the Broads. Here our yacht, the *Fast and Furious*, awaited us. Thirty-nine feet long and cutter-rigged, she drew three feet nine inches, and had a "jolly" or center-board dingey swung at her stern. The crew comprised a skipper and assistant, who not only navigated but cooked and did the "housework." The yacht was completely equipped and had accommodations for four people besides the crew. The rent was $40 per week, which included the men's wages, with an additional shilling a day for tobacco, and a tip of a sovereign—$5—at the end of the cruise.

On July 15, after stocking our larder from the Wroxham shops (the supply was supplemented later at numerous villages en route), we hoisted sail and threaded our way down the river Bure, which was crowded and

tons, carrying one tall mast and brown sail. The wherry, which lies so low in the water that it appears to be sinking, is a popular houseboat with our English cousins, and has the advantage over the usual kind, that it can move without assistance.

A run of seven miles brought us to Horning Ferry. As we passed the quiet old village with its picturesque windmill, dozens of children greeted us, singing according to ancient custom:

> "*Ho! John Barleycorn. Ho! John Barleycorn,*
> *All day long I raise my song*
> *To old John Barleycorn.*"

Their day-long vocal efforts bring them many pennies from passing yachtsmen.

Afternoon tea, served by the skipper while Jack took the helm, was most acceptable, for the strong breeze had given us an appetite, and we were equally hungry for dinner when we reached Acle, where we moored for the night. We read on deck by the long twilight, and at ten o'clock the men put on the boat's stout canvas night-gown, which kept us warm and cozy in the cabins.

On nearing Stokesby the next day, the skipper furnished us with some excitement. He was [illegible] to "quant" in order to get the yacht past a "tick[illegible]" spot of the river, when, on driving his pole too deep [illegible] mud, he was left suspended on the upper end [illegible] boat sailed from under him! The villagers on the bank yelled with laughter; I shrieked with fear, and the skipper tried to bring the boat around. The boy, meantime, swam ashore, and we picked him up a few minutes later.

At Great Yarmouth, which King John created a free borough, we had fresh, fat bloaters for supper, and nowhere else are they so good! We took a hasty look at the fine piers, the enormous fishing fleet, the old church of St. Nicholas, and then started across Breydon Water, the best bit of sailing in our trip. Breydon is the union of the Bure, Waveney, and Yare, and we had to take several reefs in our mainsail before we covered the eight miles to Lowestoft.

For the next fortnight we cruised on the Broads of Oulton, Hickling, Horsey Mere, Hoveton, and Womack, all equally attractive. Every morning we had an invigorating plunge before breakfast, and every evening we took the "jolly" and gathered water lilies or canvassed the farmhouses for milk and eggs. We visited the ruins of St. Benet's Abbey—built in Canute's reign—and many of the ancient churches whose spires towered above the lowlands. At Ranworth we saw the wonderful fifteenth century rood screen and the oak reading desk, both famous throughout England. And every day we gained in health and happiness from the tonic of the air that blew direct from the North Sea!

The banks of the Broads blossom with wild flowers and feathery grasses, and the landscape is dotted with twirling windmills. The hayboats are curious, apparently floating stacks, but propelled by a solitary oarsman, almost hidden by his cargo. The eel-fisher's hut, wedged into a creek, reminds one of Noah's Ark. The eel man, mending his nets in the sun or stringing worms with which to ensnare his prey, is a familiar and interesting character on these waters.

From a distance the numberless yachts on the Broads look like low flying birds, owing to the flatness of the land and winding rivers. Their hulls can not be seen for the banks, and the water, except at close range, is hidden by the rushes.

We took little luggage on our trip, and only warm clothing, including "sweaters" and caps, necessary for both ocean and Broads. Our holiday was perfect (we tell our friends that no one can know beautiful England until they have cruised on the Broads), and did not cost so much as five weeks at a popular mountain or seaside resort would have done.

The International Council of Women at Toronto, June 15-26

The President of the Daughters of the Empire of Canada, Mrs. Norheimer of Toronto, appears at the left. In the center is a view of the delegates at the door of the University Convocation Hall—Lady Edgar of Toronto stands at the right of this group. The right-hand picture shows Mrs. Edwin Grey, one of the most prominent of the English visitors. Every important nation in the world was represented, and the question of international peace was one of the leading subjects under consideration













Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw of Boston, President of the American National Suffrage Association



The lower group on the left are American women—Mrs. W. J. Waterman of Cleveland, editor of the "Searchlight," faces the others. The Swedish delegates are seen in lower right-hand corner. The large picture in the middle of the page is that of Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, reelected President of the International Council. She is accompanied by her physician, Sir William Thompson. Lady Aberdeen in her opening address declared that if the homes of different countries could be brought in touch with each other so that there could be mutual understanding and sympathy, there would then be no more war

The March of the Germans

The Imperial Rise of the Teuton, and the Reasons for His Encroachment Upon the Ease of England

By FREDERICK PALMER

THE great German policy is the rabbit policy. Numbers count. While the suffragettes of London are belaboring M.P.'s with their parasols, the suffragettes of Berlin are singing lullabies. For every four British babies seven German babies are born. Each little boy means another soldier of war and industry; each little girl becomes the mother of more soldiers. You need only a compound interest table to figure out the future of Europe for yourself.

Any feminine skepticism as to how the plus three are to be fed and clothed is *lèse-majesté*. It is interfering in a problem which appertains to My Imperial Responsibilities. Remember, my daughters, that twins are no less welcome to me than to My Never-To-Be-Forgotten Ancestors. Continue to do your duty and urge your husbands to join the Navy League.

War Lord, is it? The Kaiser is the Incubator Lord. Unlike the old woman in the shoe, he knows—so the British think—precisely what he is going to do. He will use part of the surplus birth-rate in capturing London and supply the surviving portion with jobs belonging to Britons.

Eventually, the outward pressure of numbers must force a blow for more room, or else Germany, which regulates everything for everybody in the empire, will have to put a speed limit on the mercury-footed stork. No doubt he would obey like a good German subject, adjusting his gait to Imperial needs. Thus far, however, the beehive system, bulwark of the rabbit policy, worked out on scientific principles by experts in spectacles, has succeeded amazingly well.

Before '66 the Austrians and before '70 the French laughed at the experts in spectacles. Since Sedan the great armies of the world have all been patterned after the German. Germany has been a living threat of war, with war far from the minds of German statesmen. Being always ready, she has gained point after point without striking.

After '70 the spectacles began preparation for the victories of peace. Now it was the British turn to laugh. This armed camp was all very well for Sedan, but it must not think it could compete in trade and commerce with British mastery of the seas and with cheap food. The British are learning their mistake gradually, while the French had to learn it abruptly. For their system, the Germans say, is the system of all nations in the future. It applies equally to all affairs by land or sea.



A German Mother and Her Seven Soldier Sons

This photograph is unusual—not necessarily, as our German correspondent notes, "because a father and seven sons are serving in the army at the same time," for there are many whole families in the service of the Kaiser, but because, in this instance, all eight are in the same company of the same regiment. The soldiers' name is Shroeder, from Schierstein, and they are enrolled in the Kasteler Engineers Regiment

William *versus* Edward

IN DIPLOMACY both Delcassé and King Edward ought to subscribe to its merits. Both tried to beat it. Delcassé is admittedly the cleverest man in France. As Prime Minister he was in the way of the march of German policy. Germany waited her opportunity. When she was being called the mischief-maker in Moroccan affairs, she turned on France, saying that she would show who the real mischief-maker was. She reviewed Delcassé's career as a Foreign Minister, which was a record of deliberate, shrewd maneuvering with Germany as its object. Was this friendly? Germany asked. France did not want war, nor did Germany. Russia, the French ally, was sick from revolution and defeat. Germany knew the power of the cards which the mailed fist laid on the table. Her legions were ready. Delcassé retired.

King Edward is an amiable, rotund man who likes good company and everybody to be friendly, except the Kaiser. Though he has no constitutional right to do so, Edward has been framing England's foreign policy. He went about Europe smiling and handshaking and passing Berlin by. He made an alliance with Russia and with France and became exceedingly thick with the Italian King, while the best that the Kaiser could do was to paraphrase Beau Brummell by asking: "Who is your fat friend?"

It was a great stroke for peace. Now would this terrible Germany stop browbeating her neighbors and that poor, innocent British Empire? Now would she see the fruits of her wickedness and repent? To add to England's satisfaction came the Kaiser's interview incident.

William II does not like Edward personally, and, besides, he feels what any clever player, training hard, laboring under handicaps, must feel toward any rotund, elderly gentleman who is successful. He said some very savage things, which he felt, at the time, anyway, as most of us do when we get cross. A shout rose in the land: "*Lèse-majesté yourself!*" thundered the 62,000,000 Germans. "Stop talking!"

They are erratic, these royal Hohenzollerns, but they have the gift of yielding and of wisdom in great crises—the gift which has carried them from petty Counts of the Brandenburg principality to empire, with the eye of restless ambition on greater prizes. You remember how Frederick the Great told the owner to remove the windmill which interfered with the view from the palace of Sans Souci.

"No, your Majesty," said the miller.

"I'll buy you another windmill," said Frederick.

"No."

"But I am King of Prussia and I'll make you take it down."

"No, you will not, your Majesty. There is law in Prussia."

In the same spirit the German people said to the Kaiser: "Hep! Hep! Hep! Majesty, you're out of step. When old Fritz lost his temper and raged up and down no reporters were around. Therefore, we make a new law in Prussia." The Germans are fond of old Fritz and fond of the miller. Do not make the mistake that they are not fond of William II. He is their Emperor, and they have an affectionate pride in his abilities as a leader. They were simply correcting him. As a member of the "system" he took his medicine like a man—and on his first appearance in public read the prepared speech Von Bülow gave him. And he sticks to Von Bülow; for Von Bülow is a great Premier. You can find a royal precedent for almost anything, and William found one for this schoolmastering. Hadn't the Never-To-Be-Forgotten Grandfather accepted the dictates of the great Bismarck? For the present the Never-To-Be-Forgotten Ancestor, Frederick, is on the shelf. William II is in a sweetly constitutional spirit.

Six months ago Germany seemed to be effectually isolated. The British were enjoying her discomfiture and the Kaiser's when the Balkan crisis offered Von Bülow his chance to get even.

A shovelful of earth may be enough to endanger the nice equilibrium of the European balance of power. Consider the effect when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, which was as large as a Texas county!



From the "Irish World"

This picture is entitled "J. B.'s Dire Forebodings," and as a caption is added a quotation from the London correspondence of the "Sun": "Before the British public has had time to recover from the scare caused by the revelation that in 1912 Germany will have as many 'Dreadnoughts' as Great Britain, the aeronautical correspondent of the London 'Times' raises a fresh alarm by announcing that Germany in the same year will be in possession of more than enough airships to make short work of at least ten British 'Dreadnoughts.' In that year, we are told, Germany will have twenty-four mammoth Zeppelin ships, each capable of over-sea excursions and probably speedier than any naval vessel. In the present year she will have four Zeppelins, and the magnificent factory at Friedrichshafen, endowed with over fifteen million dollars by the German nation, will be able to turn out at least eight vessels a year this autumn. Thus by 1912 Germany can have twenty-four Zeppelins, and her other military dirigibles will number at least a dozen." The English have been aroused by these facts to the point of assisting their own Government by a popular subscription, so that it may keep pace with Germany in aeronautic development



From "Lustige Blaetter," Berlin

On the deck of this heavily armed battleship, which is labeled "The Fear-Nothing" ("Dreadnought"), the English admiral may be seen reading a document labeled "Plans of the German Navy." The admiral is then made to exclaim: "Oh, Lord, how frightened I am!"



From "Simplicissimus," Munich

Under the title of "Fleet Panic," King Edward of England is shown in a padded cell, tied to his chair in a sort of strait-jacket, while he sees Zeppelin bugs buzzing in a ring about his head and German "Dreadnought" rats romping about his feet

Germans Hear the Call of Blood

SERVIA called on her mighty Slav patron for help, which it is said Russia promised. Of course Austrian rule in the two little countries meant progress and prosperity, just as British, French, or German rule would in place of Turkish. But the balance of power when the scales are dipping does not consider such a minor detail as this. Austria was mobilized and Servia when three million German bayonets heliographed a message to the Czar which said: "Amend the Berlin Convention and grant Austria her demands."

The Russian army was scattered and disorganized; the German legions ready to mobilize swiftly over the network of railroads, according to the method that leaves nothing to the "heroes" or brilliant individual improvization. Probably they could have gone to Moscow. Russia was too poor; she was in no mood for war on Servia's behalf, as Germany, not wanting war, well knew; and Russia yielded.

Down came Edward's house of cards. The wicked nephew was in the ascendent again. German statesmen regard Edward as a valuable enemy; they welcome every outburst of anti-German feeling in Great Britain. When Bismarck founded the empire the world prophesied its dissolution. The different States could not be held together. "You are all Germans," was his watchword. Foreign opposition when it takes the form of racial bitterness unites them. Not only this, but the Germans of Austria also hear the call of their blood. The Hungarians and the Czechs of Austria have been bitter against German

Continued on page

What WISHING DID

The Dismal Artist, the Lovely Lady, and the Jinnee

By *Stephen French Whitman*

Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG

IN THE rear of an old house which fronted on the Rue d'Assas of the Latin Quarter, a pretty young man was leaning out of an open window, gazing up at the stars, sniffing the June breeze, and contemplating suicide. His studio stripped of everything save rejected paintings, his rent badly in arrears, his stomach empty, and his love affair in ruins, he was at that pass where poisons no longer suggest cramps, nor the river chills, nor hanging an unpleasant shock for the scrubwoman in the morning. Truth is, he had already made such a mess of everything that he cared not two pins for any additional mess that might be incident to his departure from the world.

And yet, how beautiful a world was this upon which he gazed out! Midnight; a velvet heaven full of stars; the roofs, with their innumerable skylights all aglimmer, transformed from the wastes so prosaic by day into a half impalpable, enchanted coverlet, beneath which Paris, a tender smile on her face, was falling into dreams. In such a place, at such a time, surely it was the part of a young, healthy, breathing, pulsing, thinking creature to throw out his arms, turn up his eyes, and cry, ecstatically: "Youth! Life! Joy! Paris!"

But not so Gilbert, draped dolefully across his window-sill, and wavering between the river and a rope. The subtle witchery of night was baffled by his pessimism; he was determined to respond to no touching or amiable influence whatever; and when from the open window over him issued a burst of laughter and applause, envy disfigured his almost too handsome features.

"Confound them!" he ejaculated, bitterly. "How happy they appear to be!"

It was a party getting, as one might say, its second wind in the studio of the artist who lived over him—a successful artist, a prosperous and respected artist, a brazen impostor of an artist, who had somehow inveigled the world into smiling on him while yet not worth, so far as honest talent went, Gilbert's little finger. Glib, impudent quack of the provincial fair variety that the fellow really was! Yet hark to his reward: gay choruses, popping corks, clattering piano, screams of laughter. Yokel of a world, then! Well, Gilbert was about to take ample vengeance on the world—he was going to deprive it of a genius.

Overhead, a waltz commenced; the music floated sweetly out into the darkness; the vocal babble died away; the ceiling creaked rhythmically. And Gilbert had no choice but to imagine ladies with half-closed eyes, with parted lips, with temples daintily moist and irridescent (as if flecked with powdered mica), slowly revolving in the arms of fatuous admirers. Listening to that palpitating, languorous, heart-wringing melody, Gilbert forgot his empty stomach for his empty heart. Ah, lovely lady without mercy—would she not feel even a little sadness in the morning? He groaned, drew in his head, lit a candle, seized pen and paper, and, drooping against the mantelshelf—yet even in that dejected pose remembering to be as graceful as an Antinoüs—prepared to write his farewell.

"Rosemarie, adieu . . ."

A knock at the door! His heart stopped beating; all manner of extravagant thoughts flashed through his brain. Had luck changed at the last moment; was it relenting fortune that stood waiting there, or fame long delayed, or love repentant? His voice trembled as he uttered:

"Enter!"

An undersized, homely, untidy, perspiring youth in a blue apron staggered into the room beneath a vast wicker hamper.

"From the confectioner's, for the party!" And rich odors of baked meats and pastry instantaneously perfumed the place. A sharp pain stabbed Gilbert in the midriff; his mouth watered; his jaws ached.

"Get out!" he roared, hoarsely. The youth, by a miracle, escaped with his hamper right side up; Gilbert slammed the door. Fifty times he fumed up and down the studio before he could summon enough philosophy to say: "After all, where I am going they may not want to eat." Forthwith, he hurried back to his letter.

"Rosemarie, adieu . . ."

And the memory of the roast turkey and the rich tartlets slowly faded. "Oh, Rosemarie; oh, star-eyed maid of ice; oh, cruel fair . . ."

The door opened: a frowzy, honest head—a porter's head—appeared.

"Is it here that the champagne is to be delivered?"

"No!" bawled Gilbert, and rushed forward to kick the door shut. He was struck motionless by what, in the dim light, he saw outside. A crusader in chain armor was embracing the wine porter with glad cries; a Chinese mandarin was pursuing down the steps a Watteau shepherdess. This pair—a whirlwind, as it were, of pink satin, purple silk, pigtails, and ankles—disappeared with a rumble down the dark chasm of the staircase. The crusader, for his part, dragged the porter bodily, all his bottles clinking, to the floor above. A ringing shout of delight signaled his arrival there.

"Devil take it!" cried Gilbert, almost in tears. "Is this the proper environment for a suicide? The size of it is, in order to do it quietly, decently, and with dignity, I shall have to make use of the river after all." And he pictured to himself the accounts in the newspapers: "Through the mysterious shroud of night a muffled splash . . . some faithful fellows rushed forward, but, alas, too late . . . afterward recovered, the unfortunate young victim was identified by—"

Gilbert paused to look himself over carefully.

"Was identified by what? Ah! By a curious ring which he wore on his left hand: an iron ring of Eastern workmanship, with a line of Arabic scratched round it, that had been given to him once on a time by an old model from Algiers, for good luck."

There Gilbert, holding up his hand, was moved to address that trinket with ironical admiration.

"Invaluable amulet, what good luck you have brought me! Or wait; is it perhaps I that have been at fault? Maybe I have not used you intelligently. Does it take an incantation to start your talismanic properties? Is there a jinnee attached to you—a Jinnee of the Ring, as in the Arabian Nights: should I rub you and command him to appear? So! Jinnee of the Ring, appear! What—nothing? Louder, perhaps; he may be asleep in a grotto of crystal in the Black Isles. Very well—"

And out of sheer perversity, indifference to common sense, and general light-headedness, he struck an attitude and bellowed at the top of his voice:

"Jinnee of the Ring, appear!"

"Here I am," answered a deep voice from the doorway.

In the doorway stood a gigantic figure swathed in amethystine robes, girdled with simitars and daggers, crowned with a conical white turban and an aigret, decked out with necklaces, earrings, bracelets, and anklets that sent forth, in the candle-light, a blaze of multicolored rays. This resplendent creature was of vast yet lean frame, swarthy, and incredibly ugly—with a marvel of a hooked nose, protruding eyes, a long chin, and ears like sails. Yet there was nothing ludicrous about him, but rather something strangely imposing—as if, being the sum total of all ugliness, he obtained for that reason a unique, startling sort of grandeur. Gilbert, in fact, was overwhelmed.

This apparition, with a magnificent gesture, closed the door behind him. In sepulchral accents, he announced:

"You perceive in me the Jinnee of the Ring, the slave of him who holds the ring, ready to obey that person in all things. For this purpose I have instantly flown hither over Ispahan, Caschan, Coam, Moussoul, Damascus, Grand Cairo, Bagdad, and a variety of other interesting places; and the reason why you had to call twice—for which I ask pardon—is that I collided, while in full flight above a desert in Persia, with the fairy Maiounè, who was bent for the Kingdom of Deryabar."

Gilbert plumped down upon a stool.

"My brain!" he gasped.

"Compose yourself," replied the jinnee graciously, "and reflect seriously on what you most desire. For I have to tell you this: the virtue of the ring is limited; three wishes you may have granted, but no more than three. To forget that is to make a serious mistake, as I shall demonstrate. May I sit down?"

Gilbert sprang up in a twitter.

"A thousand pardons!" he stammered. "Be seated, pray, Monsieur—"

"My name is Katapapoum," boomed the jinnee, arranging himself on a broken-backed chair. The candle flame, flickering in the breeze, made his lustrous robes, his simitars, his bangles, and his jewels so beautifully shine and flash that it was as if, indeed, the personification of profitable wizardry sat resplendent in the midst of the dilapidated studio. Gilbert was half-inclined to believe himself awake.

"Observe, now," resumed this Katapapoum, hitching up his amethystine robes, crossing his legs, and wagging a long forefinger—"observe, now, the danger in forgetting that one may have but three wishes of the ring. The Rajah Bhava, whom I had the satisfaction to serve and see buried two thousand years ago, flown with a violent ambition, used up his last wish in encompassing the rout of the Bahelkas, near the seven mouths of the Indus. The next year, when he became enamored of the daughter of the Sassanian king—to which lady, I may tell you in confidence, the Peri Banou stood godmother—he could not get her to look at him, and so briskly pined away and died. The Mogul Jahan's last wish was for something in the shape of the Taj Mahal. Twenty years building? A hundred thousand lakhs of rupees? Fiddle-dee-dee! He rubbed the ring; I took in my belt, and knocked the Taj together for him overnight. But later, when he was languishing in prison, did he not curse the day when he had been seized with architectural ambitions? How many more shall I cite? Boabdil, who squandered his three wishes without dreaming that the Kingdom of Granada was going to collapse about his ears? The Sultan Achmet nd Din who, after a life of great magnificence and the most picturesque debauchery, was drowned in a camel trough, blurting out: 'Spendthrift of wishes, well served!' Ah, the arrogant conquerors, the superb kings, the beautiful sultanas, all at some unfore-



In a spacious chamber full of shadows sat a beautiful star-eyed figure

seen extremity, wailing for help, for Katapapoum, for one more wish! They gaze at me piteously out of the past; they seem again to approach me on their knees, but now united in their supplication, like a great host reaching from the horizon, glittering with crowns and murmuring like the sea. Their voices haunt me. Hark!"

The jinnee slid swiftly into a grotesque listening attitude. And, on the silence, there stole a vague murmur, a murmur that seemed to come from overhead, from underneath, from out of doors, in short, from everywhere—a rustling, a pattering, a whispering, a crying: "Where is he? Where is he?" And finally, voices echoing, voices ringing, voices screaming and shouting: "Katapapoum! Katapapoum! Katapapoum!" The air throbbed with that eery outcry which, in a moment, as mysteriously and suddenly as it had risen, died away.

Gilbert's hair rose; chills fluttered round his spine; his eyes goggled at the jinnee, who, with a reassuring smile, said kindly:

"I will not offend you by believing it to be that supernatural trifle which affects you. Rather, I shall do justice to your modesty by supposing you abashed to find yourself in the boat which so much royalty has occupied. Dismiss your trepidation; consider that he who holds the ring is to me, his slave, as royal as the finest, and that many a king was not a king when first I appeared to him. So then, perk up, explore your desires, trust in me, and fire away with your wishes. So saying, the jinnee put on the most competent and promising look imaginable.

"I am not dreaming?" stammered Gilbert. "And you are not having a joke on me? Ah, Monsieur Katapapoum, that would be a sorry joke, with me at this extremity!" Whereupon, moved by something glimmering among the jinnee's ugly features—something that seemed almost like pity and kindliness—Gilbert turned himself practically inside out: revealed his whole career in failure, his final plight, and the fatal determination he had taken. "And," he concluded, with a wild laugh, "I am at such a desperate pass, and you come upon me so neatly at the last possible moment, and there is something in the night, the hour, and your aspect which so strangely moves me, that I am inclined to throw my brains to the winds, become as crazy as you seem to be, and take you up!"

"I ask nothing better," stoutly returned the jinnee.

"Well, then," cried Gilbert, drawing a deep breath, "the three wishes! First, I wish for wealth."

"For wealth, of course," repeated the other calmly, checking the item on his fingers.

"Second, I wish for fame."

"Naturally, for fame," echoed the jinnee. "But look out! Only one wish remains. Will you not remember my advice and save it for a rainy day?"

"Never! I wish that she may love me and accept me."

Katapapoum dropped his hands in his lap.

"Ho, ho! Wealth and fame are abstract things, but here is a concrete lady. I must have particulars."

"Particulars! Why, she is a rhapsody of pink and white and gold, a Helen setting fire to hearts instead of towers—'her fair hair shines like golden threads; her forehead is whiter than the lily; her eyebrows are arched like small crossbows; her face has the beauty of the morning, for it is both white and vermilion; her lips are ardent with bright color; no spice can be compared with the sweet breath of her mouth!'"

"A Peri! I see her, and am dazzled by the sight," declared the jinnee. "But now, her name and station?"

"Her given name is Rosemarie. She studies singing; she aspires to be a prima donna. She lives all alone in the Boulevard Raspail. But how she moves on her business through the hubbub of the Quarter, aloof, above, with calm gaze fixed ahead, like a Diana through a rout of Maenads! Oh, unattainable! You must know, I have been begging her for a year to marry me."

"Is it possible! And she is able to resist you?"

"She puts her hand on mine, looks down into my soul, smiles sadly, and says: 'Poor Gilbert, if only there were not a mysterious something lacking in you!'"

"Perfectly!" exclaimed Katapapoum, clapping his great palms together. "I understand. I will fix it. She is yours. You shall see your three wishes granted in six months."

"Six months!"

"To the day."

"You swear it?"

"By Danhasch and Caschcasch, the Familiars of Solomon, by the beard of the King of the Jinn, by the flying cloud which is the ghost of Camaralzaman, I swear it!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Gilbert, overcome by such an oath. And while he was still gasping, the jinnee towered suddenly to his full height, salaamed, embellished the gloom with a last swish of his lustrous robes, with a final flash of his ornaments, and vanished through the doorway. The door slammed shut. In the silence, there rustled to the floor, as if dropping from the ceiling, a little flurry of bank-notes.

"Money!" sobbed Gilbert, precipitating himself upon this treasure. "Yes! No! Yes! I am awake! It has begun!"

Suddenly, from overhead came an outburst of joyous shouts.

"Gay dogs, how happy they appear to be!" murmured Gilbert, gazing upward with a generous and sympathetic smile.

II

IT WAS midwinter: the roofs were strewn with snow; slowly across that gray expanse the dusk was stealing, like a falling of tenuous gauze veils, dun-colored, fold settling on fold. In the shadowy studio of Rue d'Assas, Gilbert, gazing out, sighed wistfully, like a growing child still taking pleasure, against his better judgment, in a fairy tale.

"Six months. Oh, incomparable Jinnee of the Ring! Will you not return now, at last, to view your completed work and take my thanks?"

"Behold me!" answered a deep voice behind him. And Gilbert, whirling round, was barely able to perceive in the obscurity, hovering just below the door-top, the incredibly ugly yet imposing features of Katapapoum.

That personage, for six months associated in Gilbert's thoughts with turbans, caftans, simitars, and jewels, was disguised in frock coat, light trousers, and top hat, in which habiliments his gigantic frame appeared as awkward and bizarre as would the figure of an ordinary mortal in a masquerade. With a deprecatory smile—which made his homeliness positively stupefying—he apologized:

"This get-up is necessary, I find, in so materialistic and skeptical a capital as Paris, where I have been posting hither and thither, this half year, on your affairs. At first, I confess, I believed I could fly round as freely in my natural state as in the Kingdom of Ebony, for instance, where I assure you the appearance of a jinnee would hardly block the street. But here, not only is my proper attire too striking, but also my ordinary means of travel seem too spectacular—consequently I have even had to come down from clouds of cabs. Ah, dear young man," sighed Katapapoum, "hereabouts I have put off many comforts for your sake. But I have saddled myself, in exchange, with some delicious vices. For instance—" And, with an extraordinary flourish, he offered Gilbert his choice from a fat caseful of regalias. Gilbert, indeed, needed something to calm his brain, which had begun to reel, as it did on that June evening.

"And yet," cried Gilbert in trembling tones, while peering earnestly up at the other, "I must be awake, and really see you, or else why are my three wishes granted?"

"Ah," said the jinnee, "that is the point. Are you satisfied? How about fame?"

"Fame!" Gilbert threw out his arms. "Beyond my dreams! All my rejected paintings were spirited away; they blossomed in the show windows of the most exclusive art dealers; critics came galloping to fall into ecstacies before them; the journals fought for the privilege of praising them; there appeared at my door a host of reporters, servile tradesmen, estranged friends, dilettantes, collectors, and veiled ladies; there poured through my letter slot like a Niagara, invitations, declarations, requests for autographs, photographs, and biographies, commands for portraits, orders for the mural decoration of town halls—a thousand solicitations. I was on the line in the Salon. I shall be in the Luxembourg. I have a cigarette named after me. Clubs discuss me. Lecturers in the schools interpret me. Dear jinnee, I myself am a School!"

"Good! And now, what about wealth?"

"Can you ask?" Gilbert snatched a match, [illegible] and the studio burst from the shadows—a studio transformed and splendid.

"Look round you. The Genoa velvet on the walls, the silk rugs, the Chinese porcelains, the stands of armor, the carved episcopal thrones, the ivories, the enamels, the Greek marbles! Money, money, money! And when I remember to whom I owe it all, he is no longer awesome or terrible—an aura of benevolence envelops him, beautifies him, and makes him veritably lovable. Ah, Monsieur Katapapoum, is it in etiquette to embrace a jinnee?"

"Why not?" cried Katapapoum, with something glittering in his eyes. "But the last wish? The lady?"

"When finally I came to her thrilled with success, burning with energy and ambition, she said: 'Now I can see in you, at last, that something which you lacked so long!'"

"As I foretold. And you?"

"I immediately slipped on her finger the enchanted ring."

The jinnee stepped back, as if that possibility had not occurred to him.

"The deuce you did! Then she is now, by rights, the one I serve. This complicates matters. Wealth, fame, love—those are simple things; but who knows what a woman is going to wish for? Well—" he shrugged his titanic shoulders—"Kismet! You must present me to her regularly; I never descend through the ceiling, in a cloud of smoke, upon a lady."

"At once!" exclaimed Gilbert. "I shall be only too glad to show her that being she thinks is only a pleasant fantasy of mine."

He clapped on hat and greatcoat; they sallied forth into the snow, and briskly set out for the Boulevard Raspail.

The snow was melting; a mist filled the street; through this vapor all lights seemed diluted and enlarged, so that their uncertain radiance, and the vague appearance of pedestrians, groups seated before cafés, and moving cabs, contrived a scene as if out of a shadow world. The air was heavy with that intoxicating redolence peculiar to Paris; the mingled odors of wood smoke, of violets, of absinthe, of perfumes. As the jinnee and the young man marched, Gilbert could not prevent himself, while sniffing this metropolitan scent, from bursting forth, in a transport:

"The air—ah, the Paris air, Monsieur Katapapoum! Is it, in your vast experience, like the air of any other place? Does it not more delightfully go to your head? Do you not get from it the most unruly little mental quivers; do there not dance up and down before your mind's eye, as if in a perverse kaleidoscope, charming, chic, wild, sweet visions? It is reprehensible, this air; it should be apprehended somehow—but never mind. When I sniff it now, I smell absinthe, cigarette smoke, and mignonette—I am filled with all the gay impulses of a François Villon . . ."

"And when," Katapapoum continued for him, "with your exceedingly discriminating nose you smell the especial aroma of the Boulevard Raspail, you contain the good ideas of a fiancé."

"Ah," ejaculated Gilbert, somewhat crestfallen, "certainly I do! But now and then, for a moment, youth—"

"With wealth and fame to incite it—"

"And Paris to abet it—"

"But Paris—does it, after all, contain anything but one house, and that on the Boulevard Raspail?"

"You are right!" cried Gilbert, remorsefully. "How sharply you discern, beneath my unworthy badinage, the good in me! Here, then, is all my Paris." And they turned into Rosemarie's domicile.

In a spacious chamber full of shadows there rose from the piano, at their entrance, a beautiful and slender creature, star-eyed indeed, with a face behind which a pure light seemed burning, and crowned as if with an aureole of ruddy gold. With what inimitable grace she turned toward them; what princess could better have expressed, in one slow, fluid gesture, tranquil inquiry prepared to melt into graciousness?

"Rosemarie," said Gilbert, as one who presents to a queen a sovereign potentate, "here, at last, is the Jinnee of the Ring—Monsieur Katapapoum."

A smile slowly stole into her face; her eyes filled with intelligence, with appreciation, with friendliness. Moving forward, her gown floating round her—and, in that movement, seeming herself to float rather than to walk—she held out a hand to Katapapoum. He kissed her fingers, towered again, and stared at her, his features made the more grotesque by his amazement. At last, as if awaking from a trance—

"Ha!" he rumbled, huskily, "where now is the Peri Banou, and who hereafter will sing the praises of Bibi Fhamm, the Yellow Rose of Timur-leng? Lady, in this quiet room you, with merely mortal ears, can hardly hear anything extraordinary; but at this moment I can hear, rising out of the past, from the wrought marble tombs of all the sultanas of all times, a soft, sad, concerted cry—a cry inexpressibly reproachful. 'Apostate! Apostate!' utter the silvery voices of all those beauties whose slave I have been, first in service, then in tender memory. No more! They are forgotten."

(Continued)



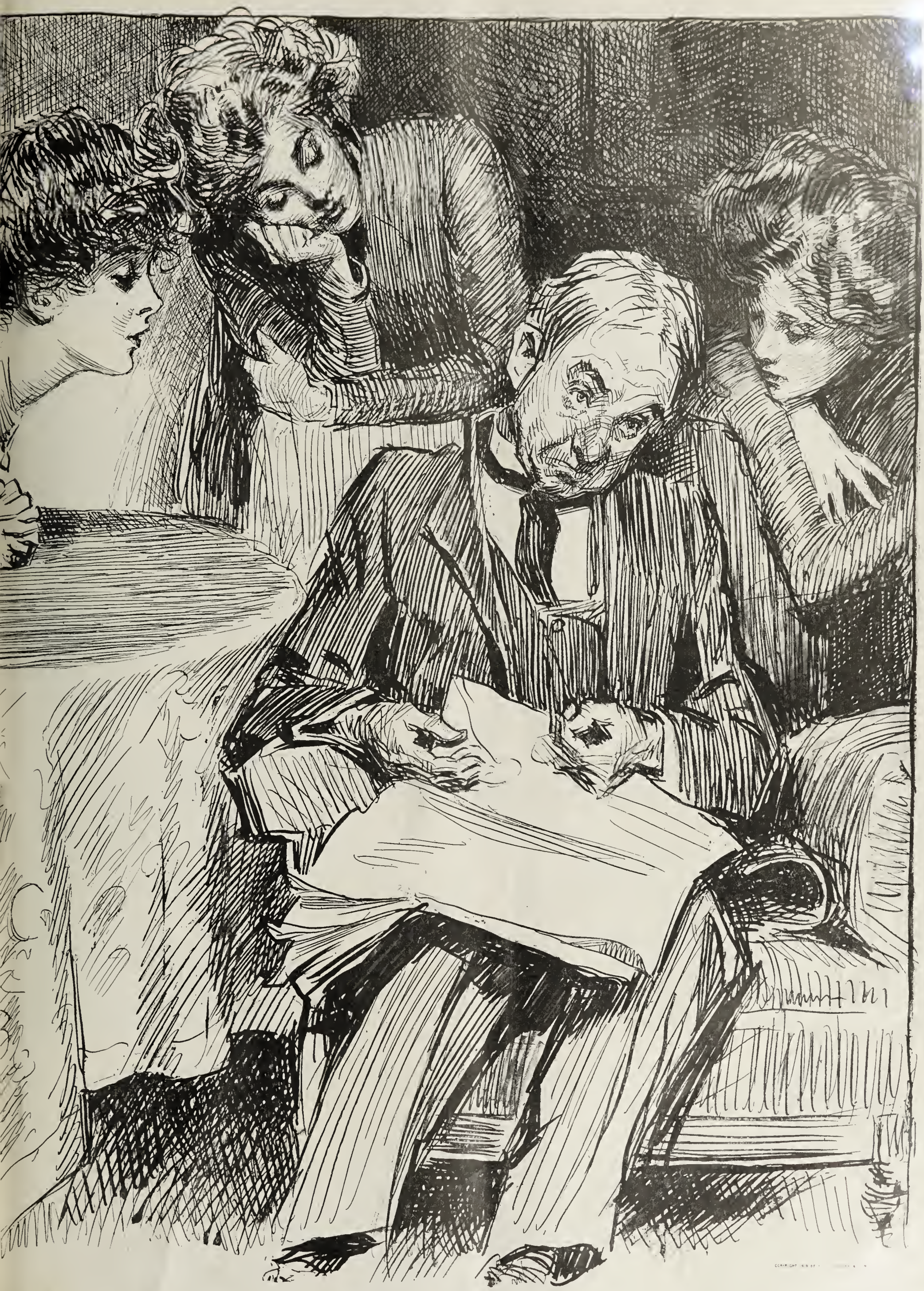
The air throbbed with an eery outcry as he knelt before the jinnee



Once Again—Where Are

Drawn by C

R'S



Girls Going This Summer?

NA GIBSON

What a Hot Wave Means to a Large City

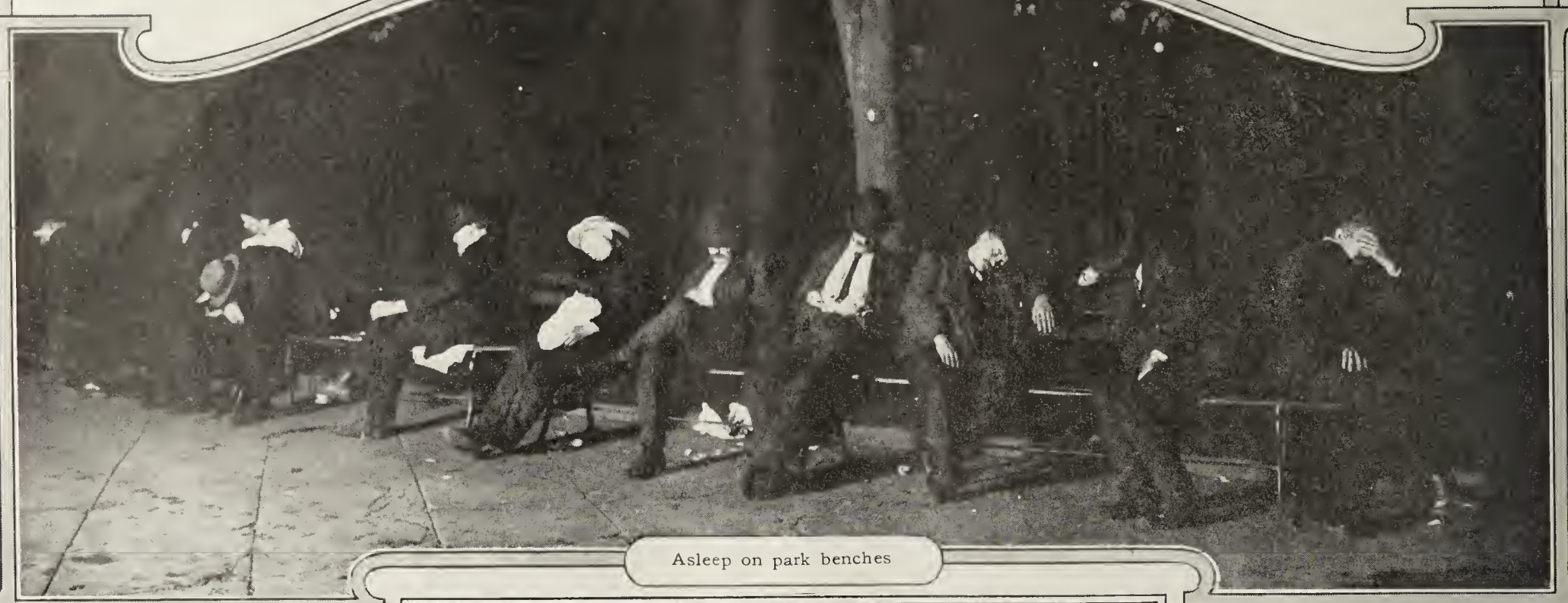
Thousands Seek the Parks, the Docks, the Public Squares, the Sea Sands, for a Breath of Air at Night



A public building's portico



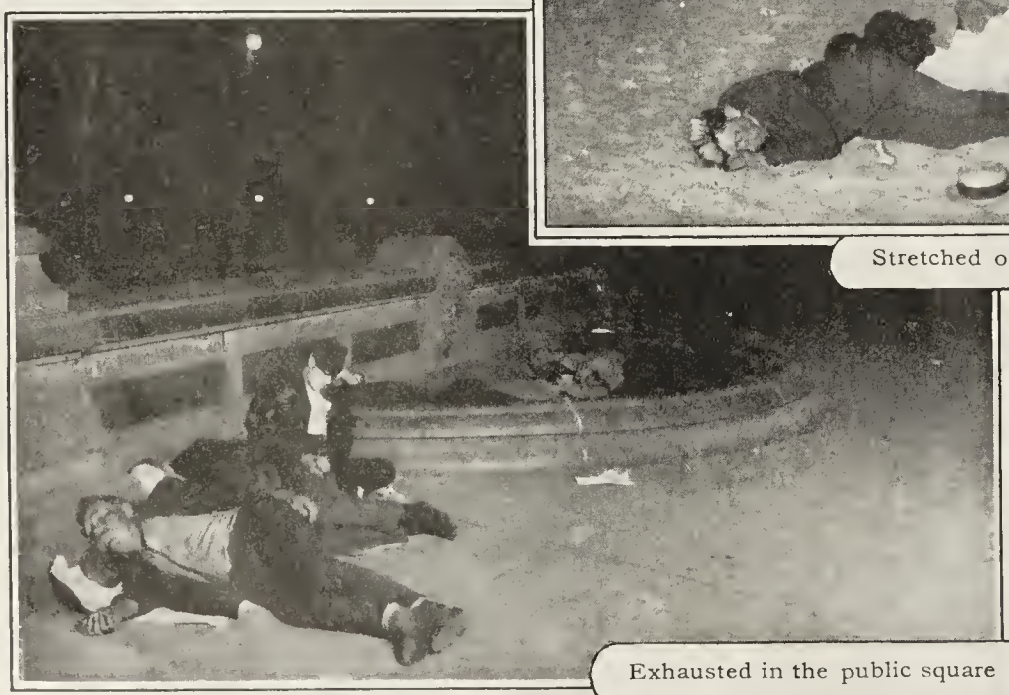
On the docks



Asleep on park benches



Stretched on a sandy beach



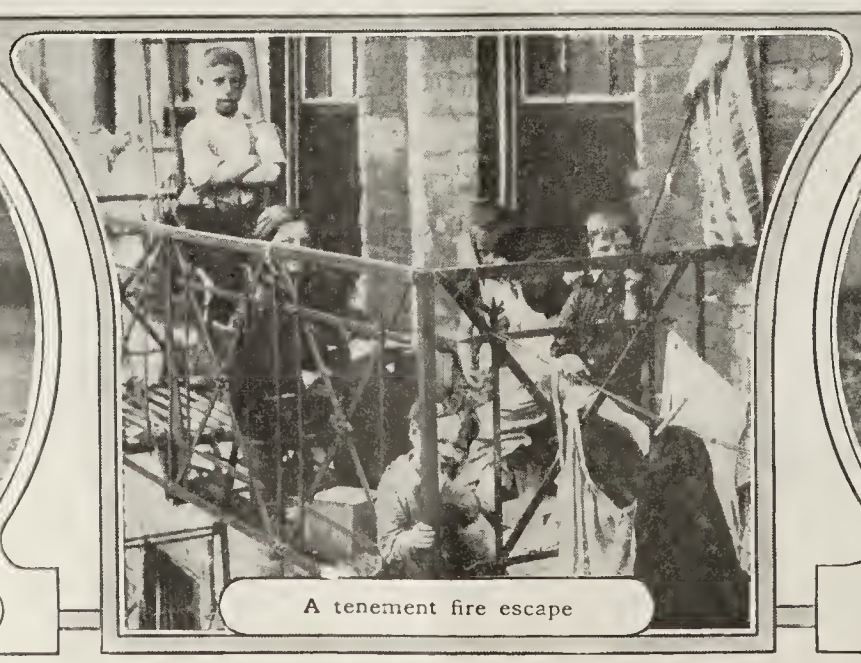
Exhausted in the public square



On the cool park grass



Carrying off free ice



A tenement fire escape



The delicious puddle

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

TO NEWSPAPERS throughout the United States, and to individuals who happen to be in a position to test public opinion, but especially to newspapers, we address this request:

Find out and state whether the sentiment of your community favors the revision of the tariff which has been made by Senator Aldrich and the thirty-eight faithful followers who give him his power, or, on the other hand, the revision downward which President Taft promised when he was a candidate, and which the ten Insurgent Senators have tried in vain to bring about?

If there were a vacancy in any high office in your State, Governor or United States Senator—or even the Presidency itself; if Senator Aldrich or any one of the thirty-eight Senators who follow his leadership regularly were one of the candidates, and if the opposing candidate were Cummins or Dolliver or La Follette or any other one of the ten Insurgent Senators, which would get the popular vote?

We should like to see newspapers everywhere state the opinion of each community upon these points. *And from newspapers and individuals generally this paper would like to hear.* (If there is any way of getting the opinion of the country on this subject before President Taft directly, we should like to see that done, too.)

One Example

WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH of Michigan is one of the Senators who have slavishly voted with Aldrich on practically every important ballot during the present session. (Aldrich is only one man. He would have only one man's power but for the servile Senators who do as he tells them.) One of the newspapers in Senator Smith's home city, the Grand Rapids "Evening Press," has been getting after him in especially able fashion. In the course of its criticism, the "Press" says:

"As an observant public man you must have noted the fact that *Senators Cummins, Dolliver, Nelson, and Beveridge have behind them the almost solid sentiment of all the Middle States, including your own.* You must be aware that, judging by the expressions of the newspapers and of the people on the street, at least three-fourths of the people of Michigan believe that you misrepresent them in your votes in the Senate."

The "Press" limits its generalities to the Middle States. We believe that these words could just as truthfully be printed in the leading newspaper of any community in the country, with some few possible exceptions on the Atlantic Coast.

Is This Too Wild a Hope?

THE ten Insurgents in the Senate compose the only effective opposition to the present domination of national politics by the power of organized wealth. These men, as a group, are entitled to the complete confidence of the people. This can not be said of either the Republican or the Democratic organization in Congress. The Insurgents represent the sentiment of the people and put extraordinary zeal and intelligence into promoting the people's interests. Would it not be possible to have a new party with this group as a nucleus? Many Democrats, of whom Senator Gore—to mention only one—is a type, would naturally gravitate into such a group. Many more Republicans will join the Insurgents just as soon as the tariff is out of the way—they are chained to Aldrich's car for the present in order to get protection for the particular home industries of their own State. But they recognize that he is the spokesman of corrupt interests, they chafe under his rule, and the day the tariff bill is signed they will declare their independence. In the next session of Congress there will be fifteen Insurgent Senators.

The Man Who Runs the Senate

FROM the Congressional Record for June 19, page 3567:

"MR. GORE subsequently said: 'I ask that certain documents may be printed in the Record in connection with my remarks.'

"THE VICE-PRESIDENT: Is there objection to the request of the Senator from Oklahoma to print certain statements in connection with his speech?

"MR. ALDRICH: *None whatever.*"

The point of this is in the last line. Can it be beaten as an illustration of one-man power in a deliberative body of ninety-two men? Mr. Aldrich is boss of the Senate, not through any constitutional prerogative, not by virtue of any meat of personal greatness he has eaten; but solely because there are thirty-eight Senators—their names were printed on this page two weeks ago—who always vote with him. Aldrich is the accredited spokesman of organized wealth; the other thirty-eight are his assistants. Aldrich has but one vote; it is the votes of these other thirty-eight that give him his power. The people of California would hardly elect Aldrich to the Senate if he came before them; they have done exactly the equivalent in electing two Senators, Flint and Perkins, who always vote with Aldrich. The same may be said as to twenty other States.



Uncle Joke Cannon

This cartoon was drawn three years ago by the well-known Italian humorist, "Cir," who made at that time a series of six caricatures for Collier's. The portraits of Roosevelt, Taft, Harriman, and Fairbanks were published in the spring of 1907. "Cir" appears to have had the prophetic soul to foresee Cannon as a tariff-maker, and took advantage of a popular slang phrase to picture the lemons Cannon will hand the country

One Senator's Point of View

THE independent oil producers of Oklahoma, men opposed to the Standard Oil Company, constitute one of the most important industries of that State, probably the most important next to farming. They are extremely eager to have a duty on oil. They form the backbone of the group which has been pleading with Congress to give them this duty. They are good men, much more entitled to consideration than most of the interests clamoring for protection. Senator Gore comes from Oklahoma. By every law of politics he would be expected to obey the wishes of these powerful men in his State. In an analogous situation, a Senator from any State would count it his highest duty to work for what a powerful industry in his State demanded. That is what is done in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—it is the very method by which the tariff has been made. But Senator Gore did not vote for a duty on oil. In casting his ballot to put that commodity on the free list, he delivered a speech no less high in its literary form than sound in political morality. That speech closed thus:

"I confess there is a good deal of human nature in me. I wish that this cup might pass from my lips. Many of the independent producers in the State of Oklahoma are my personal and my political friends. They would render me any possible service, and I would reciprocate. I would render them any possible service that I could without violence to my conscience and my convictions. Perhaps my attitude on this occasion is attributable rather to verdure than to virtue. Perhaps when I have grown older in statecraft and in political finesse I may revise both my views and my policies. Mr. President, I am not unaware that I may now be making a serious, a fatal political mistake. I am not unaware that I may be ordering a political casket. I am not unaware that I may be like the ancient queen lighting my own funeral pyre. But, sir, *I shall never demand a protective duty in behalf of a product or an industry in my own State until I am willing to concede protection to every other industry in every other State of the American Union.*"

These are patriotic words. The disappointed oil producers of Oklahoma must respect Senator Gore for them. If the governing motive of fifty Senators were the same as Mr. Gore's, what a tariff we should have!



Isn't It About Time for a Thrilling Rescue?

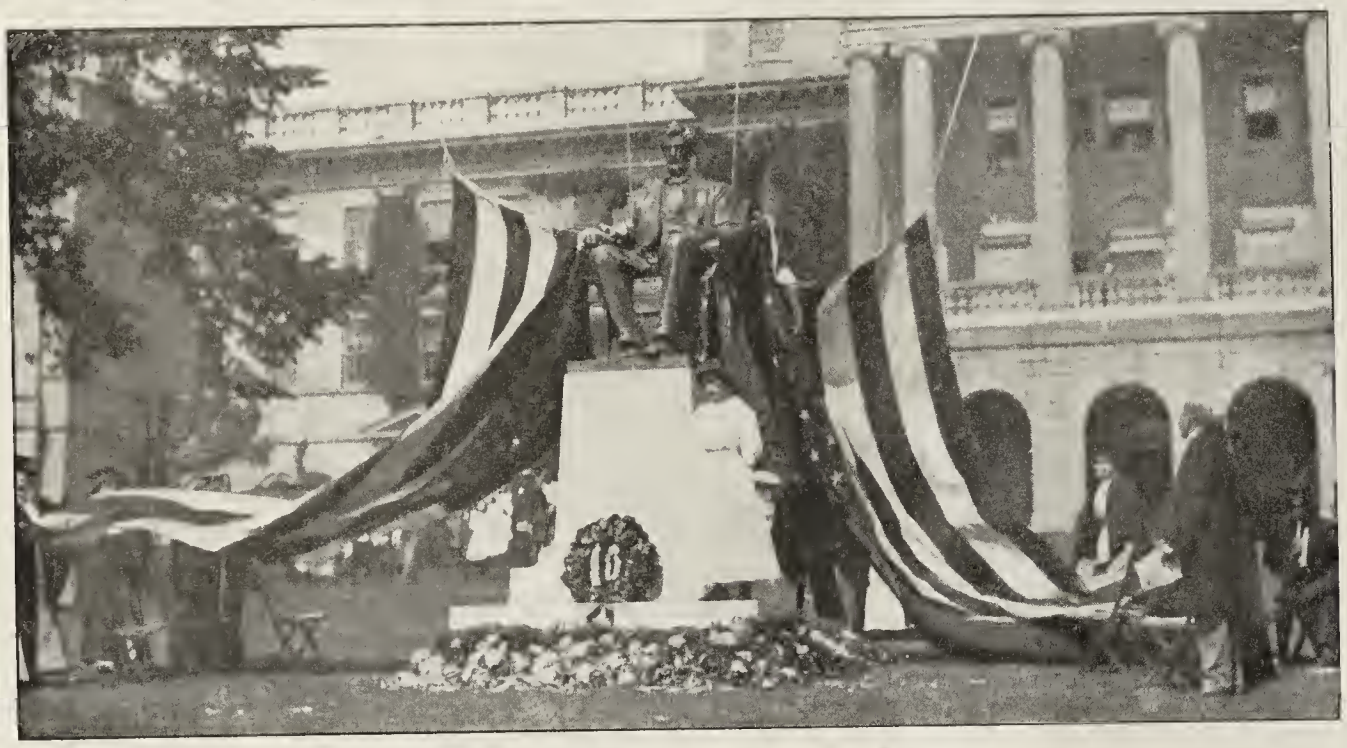
In this cartoon, from the Chicago "Tribune," Mr. McCutcheon shows the unfortunate consumer bound to the stake by the Senators and the tariff boosters. The man who lives beyond in the big white house near the golf course has not only to rescue the consumer, but the people's faith in his promises

What the World Is Doing:



This Monoplane Stays in the Air

On June 7, Mr. Hubert Latham, made a flight of 1 hour, 7 minutes, and 37 seconds, near Chalons-sur-Marne, France This performance is noted as the first convincing test of the navigability of the monoplane



Unveiling the Lincoln Statue at Madison

The only replica of Adolph A. Weinman's statue of Abraham Lincoln, recently erected at Hodgenville, Kentucky, was presented to the University of Wisconsin by Thomas E. Brittingham of Madison, June 22



"Joan of Arc," in the Harvard Stadium

Miss Maude Adams, as the Maid of Orleans, in the pageant adapted from Schiller's play, was assisted by a company of 1,300 persons. The performance was enacted before 15,000 people, one night only, in the open stadium at Cambridge. The scenic and electrical effects were exceedingly elaborate

The Week at Large

TURKEY has all the peace of a volcano ernsting over between performanees. "The one supreme authority is the military junta which has Shefket Pasha at its head."

England has fed the colonial editors and dismissed them full of battle spirit to their several principalities and powers. Now she spreads the board and gathers the orators for the Imperial Conference of Governors, where one more brave attempt to impart international worry may be consummated. If speeches and banquets can prevent, England has determined not to be "the conscript appendage of a foreign power."

It seems probable that Lloyd George's Budget—"the creation of a timid brain," in the opinion of the English "Review"—will be slightly sheared and maimed, and then pass the House of Commons. What the House of Lords will do to it no man is saying. "This is a War Budget," said its creator; "it is a Budget for waging implacable war against poverty."

Mr. Kipling is not favorably impressed by the Budget. In lyric bitterness he says:

"They said: Who is eaten by sloth? Whose unthrift has destroyed him?
He shall levy a tribute from all because none has employed him.
For the hate they had taught through the State brought the State no defender.
And it passed from the roll of the nations in headlong surrender."

With American money Lloyd C. Griscom, former Ambassador to Italy, has built 1,500 frame houses in Messina, in bloeks of twenty, and nearly as many more on the Calabrian shore. As the result of the relief visits of American sailors in the earthquake belt, baseball is somewhat of a sport in Sieily and southern Italy.

In Washington the fight is on with Mr. Taft's reeommendation of a two-per-eent tax on the net incomes of corporations. La Follette's "Weekly" says: "This message eame to Congress at a most opportune time to serve the fixed determination of Senator Aldrieh to defeat the ineome tax and to aid him in passing the tariff bill with its exeessively high duties, just as he wanted it." Some other observers see in it a program to put the iron hand of regulation on trusts.

New York is still shaken by the murder of an American girl in a Chinese resort. The arousal of raee hatred, the use of the discredited and gruelling third degree in rounding up evidence, and petty persecution of aliens, have all resulted from the atroeious erime. The essential deeency and kindliness of average human nature are better revealed by the funeral honors paid to the late distriet political leader, Florence J. Sullivan. He was a man with faults of his own, and the political system which he upheld is doomed. But he helped to wipe the red-light horror from his local map. He showed an unwearied generosity to his people, whieh eame from more than a politieal intent. He was curiously sensitive to the welfare of his close personal friends, and this susceptibility, unusual in so rough and strong a nature, was one of the causes of his breakdown.

This is vacation week. Seholars have elosed the dreary tomes and betaken themselves to the hill-eountry. Business men and clerks make the seaside week-end a little longer each trip. The wilted statesmen of the national city refresh themselves in twilight motor flights through Rockhill Park. Much heat and good erops are promised a gasping and hungry world. Such eities as believe in and practise swimming, of which Washington is not one, have their municipal baths erowded to the brim with all-day praetitioners, mostly young fellows. One little bath on the island of Manhattan eashed in on three thousand swimmers on the red hot Saturday of June 26. The country districts are beginning to look for men against the time of the plenteous harvests.

Miss Maude Adams at Harvard

NATURE herself, generally less gracious than sentimental theater audiences, joined in to make Miss Adams's outdoor production of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" a success. A new moon hung over the Harvard Stadium and the woods of Domrémy, and not a breath of air stirred to interfere with the players' voices. Every seat was taken by what one newspaper, with unusual diserimination, deseribed as "a vast concourse of Bostonians and human beings to the number of 15,500 strong," and so quiet did they sit that Miss Adams's clear little voice carried to all but the topmost seats.

Her company was excellent, including several of those who have been associated with her this winter in "What Every Woman Knows" and other eapable players. One hundred horses, specially trained to the peculiarities of elanking armor, were sent on from New York, and a lot more were taken from Boston.

Miss Adams used an aeting version adapted from the perennial and stirring play of Schiller. The prologue, showing the peasant girl seeing visions and hearing voices under the Druid tree, made Act I. In Aet II Joan came to the king's court at Chinon and proved her supernatural powers by picking out the king from among his courtiers. The third act showed fighting between the English and Freneh; the fourth, the king's eoronation in the eathedral at Rheims and the accusation of the Maid; the fifth, a battle and Joan's death under the banner of the conquering French army.

It was an unusual and impressive performance, and,

A Record of Current Events

owing to the vast distances, most impressive, naturally, as a spectacle. For Miss Adams, who had had the production in mind for years, it meant the realization of her heart's desire. It is interesting to see the resources of so powerful a theatrical general as Mr. Charles Frohman, absolutely at the command of one frail little woman—our plaintive, plucky, elf-like Babbie. To the adoring public, such Miss Adams is and always will be. They do not think of the will underneath, and seldom realize the astonishing power—measured in the most material terms of cash, special trains, hundreds of "supers," etc., etc.—which is wielded by such illusive, ethereal qualities as an actress's winsomeness and personal charm. Miss Adams had but to say, when the preliminary arrangements were being discussed: "And one thousand men"—and there were one thousand men and more, and no end of armor and horses from New York. When, on the eve of the performance, one of the court favorites seemed lacking in personal attendants, and the stage director explained that no ladies-in-waiting had been provided, Miss Adams had but to say: "Get them," and the next evening there they were, twelve of them, properly costumed and rehearsed. An actress whom children cry for and simple young ladies adore can move mountains and make red-faced men with thick necks get down on their knees. There is steel beneath the velvet.

Seeing the Senate

THE Senate these days looks like a garden of many-colored flowers. Each Senator is clad in his own kind of costume, from the drab hue of Root through the graceful blues of Aldrich, the shiny alpaca of La Follette, to the cream-white front of Bacon.

The chamber is brisk with fan-play, while the pages, alert as grasshoppers, lead Senator Gore in and out and carry the suggestions of the Rhode Island master to the desk.

An outsider dropping in for the week of June 22-29, say, would gain the impression that considerable of the tariff change was a revision upward, with splendid reasons for the change, in each "*par*ticular instance," as the Senator from Georgia would say.

The acrid satire of Aldrich is a persistent feature of each session. He plays around the overheated opposition with a smiling swift delivery, like a famous pitcher hurling spit-balls at a timid batsman. His mustache quivers with mirth as he hands out a wicked and low-voiced jab to his floundering enemies. In real life it is rare for one man to be allowed those pauses and hushes for elaborating his irony and punishing the inept foe. He was in capital form as he repelled attacks on the International Harvester Company, and pleaded manfully for protective duties on agricultural implements.

But both high-tariff and low-tariff advocates are making a fight of few words. So sensational an item as a Penrose amendment to put crude petroleum on the dutiable list at a half a cent a gallon was debated for only an hour, and then defeated, 40 to 34. The core of that and one or two other debates was: Will it help Standard Oil?

The Wrights at Work

DOUBTLESS there are hotter places under the sun than the drill-ground at Fort Myer, Virginia. But the newspaper men and tourists gathered to see the Wrights fly said it was the worst swelter of their life during those tedious June days while the brothers were tinkering at the aeroplane engine and the propeller blades. The Wrights worked in a wooden shed while the spies of the public camped in a clump of bushes thirty feet behind the shed. In that group there was a man from Des Moines who was using his vacation in just this way, sitting out in the tiny patch of shade for eight hours a day and day after day.

When the New York "American" man arrived, he threw all his resourcefulness into solving the drink problem. He first sent a ten-year-old for soft drinks to the "Post Exchange," where the soldier boys buy sarsaparilla. Then a member of the Signal Corps described the various twilight clubs that hover on the outskirts of the reservation for the purpose of supplying drink for men. Other of the local residents told how you could hold up the brewery wagon at 3 P. M. and roll off a keg into the shrubbery. But before he was able to prove that the W. C. T. U. is powerless to prohibit in an anti-canteen army post, he put back to Washington to the shelter that a hotel affords. For the Wrights had meanwhile decided to let one more day slip without flying.

Wilbur dominated the situation. Clad in American suspenders, he drives away at the job without haste and without rest. He certainly looks like Sherlock Holmes. The sharpened profile and concentrated eye, the high lean face and satirical cast of the lips—each separate feature and then the whole effect recall happy hours with the eminent sleuth in book and playhouse.

One morning Wilbur and Orville stood outside their shed, looking to the south. A buzzard was gliding on the air without wing motion, with a slight veering from side to side.

"That's the way to do it," said Wilbur Wright.

The Nonchalant Rosebery

LIKE the Black Knight in "Ivanhoe" who saunters into the lists when the fight is nearly done, and smites down the foe, and then lounges back into the wings, while applause shakes heaven's hollow vault, Lord Rosebery picks up his forgotten prowess in the slack of summer, sets all Europe talking by a speech and a letter, and then loafs off into the background. Why be

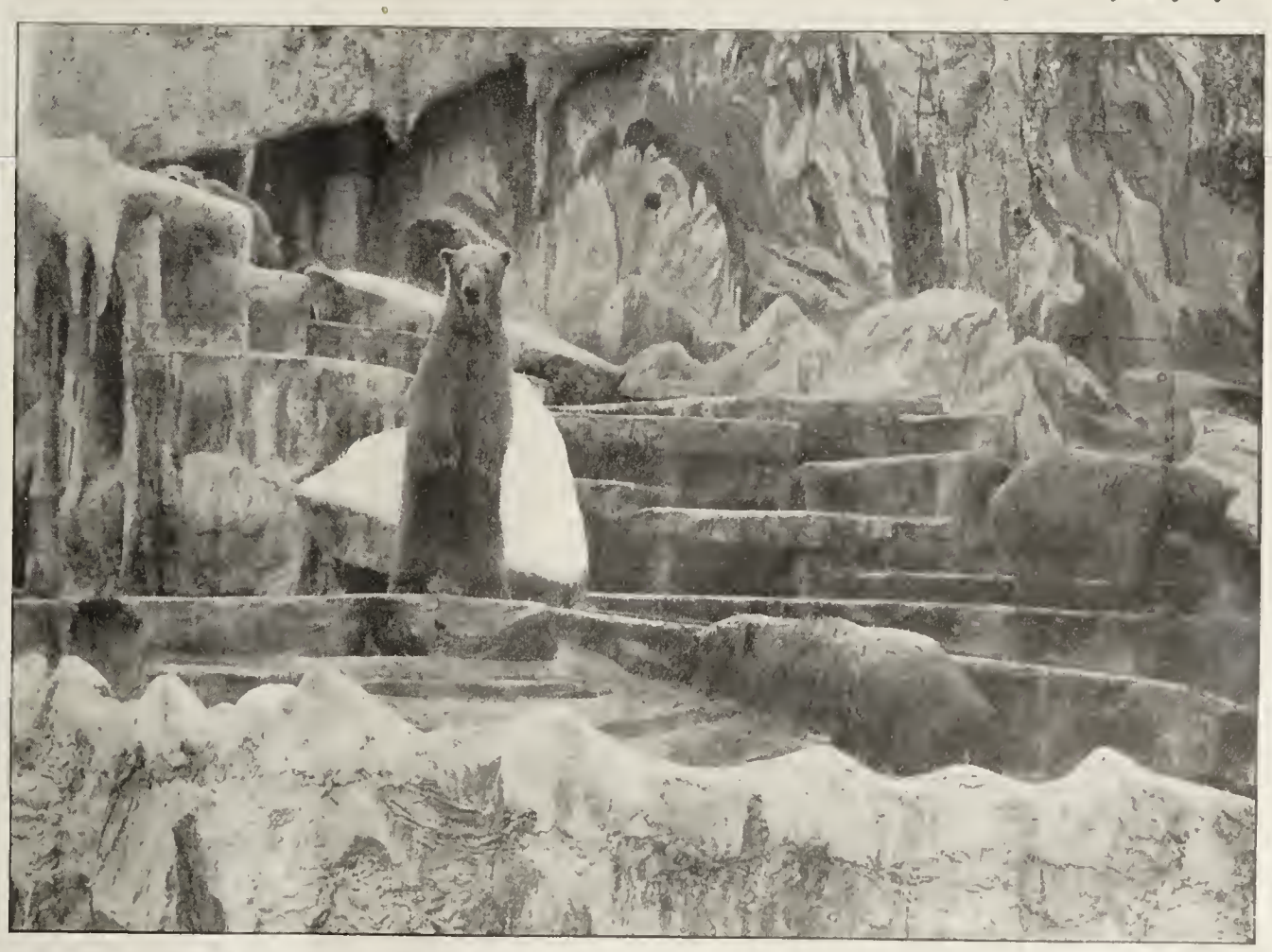


The lions' lair, as it looks to the spectator—the background of the various "cages" is so constructed as to resemble the native surroundings of each particular group of animals in the Zoo

THREE years ago Collier's published a series of articles setting forth "Some Things They Do Better Abroad." These articles treated only of utilitarian advantages—practical problems solved—but it appears that even in amusement Europe can outdo us. Hagenbeck's Natural Zoo, at "The White City," Shepherd's Bush, London, exhibits an enlightened degree of animal captivity. No cages or bars of any sort are used, and the beasts can ramble in comfort around their earthen apartments as if they were in their native wilds. The animals are rendered securely aloof from spectators by a pit which they can not clear; while the chasm and all the doors to the dens are secreted from the front by dirt embankments, apparently casual features of the scenery. This method of exhibiting wild beasts was developed in Germany, and has been adopted in London



The invisible pit which takes the place of bars is an effective restraint, yet it leaves the captives in the open, and without the appearance of being caged



Face to face with a polar bear—the screen which conceals the breach appears in the foreground

Near-Nature at London's White City

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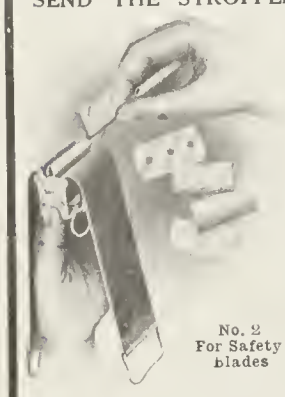
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Please send, without any cost whatever to me, one NEVER-FAIL Stropper for.....blades. At the end of 10 days I will send you $3 or the stropper.

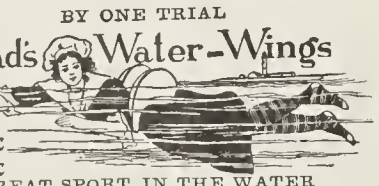
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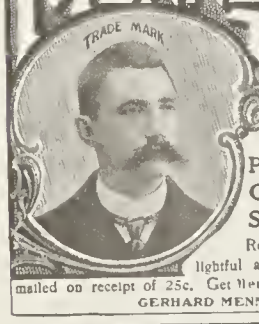
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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-54, CHICAGO

NSWERING THE ...VERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

busy, energetic, full of wearing responsibilities, if you can make the welkin ring once or twice a year on a nonchalant accumulation of phrases.

What the noble lord said this time was written of Lloyd-George's budget in an open letter to the world on June 22:

"This is not a budget, but a social and political revolution of the first magnitude. It is obviously intended as one; it is one on the face of it. It will be carried over the heads of the people by the majority of the Commons without the faintest desire or attempt to ascertain the views of the people in regard to the vast changes projected. The British people will no more control them than if they were Tatars or Lapps. Surely the country must begin to see that there are vast flaws in the constitution and that the absolute rule of the party in power differs very little from the absolute rule of the individual, which is what we are used to call despotism."

The Coast Traffic

IN SAN FRANCISCO'S Chinatown the importation, barter, and sale of young Chinese girls has been a leading industry for many years. That a few lawyers may get fat fees and a few Chinese highbinders may wear silk and avoid work, this traffic continues. It exists and thrives by virtue of a supreme law of the land. Not a direct statute legalizing the slave trade, but nevertheless a law, or decision of court, under which the direct law of the land is thwarted.

Chinese girls in the good old days gone by were cheap on the Pacific Coast. For a paltry $1,800 or $2,000 a Chinese might purchase a wife, servant, or slave. Then came, in 1892, the famous "Geary Law," which did exclude, and the price of Chinese women advanced by leaps and bounds. Any old maid was worth $3,000; a cross-eyed girl (many of the Chinese women have a cast in their eye), with big feet and under twenty years old, readily brought $4,000; medium to choice were quoted at $4,500, and a sixteen-year-old girl with small feet and flat ears became a bargain at $6,000 to $7,000 in good red gold.

Then, like a burst of sunshine through a Dakota blizzard, came a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Again the highbinder paraded the alleys in silk, his finger-nails again grew long and pointed. Under the terms of this Supreme Court decision, all Chinese persons born in the United States were deemed "natives." They are known as "Supreme Court Natives." The price of young girls dropped fully ten per cent.

All Chinese, good, bad, and indifferent, return to China some day. Whether in the flesh, in good health, or embalmed and in a coffin, they all return. If a Chinese is fairly well-to-do and the father of a family born in the United States, it is not part of his scheme of life to allow his daughters to remain here. When the girls reach a certain age, or as soon as their father is able, they are sent to China to their grandparents to be educated.

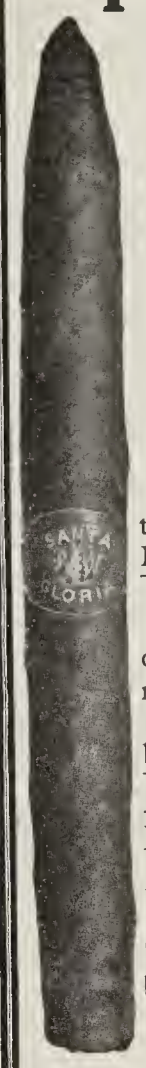
Before the father rubs his daughter's cheek to his own in fond farewell and places her aboard the outbound trans-Pacific steamer, never to return, he takes her before the United States Immigration Commissioner. There, in the Chinese bureau, she is questioned and cross-questioned, tabbed and ticketed, marked and measured. Her height, weight, age, marks, scars, and physical peculiarities are all carefully noted and marked down. Her photograph is taken and attached to her certificate of departure. Every means of identification known, except the Bertillon measurements and thumb-prints, as they are not criminals, is used before the much-coveted certificate is issued by the immigration authorities.

The father holds the "certificate of departure" in his hand—a slip of paper that is as good to him as Rockefeller's check in four figures. His daughter will never return, but some other unfortunate girl in far-away China will, by virtue of that piece of paper. To find a purchaser for his daughter's certificate of return will be no trouble. He will be besieged with offers from the wealthy panders.

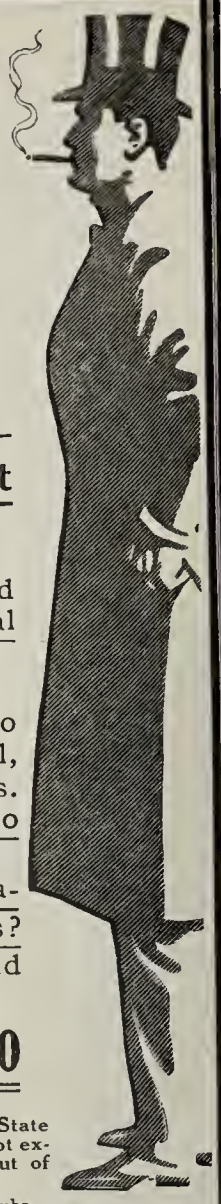
The purchaser of the certificate, either in person or through his agents, at once begins his house-to-house search for the replica of the "adjudicated native." Up and down the Pearl River and through the Province of Canton he roams, photograph and certificate in hand. In all probability the searcher has a dozen or more photographs and certificates with him. Looking for replicas is his business.

At last, in some poverty-stricken hut on the banks of the Pearl, he finds what he thinks is a replica for the girl born in California. The girl takes no hand in the bargaining that follows. The mother is not fully aware of her daughter's fate when she sets the price. He paints in vivid colors the wealth of her future son-in-law,

A pure Havana filled cigar for 2 cents



Yes—Pure Havana
Grown on the Isle of Cuba—
Imported by us from Cuba—
Put into this cigar by us—
Guaranteed pure Havana by us—
Is there any way to make it stronger?



Mr. Smoker—you don't have to be told that there is such a thing grown as real Havana tobacco.

You know there is.

You have tasted it. You know that no other tobacco *ever* gave you that delightful, rich, tasty, smoke that Havana tobacco does.

But the point you want to know—have to be shown—is this:

Is it possible to sell a genuine, pure Havana filled cigar of "decent" size for 2 cents?

It certainly is—most positively is—and here it is.

Santa Glorias Box 50 Prepaid **$1.00**

Exact size and shape shown. A clean, thoroughly cured York State wrapper with genuine Havana filler. A quickly rolled cigar—not expensively finished—but substantially made. Will please 99 out of 100 experienced, exacting smokers.

There's just one Havana tobacco—that which actually grows on the Isle of Cuba.

Tobacco growers the world over, have unsuccessfully tried, time and time again, to duplicate Havana tobacco—using the same seeds, same plants.

"Seed" Havana or transplanted Havana, in any shape or form, never had, cannot have, that genuine natural Havana **flavor, taste, aroma.** It takes the sun, soil—the peculiar tropical climatic conditions of Cuba—found nowhere else in the world.

The fact cannot be dodged that there is actual and gross misrepresentation about Havana tobacco among the millions of cigars offered—in stores and by mail. But here is real Havana, grown in and imported from Cuba. Our 49 years of honorable business dealing is back of that statement.

SANTA GLORIAS can be had of dealers everywhere. If you have the slightest difficulty in locating them just enclose a dollar bill with your name and address in an envelope to the makers

49th Year
600 Employees

R. & W. JENKINSON CO.

1158 Liberty Street
Pittsburg, Pa.

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Played on your own machine, no matter whether it's a Columbia or not, Columbia Double-Disc Records will give you better music, longer service, and a different selection on each side of the disc. We guarantee that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of disc records of any other make, regardless of their cost.

Go to the nearest dealer—and then don't take "no" for an answer. Get *Columbia Double-Discs,* or go elsewhere. Write us and we will give you the address of a nearby dealer; or send us 65c and we will send you a sample, postage free, with a catalog.

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BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, London. Headquarters for Canada—40 Melinda St., Toronto, Ont.

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Dealers Wanted—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented
Manufacturers of Disc and Cylinder Graphophones—Double-Disc and Indestructible Cylinder Records

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Convincingly proven by six pictures of the E.-M.-F. Glidden Pathfinding Car taken en-route, which was equipped with regular stock Morgan & Wright tires exactly the same kind as we would furnish you.



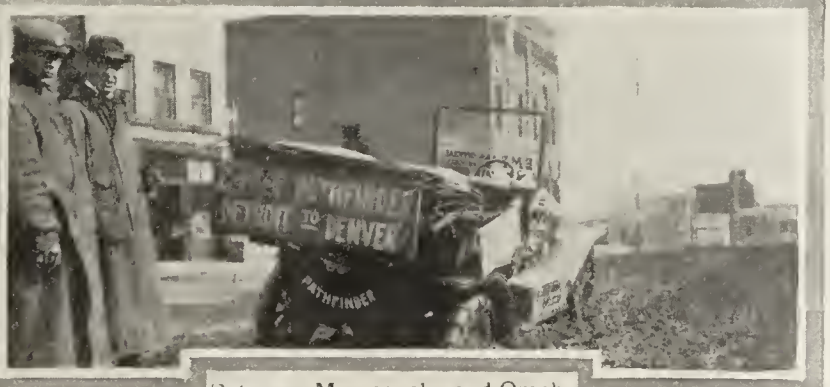
Roads found in Wisconsin



Struggling thru Minnesota



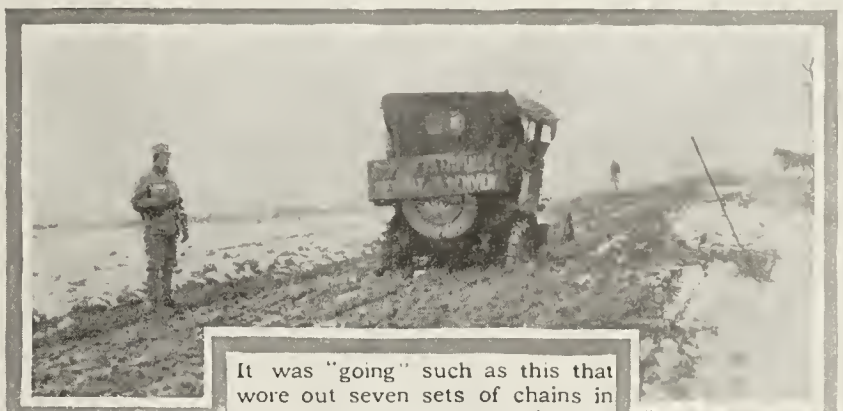
After a day's "ploughing"



Between Minneapolis and Omaha



Iowa "roads"



It was "going" such as this that wore out seven sets of chains in one day but didn't wear out the tires



The tires which stood the brunt of the grind. They ran from Detroit to Omaha on the rear wheels over roads here depicted and arrived in Omaha with the Detroit air still in them. Note that altho the sides are worn from continual running in ruts, the treads are still in perfect condition.

CAPITAL STOCK $1,000,000

Everitt-Metzger-Flanders Co

MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOBILES
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

June 9, 1909.

Messrs. Morgan & Wright,

Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:-

We are very much elated over the wonderful tire record made by the E-M-F "30" in the Glidden Pathfinding trip. We believe it is only fair that we share this elation and the credit for the splendid performance with the makers of Morgan & Wright tires.

2834 miles over roads that have hitherto been considered impassable in April and May, and using only six casings on the entire trip, is a record that never has been equalled we believe. When you consider that the car carried five passengers and about 700 pounds of extra equipment, the tire record is all the more remarkable.

Meinzinger states that he drove all the way from Detroit to Chicago, thence via Milwaukee, Madison, La Crosse to Minneapolis, and then to Omaha, with the Detroit air in all four tires. The last two days' run into Omaha was thru dried "gumbo" ruts six to twelve inches deep and caked so hard it cut the rubber off the sides of the tires until the fabric showed all around, yet the treads showed little or no wear. In one day seven sets of chains were worn out, so you can appreciate the condition of the roads. At Omaha the two rear tires were changed as a matter of precaution against a possible blow-out. Half way between Omaha and Denver one front tire was changed for the same reason. The other front tire arrived in Denver with the Detroit air still in it. Here the fourth tire was changed. One of these was cut by a jagged rock or other sharp object so it may not be practical to re-cover it, but the other five can all be re-covered.

Of course we claim that the proper distribution of weight in the E-M-F "30" car is largely responsible for this economical tire record, but it is a source of great satisfaction to us to know that M. & W. tires, which constitute our exclusive standard equipment, showed up so wonderfully under such severe conditions.

Yours very truly,
Everitt-Metzger-Flanders Co.
By _____
Adv. Mgr.

ELF-EAD



Send Us Four Cents

And we'll send you a generous sample of Palmolive—the finest toilet soap on the market.

Until you have used this superior soap, you don't know how good soap can be.

More women use Palmolive Soap than any other toilet soap selling for 10c a cake or more. When you know what they know, you'll get it, too.

Try it in any water—try it in every way—for shampoo, manicure, massage, for the bath. Bathe the baby with it. It is excellent for baby's skin, so you know it is good for yours.

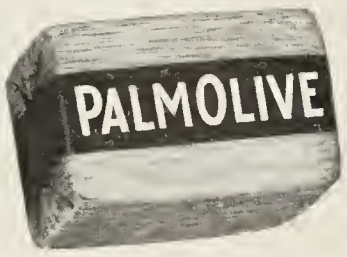
We use only palm and olive oils from the Orient.

Then we use a special process and get a perfect blend. We have had 36 years of experience in soap making.

The result is a soap so delightful that you'll wonder you never used it before. Price 15c at your dealer's.

Send the 4c today. We'll send you also our free book, "*The Easy Way to Beauty.*"

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
350 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wis.



PAY THE

Canadian Pacific Ry.

62½c Per Acre

And Take Immediate Possession of

Wonderfully Productive

Farm Land In Southern British Columbia

Yes Sir, Wonderfully Productive land for 62½ cents per acre down and 62½ cents per acre once a year for seven years—that's the maximum you have to pay us for the land.

If you select land slightly timbered you pay in addition only two dollars per thousand for the timber which you sell, all that you use on the place is free.

At these prices we are almost giving it away, but the Canadian Pacific Railway wants YOU, not your money.

As a matter of fact that first 62½ cents is all that need come out of your pocket direct, the land itself if properly handled can be made to yield a comfortable living and pay for itself. And, when fully developed, it will yield a good living and a comfortable surplus.

These lands are suitable for general, truck, fruit, dairy and stock farming.

120,112 lbs. of Vegetables From 10 Acres

Mr. D. E. Gellatley and Sons shipped from Gellatley, British Columbia, over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of mixed vegetables in one year—all raised on ten acres of what was just such land as you can buy for 62½ cents per acre per year.

$5,030 in Fruit from 6 Acres

Mr. T. W. Stirling of Kelowna, British Columbia, sold the fruit picked in one season from 6 acres for $5,030.00.

An advertisement can't tell the whole story. But, if you men and women who are fighting a hopeless, up-hill battle will send me your names, I'll see that you get good hard facts about this country of opportunities by the thousands, enough to go round and to spare.

If you have any idea that Southern British Columbia is a far off barren waste, cold and uninviting, you were never more mistaken in your life.

There is no more delightful country to live in anywhere. Let me send you the facts.

We will satisfy you that you can enjoy life and prosper in Southern British Columbia.

Then come up here and buy a 160 acre farm for 62½ cents an acre down and 62½ cents an acre a year and the Canadian Pacific Railway will hand you back half your fare over its own line of railway.

Fill out the coupon now—You'll get the facts by return mail, and you'll then know how to fix yourself comfortably for life.

J. S. DENNIS, British Columbia Land Commissioner,

J. S. DENNIS, British Columbia Land Commissioner,
Dept. A, Canadian Pacific Railway,
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

I want information about Southern British Columbia, and your 62½ cents per acre per year land.

Name. .....

Address. .....

Town. .....State. .....

who has forwarded a complete description of what the girl, who is to sit on his silken cushion and pour his tea, must be like.

When, after a careful comparison, it is found that the girls are as alike as two peas in the same pod, there is a feast. The usual method of buying is to multiply the price asked by three and then divide it by five. Thus, if the price asked be one hundred Mexican dollars, three times one hundred are three hundred, and five goes into three hundred sixty times. So it will generally come to pass that the happy mother will receive sixty or seventy Mexican dollars (worth in gold about $40), and a $5,000 slave will be secured for some highbinder in California.

The San Francisco highbinder receives word that another slave is on the way, and will reach the port of San Francisco on a certain steamer. The first thing to do is to consult his well-paid lawyer and round up the paid witnesses. The father of the girl on whose certificate the slave is to attempt landing comes first in the list of witnesses. He must be ready to meet the strange girl as a father would meet his long-lost child. He must make no mistake in his exhibition of parental affection. Of course the girl has been carefully coached. She bears the name of the girl who went away, and must know all about Goat Island, Oakland, Kearny Street, or Spofford Alley. She must be able to lisp a few words of English and stand a cross-examination by the trained corps of immigration inspectors in the Chinese bureau.

A majority of the girls landed go to a life of blows, intimidation, and abuse. Many of them pine away and die in a short time.

The Treasure Heap

THE rubbish of New York City is worth about $200,000 a year. The city gathers and carries its rubbish to the scows at the river-front. Then a contractor trims the scows and disposes of the litter. This operation costs him about $3,000 a week, or $500 each working day. For the privilege of handling the stuff, and winnowing it for goodly finds, the contractor, Celesto Di Maico, pays $1,750 a week, or $90,000 a year, to the city. This is $25,000 more than the previous contracts.

Saving Ireland

THE Countess of Aberdeen is touring the world to save Ireland. She is head of the Women's National Health Association of Ireland, which is fighting tuberculosis and infant mortality. Emigration has drained off the strong and hardy young men and women. The weaker kinsfolk have been left in the home country to fight bad drainage, ramshackle dwellings, and depleted physiques.

That which stirred all Ireland to the campaign was the cruel infant mortality, which kills off each year nearly 12,000 children under one year of age, and the ravages of tuberculosis over all ages, so that Ireland's death-rate from this disease is higher than that of England or Scotland, and is only exceeded by Hungary, Austria, and Servia.

The association was formed in 1907. It aims to prevent and stamp out consumption, to lessen infant mortality, to safeguard milk, to make healthy homes, and improve the schools. It is a combined effort to make the homes of Ireland healthy—full of fresh air, clean, containing airy bedrooms, providing nourishing, well-cooked food. The purpose is to make Ireland the most healthy country in the world.

An itinerant Tuberculosis Exhibition has been flung out over the face of Ireland. Three hundred lectures have been given. The exhibition gave a month to Dublin to packed audiences, and then in two parts made a northern and southern circuit, with a fortnight each at Belfast and at Cork, and then two or three days in the provincial towns. Eighty districts were visited, and 560,000 persons visited it—more than an eighth of the population of Ireland.

The association has dotted the map of the Green Isle with 100 branches. Further, the association has set in motion a Tuberculosis Exhibition Caravan, painted in St. Patrick's blue and drawn by horses. It is laden with lectures, limelight lanterns, and diagrams, circulars, gramophones, and charts. It preaches by mottoes painted loudly on the van sides: "Victory is Certain": "Our Enemies are Bad Air, Bad Food, Bad Drink, and Dirt"; "Our Weapons are Pure Air, Pure Food, Pure Milk, and Cleanliness." The leading van is called the "Phœnix," and the consort, carrying the crusade impedimenta, is known as the "War Wagon."

Already good has come of the crusade. More windows are being left open day and night. Wherever the trail of the van or itinerant exhibition has gone, the house and its inhabitants are cleaner, neater in dress, more careful in person.



WINCHESTER

Self-Loading Rifle, .351 Caliber, High Power

This six-shot repeater utilizes the recoil to reload itself, which places loading, as well as shooting, under the control of the trigger finger. The ease, rapidity and accuracy with which it can be shot make it a particularly effective rifle for big game hunting, where the quarry often has to be shot on the run. The .351 Caliber, High-Power cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

Circular fully describing this rifle, "The Gun That Shoots Through Steel," sent upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Economy of Power

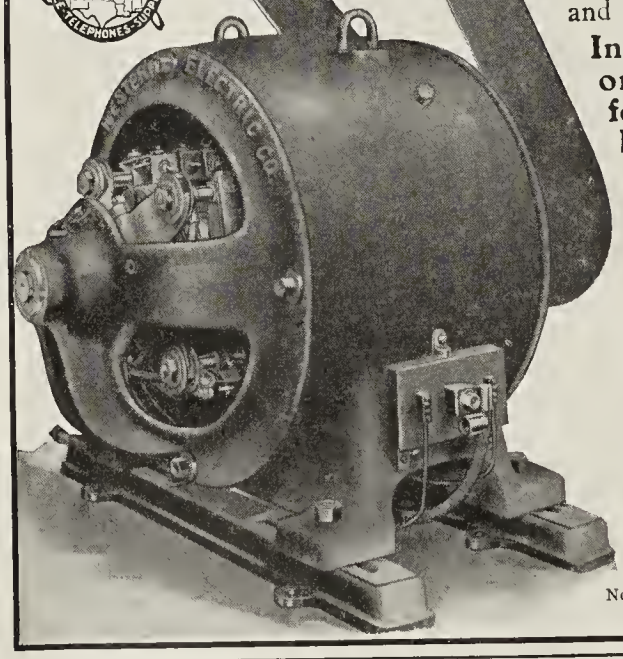
Everything that requires power—even hand power—can be operated better and more economically with

Hawthorn

TRADE MARK

Motors

Coffee Grinders
Coffee Roasters
Bread Mixers
Churns
Meat Cutters
Sausage Machines
Machine Tools of all kinds.



Save 25 to 40 per cent. of power expense

The tradesman as well as the manufacturer can use them to great advantage for running grinders, roasters, mixers, freezers, refrigerators, etc.

"Hawthorn" Motors are made in all sizes from one-twelfth horse power up. Wherever there's a wheel to turn there's a "Hawthorn" Motor especially suited to turn it economically.

"Hawthorn" Motors are the result of over 30 years' experience. They are built for economy of power—for reliable work and durability and require but little attention.

In the home, shop, office or store, there are uses for a "Hawthorn" Motor.

Send for our free booklet No. 7649, telling of their convenience, first cost, maintenance, expense.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

EASTERN	WESTERN
New York,	St. Louis,
Philadelphia,	Kansas City,
Boston,	Denver,
Pittsburg,	Dallas,
Atlanta.	Omaha.
CENTRAL	PACIFIC
Chicago,	San Francisco,
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Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
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$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the

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PARIS GARTERS

They fit so well you forget they're there



A necessity with Knee-Drawers

No metal can touch you



You need them the year round

Sold Everywhere

25-50¢

A. Stein & Co., 160 Center Ave., Chicago

CO-EDUCATION

What College?

Sixty-nine per cent of those whose names appear in "Who's Who in America" are college graduates. Since less than one per cent of the total population go to college, this shows that the college gradnate's chance of making a name in the world is as 69 to 1.

Therefore the question of a college education is an important one. Scarcely less important is the choice of the college one will attend.

Any young man or woman considering college life will be interested in

"At Old Miami"

an illustrated booklet concerning Miami University at Oxford, Ohio. Dating from 1809, this is one of the historic schools of America. It is a State University insuring the highest standards in equipment and scholarship.

Because of liberal state appropriations, expenses are very low.

It is co-educational and nearly 600 students attended last year.

The Liberal Art College offers a variety of courses leading to A. B. degree.

The Normal College trains teachers. For years all gradnates have secured good positions, the demand greatly exceeding the supply.

A Sub-Freshman class offers an opportunity for students to complete their preparation for college.

The booklet and any information desired will be sent free on request to

GUY POTTER BENTON, LL.D., President, Box 500, Oxford, Ohio

Increase Your Salary

If you are unemployed; or dissatisfied with your work; or get very low wages and see no prospect of advancement;

Eastman Can Help You

The school has had a national reputation for fifty years, and obtains employment for more than 1000 young people each year. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Telegraphy, Civil Service, and Academic Departments. Write for free prospectus.

Eastman School

Clement C. Gaines, M.A., B.L., President,
Box 718, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Ursinus Academy

Collegeville, Pa. (24 miles from Phila.)

On Ursinus College grounds. Beautiful surroundings. Healthful location. Christian but not sectarian. No distractions. Completely furnished rooms. Wholesome board. Prepares for any college or technical school. $230 to $250 per year. Address

J. W. RIDDLE, Jr., Principal.

Blair Academy

Blairstown, New Jersey

62nd year. Prepares for any American College. New buildings; gymnasium; thorough equipment. Healthful location. Campus 80 acres. Liberal endowment justifies the unusually low rate of $350. Fall term opens Sept. 15th.

JOHN C. SHARPE, A.M., D.D., Principal, P. O. Box J

EASTERN COLLEGE

For Young Men and Women



Manassas, Va., the Battlefield City, suburban to Washington. Formerly at Front Royal. The college will occupy this Fall its new and thoroughly modern buildings, on campus of 15 acres. Offers College Courses for Men and Women; also preparatory, normal, business, music, elocution and art courses. $225.00 a year. For catalog address

President Hervin U. Roop, Ph.D., L. LL., or Irwin F. Mather, A.M., Dean

CUSHING ACADEMY

Ashburnham Massachusetts

An endowed school, located among the hills. Graduates in thirty colleges and scientific schools Students from 20 states and foreign countries. Gymnasium. Athletic field. Co-educational. $260 a year. Address H. S. COWELL, Prin.

GODDARD SEMINARY

In the heart of the Green Mountains. Co educational. General and College Preparatory courses. Special courses in Art and Music. Modern buildings. Exceptional athletic training. Endowment reduces cost to $200 a year.
ORLANDO K. HOLLISTER, Litt.D., Principal, Barre, Vt.

KEYSTONE ACADEMY

Factoryville, Pennsylvania. Co-educational. Endowed school. $240 per year. Prepares for all colleges. Commercial course. Strong Departments in Piano and Vocal music. Large campus, lake trout, athletic field. Location in a village of refined homes. *No factories.* Catalogue.

H. LOREN FASSETT, A.B., Principal, Box A.

CHAPPAQUA MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE

A Co-Educational Friends School, 39th year. Removes this season to its beautiful new buildings at Valhalla, 25 miles from N. Y. 30 acres, 500 ft. altitude. Preparatory, Commercial, Manual Training, Music. Separate residence and Home Mother for young children. $250—$275 a year.

Address Box D, Valhalla, Westchester Co., N. Y.

ITHACA HIGH SCHOOL

Prepares for any College and for Business. Has prepared over 1000 students for 47 different colleges. 7 acre athletic field. Secures all regents credentials. Students can enter any time. Tuition $100. For catalogue, address
F. D. BOYNTON, D.Pd., Supt., 200 N. Cayuga St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Ohio, Oberlin, Box S

OBERLIN ACADEMY

Eighteen instructors. Thoroughly equipped to prepare for any college or scientific school. New courses in History and Science. New gymnasium. Expenses reasonable. Seventy-seventh year begins Sept. 22, 1909. For catalogue apply to JOHN FISHER PECK, Principal.

ALLEGHANY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

Terms, including board and tuition, $187.50. *Branch of the Southern Seminary System.* In the beautiful Greenbrier Valley. Lower School for younger pupils. Strong faculty.

Rev. L. S. SHIRES, A.B., Principal, Box 505, Alderson, W. Va.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

What Wishing Did

(*Continued from page 15*)

Rosemarie uttered a musical laugh full of delight.

"I like your jinnee," she declared to Gilbert, linking arms with that young man.

"No longer his," the jinnee earnestly corrected her. "I am bound only to the one who wears the ring."

A little superstitious awe flashing into her face, she looked swiftly from the iron band on her finger up at Katapapoum. "But what if I have no need of any service?" With a beautiful movement, she drew close to Gilbert's side. "What if I have already everything I wish?"

The jinnee gazed round him as if stupefied.

"Oh, miracle!" finally burst from him. "Here, at last, I find contentment!" His rolling glance fell upon the piano. "But wait: if I remember, six months ago you had a career in mind—you were to be a prima donna?"

Her eyes were misty; she turned them upon Gilbert.

"I give that up," she answered. "I shall be a wife."

Immediately, Katapapoum's face was transfigured with a strange charm. And there surrounded those three—the two linked lovingly together and the one who had so joined them—a silence not unlike the hush which pervades a chapel at the benediction of a marriage.

At length, the jinnee seemed to recollect himself. The brightness faded from his face. He stepped back to the door.

"Good-by," said he. And, to their immediate remonstrance, told them:

"Jinn may not, alas, be social beings: they obey laws peculiar to themselves, and which they can not transcend. The wishes of their masters bring them flying out of the mysterious voids which they inhabit; the fulfilment of those wishes keeps them for a little while among you; but when their tasks are done they must be gone. So now I fly back to my own place, my track high above the snows and rains and winds, over Bagdad, Grand Cairo, Damascus, Moussoul, Coam, Cashan, and Ispahan, amid the tinted vapors of the zenith my frock coat melting into trailing robes, my top hat into a turban, my cravat into necklaces, my whole appearance of modernity into that aspect by which all ages, from the dawn of magic, have recognized me. But still, shall I not bear back with me into that enchanted region where all the unemployed Jinn of the world foregather, a precious souvenir? For I will tell you an occult thing—the reason for my vitality at my great age. Such sentimental deeds as I have wrought here revivify me; the smiles that I see on your two faces will refreshen me through tedious years. In bearing to others something that I may not have myself—and maybe you know what that would be—I gain felicity and health. Wealth, which I have always handled as a child handles leaves and pebbles—what is that? And fame, which I have so many times seen blown out to the bursting point, to vanish finally with a snap—does that impose upon me? But oh, that inestimable gift which I bear to and fro above the world—that casket which I carry sealed from one heart to another, and into which I may not even peep—that contains the treasure of all time, Gilbert and Rosemarie. What joy, to be at least the bearer of it!"

"Ah, dear jinnee," sighed Rosemarie, gazing up through bright tears at the unfortunate features of Katapapoum, "do not fly away! See, here is lifelong friendship."

But contemplating them as if from a great distance, slowly he shook his head. And then, while all three of them seemed still standing motionless, the latch clicked, the two lovers were staring at the closed door, he was gone!

Where the Boulevard Raspail approaches Rue d'Assas, a gigantic figure stood for a long time gazing back. Flurries of wet snow, appearing suddenly out of the upper darkness, glittered before the street lights. Every moment the snowflakes drifted down more thickly; they became like particles of some magic haze, enveloping that solitary figure, muffling it, concealing it—as if preparing it for an invisible translation.

"Well, is it not at least good to be so rich and powerful a jinnee? Of course. And yet . . ."

Now a mere phantom amid the snow, that figure turned and went away—not soaring, not in a flash, but, for a wonder, with dragging feet, slowly.

III

JUNE had come again: and Rosemarie, who sat gazing out of her window at the moonlight, was moved to melancholy by all those evidences of a budding season



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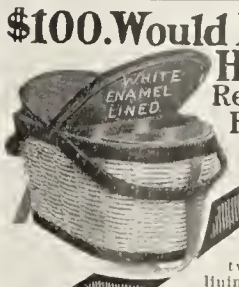
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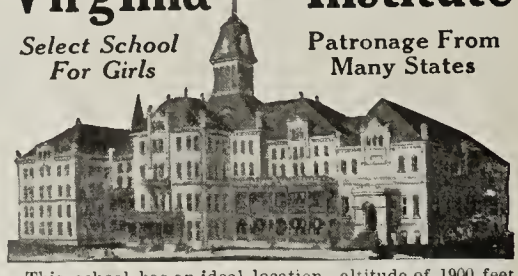
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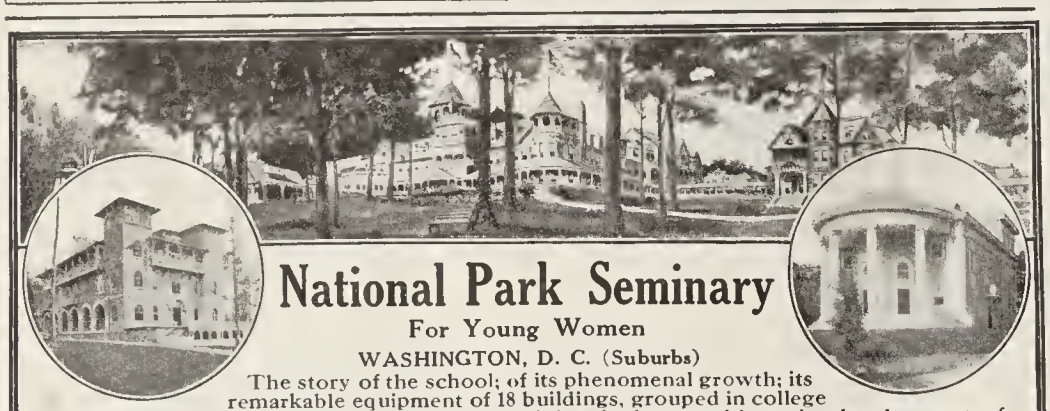
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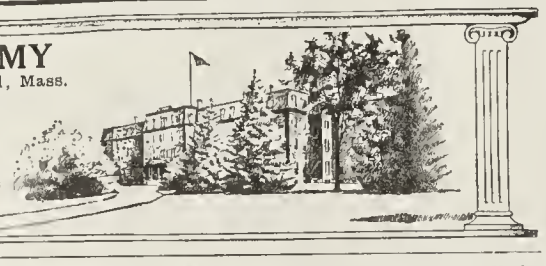
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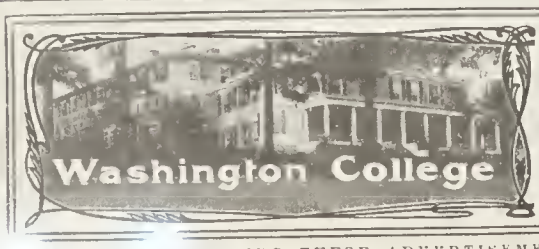
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which, pervading the soft air and filtering—as it were—through the expanded tissues to the heart, rouse, in the young and lovely, raptures far more often than sadness. Just above the roofs, amid the quiet blue, like a great golden fruit, hung the moon—the source from which, on nights like this, is disseminated so much sweet madness. But in the moonlight, the breath of spring, the silence, Rosemarie found merely a setting for the happiness of others. And yet, she was thinking all the while of Gilbert.

Six months of wealth and fame in Paris had wrought an interesting change in our young rascal. A thousand scented breezes—such as he had never felt before—had blown upon that thistledown bundle of impulses which he called his temperament—at first, no more than causing it to tremble; then driving it afield on little fluttering excursions; finally sending it off on such venturesome careers that sometimes it was nearly lost to view. In truth, fame, flattery, and plenty had gone to Gilbert's unseasoned head.

In Rue d'Assas it was: "What a world, after all—see the sunshine on the leaves, the nodding flowers, the perfect sky, the little, rosy clouds! Youth in spring: shall we let it pass without one deep draft of this elixir, one saraband on the grass, one reckless song?" And in the Boulevard Raspail it was: "An appointment, my treasure; a dinner of some very influential persons, who can do everything for me. . . . Impossible, my angel, necessary to call on the Prince of What-d'you-callem and arrange for sittings. . . . Alas, my poor Rosemarie, I must see these gentlemen, I must be at that reception—one does not slight such people. But rest assured, if there are ladies there—which Heaven forbid—I shall not think them pretty, I shall not even see them." Kisses for punctuation, and, at the period, off he goes, coattails flying, hat cocked, and a posy in his buttonhole. Rosemarie, alone, gazing out on the moon, draws quivering breaths and twists her hands together. While so employed—

"Rat-a-tat-tat!" Her heart gave a jump.

"Enter!"

A great voice rumbled:

"Mistress, you rubbed the ring?"

It was Katapapoum!

Yes, it was he, in the obscurity of the unlighted room appearing vaster than ever, and wearing again that occidental disguise which sat so strangely on him. He stalked forward: the moonlight illumined his remarkable countenance: his large, protruding eyes glistened in awesome fashion, quite as a jinnee's should; his mouth became enormous—it was smiling. And, at that smile, a thrill which had started through her died away: she was afraid no longer.

"Welcome, dear jinnee," she breathed, as if to an old friend. "And to come after all this time, just when I have, at last, such a need of magic!" She sighed. "What faithfulness! Now, by that faithfulness I know you are not mortal. And what devotion! Were you at much pains to come here?"

"From the world-encircling mountains of Kaf, straight through the Milky Way and the nimbus of the moon. But what is that? The business of a moment, when you need me." He settled into the chair she designated. For a long time he looked at her in silence, still smiling placidly, like one content to be at the end of a long journey.

"Will you have the gossip of my travels hither?" he asked at length. "Shall I inform you of the present fashions—as I glimpsed them—in the Isle of the Children of Khalidan, or of the plague of turquoise nose-rings that has fallen upon the ladies of Ludhiana, or what colors outside the rainbow the Princesses of Mahabalipur seem to be affecting? Or would you rather hear what some voices told me in the upper air as I came flying—say, how the fairy Maiounè, as she flashed past me over Turkestan, whispered, in a breath: 'One sits grieving in the moonlight, because the sunlight has blinded another's eyes?'"

"One would think that nothing in the world is hidden from you, Monsieur Jinnee," said Rosemarie, a little bitterly. "It seems that I need not recount my troubles."

"What should a jinnee be, dear Lady of the Ring, if not omniscient? Age after age, he looks through eyes, unveiled in wishing, down into hearts. Then surely, with such vast experience, from time to time he may venture a little good advice? May he not say to-night: Since only three wishes can be granted you, and so much of life still lies before you, why waste a wish on this predicament, which will pass of its own accord? Very soon, now, amid the hot hurly-burly of his carnival, a cool breath, flavored with old scents, will play upon that young man we are concerned with. Pausing on the tinsel-decked path which leads nowhere, he will gaze back,

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with eyes blown clear of their fever, toward the serene and true vistas from which he has been rambling. Then you will hear the gasps of self-reproach, the patter of returning feet, the incoherent babbling for pardon—in short, all the goings-on of a proper prodigal. Poor boy; after all, is he not acting in the old rôle of Human Nature? Youth must touch and suffer and repent. Save your wishes; in a little while now, he will come back." And he smiled again, with the benignity of an expert old philosopher condoning the frailty of a child.

"But," cried Rosemarie, "it could not be the same. This to remember, and perhaps expect again? I should never be happy! And yet—"

Recalling all that young reprobate's attractiveness, she was in a pitiable quandary: how could she ever trust him more, and, still, how could she ever give him up? What anguish! She wrung her hands. She wailed:

"Oh, I wish I did not love him!"

Instantly she felt a little silvery concussion in her brain. Through a mist she saw the jinnee's massive hand, raised too late in remonstrance, fall with a gesture of reproach. What had she done? That question was immediately followed by a tremendous crash, reverberating through the heavens, echoing and reechoing, dying out far off in sullen rumblings—possibly no more than a great peal of summer thunder, but likelier such an uproar as should accompany the violent disintegrations and readjustment of the universe. For, as silence fell, and, in a sort of panic, Rosemarie's mind reached out to seize again upon the image of her Gilbert, at first she did not recognize it, so small had it become, so inconsiderable was its prettiness, so trivial its intrinsic worth—in total (for all its glamour of fame and fortune) so plainly was it the figure of an immature little being masquerading in the splendid robes of a giant. Then, even while she was marveling thereat, that absurd vision dwindled the more, shredded away as does the figment of a dream when one is waking, and was gone. She stared round her. Yes, the world was furnished quite as it had been: the moonlight flooded the room; a sweet breeze was blowing through the window; she still saw before her the egregious countenance of Katapapoum. He was inquiring, solicitously:

"You miss something?"

"Something is gone," faltered Rosemarie, "but I do not seem to miss it."

"Think well," the jinnee exhorted her, bending forward with a piercing look. "Many a century have I watched mortals reaching out for cities, moneys, crowns, wreaths, and kisses; but never till now have I seen one throw away with both hands the jewels out of that enchanted casket which you know of."

"But," she heard herself replying, "what if the pearls were, after all, but wax, the diamonds only glass, the whole nothing but a heap of rubble? When one is a child, a gimerack is a treasure; but when one sees at last through the calm eyes of maturity, perhaps one's hopes soar suddenly to unguessed heights, in aspiring to a great jewel of the finest water."

Sinking back in his chair, Katapapoum exclaimed, with a groan of dismay:

"Now, at last, I have a task to give me thought: where to find for her a jewel so excellent as to surpass those she has thrown away. Well, I suppose even that must be done, or what sort of jinnee am I? Mistress, to hear is to obey. Shall I flap forth post-haste upon my search; shall I be off, with a bound and a rattle, to rummage the Isle of Eligibility?"

Rosemarie smiled.

"Always the same, ready without hesitation, though serving means the scaling of the stars—and all for the pleasure of others. Oh, true jinnee of fantasy! All doubts are gone at last: you are surely what you declare yourself to be—more willing, competent, and unselfish than any mortal! And yet, my remaining wishes wished, you would fly away forever; then I should not have any more the feeling I have now—that my heart's new-found solitude is not loneliness; that there is at my call something strong, kind, and sure, in which to trust. Ah, Monsieur Katapaponm, can you not, in your infinite potency, be friend as well as jinnee?"

He opened his capacious mouth, closed it and blinked his eyes rapidly.

"At your service, Princess," he rattled in his throat. For a while they sat silent. She contemplated him in wonder.

How strange a figure, she pondered. How unreal the whole adventure which included him. How his imagination had gemmed over all their intercourse until it was like a dream. And yet, beneath his bizarre behavior, how plainly was his heart revealed; as for his bizarre face, what a light struggled through it, after all. Poor, kind jinnee! With a throb of pity, she whispered to herself:

"I wish he were not so ugly."

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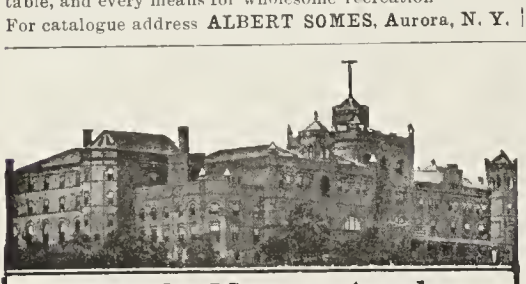
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A cloud passed slowly before the moon: the moonlight faded; a veil of shadows descended between Rosemarie and Katapapoum. And when that obscuration had passed—and she saw that he had not flown away, but was still there—his face seemed changed: ugliness was not in it so much as strength: the extravagance of its various features had melted into a queer sort of distinction—and who, at that moment, could have found fault with the expression which it wore?

"Magic!" she gasped. Rising, her head in a whirl, she leaned out of the window. The wind came hurrying to caress her cheeks: the moon poured its bewitching fluid upon her eyes: so, magic was within, magic was without, and magic was working at her heart. Dreamily she murmured:

"Tell me, Monsieur Jinnee, you who are so familiar with the upper air, what lies up there, at the soiree of the moonbeams and among the scintillations of the stars? Wonderful things, surely, since one can feel the charm of them here."

Looming above her, he answered, in a vibrant voice:

"Yes, I have indeed been thereabout; I can tell you what is there. In that place the moon serves as sun, so it is always moonlight. The stars are very near, so they hang down, overhead, like innumerable strings of lanterns looped up above a pleasure garden. And, indeed, a pleasure garden lies beneath them, swimming on billows of silvery clouds, swaying gently as the breezes make its vapory foundations oscillate—a little paradise, now wholly hidden by spangled mists of stardust, now quite revealed. That garden is enclosed with walls of mother-of-pearl, its gate is encrusted all over with great pearls, and nothing can compare with their splendor in the moonlight. Above the walls rise the feathery tops of trees, from which blows away a perfume whose sweetness I can not describe. They say those trees are inexpressibly beautiful, that their fruits are unlike any other fruits, that there are no flowers like the flowers beneath them. From the center of the treetops rise the minarets and the dome of an exquisite pavilion—a fretwork of alabaster inlaid with precious stones, so delicate that there glows through it from within a rosy light, so ethereal that it trembles with the strains of unearthly music played beneath it. They say that this dome is the appropriate crown of the edifice below. . . ."

"They say! They say!" cried Rosemarie. "Is it, then, but hearsay with you, after all?"

"Yes," he answered, "in that I have only stood without. There is the one spot that I have never entered."

Tears were upon her cheeks.

"And what do they call that place?"

"What should it be, Princess, but the Garden of Love?" said Katapapoum.

She saw the moon vaguely—it seemed to waver before her swimming eyes.

"Yet you—being bound to my service as the Jinnee of the Ring—if I desired to see that garden—"

And then remembering all that the ring had brought about, for the third time she whispered to herself:

"I wish— I wish—"

* * *

The March of the Germans

(*Continued from page 13*)

influence, but they do not forget their pockets. Austria, and particularly German Austria, realizes its debt to Germany in the Servian affair. She is preparing a Dreadnought program of her own.

When Hungary objected to this expense, Vienna answered: "But we're going to build them down on the Hungarian coast at Fiume." "Oh, ho," said the Hungarians, "we've always favored a big navy. In fact, come to think of it, we were the original big navy section of this empire!" Franz Josef in his old age sees the Hapsburgs firmly established for a long term.

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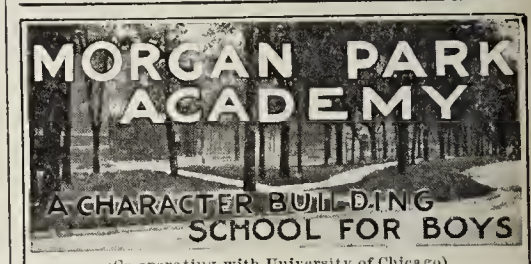
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Through all the months that England has been "enjoying" a so-called panic, the Germans have been amused and disdainful. They cartoon Edward with outlandish conceits. They talk of blood and iron gutturally, but not nervously, and they do hope that the British will calm down soon. Why, the French have suffered frequent outbreaks, but eventually their rage has cooled, because those very peaceful Germans refused to talk back. Since the British began their jingo campaign the Germans have lost their temper only once. Then the Reichstag increased its navy program. A good many members, as they consider the $125,000,000 loan to make up the national deficit, are sorry for the outburst. However, they do not retreat. It is as hard for nations as for individuals to swallow their words of defiance.

Asquith proposes an agreement whereby the two nations shall keep their navies at relatively their present strength. In other words, you agree to let me sit on you forever—as the Germans see the offer—or you are no friend of peace. Haven't we more population than Great Britain? the Germans ask. Haven't we a great trade to defend? Don't we face foes by land and sea? Then, why haven't we a right to build a great navy? Has England any patent on sea power?

The German Privately Saws Wood

IN VAIN does one seek full information about the nature of that German fleet, half the strength of the British, which arouses British apprehensions. The mystery in which it is shrouded may be a part of its formidability to insular imagination. We have no authoritative statistics of target practise, no details of drill or battle practise; for military secrecy was not original with the Japanese students of the German system.

Ten years ago the British were saying that the Germans, having no sea inheritance, could not have a great navy. Perhaps to-day pessimism swings the pendulum to an equally foolish extreme. In a floating hell factory where every man is a mechanic, of what value is the memory of a Trafalgar fought with sails and muzzle-loaders? Yet is there any reason to suppose that the British navy, leader in the progress of naval warfare, has grown inefficient? Not to those who know it.

Drill, drill, drill, the German officers and men know no rest. They work harder than those of any other navy, all the world agrees. They work too hard, some critics say, inducing stupidity and staleness. Command is concentrated and mobilization ever complete. Politics does not interfere in naval administration. There seems no end to maneuvering and sea practise in the rough waters and chill winds of the North Sea and the Baltic. Probably staff pigeonholes can tell precisely what the Germans should do if the British attack. All you hear is the occasional confident remark—yes, these Prussians are exasperatingly cocksure — that Germany will give the world the same surprise on sea as she gave us on land in '70. Who knows till the spring is touched and Mr. Jack comes out of the box?

As I said in my article on the British side of the question, German prosperity is at the bottom of the British "scare." The Germans prosper. Their force is felt increasingly throughout Europe. You see more of them in the Mediterranean watering places every winter. At Monte Carlo they surround the tables, the management complains, playing twenty-five frane pieces at a time and driving away the American millionaires, those ideal patrons, who lose a lot in a few minutes and hurry away.

England Leans Backward

EVERY young German who is going into trade has his wander year, in which he studies languages and customs in countries to whose markets he must appeal. Raise your hand in any German railway station and you will find some one who speaks English. Waiters in Paris and London are frequently German. Which people is better equipped, the one that aims to learn foreign languages and foreign ways or the one that does not? The British have been content; the Germans ambitious to learn. The British lean backward; the Germans lean forward. And the back can be broken in either position.

Every new country welcomes the German emigrant, provided he leaves his nationality at home. But the Kaiser insists that he shall at least have it concealed somewhere about his person; else he can never fight and die in the name of the Never-to-be-Forgotten Ancestors and enter the Brandenburg Walhalla. Either return to serve your time in the army or else you may never visit the fatherland without arrest. And the youngsters on the wander year, from waiters to merchants' sons, do return. The saying that a German readily sheds his nationality is losing its force.

German subjects are protected. German push—Prussian boorishness some call

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it—and German success have granted to the Germans the inheritance of unpopularity which once was British. Abdul Hamid had leaned on German influence; the Young Turks who drove him into exile were educated in Germany. A German embassy is a hive. German ambassadors encourage the business interests of German subjects. They are always on hand when chance arises, sparring for points.

German steamship companies bring the poverty-stricken Russian emigrants across Prussia in a kind of bond, which prevents the deposit of undesirables. That all-controlling Government has stopped the migration of Germans to America. We owe to it the loss of 5,000,000 good citizens in the last twenty years.

Conscription Makes German Fellowship

CONSCRIPTION ceases to be a bugbear. Germans of all classes of society say that it is the making of the Empire. It has developed a sense of fellowship which leads to democracy. Its effect is the same as if in England an English gentleman marched in the ranks with 'Arry. Both would learn something of value. In the formative years of their lives the youths develop muscles and methodical natures, making transition easy into the disciplined army of workers under the command of industrial experts.

The German idea is that a nation should be run like a great department store or a great corporation in all its manifold activities, aiming at national dividends in international conquest. Perhaps we have something to learn from Germany ourselves. Until four years ago all our budget of daily German news, from which we largely absorb our views, came through London. We heard of simple burghers haled to jail for committing *lèse-majesté* over their beer and officers running civilians through, while the German press printed full accounts of all our lynchings and disorders. Mr. Stone, of the Associated Press, decided that news should come direct hereafter from Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. This was a step toward allaying the prejudices of custom and race, which are breeders of ill-will.

The Empire a Beehive

IF WE compare Homestead with Essen (the seat of the Krupp works), we see how a nation enters into the affairs of the daily lives of all the workers. It expresses the beehive system. German cities are the cleanest in the world. No one will dispute, I think, the superiority of living conditions in their poor quarters. There is poverty, but not slovenly slums. A great Labor Exchange deals with the problem of the unemployed in Berlin, and so on through the scale of human affairs. It is a kind of socialistic feudalism, with the stork ever busy making new factory food and cannon food. The old landholding aristocracy turn on the Kaiser for his favoritism to captains of industry and educational and technical leaders. Germany grows all the food she can; living is made cheap despite the tariff. A fierce competition of interests is welded together for general profit. The Germans say that growing populations foree the passing of the pioneer and the individualist; that they have a long start over their rivals in the system of organized mass, to which are the victories of the future.

We may not like the system, but we can not dispute its results. It continues to care for the plus three and set the march of growing numbers toward the Hohenzollern objective. By 1920 Germany will have 72,000,000 population against 50,000,000 for the British Isles. The increase is 900,000 a year, with a slightly decreasing birth-rate — very slight compared to England's. As a matter of defense, England might start a propaganda in Germany headed by suffragettes in association with the women of France, where the population is stationary. By 1930 the Germans will almost equal the French and the British combined.

But is the outlook so threatening as it seems to Mr. Balfour? That European balance of power has a way of adjusting itself to the ascendency of any of its particular members. Before Germany may strike England, she must have a furrow against Continental back-fires. Were she an island, the struggle would soon come. In one form or another, the rabbit policy, if persisted in, will eventually force it.

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VOL XLIII NO 17

JULY 17 1909



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First you write for our **Free Refrigerator Book**—which gives photographs—full particulars of our Selling Plan—and wholesale factory prices.

You select a particular sized Refrigerator for your needs—to fit the space you have for it—and we ship it right to you from the factory, *prepaying freight charges*—thus you cut out jobbers' and dealers' profits—keep them for yourself.

Here's a little trade secret: Dealers in Refrigerators don't make a sale every day—and as Refrigerators take up big space in a store, big profits must be added—larger than the usual profits on other articles that sell at about Refrigerator prices.

Thus our saving to you is considerable. Yet—that saving isn't all. We give you a *better* Refrigerator than you can buy *anywhere else.*

First—the outer casings of our Refrigerators are *not* oak "finish"—but *genuine oak*—all oak—*heavy* oak—put together to last a lifetime.

The Sanitor Sold to You Direct

The *interior* of our Refrigerators is made of our own secret process porcelain enamel, which is guaranteed to be indestructible and absolutely sanitary. That's the reason why our Refrigerator is called "Sanitor."

As a test of this porcelain enamel just take a chisel when your Refrigerator arrives—and if you can chisel into any part of the inner lining, then the Refrigerator isn't as we claim it to be, *and you can send it back at our expense.*

Now that's the most severe test to which you can put a Refrigerator lining—*and ours is the only Refrigerator that will stand that test.*

We can't tell you *all* about "Sanitor" Refrigerators in this advertisement, so to get our money-saving proposition and full description, we ask that you merely drop us a line either on a postal or on the blank printed here for that purpose. We will immediately quote you wholesale prices direct, and send you our big book and full particulars.

A 3-Months' Free Trial is given with every one of our Refrigerators. If at any time during the three months the Refrigerator doesn't prove to be all that we claim it to be—and satisfactory to you in every particular—you have the privilege of returning it to us and receiving every cent of your money back.

No Refrigerator dealer sells Refrigerators on this liberal plan.

No Refrigerator dealer sells you as good a Refrigerator as ours at anywhere near the price.

Then—isn't it to your interest to write today for our booklet?

"Sanitor" Refrigerators *last a lifetime*—always keep your food pure and fresh—always protect your health—always insure greatest economy in ice bills. Our various sizes enable you to get just the particular Refrigerator you want for the particular place you want to put it.



We Prepay Freight and According to Size You Buy
We Save You $25.00
We Save You $20.00
We Save You $15.00
We Save You $ 5.00

SANITOR REFRIGERATOR CO. *References, Security National Bank or Any Bank in Minneapolis*
852 Security Nat'l Bank Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

To Save Writing a Letter Use This Blank

SANITOR REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
852 Security National Bank Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me your Refrigerator Book and Factory Wholesale Money-Saving prices on "SANITOR" REFRIGERATORS in all sizes and styles—sold on 90 Days' Free Trial.
Name .....
Address .....

For A Dozen Conclusive Reasons You'll Decide Upon

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

IT is not going to be so difficult as you might think to decide which electric carriage you want.

In the gasoline field scores of good cars make a confusing claim upon your consideration.

But when you come to choose an electric, a little inquiry will soon satisfy you which carriage is in the ascendant.

This is what you'll find:—

That communities which have perhaps shown partiality to other cars in previous seasons are rapidly transferring their allegiance to the Detroit Electric;

That in many cities—as for instance its home town, Detroit, the center of the automobile industry—the Detroit Electric is almost alone.

Everywhere it is gaining ground; rendering other types, as we said in a recent announcement, obsolete; and enjoying, invariably, the highest social prestige attainable.

These are concrete conditions as you will find them. They are due to the simple fact that the Detroit Electric incorporates features previously unknown in electric carriages.

As it stands today it is unique in the extraordinary number of fine points contributing to efficiency, elegance, and comfort possessed by no other electric.

There are fully fifty of these features.

Here are some of the more important:—

Greater mileage, higher speed than any other electric can give—Five forward speeds; three reverse—Control of all speeds, motor brake and alarms concentrated in one lever—Cushions deeper and more luxurious—Upholstering and painting of the highest grade—Silver finish metal trimmings throughout—Larger doors and windows in the brougham types—Doors which open forward instead of back—Oval step pads instead of square with sharp corners—Large size Palmer web tires.

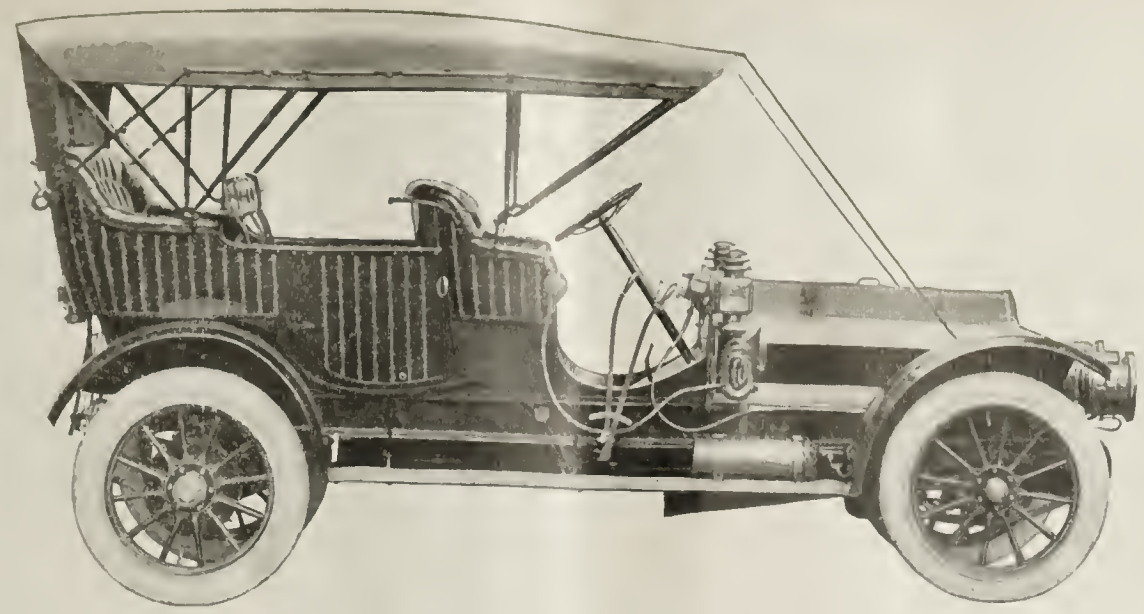


Your first step toward owning a Detroit Electric is to write for the literature to learn of the other features which count so much for genuine satisfaction.



The factory where the Detroit Electric is made—the largest in the world producing electric carriages. Its years of successful vehicle manufacturing rank it first in the country.

ANDERSON CARRIAGE COMPANY, Dept. H, DETROIT, MICH.



FRANKLIN 1910 AUTOMOBILES

The best answer we can make to the many inquiries concerning 1910 Franklin automobiles is to advise a visit to a Franklin dealer.

We have perfected our air-cooling system and dispensed with the front fan.

Surrounding each cylinder close to the vertical cooling flanges is a sheet metal casing open at the top and bottom with a diaphragm connecting the casings and forming with the engine boot an air-tight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is a powerful fly-wheel suction fan of new type. This fly-wheel fan draws large and equal volumes of air down through the casings around the cylinders. The air currents are accurately controlled and directed to just where they will do the most good.

This system cools the engine perfectly.

The elimination of the front fan is in itself a great improvement. Whatever reduces complication is always an advantage. Water-cooled engines require a fan, also much other complication which necessitates expert attention.

Tire sizes have been increased on all models. On Model H the rear tires are 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4 1-2 inches; on Model D, rear 36 x 4 1-2 inches, front 36 x 4 inches; on Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3 1-2 inches.

It will be unnecessary to carry extra tires on the 1910 Franklin.

The fact that with the average automobile there is more trouble and expense with tires than with any other part of the motor-car is not because tires are poor but because they are overloaded. We use larger tires than are generally used on much heavier automobiles. The front tires on Model H for example are the same size as used on the rear wheels of many other automobiles weighing about 1000 pounds more.

Another 1910 improvement is the elimination of the spark advance lever. In no case is the control of the spark left to the judgment of the operator. Much better results are obtained at all speeds than by any other system. This is fully demonstrated on our 1909 G. Starting on our magneto system is easier and safer than with battery.

Then comes the question of comfort. If you are a motorist you will understand what this means. If you are a new buyer you should know all about automobile comfort before you make your choice.

Comfort is a question that is in the minds of motorists now more than ever. In addition to the general significance of the comfort question women everywhere are finding they cannot tour in the average automobile—their doctors forbid it; their own good sense forbids it. But they can always ride in a Franklin.

A light-weight automobile with proper spring suspension gives the limit of comfort and touring ability. All Franklins have full-elliptic springs, laminated-wood chassis frame and non-jarring construction throughout. Franklin owners never experience lameness nor "motoring headaches."

If your luxurious limousine or landaulet lacks the quality of easy-riding it is not after all luxurious. Franklin closed cars of various types, now ready for delivery, are not only luxurious in their equipment but they have the easy-riding quality so essential to this type of automobile.

The Franklin six-cylinder 42 horse-power chassis is made with seven-passenger touring body, close coupled body, double rumble seat runabout and limousine.

The Franklin four-cylinder 28 horse-power chassis is made with five-passenger touring body, close coupled body, double rumble seat runabout, landaulet and limousine.

The Franklin four-cylinder 18 horse-power chassis is made with four-passenger touring body, six-passenger town-car, run-about with hamper, single rumble seat runabout, and double rumble seat runabout.

Model G is the only high-grade small runabout on the market.

Write for our 1910 catalogue.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

UP TO DATE AND SAFE!



Remington

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS

The Remington is the oldest Arms Company in America, yet Remingtons represent the youngest, the most modern ideas of all. The Remington Autoloading Shotgun and Rifle load themselves by recoil. Like the Remington Pump Gun they are Solid Breech Hammerless—**are in a class by themselves.**

Safety is the keynote of a Remington. The thick wall of solid steel protects your face.

Get a modern, up-to-date Remington—The gun that represents safety and 20th Century Progress.

Booklet R tells of Buffalo Jones roping wild cats.

THE REMINGTON ARMS CO.
Ilion, N. Y.
Agency, 315 Broadway, New York City



Cool and Comfortable for Summer

No other suspender affords such perfect comfort during the hot weather

LIGHT WEIGHT LISLE

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The sliding cord in the back takes all strain from the shoulders and trouser buttons.

Light, Medium and Heavy Weights, in regular and extra lengths—also the Youth's size. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will upon receipt of price, 50 cents. State color and length desired.

Every Pair Unconditionally Guaranteed

The C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
718 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

Outdoor Sleep Means Health



Fresh air is what you need night and day. Write us a postal now for our free book on outdoor sleeping. It tells you why and how you should

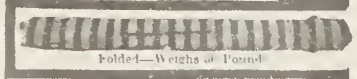
Get Our Free Book

Sleep Outdoors

Greatest doctors and physicians endorse the fresh air cure. The best way to sleep outdoors is under the

Red Cross Lawn Couch

—the finest folding combination; tent—playhouse—sleeping room—lawn couch—lawn table, etc. Cot is 18 inches above ground and large enough for two. Folds up small. Portable—weighs 30 lbs. Heavy duck covering. May be set up on roof—lawn or porch. Get our free book now by writing us a postal. Ask your dealer about them.



Folded—Weighs 30 Pounds

ELLIS & PERKINS
9 Western Avenue Minneapolis, Minn.

A Season's Experience has demonstrated the remarkable absence of "automobile troubles" in the

Cadillac "Thirty"

The present automobile season has developed no single feature more remarkable than the absence of repair-necessities wherever the Cadillac "Thirty" is in use.

There is a sameness and unanimity about the reports received from cities all over the country that is striking, to say the least.

Thousands of these dependable cars have been in constant use for months; traveling thousands of miles under all sorts of conditions, and the record as shown by reports received from dealers and owners is invariably the same.

Repair work—the least in motor car history.

Engine troubles—almost absolutely absent.

This record, which is one of the most unique ever developed in the automobile world—is and can be due to but one thing—the scrupulous workmanship which distinguishes the Cadillac "Thirty."

Cadillac workmanship demands a fineness of fit so absolute that it can be measured only in units of less than the thickness of a single hair.

To this precision, then, the Cadillac "Thirty" owes its almost frictionless operation.

And to this precision is due the fact that the thousands of cars now in continuous use in owners' hands have required practically no attention beyond the ordinary care which the owner should bestow on his car as a matter of course.

In no other car is friction so thoroughly eliminated as in the Cadillac "Thirty"

The Cadillac "Thirty" is furnished either as Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Roadster.

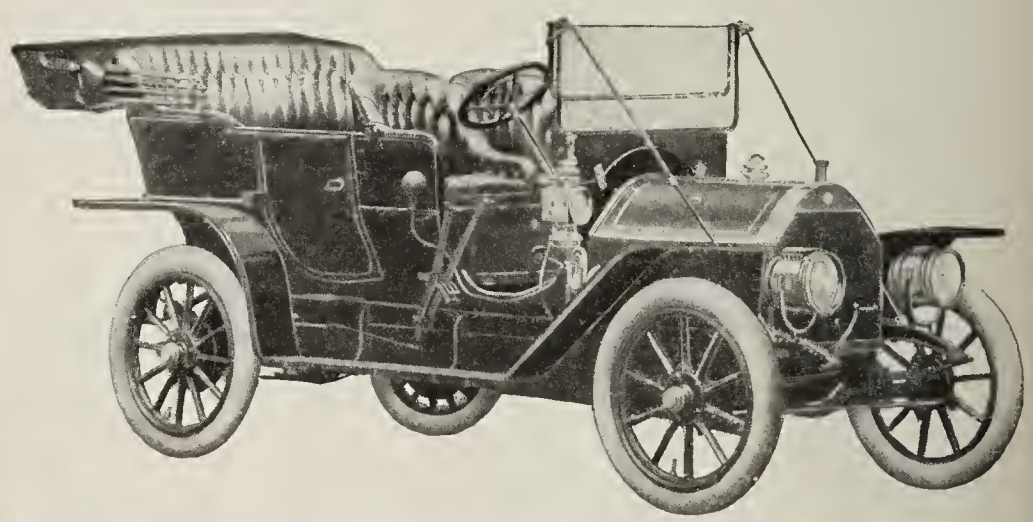
The price of each type is

$1400.00

F. O. B. Detroit and includes three oil lamps and horn.

Specifications briefly are: Four cylinders cast individually, copper water jacketed. Thirty horse power. Three speed selective type sliding gear transmission. Direct shaft drive. 106 inch wheel base.

Backed by the strongest automobile organization in the world.



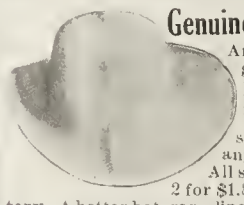
Cadillac Motor Car Company Member A. L. A. M. Detroit, Michigan

We Guarantee Tire Mileage Not Promises



When we say that a King Tire will give you 5,000 or 10,000 tire miles, according to size, we guarantee it with an iron-clad guarantee. No quibbles. No argument. No strings to it—just a straight up-and-up guarantee. MAKE US PROVE IT.

KING LEATHER TIRE CO.
374 E. Water Street Milwaukee, Wis.



Genuine Panama Hat $1.00

An exceptional introductory bargain, imported direct. Same as much higher priced Panama hats, but rather coarser weave. Weight 2 oz. Very durable, and so flexible it can be shaped to any style for man, woman or child. All sizes. Mailed prepaid for $1.00; 2 for $1.88. **Money back if unsatisfactory.** A better hat, rare, line weave, blocked, with band and sweat band, regular value $7.50, to introduce, express paid, for $3.79. Catalogue of Mexican and Panama Hats FREE.

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. FR 73, Mesilla Park, New Mex.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles: also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1909 Ranger Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offers we will give on the first 1909 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS: you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalog* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. P-54, CHICAGO, ILL.



CONCRETE HOUSES
Cost Less Than Wood

More handsome than Brick. Durable as granite. A Pettyjohn $35.00 concrete block machine, sand, gravel and cement are all that is needed. Simple, easy and quick. We furnish full instructions. Save money for yourself or make money by selling blocks.

Write for catalog and suggestions

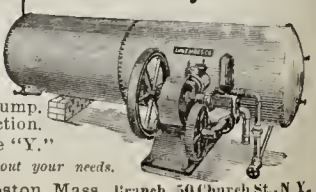
THE PETTYJOHN CO., 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Water Supply for Country Houses

No elevated tank to freeze or leak. Tank located in cellar. 60 lbs. pressure. Furnished with Hand, Gasoline, or Electric Pump. The ideal fire protection.

Write for Catalogue "Y."

Let our Engineers figure out your needs.



LUNT MOSS CO., Boston, Mass. Branch, 50 Church St., N. Y.

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Rennert E. $1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Broadway Central Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Chalfonte ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

POLAND, MAINE

Poland Spring House and Mansion House. America's leading resort. Famous for Poland Water, the purest known. The Samoset, Rockland Breakwater—Maine's finest seashore resort.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

American-Adelphi Hotel. Choicest location. Centre of Saratoga. Splendid brick structure. All outside rooms. Every convenience.

Saratoga Springs

State Mineral Spring Reservation

An ideal vacation spot. More beautiful than ever this season.

For information, address

PUBLICITY BUREAU

Room 15, Arcade Building, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

TOURS

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York

WHERE TO GO NEXT WINTER—SUMMER NEW ZEALAND, the Greater Switzerland! When the northern hemisphere is blanketed with snow New Zealand is at its best, with a perfect climate and natural wonders that rival the world's greatest; and on the way there one sails over summer seas to the enchanted islands of Tahiti and Rarotonga, etc. January 15th the midsummer cruise to MILFORD SOUND is made; nothing like it for scenery and genuine adventure; including 3 months' tour to South Sea Islands, $488.75.

TAHITI AND BACK (24 days), $125, 1st class. Sailings, Aug. 6, Sept. 11, Oct. 17, Nov. 22. Oceanic S. S. Co., 673 Market St., San Francisco.

CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from 'Frisco, $650 and up.

12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, $400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa. | THE IDEAL WAY



GRAVIES

test the ability of a cook. To insure success use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats and many other dishes are improved by its use. **Try it!**

Shun Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

Collier's

Saturday, July 17, 1909

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The Friendly Citizens of Chipmunkville . . *J. Alden Loring* 16
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Makers of a New Sailor Breed . . *Winfield M Thompson* 17
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The Greatest Horse Show Ever Held . . . *Price Collier* 18
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The Good Problem of Weeds . . . . *L. H. Bailey* 19

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What the World Is Doing 22
Illustrated with Photographs

The Final Act . . . . . *Mark Sullivan* 24
With a Cartoon by E. W. Kemble

Volume XLIII Number 17

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 12

TWO LETTERS

Indianapolis, Ind.
—— 28, 1909.

To the Editor of Collier's.

Dear Sir: Will you kindly tell me about how much your advertising policy costs you? As you do not advertise liquor, tobacco, patent-medicine abominations, culprit quacks or make-a-million swindles, I fancy your policy costs you several hundred dollars in a year. I should be very grateful for an estimate of what you thus sacrifice financially.

I imagine, too, that your editorial policy is not the most remunerative.

I should like to have the above information. Thanking you in advance for your courtesy,

Yours very truly,
H. G. H.—

Chicago, Ill.
—— 2, 1909.

Mr. H. G. H.—
Indianapolis, Ind.

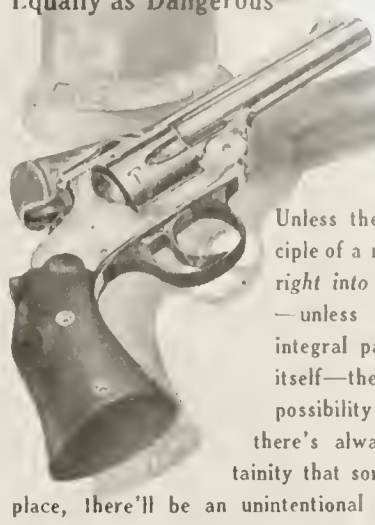
My dear Sir: Your letter of the 28th has been forwarded from our New York office for my attention. On account of the elimination of the classes of advertising you mention, as well as all advertising in which doubtful or exaggerated claims are made, Collier's refused over $100,000 last year. I recall two contracts that aggregated over $40,000.

But I believe that this apparent loss will be in the long run more than made up by the great body of honest advertisers who thoroughly appreciate our efforts to allow nothing but the best in our columns, and who fully approve such a policy. As you say, our editorial policy has been the cause of our losing many advertising contracts. I could name three or four advertisers within the borders of Indiana who have withdrawn their advertising from Collier's on account of editorials and special articles—but we have half a million subscribers who know that Collier's can not be "influenced" by corporate interests or controlled by box office receipts.

Sincerely yours,
T. L. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The University of Advertising"

You Wouldn't Keep a Bomb in the House or on Your Person, An Unsafe Revolver is Equally as Dangerous



Unless the safety principle of a revolver is *built right into the mechanism*—unless it is made an integral part of the gun itself—there's always the possibility of accident; there's always the uncertainty that some time, some place, there'll be an unintentional discharge.

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT WITH THE

Hopkins & Allen TRIPLE ACTION SAFETY POLICE Revolver

You can see and feel the difference the minute you get this weapon in your hands. The Triple Action is the safety principle. It's the real and only *in-built safety principle,* just as the Hopkins & Allen Safety Police is the only triple-action weapon in existence. Go to your dealer. Have him show you a Hopkins & Allen Triple Action Safety Police. You'll understand at a glance the advantages of its exclusive safety-action.

Here's What the Triple Action Means The instant you pull the trigger the hammer cocks, then lets drive at the firing-pin straight and hard; the second it hits the firing-pin, the instant the shot is fired, the third movement instantly lifts the hammer up and above the firing-pin, *away above it,* out of all possible contact with the firing-pin. There it lodges—securely, safely—firm, fixed and immovable against a wall of solid steel. The weapon will not, cannot fire again unless you actually pull the trigger.

The New Army Grip gives a strong, firm hold and adds to the effectiveness of the revolver. 32 and 38 calibre, 4-inch barrel, nickeled finish, $9.50; blued finish, $10.00. For sale at all good hardware and sporting goods stores, but if your dealer does not have it, we will send one to you post-paid on receipt of price.

Send for our 1909 Gun Guide and Catalogue which also shows our other lines—the most complete range of high-grade, low-price firearms made anywhere in the world. Write for it today. IT'S FREE.

HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.
14 Chestnut Street - Norwich, Conn.

Economy in Leather Belting

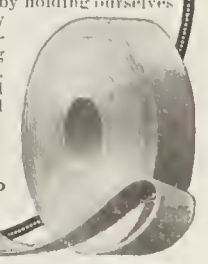
Whether your leather belting costs much or little per year, it's an expense that you want to cut down as much as you can. It makes no difference how hard you work your belts or under what trying conditions you will have the most economical belt you can buy if you use

Sea Lion
Guaranteed Waterproof
Leather Belting

Made especially to run under the most adverse conditions, such as severe weather, under a broiling sun in tropic humidity or through a flooded wheel-pit. Subject it to any of the things that work hardship on other belts and you'll still get more efficiency and service out of Sea Lion Leather Belting than ordinary belts give under the most favorable conditions.

We also make Reliance, Imperial, Sterling and Dynamo, Leather Belting, each equally as good for specific purposes.

We guarantee every foot of Sea Lion and Reliance Belting perfect and protect purchasers by holding ourselves liable at all times to replace any belt defective in stock or workmanship. A trial of our belting will prove that it saves money. Write us about your belts and we will go into details and send you a book on leather belting.



CHICAGO BELTING CO.
16 So. Green Street, Chicago
Branches—New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.

$5 TO EUROPE and return

is all it costs to insure $1000 of baggage for one month. Special rates for longer trips. For particulars write to

INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA
3rd and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia
or to our agent in your city.

United States and Canada $4

GRAY MOTORS



6 HORSE POWER COMPLETE 1, 2 & 3 Cylinders, 3 to 30 H. P. $89.50 IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

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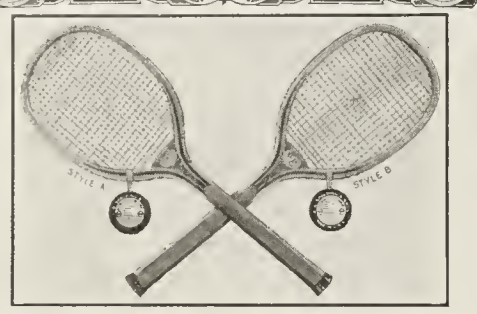
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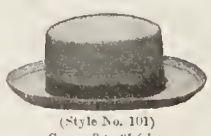
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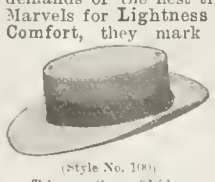
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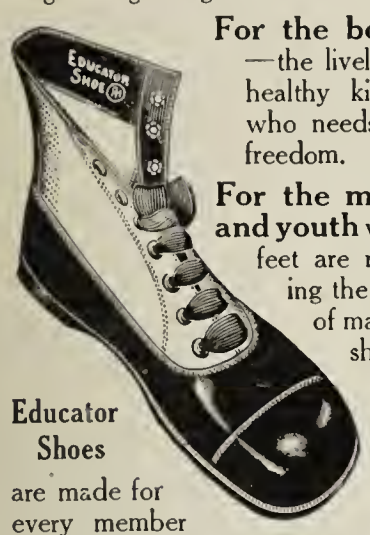
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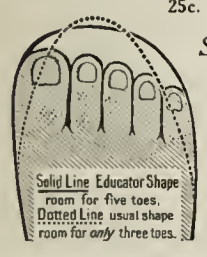
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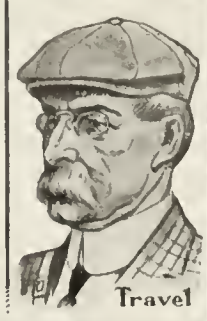
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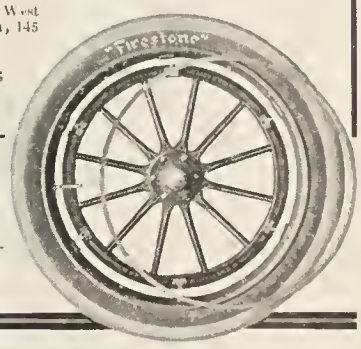
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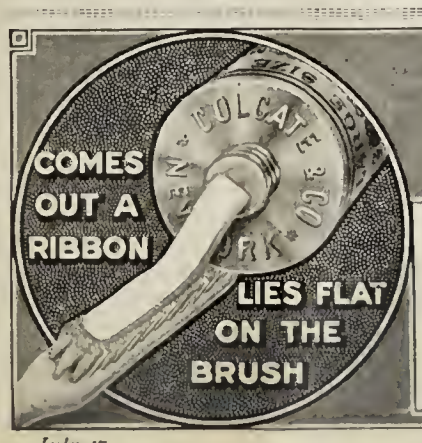
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When the Power Gives Out

Painted by

HENRY J. PECK

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

July 17, 1909

The South

THE SOUTH IS GAINING powerful friends. And perhaps not so much friends, whose motive is avowed sympathy, as merely clear-eyed observers who are just and have courage. By the multiplication of these will her way be made smooth. Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER completed last winter a long journey of observation through the Southern States. From his conclusions, printed in the July "McClure's," we detach two sentences:

". . . the South is in the main actuated by a just and far-reaching, if not far-seeing, instinct. I believe that the problem, far from being unreal, is so real and so dishearteningly difficult that nothing but an almost superhuman wisdom, energy, and courage will ever effectually deal with it."

We wish that these convictions were in the heart of every New Englander who hastily calls a meeting to pass resolutions on the negro problem, and every Northern editor who has a formula, long conventionalized, in which he writes, periodically, a scolding for the South. In the "Outlook," the other day, LYMAN ABBOTT spoke of his sympathy with the intense feelings of the Southern white, his "strong confirmation" of the enlightened views of President ELIOT and Ambassador BRYCE about the South's ultimate problem. To these names may be added that of THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, survivor of the generation of Abolition leaders and commander of a colored regiment during the Civil War. In declining an invitation to attend a conference on the status of the negro, he deplored all such agitation, which makes the problem of the South only more difficult. The day may yet come when the North will formally acknowledge that the South's stubborn refusal, since the Civil War, to yield an inch of its stand in the matter of the relations of the races was an epochal contribution to the white race in America, which, under the outrageous difficulties which the North pressed down upon the South, could not have been done differently. Probably it would be impossible to prophesy a day more unhappy for this continent than the one on which the Southern white should abate one iota of his race-pride.

Courts

THE KANSAS CITY "STAR" is one of many papers whose persistent pointing out of judicial absurdities will ultimately effect their obliteration. A few weeks ago Judge GANTT of the Supreme Court of Missouri ordered a new trial for a convicted criminal because in one of the official papers the word "the" had been omitted preceding the words "State of Missouri." Now comes a reversal based on the omission of the letter "e." The despatch from Jefferson City reads:

"Judge GANTT filed in Division No. 2 of the Supreme Court, June 29, an opinion reversing and remanding two years' sentence of LEO JUDD of St. Louis for fraudulent registration in September, 1904. The case is reversed on the ground of a defective information of the prosecuting attorney. The information charged JUDD with registering under the name of Charles Cohn, but charged that he signed the registration book by the name of Charles Cohen. The different spelling of the name, the court finds, makes it an entirely different name and makes the two parts of the information repugnant to each other and the indictment defective. The case is remanded that the circuit attorney may file another information if he so desires."

Judge GANTT is not personally responsible; the judicial system of Missouri is very much to blame.

The University of Wisconsin

FOR THE SAKE of free ideals, to insure academic liberty and good teaching, the president of a university should be unconscious of authority over him, and feel as confident of his tenure as if the institution were his private property. On the other hand, the physical and financial management of several millions worth of property demands trustees or regents who shall be capable business men. In these trustees, ultimate control must always rest. If they happen to be men of aggressive personality they sometimes leave their proper domain and begin to trespass on purely academic ground, try to dictate on matters wholly educational, attempt even to color the teaching. To this course there can be but one end. Something of the kind is said to be happening behind the scenes at the University of Wisconsin. There, lately, some of the more powerful and active regents, who are appointed by the Governor, have interfered in purely academic matters. Many friends of the university believe that these regents would, if they dared, depose President VAN HISE. (They have already tried to curtail the Economics Department and alter its character.) It is true that the spirit of this university, and the graduates it has sent out, are responsible for much of the independence in Wisconsin politics, the freedom from party domination, the aggressive determination to control public utilities and conserve the State's resources. The regents in question are said to be bent upon a course which would change all this. The University of Wisconsin is a wonderful institution, half university, half the living soul of a State. Happily, the people of Wisconsin know how wonderful it is. They will take care of their University.

Some Important Facts

THE "WALL STREET JOURNAL" is a daily paper which sells for five cents. Its circulation is small, probably not over fifteen thousand. But those fifteen thousand buyers of the paper are the richest men in the United States. The "Journal's" regular daily readers have an aggregate wealth greater than that of any other daily paper. It is the trade journal of Wall Street, and it is alone in its premiership. Its contents consist of the New York Stock Exchange quotations, running comment on the day's events on the Exchange, news of corporation meetings, dividends declared, the trend of the bond market, a mass of financial advertising, and, finally, each day a few very able editorials. It is from these editorials during the past few weeks that the following paragraphs are taken. We think they will surprise anyone who does not know the "Wall Street Journal" and has read our description of it. First, about the $29,000,000 fine against Standard Oil:

"The Landis decision was the fruit of a popular state of mind brought about by methods of corporation activity of which the life insurance inquiry gave the first illuminating exposition. Corporations in those times were in many cases being conducted with an utter indifference to the laws of God and man. If a corporation were only strong enough its managers assumed that anything was right which they could bring about without actually incurring prosecution. It was thought in some financial circles proper to own the representatives of the people in State Legislatures or in Congress, and, indeed, we had established a condition so rotten as to bring about a violent revulsion of public sentiment."

This concerning the tariff which the Senate has been making:

"We have only to glance at the tariff discussion in the Senate to see how far we have fallen back, after the moral upheaval of a few years ago. The spectacle there is so base, so utterly without patriotism or principle, so far from the ideals of either party, so crudely self-seeking, and so callously ready to sacrifice the interest of an entire nation for the benefit of a small part of it, the interest of a State for a small influential portion of that State, and even the interest of a Congressional district for a few contributors to a campaign fund, that it points to the establishment of a new tyranny. This moral rot in our commercial system, so indecently displayed in the United States Senate, is one of a number of signs which should cause us to think. The spectacle at present afforded by the United States Senate is an insult to every self-respecting American. It exhibits statesmen supposed to be acting in a national capacity owned in soul and pocketbook by petty local interests, while one corporation after another shows that it can snap its fingers at the promises made by the Republican President and all his party before election, and accepted by the American people."

Finally, this about commercial and political conditions:

"There is, however, evidence patent enough to any observer that favored interests are trying to establish a return to conditions which were most properly suppressed within the past four years.

"*There is, in fact, a shameless revival of that association of selfish corporate interests with legislation and legislators, such as dared not show its head twelve months ago.*"

These quotations suggest many thoughts. Probably it is proper first to express appreciation of a newspaper which, although its clientele consists of men of great wealth exclusively, is yet independent and outspoken. We know of no newspaper, even among those that appeal to the public in general, which is so frank and forceful. In the "Journal's" contrast between conditions now and a year ago, there is an implied comparison between the present and the recent Presidents which will not down. It is a comparison, however, which does not go deeper than the relative energy of the two men in carrying out the good intentions which are common to both. Most important of all the aspects of the "Journal's" remarkable editorials is this: We believe they represent the average belief of the "Journal's" wealthy readers. *It is not the rich, but the sycophants who serve the rich, that hold us back.* It is the unscrupulous lawyers who serve corporations and carry the consciousness of their retainers into the Legislature, the judges who either have been corporation attorneys or hope to become such, the subsidized newspapers frantically eager to commend themselves to their patrons—these are the ones who stubbornly fight progress. Finally, the intrinsic truth of the "Journal's" words is important. We trust the character of their source will carry conviction where a more radical publication's utterances might be read with some reservation.

Leaving Things Alone

SOME GROW WEARY of those who constantly cry out for progress. To them are commended Mr. CHESTERTON'S words:

"The whole conservatism is based upon the idea that if you leave things alone you leave them as they are. But you do not. If you leave a thing alone you leave it to a torrent of change. If you leave a white post alone it will soon be a black post. If you particularly want it to be white you must be always painting it again. . . . But this which is true even of inanimate things is in a quite special and terrible sense true of all human things. An almost unnatural vigilance is really required of the citizen because of the horrible rapidity with which human institutions grow old."

Love on Paper

"AT LOVERS' PERJURIES," they say, "JOVE laughs," and, surely, he has the best laughs of all over the breaking of vows by those who, through their unusual faculties of speech, should be the most eloquent in making them—that is to say, Messieurs the Poets. Burns had innumerable sweethearts, though he did not favor many with epistolary protestations, which was wise, perhaps, some of these ladies being as illiterate as they were light or low. The several post-matrimonial amatory vagaries of VICTOR HUGO were tolerated and condoned with a blind indulgence by the wife to whom, during his veritably Vesuvian courtship, he had written: "Have no fear, ADÈLE, concerning the duration of a love that GOD himself could not extinguish. . . . My temperament, my pride, my ambitions, all are dominated by my love, concentrated in you alone, transmitted into one desire, one idea, one aspiration—to be forever yours. . . . For me, you are the gate of joy and sorrow. . . . You fill my soul as if I were possessed of a divine spirit." HUGO became a peer of France, and his noble English rival in poetry and light allegiance, Lord BYRON, a year before he asked for the hand of Miss MILBANKE, was on terms of this sort with Lady CAROLINE LAMB: "I again promise and vow, that no other, in word nor deed, shall ever hold the place in my affections which is and shall be sacred to you till I am nothing. . . . I was, and am yours, freely and entirely, to obey, to honor, love, and fly with you, *when, where,* and *how,* yourself might and may determine." To a second gentleman's wife, the Countess GUICCIOLI, BYRON wrote thus four years after his marriage with Miss MILBANKE: "My destiny rests with you. . . . You have ever been, since our first acquaintance, the *sole object of my thoughts.* . . . I pray of you to believe that I can not cease to love you but with my life." As to POE, the year preceding VIRGINIA'S death, she was his "dear heart," his "little, darling wife," his "*greatest* and *only* stimulus now, to battle with this uncongenial, unsatisfactory, and ungrateful life," whereas, the year following VIRGINIA'S death, he confessed to the widow WHITMAN: "For years your name never passed my lips, while my soul drank in, with a delirious thirst, all that was uttered in my presence respecting you. . . . During our walk in the cemetery I said to you, while the bitter, bitter tears sprang into my eyes: 'HELEN, I love now—now—for the first and only time.' . . . My brain reeled beneath the intoxicating spell of your presence, and it was with no merely human senses that I either saw or heard you. It was my soul only that distinguished you. . . . I saw that you were HELEN—*my* HELEN—the HELEN of a thousand dreams—she whom the Great Giver of all good had preordained to be mine—mine only—if not now, alas! then hereafter and *forever* in the Heavens." And one might go on quoting other letters from other poets, writing in other languages. But JOVE has no nationality, and therefore no prejudices. So he laughs at all, whether poets or mere people, who delude themselves with ink, commit perjury by post, love on paper to distraction for aye and evermore.



To the Creditor

A Toast

By OLIVER HERFORD

HERE'S to the Creditor! Long may he reign.
May his Faith never waver, his Trust never wane;
May the Lord make him gentle, and gracious, and gay,
Yet quick to resent the least offer of pay—
May he soften his heart, as he softened, we're told,
To the Israelites' "touch" the Egyptian of old—
And when on his last long account he shall look,
The angel will say as he closes the book:
"The Lord gives you Credit for Credit you gave!"
So here's to the Creditor—long may he waive!



The Monroe Doctrine—via Berlin

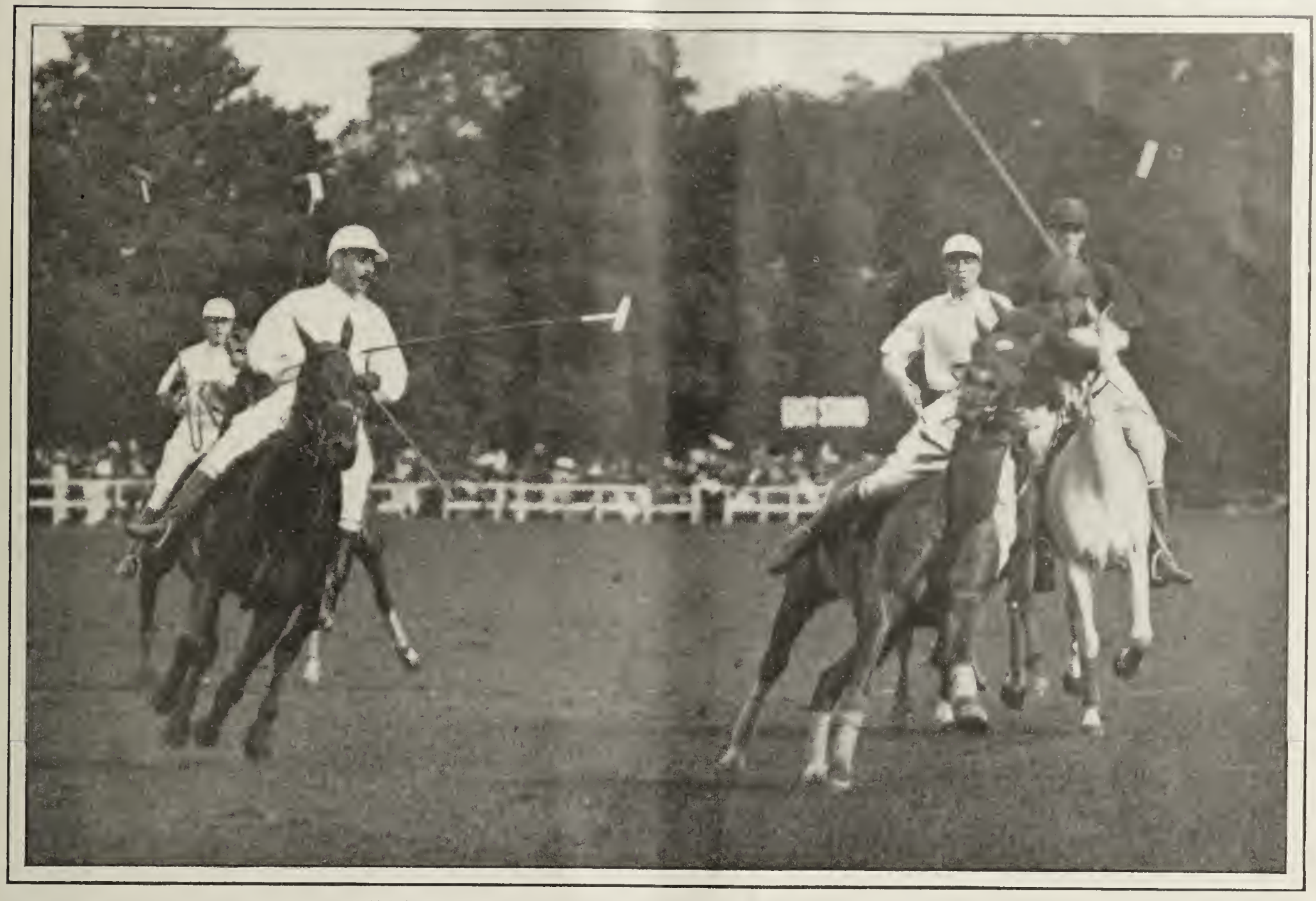
ON OPENING a package addressed to this hochgeehrte office from the verlagsbuchhandlung of HERR PAETEL, Kochstrasse 67, Berlin, we were pained to behold a fiery red book, on the cover of which a condor was engaged in tearing up and apparently eating the United States flag. The promise of the cover was fully borne out by what it contained. In the year 1920 the American army of invasion was annihilated by the South American triple alliance. The Yankees undertook a punitive expedition to Urnguay. There were 120,000 men—good enough to police Cuba and the Philippines, but nothing like the Brazil, Chile, and Argentine allies who were drilled by Germans. And besides that, the American officers were distressingly arrogant. The battle, which took place near Buenos Ayres, was extensive and sanguinary. The "sophistically enlarged Monroe doctrine intended for the bondage of South Ameriea" was broken down completely, and the spectacle after the annihilation of the Americans was so depressing that Major PAPPENHEIM, "who was not given to drinks," emptied an entire bottle of brandy. It is some comfort to know that he won his Argentine bride after the cruel war was over, and then young SPENCER, the military attaché of the American legation at Montevideo, was at last accepted by the lovely Senorita CARMEN DUGGAN. For a time her proud patrician blood recoiled at the thought of an alliance with her country's enemy. In the last paragraph of the book, war with Japan begins, and it is suggested that Nippon is about to appear at the head of five hundred millions of Chinese. We were more impressed by the novelty of Herr PAETEL'S story than by its sanity or literary charm. Silence is doubtless even more than it deserves. Possibly it was the "hochgeehrte" by which we were seduced.

Fly-Chasing

POLICEMAN SCIENCE has photographed the fly for his Rogues' Gallery. Since Dr. HOWARD, the United States Government entomologist, damned the pervasive and evasive insect with the telling epithet, "typhoid fly," it has been enjoying an increasingly evil repute. "Give a bug a bad name" and the whole world bays upon the trail. As the latest move, the Merchants' Association of New York is sending an agent to procure kinetoscope representations of the winged nuisance in its specialty of distributing filth and disease from the scientific snapshotters of Germany, who have been industriously catching the culprit in the act. These pictures will lay bare the whole private life of *Musca domestica,* with the particularity of a yellow journal scandal. They will show the germ-purveyor gathering bacteria in highly unappetizing localities, tracking them into meals, and putting all six of its mucky feet into the trough, so to speak, while sharing breakfast or supper with the family (human) of its choice. For your fly is no finicky feeder. It will take the first course, if you please, in the barn-yard, the second in the pig-sty, and the third in the dining-room. It will wash its hands over the molasses jug; it will leave footprints upon the sugar, which, though indistinguishable at the time, loom large and black in the next year's mortality records; and it will even commit suicide in your cup of tea rather than leave unfulfilled the behests of its patron-devil, Beelzebub. All this the picture films will unfold in the educational campaign of the Merchants' Association. The exhibit will be given first in the regular "nickelodeon" shows, and eventually, in the public schools. "The Moving Picture writes, and, having writ," leaves to the instructed public the verdict, which is easy to forecast. The tiny but nocuous flitter which inspired Mr. THEODORE TILTON'S muse has no place in modern society. It has lived regretted and will die acclaimed.

America Regains the Polo Cup

The American Team Defeats its English Rivals at Hurlingham and Captures the Cup Lost Twenty-three Years Ago



Freake saves the ball for England by a brilliant and daring back-hander

BY THEIR second victory at Hurlingham on Independence Day the American polo team won the international challenge cup from the English team and regained for America the trophy which has been held by England for twenty-three years. The victory was not only decisive, but it showed perhaps the best polo ever seen in England. The Americans hit harder and with more ingenuity. They were quicker on the ball, and their team play was especially effective.

The Meadow Brook team, representing the American Polo Association, consisted of Messrs H. P. Whitney (captain), L. Waterbury, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., and Devereux Milburn. The English picked team in the first game, which the Meadow Brooks won on June 23 by a score of 9 goals to 5, consisted of Captain H. Wilson, F. M. Freake, P. W. Nickalls, and Lord Wodehouse. In the second game, Captain Wilson and Lord Wodehouse were displaced by Mr. H. Rich and Captain Lloyd. Lloyd used to play for the Fourth Dragoon Guards in India, and he had been on the winning Roehampton team since 1905.

The reconstructed English team played well, but was clearly outclassed. Mr. Rich, who had been expected to rush Devereux Milburn off the ball, found the American back unflurried and invincible. Captain Lloyd played better than Lord Wodehouse, and Messrs. Freake and Nickalls were as good as before, and all the English players were better horsed, but the result was scarcely in doubt from the first. The challengers won by a score of 8 goals to 2.

The International Challenge Cup was won for England by a Hurlingham four in 1886. The American players were Messrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., W. K. Thorn, Raymond Belmont, and Foxhall Keene. An unofficial American team, captained by Mr. Keene, and including W. and L. McCreery and F. J. Mackay, challenged and was beaten in one match in 1900. In 1902 a team representing the American Polo Association challenged and was beaten two matches to one. The Americans were Messrs. Foxhall P. Keene, J. E. Cowdin, R. L. Agassiz, and the Waterbury brothers.

The significant feature of this victory is the suggested splendid development of team-play among the Americans. In every instance where American and English teams have met hitherto, the Americans have shown weakness in this particular. The strong element in English play during this last match was, and always has been, "playing to position." That means every man filling his especial place on the team, which sounds simple enough, but is one of rarities in all combinations of men, whatever the game. Hitherto, also, the English ponies have considerably outclassed those of the Americans. This year Mr. Whitney left nothing undone to put the challenging team in a position to at least do itself justice. To this end a higher grade of ponies was provided for the American players than ever before they sat on in international matches. While their improved mounts were a large factor in the recent success, the victory, after all, must be attributed to brilliant individual work, which merged into spirited team play, and especially to the accurate hitting and quicker, more aggressive tactics. In a word, the Americans were on the job every second. To Mr. Whitney must be given great credit for the practical manner in which he prepared for the match and for his generalship on the field. No American team has ever played on English soil in such harmony or in such spirit. Nor have any four from the New World shown such high-class polo as did these representatives of the American Polo Association.

There is the further reason for acclaiming the victory of this team, because it triumphed in the land where the best polo ponies in the world are raised and over players who were the pick of England, which means the best on earth. English polo playing form averages high, higher than anywhere else, and there are always more first-class candidates from whom to draw than America can possibly muster; for, although there are many men playing polo in America, the teams are scattered over the country and do not have the advantage of so often meeting on one common playing field as is the case in England. The same conditions that tend in England to make the average skill in boating so high apply also to polo.

Take it all in all, Americans have never captured a cup that reflects as much credit upon the victors. Not only did these challengers from the United States beard the lion in his den, but they played on turf much softer and under conditions differing from those with which they were familiar; and they won from the pick of all England—in a clean game, fought out to the finish.

With reference to the match, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., said:

"Our game in America is much faster than England's, and we seem able to get hold of the ball better when it is on the move. We are better mounted than we were in 1902, but I think the improvement of our game over that year is largely due to the fact that the team is all so friendly. We live together and are on the very best terms with each other."

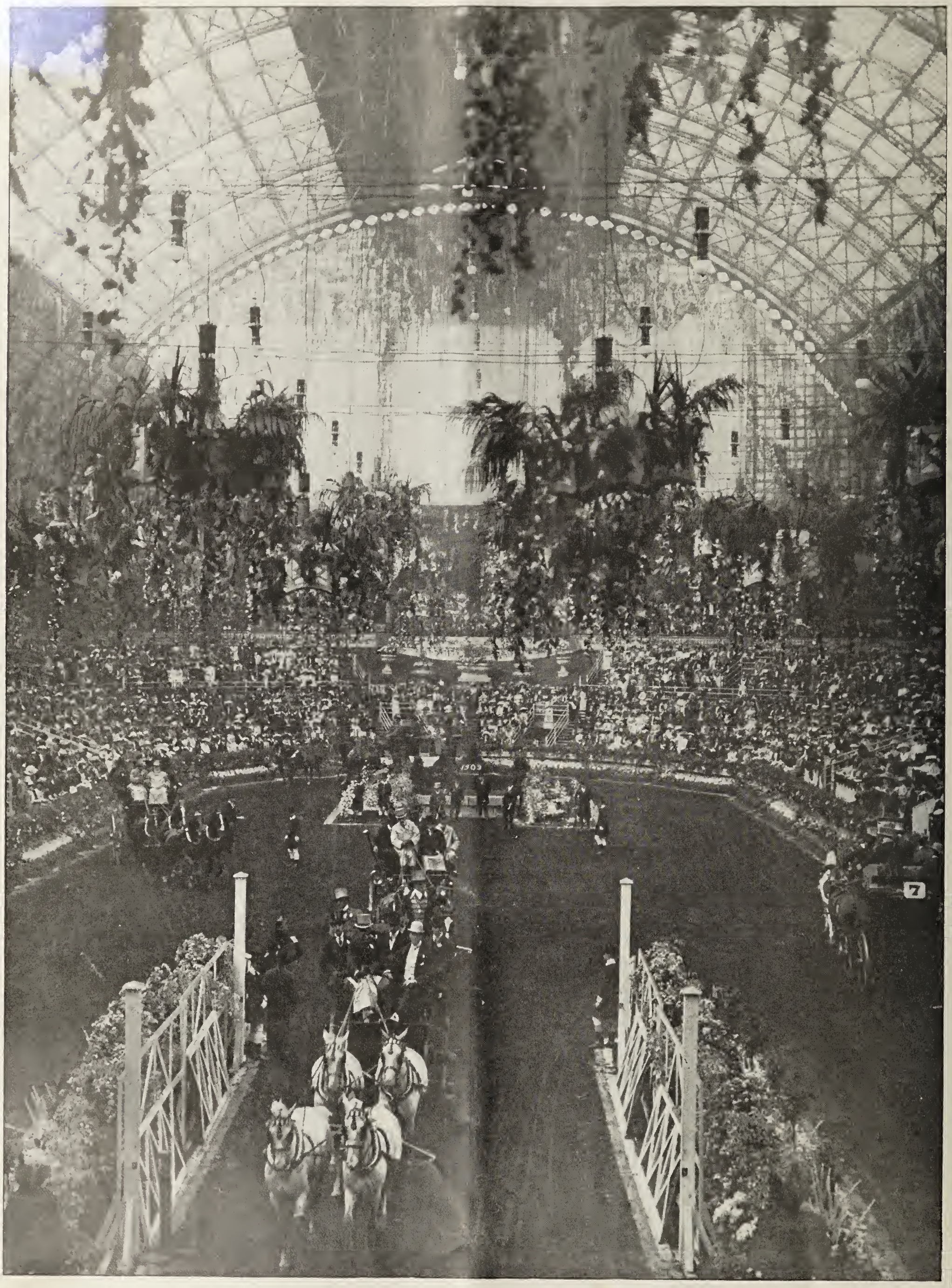
Walter Buckmaster, England's greatest player, who refereed the match, said after the game:

"The Americans gave a great exhibition. It was the best polo I have ever seen. They beat our men for dash, they were quicker on the ball, and knew what to do with it when they got to it. They richly deserve the success which I attribute to the thoroughness with which they mastered every detail of the game."



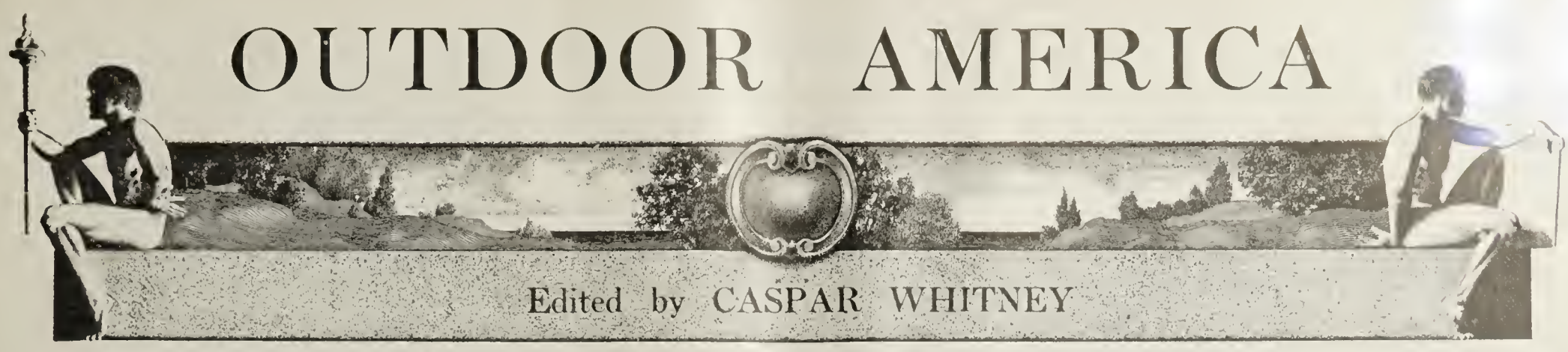
The International Champions

From left to right—Devereux Milburn, Harry Payne Whitney (captain), J. M. Waterbury, Jr., and Lawrence Waterbury, representing the American Polo Association



The International Horse Show in London

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt driving out of the Olympia arena after winning the Coaching Marathon from Hampton Court—eleven miles—against twenty other starters. The honors of this show were divided between England and the United States. Of the championship cups the former won eleven and the latter eight of twenty-one awarded; France earned one of the remaining two and Canada the other. In appointment classes and in trotters American entries made a clean sweep



Athletics That Save Life

THREE little boys were playing ball the other day in an open field which slants to the Hudson River. One was batting up flies for the other two to catch. The two in the field were brothers—eight and ten years of age; the one at the bat was twelve. They were having a lot of fun, taking turn and turn about at bat; finally it came the turn of the older brother, and he sent up an unusually high ball which the youngster tried for. It went over his head and rolled down the bank to the river, where it bobbed along in an eddy of a rather swift current. Reaching for the ball, the lad lost his balance and fell in with a scream that attracted his two playmates on the bank. Not one of the three boys could swim, and the eldest, who had been first at the bat, tried to dissuade the brother from jumping in after the struggling lad who was being carried away from the bank into deep water. But the ten-year-old little hero went to the rescue, none the less—and the two were drowned within twenty feet of where the kiddie had tumbled in.

On the Sunday last before this is being written, a sailboat capsized in a squall on a small lake in Massachusetts, and two girls of nineteen and twenty and two men of twenty-five and thirty, all who were in the boat, and none of whom knew how to swim, were drowned.

There is no reason in singling out these two distressing accidents except that both are typical and illustrative.

Every Monday morning the newspapers have their lists of drowning accidents—charged to the account of sailboats capsized by incompetence; to rowboats overturned by rocking, or by passengers changing positions in the boat; to bathers carried out beyond their depth.

Parents dismiss too casually their duty in this respect. Swimming is easily learned—also it is one of the most healthful of exercises—and should be a part of the education of every boy and girl. Insist that the companions of your children on the water are also proficient in whatever form of aquatics it be.

Let us have more practical application of athletics. Of the scores of young men who drown every summer, no doubt a large percentage had a certain knowledge of athletics; some played baseball; others played lawn tennis, or drove or rode; and yet knew not how to swim. Let us have proficiency first in those branches of outdoor activity that are related to human safety. This is the kind of athletics we need.

The Y. M. C. A., which is so great an influence in the land, can add immeasurably to its good work by making swimming obligatory upon every member of its organization.

At this season when half the holiday-making world is on the water, or near the water, let no man dare take out a sailboat party unless he is qualified by experience to handle the craft should the unexpected squall blow up—of course the squall is always unexpected.

To the person of any age who rocks a rowboat a sound trouncing is due. Never change places in a rowboat or canoe when the craft is out from the bank. If you simply can't sit still, once placed, get out of the boat—*and stay out.*

To the Surf Bathers

IN THE face of being thought trite, I shall indulge myself in a few "don'ts" for surf bathers which, no doubt, I have printed every year for the last twenty, and which I shall, with as little doubt, keep on printing so long as there is an outlet.

People are drowned every year for no other reason than because they stupidily ignore their own common sense and the experience of others.

Surf bathing is exhilarating if not prolonged, but it is not exhilarating or even beneficial to all people. To some it is even harmful. If sure that you are healthful and sound there is no reason why you should not go into the surf, provided you follow a few plain rules.

First of all—never venture into the surf without knowing something of the conditions of that particular beach. Every beach has its peculiarities, and beach peculiarities are apt to bear fatal consequences. Also the condition of the surf varies: it may be safe one day and not safe the day following, on the same section of the beach. All of which means that you should know your beach, not only by the season, but by the day. This is true of all beaches, wherever they may be, and of all kinds of bathers. If you do not swim, it is imperative that you have this information. If you do swim, you will be wise also to get it, for when the surf is in its tantrums, however innocent its surface appearance, not even an expert can afford to be careless of its warnings. I stood in the surf at Fire Island when a strong-swimming, athletic young friend of mine disappeared from our very midst without any of us knowing, or indeed missing him, until we had gone ashore, fifteen minutes later.

It is only a fool that ignores the simple precaution which every one should take. If you have any organic trouble, you should not go into the surf without a physician's permission; if your heart is weak, you can save the physician's fee—and keep out of the water. If you know nothing of your physical condition, be examined by a physician before you go surf bathing.

Don't go into the surf until a good, full hour after your meal—two hours would be much better. Wet your head always as soon as you enter the water. If you can not swim and the surf is strong, or the beach runs quickly into deep water, keep close to the life-line. You may think it undignified, but it is better to suffer a little in pride than to be carried out beyond your depth—besides, suffering pride may serve as an incentive to learn to swim.

Unless you experience an exhilaration from bathing in the surf, keep out of it; and come out of it before you begin to feel cold. Fifteen or twenty minutes of surf is enough for anybody. There is nothing to which that old saw, "enough is as good as a feast," applies so forcibly as to surf bathing.

Keep your wits about you. If you can't keep them, stay away from the beach; and if you can keep them, heed these suggestions.

"It is better to be sure than to be sorry," and it is a long voyage if you slip a cog, and the eating stations are far apart.

A Boon to Dog Owners

THE Continental Field Trial Club is earning the gratitude of dog owners, by its painstaking effort to discover the distemper germ and its anti-toxin. The club is raising a fund of $2,500 for research work, which is to be done at the Cornell Medical College, and which, of course, guarantees it being done by the most scientific methods. If the research is successful, the club proposes to make its secret public for the benefit of dog owners. Certainly so worthy an object deserves support, and those who desire to contribute may do so direct to Dr. A. Schuyler Clark, No. 26 East Forty-eighth Street, New York, who is one of the club committee.

What such a discovery would mean to dog owners and breeders may be judged from the fact that sixty per cent of all dogs who do not die of old age die of distemper.

Among humans the diphtheria anti-toxin has reduced the mortality and the serious after-effects from thirty to forty per cent to less than half. Of course, a corresponding reduction in the canine world would follow the discovery of a distemper anti-toxin.

It would be nothing short of a veritable boon to dog owners and breeders. Inoculation previous to any given bench show season would alone mean a saving of thousands of dollars to exhibitors.

Unsportsmanlike Subterfuge

IT IS not to the credit of the lake yachtsmen of the United States that there will be no race for the Canada Cup this year. At the last meeting, the American defenders took unfair advantage of their position and the plain rule, and only the sportsmanship and voluntary yielding of the Canadians made a contest possible. This season, when the subject of another race was broached by the Canadians as challenger to the Rochester Yacht Club as defender, the latter amazed yachtsmen of both countries by again taking the same unwarranted position.

In brief, the situation is, that in the last race for this cup, the Rochester Club entered a defender—*Seneca*—which did not conform with the specified conditions under which the Cup was to be raced for. Had the Canadians insisted on the letter of the rule, the *Seneca* would have been disqualified. They waived their privilege, however—a most sportsmanlike act—and the *Seneca* won the Cup. Again this year, the Rochester Club, strangely unresponsive to the extreme courtesy it received from the Canadians, despite its untenable position, has sought to once more use the *Seneca*—even less eligible than last time, because now foreign-owned.

Surely, it's a pity these lake yachtsmen couldn't have profited by the sportsmanlike example of the gentlemen from across the border, and at least have submitted the matter, as requested, to the Yacht Racing Union for decision. That States yachtsmen should finish so poor a second in international courtesy is not a pleasing thought, even though the Rochester yachtsmen have successfully defended the Canada Cup since they won it in 1903. The Rochester men boorishly declined to make any concessions, and excused their course by declaring that they "don't want a race in 1909"!

Where Lawlessness Breeds

SOME of the lawless spirit we see in the United States may be traced to the national characteristic of always trying to beat the rules; and much of it is due to the multiplicity of fool laws made by time-serving legislators. Laws seem to be put on record without serious thought of their being obeyed; and, of course, a law that is not respected or can not be enforced, falls into public contempt.

So many laws on the statute books are practically dead letters that citizens have become habitually unmindful of the law, and the result is a spirit of lawlessness that can not be duplicated anywhere in the world among civilized people. During the year 1908 thirty-five thousand new laws were made in the United States against one hundred and fifty-five in England. Our record is unparalleled as a rule-maker and rule-breaker; especially in our sporting fields.

Play the Game

SCARCELY a mail arrives which fails to bring a request for my judgment as to the righteousness of penalizing a given individual for violating some one of the small playing rules of a game.

For example, to-day I have a long letter from a man who passes among his fellows as a good sort, taking violent exceptions to a too rigid enforcement of the penalty for soiling a golf club in play out of a bunker. This is a time-worn grouch. Always I am hearing on golf links and tennis courts and on other fields of play criticism of a contestant who demands that his opponent adhere strictly to the literal rules; last year at Newport considerable feeling grew out of an umpire's persistent (and entirely proper) calling of foot-faults. Nothing in my years of observation comes more frequently to notice than disregard of what may be called the less important rules of the game.

What in the world are rules made for if not to be observed? And how is a game to retain its traditions and character if rules are not obeyed? Frequently the fault is with indifferent officials. That is one of the reasons why hockey has become such a rowdy game.

A flagrant case was that of the University of Chicago, which violated both the spirit and the letter of the first-year student rule, by running on its relay team at Philadelphia this spring a member of its Freshmen class. It was only last winter Chicago was instrumental in getting this very excellent rule adopted by the Middle Western colleges. I shall expect a university with a high regard for its conduct—as I believe Chicago to have—to yield the honors it won at Franklin Field through the wrongful use of this Freshman. But the lawlessness of using him in the first instance! Somebody must be accountable, and whoever that somebody is, he ought to be severely dealt with.

Cornell's Smooth Rowing

ON THE water Harvard swept the Thames and Cornell did the same for the Hudson, with this difference—that while Cornell rowed to victory with a lower stroke than her rivals, Harvard had to pull from two to three more strokes to the minute than Yale to keep her shell moving to the front. And this fact, added to Harvard's defeat by Cornell at two miles early in the season, argues the continued supremacy of the Cornell stroke, which, losing nothing in power, yet is so smooth as to leave no jolts along its winning way.

Yale's form was as good as Harvard's, but lacked power. Columbia had splendid unison and dash, but needed smoothness—the other crews were outclassed.

College Baseball Batter Losing Initiative

THE college athletic season which closed with the boat-races on the Hudson is to be remembered for its excellence of performance. As this means wider engagement and interest among undergraduates, the result is noteworthy and in the desired direction.

The track teams East and West were, as a rule, better than the average, with Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Cornell leading, as named, in the East, and Illinois, Leland Stanford, Chicago, and Wisconsin in the West. Incidentally, R. E. Walker, the South African sprinter, proved his Olympic 100-yard form to have been accurate by twice beating M. J. Cartmell, the Pennsylvania University crack, in ten seconds flat.

Baseball, more than any other sport, showed the general quality, as well as equality. Although Yale won both the Harvard and Princeton series of two games out of three, she lost one game to Pennsylvania, which, like Harvard, as well as Yale, also beat Princeton twice. Cornell has the satisfaction of having beaten Pennsylvania and won one of its Harvard series of two; Amherst beat Yale on their single meeting, as well as Brown, which had twice defeated Harvard; and Williams triumphed over Cornell. Thus everybody gets a share of the season's honors, and the "championship" remains undecided, as is best.

In play the pitching department achieved the largest measure of prizes. Batting and base-running (improvement of which is the excuse for employing professional coaches) were from fair to mediocre, and showed no advancement over recent years. Fielding was loose and brilliant by turn. The Harvard-Yale series showed the best all-round baseball of the season, and Yale was steadier and batted better on this occasion than any other of the college teams.

As I have before said, the professional coach is destroying the batters' initiative.

The Price We Pay for Bad Roads

Hunger and Illiteracy Stalk Along Our Ill-Kept Highways

By AGNES C. LAUT

¶ Two hundred and fifty million dollars a year are wasted on bad roads in the United States. Added to loss on haul, the storage and extra food rates make the total expense one billion dollars a year. This means a tax of $12.50 on every man, woman, and child in the country. Corners in the grain markets are frequently the direct result of bad roads. In four bad-road States three hundred and seventy-five thousand people out of seven million can not read or write; in four good-road States out of six million population there are twenty thousand illiterates



Nearly a foot of mud in the street of a Chicago suburb

DO GOOD roads concern you? If you are one of the 155,000 motor-car owners in the United States, it is a fairly safe guess that you give some thought to the good-roads movement and a great deal more thought to the bad roads that exist on a system of "pig-track trails" with wallows and "thank-you-mams" and "bump-you-quicks" in the proportion of ninety-three miles bad for every one hundred miles of road.

Or if you are one of the 30,000,000 people who live on farms in the United States, it is also a fairly safe guess that you know something about bad roads, even if you do not know and have never chanced to cross the seven per cent of improved roads of the total two million miles of highway in the United States.

But if you are a city dweller, whose use of the highway consists chiefly of the street railway, does the good-roads movement concern you? That question is best answered by asking another. When the price of wheat goes up from 70 cents to $1.30 a bushel, and the price of potatoes from 50 cents to $1.25, and the price of bread from 6 to 10 cents, and the price of flour from $4.50 to $7.50 a barrel—do those facts concern you? If they do, then you are vitally interested in good roads! Take wheat, for instance! Do you know why it is possible to corner the market in wheat? First of all, because wheat is scarce—the demand growing faster than supply; but secondarily, because, owing to the condition of the roads, it is possible for speculators to get possession of the whole year's crop of wheat. The West is the great granary of the wheat supply to-day: and in the West wheat must be rushed to market in the clear, dry autumn days when the prairie roads are hard as flint. If the farmer held his wheat over, past the dry weather, in the most of counties he simply could not deliver during late autumn rains



Not long ago, Jefferson County, N. Y.



The same Jefferson County road to-day



A mire of slush on a Tennessee road

or early spring break-up when roads are a churn of mud. The result is, for three months after each crop, there is a glut of wheat at elevator, railroad, water-front. A large proportion of the crop goes in storage. These storage charges amount in a grain center like Chicago to as much as nine cents a bushel in a year. On Minnesota's wheat crop, storage charges mount up to $5,000,000; on the two Dakotas, to twice as much, and so for every grain area on the continent. The farmer does not pay those storage charges at water-front. The speculator does not—he adds those charges to the selling price; and the man who pays is the buyer—you, Mr. Town Man, who eat dear bread all because some mud road back in a hoosier State has not been graded up properly.

As a matter of fact, America's country roads are so notoriously bad that it costs more to haul a ton of wheat from farm to market than to ship that ton from New York to Liverpool. America's country roads are so bad that it costs the American farmer 23 cents to haul a ton, when it costs the English or the Belgian or the French or the German farmer only from 7 to 9 cents for the same haul. You, Mr. Town Man, and you, Mr. Farmer, pay for the unnecessary waste of those bad roads, the town man by extra cost of what he eats, the farmer by lessened profits on what he sells. The same reason explains why the town man pays $1.25 in spring for potatoes which cost from 50 to 75 cents in the autumn.

That may not be as striking a way of showing what bad roads cost as if you went out in your motor-car and ruptured a pair of $60 tires; but it affects more people.

If you want to know what bad roads cost the country as a whole, keep in mind that American farmers are paying 23 cents a ton for hauling, when European farmers are paying from 7 to 9 cents. Now, the Interstate Commerce report shows that the railroads yearly haul 265,000,000 tons of farm produce, and that the average haul from farm to market for the whole country is nine and a fraction miles. Put the cost of hauling at a round $2 a ton for the nine miles, and you have the cost of hauling farm produce at a round half-billion dollars a year. Half that cost is waste, solely owing to bad roads.

Look squarely at the facts!

Two hundred and fifty million dollars a year wasted on bad roads, which the farmer and consumer jointly pay!

The charge to haul wheat from New York to Liverpool, 3,100 miles, is 3.5 cents

An improved sand road, Massachusetts, where the percentage of good roads is high





A wet, graveled street, Los Angeles, California

per bushel. The charge to haul a bushel of wheat from farm to market, 9.4 miles, is 5.11 cents! The storage on wheat at water-fronts, 9 cents a bushel a year. Do good roads concern you?

Total up the whole cost of bad roads, the waste on haul, the storage at water-fronts, the extra price paid for food, owing to scant market in spring—and you have an expense bill of a billion dollars a year against bad roads, or, on a basis of 80,000,000 population, a tax of $12.50 a year, which every man, woman, and child pays for bad roads.

The results of bad roads are yearly tolls of $12.50 against every person who eats farm produce. That yearly waste would build 200,000 miles of A1 macadam roads every year; or in ten years would turn every country road into such a highway as the Romans' famous Appian Way, basing the cost at the very highest average of $5,000 a mile. Though macadam roads sometimes exceed that figure, owing to special difficulties of swamp or bridge work, on easy grade near the source of the rock bed, the average has come as low as $2,000; in New Jersey, for instance.

The beauty of the relentless scheme of things is when we mend our ways—in this case, mend our roads—Nature not only wipes out the deficit, she puts a plus to the account where there used to be a minus. Supposing of the 2,000,000 miles of roads in the United States, all were improved instead of only seven per cent, what would be the result to farmer and consumer? First of all, the big deficit of waste on haul, on storage, on cornered prices—wiped out! The minus goes off the national slate and the plus comes on.

Good Roads Reduce Distance

THE good road moves the remotest farm right next to the market. A farm twenty miles from the market on an all-the-year-round good road is nearer market than a farm seven miles away on a bad road. Truck farmers in New Jersey and Long Island can haul their produce to market, thirty miles, cheaper than they can ship by railroad; and that produce nets, according to well-known averages, as follows:

Fruit, $80 per acre; flowers, $2,000 per acre; corn, $8 per acre; wheat, $7 per acre; oats, $7 per acre; vegetables, $42 per acre.

Out in the Dakotas and Minnesota and Manitoba they haul their produce thirty and forty miles; but they can haul it only when the roads are dry in the early fall; and at that season the price is lowest. The farmer along the good road can command the best price by hauling only when the price is best; and he can also raise the produce that gives biggest net returns. If you would learn why a whole family can live and live well off an acre in Holland and Belgium and France, when a family often fails to live well off a hundred and sixty acres in America, study that table of farm averages in relation to the good roads.

One can hear the snort of derision from a skeptic as he asks if the inference is with good roads your Dakota farmer could grow flowers at $2,000 an acre! No, it is not; but here is the inference: With good roads, your Dakota farmer—who under present conditions drives hub-deep in gumbo mud during spring—could market his crop when prices ruled highest. Instead of selling his wheat at 70 and 80 cents in the fall, he could sell it at $1 during the winter and in the spring. (Prices of $1.30 and $1.50, which Mr. Hill predicts, I eliminate because the cornering which brings such prices is largely the result of the bad roads, which throw an entire season's crop into the hands of the speculators.) An additional price of even 25 cents a bushel would mean $15,000,000 more in the pockets of the Minnesota farmers, $20,000,000 in the pockets of the Canadian Northwestern farmer, a similar amount to the farmers of the Dakotas, and to the wheat farmers of the Pacific Coast. Purely as an investment, the wheat farming States should wake up; for only one of them has entered on the good-roads movement with vigor.

With good roads you would not need to buy your vegetables in the country. In many parts of New England small fruits and vegetables are bought from dealers who send to New York. New York gets them from New Jersey and Delaware and the South. Your New York farmer does not raise vegetables in quantities because until recently roads did not permit him to market such a perishable product in quantities. This holds good of the very place where I live in New England. The same condition exists in the cow country and the grain country. Potatoes and onions your Dakota farmer can market in quantities. Therefore he raises them; but because bad roads cut him off from the market half the year he does not raise the more perishable vegetables. Vegetables he buys from California at fancy prices—another tax for bad roads. In fact, owing to bad roads, there



How bad bad roads can be—South Dakota

have been seasons when New Yorkers were paying $1 a bushel for their potatoes and Western farmers were glad to sell them at 15 cents for pig feed and starch.

With access to market and best ruling prices, net returns increase and farm lands jump in value. It is an actual fact, wherever good roads have gone, land has increased in value from $2 to $9 an acre. In Jackson County, Alabama, a bond issue of $250,000 built 125 miles of macadam road. The selling price of land was from $6 to $15 before the road was built. On the completion, land values went up from $15 to $25. In Bradley County, Tennessee, land values advanced from $9 to $15 and $30.

Another curious but perfectly natural result of good roads is population. Buyers buy more readily when they can market easily. Take these figures.

In twenty-five counties, where there was only 1.5 per cent of improved roads, the population decreased in the ten years from 1890 to 1900 a total of 77,800.

In twenty-five counties, where 40 per cent of the roads were improved, the population increased in the same period 778,000.

The effect of good roads on school attendance needs no proof. In the five States having the best roads the average attendance is 77 per cent of enrollment. In the five States having the fewest good roads the attendance averages only 59 per cent.

With these figures on schools, it is not surprising to find that ignorance and bad roads go together. In the four bad-roads States, with a total population of 7,000,000, are 375,000 men and women, white and native born, who can neither read nor write. In four good-roads States, with a population of 6,000,000, are only 20,000 illiterates.



Oak Knoll Avenue, San Gabriel Valley, near Pasadena, one of the petralithic roads of California



Where horses are used up—a loose sand-road in Massachusetts



Hauling cotton on an improved highway in the vicinity of Jackson, Tennessee

How the Movement Began

THE movement for good roads is so recent that it need not be retailed here. When colonists first came to America, the roads followed buffalo trails and Indian wilderness paths. As farms became fenced, roads ran along between boundaries without regard to the shortest distance or grade; and these were kept in order (or disorder) by statute labor—farmers turning out for a day once a year for a road picnic, filling in holes that ought to have been filled in months previously, tinkering and trifling away time with no special director. The results were what might have been expected. Men do not employ blacksmiths as doctors; and why should farmers be supposed to possess the technical knowledge of an engineer? During various wars, two or three good roads were hacked through the wilderness across country, from New York up to Boston along the old post road, from the Cumberland Mountains west to St. Louis, from Virginia up through Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, and when emigration began to roll Westward, from St. Louis to Oregon. With these exceptions, the highways of the United States were a system of pig-track trails.

Then came the great railroad building era down to 1880, when public roads were forgotten in the expectation that railroads would supplant them; but as population grew, the necessity for roads to link farm with market became daily more insistent. Kentucky and Pennsylvania had long had toll roads; but these were unsatisfactory; and about 1891 New Jersey began the State-aid system, followed by Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Maine, and Rhode Island, until

(Continued)

The Friendly Citizens of Chipmunkville

An Experience in the Near-Jungle Which Showed the Native "Stripes" to be Equally as Voracious as the Far Eastern Terror and Much more Inquisitive

By J. ALDEN LORING



THE real foundation for the village of Chipmunkville was the camp established by a market fisherman who occupied it occasionally during the fishing season. Under a cluster of hemlock trees some thirty feet from the spacious tent with its plank floor and wooden frame, he had built a crude little icehouse, where he stored the fish until a goodly number was caught. By its side was a rustic table, and back of this was piled his supply of empty packing-boxes.

In the shade of these hemlock trees, on the table and around the icehouse and the pile of boxes, all Chipmunkville gathered to gossip, frolic, and fight. When hunger bade them eat, they scurried across the opening in which the camp was located, and, entering the tent through a crack in the floor, searched among the boxes, canned goods, tinware, and other paraphernalia that goes to make up the equipment of a camp outfit.

The population was composed of two species of chipmunks. The Western (*Eutamias quadrivittus*) was the most common. He was a slim-bodied, sharp-nosed, agile, and active little fellow with four white and four dark-brown stripes on his back and sides. The other, Say's chipmunk (*Callospermophilus lateralis*), closely resembled the Eastern species, save that it grew much larger. He wore shorter hair than the Western chipmunk, was robust in stature, had a round head and a blunt muzzle, and could be distinguished at a glance by one white and one dark stripe on each side of the body.

The village was quite deserted when I first entered it, for the tent had not been occupied for several weeks and the supply of provender left there had long since been exhausted. The few chipmunks running about the icehouse, and those that scampered out of the tent when I unlocked the door, quickly took refuge, for, having too often been greeted with missiles of various kinds from former occupants of the camp whenever they became too familiar, experience had taught them to mistrust human visitors. My first move, therefore, was to allay these fears as soon as possible.

Their Confidence is Won

DURING the two hours I spent in settling camp and bringing wood and water, chipmunks eyed me suspiciously from points of vantage, and when I moved away from camp they ventured out, only to hurry back with loud cries of derision upon my return.

The initiative play in a movement which eventually ended in our becoming so chummy was scattering a supply of rolled oats upon the table, where they were quick to find it. The rest was easy, for that bait of rolled oats acted like the secret greeting of two fraternity men. It had the same effect in Chipmunkville that the sudden discovery of a rich vein of gold would have in a waning mining camp.

As soon as the news of the strike of oatmeal reached the forests and the cliff behind camp, the population of Chipmunkville doubled by nightfall, and by noon the next day it had swelled to alarming proportion. I say alarming because the presence of chipmunks in a Western camp is always a heralder of trouble and damage. For the rest of my stay, from sun-up to sun-down, the two main avenues leading to and from the village, the banks of a small stream on one side and a prostrate tree-trunk that extended from the timber into the clearing on the other, were constantly thronged with active and industrious chipmunks. There was not a minute of the day that from ten to twenty and even as many as thirty-three chipmunks could not be seen from the tent door, some engaged in play and some in culinary duties of various kinds. They soon became so tame that they dodged between my feet, climbed up my legs, and skipped about my body as I sat by the table taking notes or lay snoozing on my bunk. They even helped themselves to my food with the utmost impunity, and I had to sit and guard my plate or take it with me whenever I left the table.

It was two and a half feet from the sill of the tent door to the ground, and as I sat there gazing out upon the busy chipmunk throng, those that wished to enter my domicile ran up my legs, pausing a few seconds on my knee to look about, and then continued their way into the tent. Or, while scampering about the scantling framework, they would descend the door casing half-way, then leap to my shoulder or to my head, and from there slip to the ground.

They Become Over-Neighborly

ONE little fellow discovered that I kept rolled oats in one of the outside pockets of my hunting coat, and no matter if it was on me or was hanging on a nail, he made frequent visits to it and, diving in head foremost, filled his cheek-pouches to the bursting point and then ran off into the timber to cache the find in his storehouse. It would be interesting to know how many pounds of rolled oats those chipmunks took from my hands during my four days' stay with them and just where it was all stored.

They finally became so numerous and bold, not to say aggressive, that they were really a nuisance, and it became necessary to place everything eatable not intended for their consumption on shelves suspended by wires from the ridgepole of the tent.

If I left the tent for a few moments I was reminded I had left the door open by the loud clatter of falling dishes, and on looking around I was sure to see a file of striped bodies darting through the doorway, some toting off large square soda-crackers, some struggling with chunks of fried bacon stolen from the frying-pan, and others with their pouches stuffed with oatmeal. My appearance in the doorway always sent them helter-skelter to hiding until they had time to see what was the real cause of their fright, when they would come out again and continue their mischief as unconcerned as though I were not there. Often the suddenly animated appearance of a roll of cotton-batting, that I used for stuffing specimens, would attract my attention, and, after watching a few seconds, I would see a chipmunk emerge from the very center of it, his little black eyes sparkling, his cheek-pouches bulging and cotton protruding from both sides of his jaws like a white stubby mustache. No doubt the cotton was intended for lining a subterranean bedchamber beneath some rock, log, or stump far off in the wilds.

Their mischievous nature—that is, mischievous from a human standpoint, but in reality the same natural instinct that prompts all animals to hunt for food—sometimes brought them into serious trouble, which might have ended disastrously but for help. Once I entered the tent just in time to rescue a chipmunk from drowning in the water-pail, into which he had fallen or jumped while scampering about. I fished him out and, after rubbing him dry, laid him on the grass in the sun, and he soon recovered and took to the timber. On another occasion, while snoozing on my blankets, I was roused by an unusual disturbance and awakened to find that in some manner a chipmunk had thrust his head and shoulders through a tin ferrule used to seal the top of a preserve bottle, and, crazed by fear, was rushing about the tent in an effort to extricate himself. Again my services were called into action, and after clothing my hands in heavy buckskin gloves and turning the camp into confusion, I managed to catch and free the little fellow from his perilous condition.



A table full of guests, dining on rolled oats

The Crows Cause a Panic

THESE were by no means the only ridiculous experiences my chipmunks had. A pair of Clark's crows and a magpie were frequent visitors to the camp. Their sudden appearance momentarily struck terror to the hearts of the citizens of Chipmunkville, who, ever on the alert for hawks, their worst enemy, would sound the alarm and make for the nearest shelter before really ascertaining whether or not their actions were justifiable.

I happened to be looking from the tent door one morning when one of the crows sailed from the edge of the timber into the park. A chipmunk at once gave the alarm signal, and they all tumbled over each other to get to shelter. One fellow, who was rummaging about the extinguished ruins of the campfire, seeing that he could not get into the timber before the supposed enemy was upon him, darted under a partly burned side log. The crow flew directly to the fire site and, naturally, perched on the crane just above the chipmunk. Then, seeing some scraps of food in the ashes beneath him, he innocently hopped down and struck the ground within six inches of the frightened chipmunk's shelter. With a shriek of terror, stripes darted from hiding and, screaming bloody murder at every jump, he tore across the open space into the hemlocks.



I once threw a piece of biscuit to a Clark's crow, but before he could get to it a chipmunk snatched it and made off. The crow and a magpie started in pursuit. They lined up on each side of him and darted at him, first from one direction, then from another, but the chipmunk, staggering under the weight of his unwieldy prize, dodged, twisted, and sidestepped until he managed to gain shelter under the top of a fallen tree, where for some time he was safe. Eventually the birds drove him out and harassed him until the crow finally gave up in despair, and the last I saw of the remaining pair, the chipmunk,



still in possession of the biscuit, was circling and recircling a tall spruce, while the magpie, jabbering and scolding as only a magpie can, was hopping from limb to limb in close pursuit.

One day a Say's chipmunk entered the mouth of a small sack that had contained rolled oats. The temptation was too great for me, so, waiting until he had completely disappeared, I clapped my hand over the mouth of the sack. The frightened chipmunk did not attempt to back out, but burst through the bottom of the sack with one jump, and, his body covered with powdered oatmeal, stopped, sat up, and looked back, a most surprised expression on his countenance.

In pleasant weather I ate my meals at the table under the hemlocks by the icehouse, and invariably had as guests anywhere from five to a dozen chipmunks. They were particularly fond of bacon and bacon grease, consequently the frying-pan was a favorite resort. One little fellow, who was unusually confident, insisted on eating from my plate and refused to be driven away. As often as I picked him up by the slack skin of his back and dropped him at arm's length on the table, so often would he send back under my nose. I finally learned that the only way to keep peace with him was to prepare a meal on one side of the plate especially for him.

Traits of the Two Species

MY MEALS were sometimes rudely interrupted by a pair of chipmunks, who, having entered into an altercation, would suddenly dash over the box pile and land unceremoniously in the center of the table, upsetting the dishes and scattering the food in all directions. Or they would leap from the box pile to a hemlock tree by my side and, after circling and recircling the trunk, spring over to where I sat and use my body for a merry-go-round. Consequently I had to be alert to protect my face from being scratched and my eyesight from being endangered.

It was interesting to study the actions of the two species. The Say's chipmunks were so fat and logy that they were slow and awkward, and the difference in manners between them and the graceful Western chipmunks was very pronounced. Whenever the Say's chipmunks tried to climb the table-legs or attempted to explore my camera by ascending a leg of the tripod, they slid back and finally tumbled to the ground in a most awkward and ridiculous manner.

On the other hand, every move of the Western chipmunks was that of ease and grace. They never missed their footing, could jump twice as far as their cousins, and their sharp toenails permitted them to climb up the slippery tripod legs with ease. Several times I was obliged to shoo them off the camera lest their inquisitive nature should impel them to gnaw daylight into the bellows. The only way that the Say's chipmunks could reach the camera was by jumping to it from a stone, log, or stump on which it had been focused with a view to securing a photograph whenever they got within range.

The Say's chipmunks, too, were more aggressive, but they stood no show against their more active rivals, who outwitted, outdodged, and outran them at every stage of the combat, and then returned to their luncheon as fresh and agile as at the start, while their logy pursuers, out of breath, followed with heaving sides.

The bully of the town was a fat old Say's chipmunk, who never appeared on the scene until half Chipmunkville was astir. With his tail arched over his back, and stepping almost on the tips of his toes, he stalked pompously into the feeding throng and, after thoroughly airing his importance, proceeded to do up the entire bunch. No one seemed to take him seriously, however; in fact, he was utterly ignored until

he attacked one of them, and then it was only the pursued one that exerted himself just enough to keep out of reach until he gave up and returned to the crowd and began to bully another chipmunk. After exhausting himself in this manner, he was willing to take his place with the others and feed peacefully. I tried hard to get a photograph of him in one of his proud moments, but he never got within range of my camera.

The word glutton is far inadequate to express this chipmunk's propensity for eating and stuffing his cheek-pouches—after filling his mouth by a sidewise movement of his jaws, he would work the flakes into his cheeks until his head was half again its normal size. Not satisfied with the hole that I cut in the top of the oatmeal box, he ripped off pieces of the pasteboard until he had an opening large enough to enter, then stuffed himself. I actually saw him start off to cache his load, when, noticing another chipmunk jump on the box, he came back and chased it away lest it might take a few mouthfuls of oatmeal before his return.

In comparison with the birds, the chipmunks were late risers, and the sun was always above the horizon before the bulk of them arrived. The heavy dews might have been the cause of this, for I noticed that the chipmunks avoided the wet grass and kept their coats dry by traveling over logs, stumps, and rocks.

While in a general way all chipmunks of the same species looked alike, many of them I became individually acquainted with by the different marks that they had received from nature and from accidents and fights. There was the one with the bobtail, the one with the ragged ear, and the one that had started to shed the hair on one side of its body. They all had certain peculiarities that I discovered, and I soon learned that the branded ones at least had regular thoroughfares over which they traveled in coming and going to and from the [illegible] and their homes. So well established were these by-ways that the little pedestrians stepped almost the same footprints each time. There was the log [illegible] they ran and from which they leaped to a stone [illegible] boulders, and the stump at the edge of the timber [illegible] they always paused to see if the coast was clear before making a dash across the dangerous opening to the tent.

The tramp and scuffle of feet about the icehouse door and beneath the table naturally loosened the dry earth and caused considerable dust to accumulate. Very frequently chipmunks seemed to be suddenly overcome by a "brain-storm." Rushing to the dust-pile they would throw themselves upon their chest and, by pushing with their hind legs, scrape the soles of their front feet on the ground and rub their noses and cheeks in the dust. That stage of the operation finished, they would sit up and rub off the dirt with their hands, but frequently, as

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The Makers of a New Sailor Breed

The Tractable Small Boat and Its Effect on Yachting

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

EMERSON expresses the thought that when man invented the carriage he ceased to walk. The maritime philosopher of to-day uncouthly draws a similar figure of the effect of the power boat on sailing.

"Sailin's done for," says the Jack Bunsby to be found on any American wharf-end. "The gasoliners has got it lashed to the mast."

With due regard to the sources of these deductions, we may say of them as the original Bunsby said of his opinion to Captain Cuttle: "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

Undeniably man walks less than in earlier ages, yet walking remains his most essential form of exercise. The gasoline-driven boat has diminished the number of sailing boats, but sailing remains, as it always must, the first sport on the water. In recreation the sailing boat stands in a relation to the power boat similar to that of the horse to the automobile. Machinery can banish neither horse nor sail, nor can it perform any part of their higher functions in sport.

The small yacht, the school of the Corinthian sailor, to-day is a stronger force than ever before in shaping our national character. No sport develops more surely than boat-sailing the qualities that make men and women strong and true.

Something in the sailor's close touch with Nature in her most unstable elements makes him respectful of her power and mystery, simple and direct of mind and kind of heart. Such were our old-time sailors as a class. The breed of them is dying out. Men go no longer in tall ships to the mystic East. The spirit of our old seafarers to-day is found only in our Corinthian sailors.

The passing of our sailing ships, and even of our larger sailing yachts—for they are diminishing yearly before the advance of power—makes the position of the Corinthian sailor, the man who sails a small yacht, more important than ever before.

Yacht-racing in America has never relied more completely on the amateur sailor than to-day. Nine races in ten are now sailed by small yachts, and a condition more and more often imposed is that no professional shall steer a boat in a race. This is as it should be. Were such conditions extended to as important events as the America Cup matches, or the annual races off Newport, there would be helmsmen enough available from among the country's amateurs to represent it with credit.

Cruising as Good as Racing

THE importance of the Corinthian sailor in present-day yachting may be noted from the large number of ocean races, on courses from 100 to 675 miles long (to Bermuda), which are sailed by boats manned and navigated by amateurs.

Still one need not be a racing man to receive from sailing its richest gifts. The contentment of the cruising sailor, or of him who sails from his home moorings of an afternoon to return at nightfall, is often greater than the racer's.

When the breeze blows true, and rigging and sheets are taut, as the water slips rippling along the lee rail into the milky wake behind, the boat owner, feeling the pulse of his yacht on the sensitive tiller, is filled with rare content. Power may have diminished the number of sailing yachts; from him it can never filch the joy of the sail.

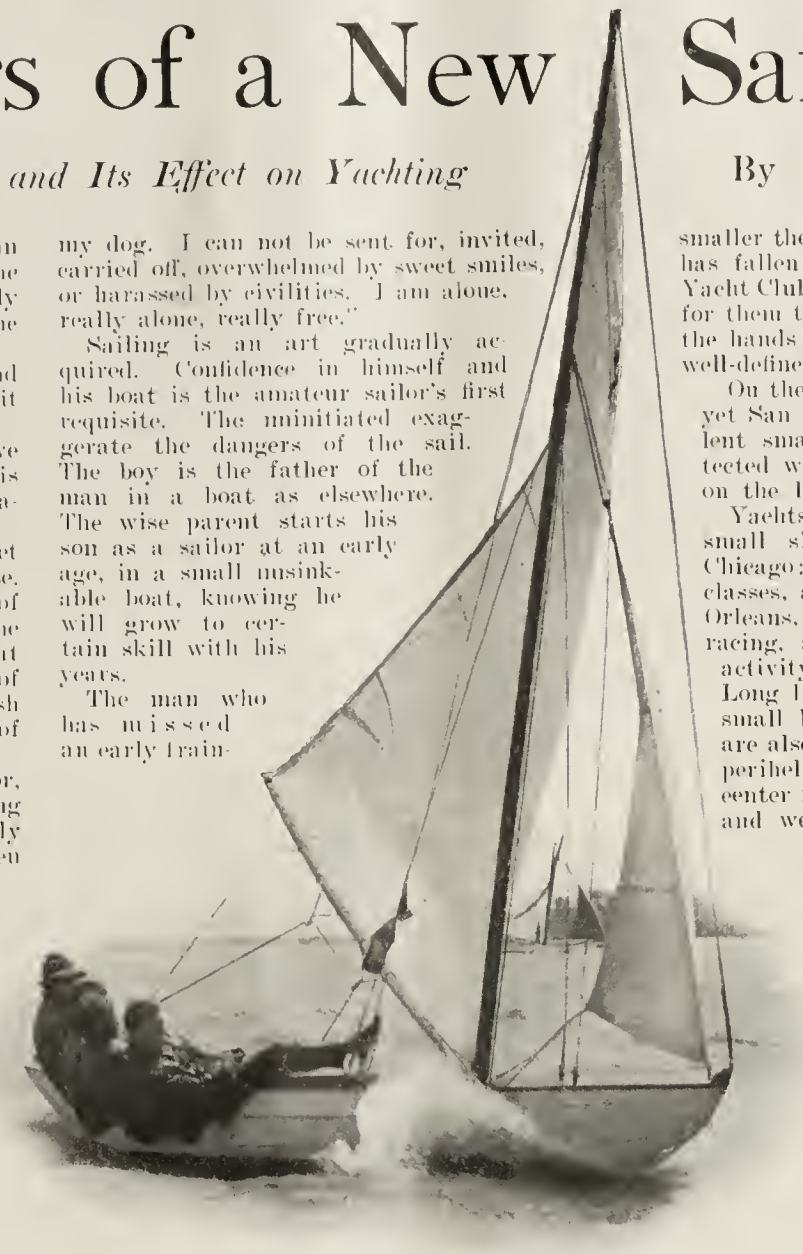
The Corinthian sailor of to-day has broadened with the great advancement made in the wealth of the country and the art of building small yachts. Yachting, as we know it, began in America in the early forties, rowing being then the chief sport in small boats. Racing small yachts dates from the seventies and cruising from a decade later. It is now not uncommon to find two men making a summer cruise of 1,000 miles in a small yacht, or a happy single-hander, afloat six months in the year, covering even a longer distance.

The pleasure the cruiser finds in the open is expressed by Guy de Maupassant in his yachting idyl, "Sur l'Eau."

"It seems to me," he wrote on the first morning of a cruise, "as if I had left weeks ago, months ago, years ago, the talking, busy world; I feel arise within me the intoxication of solitude, the sweet delights of a rest that nothing can disturb, neither the white letter, nor the blue telegram, nor the bell at my door, nor the bark of my dog. I can not be sent for, invited, carried off, overwhelmed by sweet smiles, or harassed by civilities. I am alone, really alone, really free."

Sailing is an art gradually acquired. Confidence in himself and his boat is the amateur sailor's first requisite. The uninitiated exaggerate the dangers of the sail. The boy is the father of the man in a boat as elsewhere. The wise parent starts his son as a sailor at an early age, in a small unsinkable boat, knowing he will grow to certain skill with his years.

The man who has missed an early train-



Hanging over the gunwale in a hard dory race

ing in a boat may acquire skill only by persistent and intelligent application. Much depends, for such a beginner, on his choice of a boat. The green hand may think a dory suited to him. Boys begin sailing very often in dories; yet there is a knack in dory-sailing men work long to acquire. It is strenuous sport. The skipper of a big boat very often would be lost in a dory. A good sailing dory costs $165, and is the cheapest form of yacht.

Two types suited to the novice are the catboat and the knockabout. The cat, shallow, broad-beamed, and "able," is the best boat for shoal water. No type is more easily managed, as it has but one sheet and one sail. The cost ranges from $250 to $1,000.

While the cat is used largely for general sailing, some of the hardest racing on the Atlantic coast is done in catboats. The centers for this branch of the sport are Barnegat, Great South, Narragansett, Buzzards and Massachusetts Bays. The latter has a superior class of catboats engaged in racing. Some of them are twenty years old. When not racing, they are used for cruising or afternoon sailing. They are the ideal poor man's yacht. A handsome catboat of twenty-seven feet length can be bought at ten years old for $400 or less. The cost of upkeep is small, particularly when the owner does his fitting out. A feature of the present racing season is an inter-bay match for catboats in Barnegat Bay.

The knockabout, a handy little sloop with deep draft and snug rig, is more fashionable, but more expensive than the cat. First cost of a knockabout is about $2,000. It has more speed than a catboat and less cabin space. Few knockabouts have been built in recent years, the newer small yachts appearing as variants of the type, from fifteen to twenty feet water-line, in one-design classes of from eight to twenty boats all built from one set of plans.

Size No Limit to Enjoyment

FROM the types mentioned the yachtsman may choose from all sizes of craft, according to his purse, until he reaches such a gigantic racing machine as *Reliance*, which cost about $250,000. Whatever craft he buys or builds, he may rely on this general principle, that enjoyment of sailing bears little or no relation to the size of the boat in which one sails. Often one finds that the smaller the boat the keener the sport. The racing of large yachts has fallen off to such a degree that, excepting the New York Yacht Club events, there are no races worth mentioning scheduled for them this year. American yachting for 1909, therefore, is in the hands of the Corinthians, and we find it grouped in certain well-defined centers.

On the California coast infrequent harbors restrict the sport, yet San Diego, San Pedro, and San Francisco have some excellent small yachts. Puget Sound, with its picturesque, protected waters, is the promising field of yachting development on the Pacific.

Yachtsmen on the Great Lakes are devoted chiefly to racing small sloops, mainly of twenty-one-foot water-line, as at Chicago; eighteen-footers, as at Cleveland, and other small classes, as at Detroit. On the Gulf the yachting center, New Orleans, has mixed types. At Hampton Roads there is some racing, and as one comes up the coast he finds increasing activity in the New Jersey bays and on the south side of Long Island until the Sound is reached. Here the racing of small boats thrives. Narragansett Bay and Buzzards Bay are also centers for racing; but one does not find the sport at perihelion until he reaches Marblehead. This, the most active center for small-yacht sailing in the world, is an ancient, salt and weather-beaten town overlooking a deep and sheltered harbor, and over a rocky neck the open bay, into which heave the free surges of the Atlantic. Here the building and sailing of boats are developed as horse-breeding and horse-racing are in Kentucky. Everybody knows all about yachting. The boy here sails a boat as a duckling swims. The summer resident here gives his son a boat and lets him follow his own devices, knowing he will soon develop into a yachtsman. Here one may see girls also, bareheaded, the wind blowing their locks about their wholesome faces, sailing their boats like veterans, the potential mothers of yachtsmen, building for the future. The same thing is to be observed at Buzzards Bay, where the young women of the summer colony are active in racing, and also at various points on Long Island.

If one drops in at a certain Marblehead clubhouse some afternoon when the midsummer series of races is on, he will find about 100 boats entered for the race, with about 400 clean, clear-eyed, and hearty people in their crews. One notices that many of the smaller boats are manned by boys, and some by girls. It appears that the club encourages entries from juvenile sailors in what the rank and file delight to term "Billy Carleton's kindergarten."

The Sonder-Boat Matches With Germany

A SONDER-CLASS boat, of which the visitor to Marblehead will doubtless have heard, is a small, fast, and compact sloop, less than 35 feet long on top, restricted to 500 feet of sail, and built to a formula that refines every element making for speed and delicacy of adjustment. Each ounce of weight is considered in the fittings of a sonder boat, which compares with other yachts as a Derby winner compares with common horseflesh.

The sonder-class boat was introduced in America in 1906, when an international match was arranged with Germany, and American yachtsmen, in a liberal sporting spirit, agreed to build three boats to the German sonder, or special class, rule, to meet three boats to be sent by Germany. America built fifteen boats, selected three, and won the match. In 1907 three American boats were defeated off Kiel. This year, in early September, another match will be sailed, off Marblehead.

These matches, now the chief international yachting events between America and a European country, originated with a Corinthian yachtsman of Marblehead, who in private life is a manufacturing chemist. His name is plain Henry Howard. When he began to work up his idea, he had to proceed cautiously, through ambassadors and court advisers, for it was the Emperor with whom ultimately he had to deal.

The Emperor, having sanctioned the matches, now considers them an adjunct to statecraft in cultivating better relations with the United States. Germany sends her best yachtsmen to sail off Marblehead. They are men of high standing and intellectual occupations, for sailing a sonder boat is a thinking man's job. The German Corinthian steps aboard his boat at Marblehead, knowing that he must rely on his own efforts, sink or swim.

Meeting him are the best small-yacht sailors America produces. They may be sons of a line of sailors, but they have left the study, the bank, or the business office to play the game. The best helmsman among them is treasurer of the Corporation of Harvard University.

The Greatest Horse Show Ever Held

An Exhibition Which Cost Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars and Distributed Sixty Thousand Dollars to Winners Among Twenty-Five Hundred Entries

By PRICE COLLIER



The United States carried off more honors in the appointment classes than all other nations combined, and Judge Moore of New York was especially prominent in the winning. This is one of his numerous entries, the blue ribbon brougham turnout

NO COUNTRY ought to be more interested in a well-conducted and judiciously managed horse show than America. There are close on to twenty million horses in America, and the Department of Agriculture puts their value at something over $1,050,000,000. Iowa, Illinois, and Texas alone have more horses between them than any foreign country; and each of these States has more horses than Great Britain.

The greatest horse show the world has ever seen was held last month in the great glass-covered arena known as Olympia in London. This is not only not exaggeration, it is not sufficient praise. This particular show dates only to 1907. In that year there were 1,842 entries, $37,370 in prize money, 124 classes, and an expenditure of $90,000. In 1908 there were 2,334 entries, $40,000 in prize money, 149 classes, and an expenditure of $114,000. This year, 1909, there were over 2,500 entries, $60,000 in prize money, and an expenditure of some $250,000, with over fifteen hundred different horses shown in the different classes.



In England $78,000,000 is said to be invested in hounds, hunters, and all that goes to make up the sport of fox chasing; hence, England breeds the finest hunters in the world. This is Sahib, the blue-ribbon hunting sire of the International Exhibition at Olympia

There were horses from France, Belgium, Italy, Canada, Denmark, the Argentine Republic, Germany, Russia, Holland, Persia, Sweden, Spain, Austri, and, as it should be, the largest and best exhibit of any foreign country, from America.

To mention the names of Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Judge Moore, E. T. Stotesbury, the Messrs. Winans, C. W. Watson, E. H. Wetherbee, R. P. McGrann, Julian Morris, Ogden Armour, Paul Sorg, T. Hitchcock, and others is enough to indicate how well American interests were cared for. The writer apologizes for citing his own experience of horse shows, but having seen horse shows in New York, Baltimore, Paris, Brussels, Dublin, Pau, Mexico, and Madrid, and served as secretary for several years of one of the best managed and charming of horse shows, viz., that of Tuxedo, he claims the right of experience to make comparisons.

The glass-covered arena is perfectly shaded, so that no one is bothered either by too much or too little light; there are seats for eleven thousand people, and every seat a comfortable one with a good view of the horses; the classes are brought to the collecting ring and then ushered into the judging ring without hitch or delay; the instructions to exhibitors, grooms, and stable men are clearly and concisely put and printed in bold type on large posters throughout the stables and posted up fresh for each day; in the jumping competitions the judge at each jump has a messenger boy at his side, who runs with his marked paper to a collector, who, after each horse's performance, deposits the various papers with the secretary. As an illustration of the promptness which characterizes the show, the decision after the jumping for the King's Cup, in which no less than eighteen competitors took part, was given out to the audience within five minutes of the time the last horse left the ring. The box provided for the representatives of the press is well placed, and everything is done for their comfort and convenience. After each class has been judged, a messenger sent from the secretary's office reads aloud in front of this box the decision of the judges; this as a special precaution and compliment, I suppose, since the winning numbers are promptly displayed in huge figures at the end of the hall after each class leaves the ring. The number of each horse in the jumping competition is flashed out by electricity on two sides of the ring and kept there while the animal is in the ring.

Display Without Vulgarity

THE arena was overhung with huge baskets of flowers, and all around the ring were growing flowers. The whole of the interior was covered with a trellis in which were entwined wreaths of real blossoms of wisteria and clematis, while fronting the balcony were hundreds of giant palms. The arena itself was planted with roses of all kinds and colors, rhododendrons, hydrangeas, camellias, geraniums, orchids, and foliage plants and shrubs in profusion. The open spaces were filled in with green turf, and the various passages carpeted with green carpet. On the day when the King and Queen were present the view looking from the stable entrance, with flowers, uniforms, and beautiful gowns, was one not to be forgotten. For freshness and subdued brightness, and as a color-scheme, I, for one, have never seen it equaled. It was like looking at a huge garden party through an opera glass. Above all, there was no dust and no smarting of the eyes or dryness in the throat after a few hours spent there.

That broad aisle of vulgarity, the promenade at the Madison Square Garden Horse Show, had no counterpart at Olympia, and I hear on the best of authority that it is to be done away with in future at home. Every American who respects his countrywomen will rejoice. At Olympia there was a broad, well-carpeted promenade clear around the ring on the outside of the seats, and this year it was lined on both sides with miniature shops advertising the wares of the principal dealers in everything connected with horses and horsemanship, from a stirrup and topboot to a scarf-pin. The stables at the end of the ring were, some of them, like drawing-rooms—flowers, thick carpets, silk-plush curtains, oil paintings, and so on; perhaps, if one were inclined to be finical, some of them might be criticized as a little overdone.

England's National Interest

THIS year the show was also a complete success from the point of view of public interest. It is no easy matter to focus the attention of London. There are so many interests, so many amusements, particularly in early June, which is known as the London season, that only a super-attraction can hope to appeal effectively. The English are slow to arouse themselves to interest or admiration, and they are, to boot, profoundly utilitarian. The country just now is awake to the need of g r e a t e r strength in both army and navy. The increasing use of motor vehicles of all kinds is making the problem of providing horses for cavalry and artillery a pressing question. That most industrious patriot, the owner of Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Minoru, and the only King of England who has ever won the Derby, writes: "The King is well aware how m u c h horse-breeding in England has fallen off during the last few years, and is much concerned at the difficulty it may bring upon us." Having posed the problem, he sets to work to solve it, and the horse show profited largely by his influence and interest. The public made an overwhelming success of the show this year because they see at last, as all sensible men see, that the horse is not merely a plaything, but a dire necessity. He does much for good roads, and, therefore, for commerce, in time of peace, and he is the most practicable and absolutely necessary conveyance in time of war.

The first year of the show there were practically no entries of officers from the British army. This year they numbered over a hundred, and the jumping competition of teams of three officers for the King Edward VII Gold Cup, valued at $2,500, was the chief event of the week. Argentina, Belgium, Canada, England, France, and Italy entered. The cup was handsomely won by the French officers. The King's brother, the Duke of Connaught, gave a gold cup for British officers only, and the directors of the International Horse Show gave the Territorial Challenge Cup for jumping by a team of three members of any territorial unit. It may be seen from this that nothing was spared to aid, to interest, and to improve the horses used for army purposes. By far the largest number of entries were received for these and the other jumping competitions. The jumps were eight in number and quite different from those usually seen, consisting of a row of dummy soldiers—which, by the way, no single horse cleared—a row of railway sleepers placed on end, a wattle fence, two cannons placed muzzle to muzzle, a set of triple bars, a railway embankment with a fence on each side, level crossing gates, a "pianoforte" or rampart jump with a stone wall at its extremity. The amount offered in prizes for the jumping competitions alone was $25,000 out of the total offered in prizes of $60,000. The British officers have a lot to learn at this game, and though they were defeated, there was ample evidence that they are improving. But the gist of all this is that the International Horse Show at Olympia is being made to serve the needs of the British army. As a mere display of drawing-room horses, or self-advertising dames and plutocrats, it never would have achieved the success to which it has attained this year. The attention of London has been focused upon the show because it is doing something for England, and that, be it said, is the only way in which either king, man, or horse, or horse show gains a permanent place in London. That is the backbone of the show.

There are, however, two other aspects of the show to be considered, even when the underlying reason for its success has been named. The fashionables and the crowd both attended the show this year. To the man in the street and the woman who accompanies him, neither of whom knows when you should have leather or steel for your pole-chains, and neither of whom knows the difference between hame-straps and kicking-straps, the chief attractions were the jumping, the exhibits of ponies, and the hitherto unparalleled dexterity of the man who drove the six huge Clydesdales for a beef company. These horses weigh over a ton apiece, and were handled by their driver in the ring as though they were well-mannered, well-trained ponies. America has scored heavily with these as far as entertaining the audiences goes.

Comparing the Horses of the World

TO THAT part of the audience which attends the show through interest and intimate acquaintance with the horse, the main pleasure has been the opportunity to make comparisons of the horses shown from so many different parts of the world. If the Messrs. Winans are to be included as being American exhibitors, which is not quite fair since these gentlemen live and breathe and have their being both human and equine entirely in England, then America with Watson, Moore, Stotesbury, Vanderbilt, and McGrann, plus Winans, stands easily first in the classes for harness horses and hacks.

One of the most sporting events of the horse show was the so-called Marathon race, from Hampton Court to the show ring at Olympia. There were twenty-one entries, and this blue ribbon of blue ribbons, at least from the standpoint of coachmen, was won by Mr. Vanderbilt with his now famous team of grays. They did the little under eleven miles in forty-four minutes, and, though starting sixth, came in first looking fit enough to do another journey if necessary. This class was judged not for speed, the requirement being that they must cover the distance within an hour and fifteen minutes, but forty per cent for horses, thirty per cent for



The Winning English Farm Team

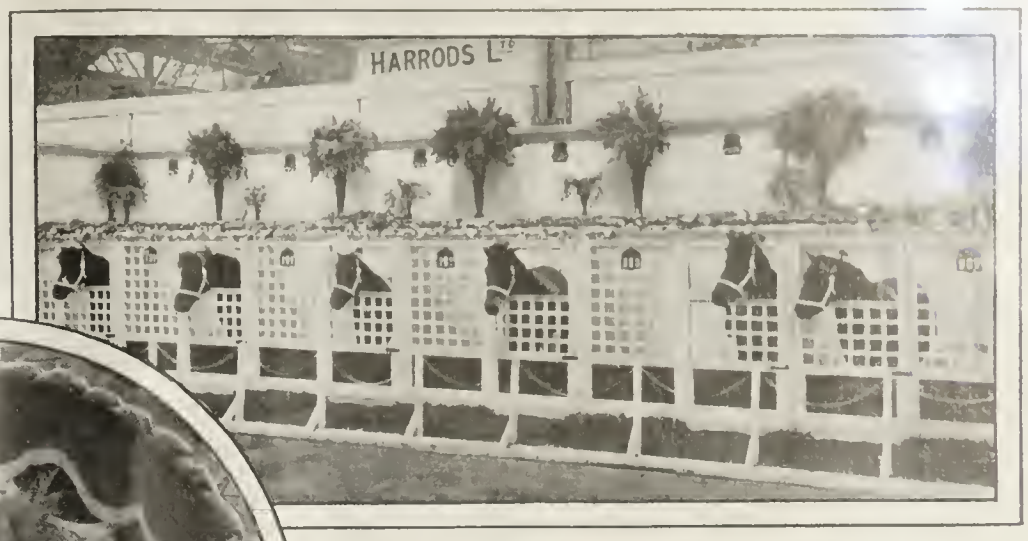
England is famed for its draught-horses, and the farmers take great pride in their outfits, even in the horse show sticking to the traditional frock coat and quaint stove-pipe hat of the British countryman



Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's stalls, which were among the handsomest at Olympia, were hung with silk curtains and furnished like a choice cabinet



The Winans horses were housed in a double aisle extending over one hundred feet, which was most elaborately decorated in silk banners and bunting. Mr. Winans is an American who lives in England



The Committee spent $250,000 on the Horse Show, and a big share went into beautifying the Arena. Stall decoration was done by individual exhibitors

condition of horses on arrival, twenty per cent for coach and appointments of a road coach, and ten per cent for harness. The road from Hampton Court to the show ring was lined dozens deep by an enthusiastic crowd of spectators, and perhaps no other feature of the whole program excited so much general interest. The writer, who has driven the Hampton Court road coach one season, and, therefore, knows something of the journey, enjoyed the coach ride of his life on the winning coach. The second prize in this class went to a team of hackney-bred horses from South America: so, whatever may have been the disappointment of English coaching men, they were given a useful illustration of how well horses bred across the water are doing to keep up the reputation of their English ancestry. That this prize should have been won by an American driving foreign-bred horses, and that the Americans, Watson, Winans, and Moore, also should have made between them practically a clean sweep of all the appointment classes, proves what many visitors to England during the last few years have remarked upon, viz., that the standard of the turnouts in London has deteriorated very noticeably.

In the classes for saddle horses the Winans were again to the fore, thanks to the master hand of Gooch, well known to us in New York as a judge in that class. In the classes for hunters the English won, but in the jumping competitions the French, Italians, and Belgians were to the front.

The Riders of Europe

IT IS greatly to the credit of the English officers, however, that they did as well as they did, for, with nothing like the experience at this particular game of the other officers they were third; France winning the King's Cup with twenty and a half faults, Italy being second with twenty-three, and England third with thirty and a half—by no means a bad showing.

In the breeding classes the English exhibitors divided all the honors among themselves, and, from an American point of view, it was disappointing that the Americans had practically no entries in these and in the jumping classes; or, barring the Messrs. Winans, none in the saddle classes. It would have been very instructive had we been represented in the classes for hacks as well as we were represented in the harness classes. For, from a purely equine point of view, the classes that stand out in my memory as having been superlatively good were those for hacks and four-in-hands. I have never seen so many good ones together in one ring. In the trotting classes and roadsters the Americans, Stotesbury and Winans, again had it all out between them.

It may be gathered readily enough that the show was indeed international. Without the American trotters and roadsters, without the American entries in the appointment classes, without the American four-in-hands, both park and road, without the French and Italian jumpers, one is bound to say that the show would have been rather a provincial affair. It was a good cure for our Anglo-Saxon parochialism to see those Frenchmen, Italians, Belgians, and Argentines ride. It was an eye-opener to see the Italian, Baron Gino de Morpurgo, not only ride well, but take the cushion on Watson's coach and win the blue ribbon, handling his team as well as anybody who drove throughout the ten days. He taught us all that there are others, and we Americans and English need the lesson badly in the realm of sport. To sum up very briefly the aspects of the show most interesting to the American who was not present, I call attention first to the orderliness, completeness, comfort, and smoothness of everything to do with the running of the show. If Lord Lonsdale, the president, was responsible, the sooner the English Government gives him a hard job of organization, the quicker they will become possessed of a very valuable public servant. In the appointment classes all other competitors were simply smothered by the Americans. In the distinctly English game of coaching, either in the park or on the road, the Americans carried off everything. In the classes for horses under saddle—hunters, jumpers, hacks, or horses suited to the breeding of the same, including officers' chargers—the English exhibitors had the best of it, with France, Belgium, and the Argentine doing surprisingly well. The high jump was won by a Frenchman on Jubilee, doing seven feet four. As for the riding, in the hack classes it was Gooch first, the rest nowhere.

An Influence for Peace

THE show has done much for the horse and the road, and not a little to abate a certain condescension toward foreigners, from which we all suffer, whether we be English, American, French, or of other nationalities, and hence something for international amity and peace. It is no bad test of a man to put him on a horse, or behind a horse or horses, and we have all learned a little more respect for one another from seeing one another thus tested.

The Good Problem of Weeds

Tactics for a Campaign Against the Invaders of the Garden and the Grain-field

By L. H. BAILEY

THE city man who contemplates farming always dreads the weeds. The new farmer complains of them. The poor farmer is possessed by them. The home gardener pleads for relief from them. Even the best of farmers find them troublesome and sometimes almost unconquerable. The weeds are a persistent population.

It is interesting to me, however, that my correspondence contains fewer questions about weeds than it did twenty years ago. I think this indicates that the people are caring less about symptoms and perhaps more for the fundamentals or for the rational modes of good land practise. Years ago there were books that aimed at instructing the farmer to identify weeds; but names are of small consequence to any one who means to get at the bottom of things. Of course, any good farmer ought to know the names of the prevailing weeds, but this knowledge is only a means to an end, and is easily acquired; it comes naturally with a general understanding of the subject. The farther a man goes with his farming, the less he thinks about weeds; he either overcomes or he accepts them as one of the necessary evils as he accepts taxes and house-flies.

I suppose that we may recognize a philosophy of weeds as of anything else. Some plants we want and some of them we do not want. Those that we do not want are weeds; if they intrude themselves unpleasantly, they are bad weeds; and there are degrees of noxiousness, depending on the persistence with which the plant forces itself into the company of the plants that receive our care and protection.

Plants that are weeds in one place may not be weeds in another. June-grass is a weed in corn-fields, but it is not a weed in well-regulated lawns. In fact, half the corn plants are themselves weeds in a corn-field that contains twice too many stalks of corn.

There are some plants, however, that are weeds by profession—if the psychologists will allow me the expression. They are adapted to growing with other plants, as cockle and chess in wheat, dandelions in lawns, daisy and buttercup in meadows. These plants have a life-cycle similar to that of the grain or the grass, and their seeds are often so similar to the grain or the grass seed that they are not easily separated. Pigweeds are well at home in rich gardens, wide-leaved plantains and knotweed along hard yards, and docks in all good neglected places. These are all enterprising plants, that know how to find an opening and that take advantage of their opportunities. Of course they crowd and overrun the less hardy, less vigorous, or less exhausted plants that we introduce from other climates. They are the vandals that come down from the wild and unnamed places, and that are hardened and adapted by long conflict with all other plants and with man. They are an admirable and hearty lot.

The Conquerors of All Lands

ALL soils and all conditions are conquered by these hardy invaders. Pussley thrives on sand that burns the boy's bare feet. Narrow-leaved plantain delights in soil so poor that it will not raise good grass. Chickweed makes a carpet on cool rich lands in fall and winter and spring. Bindweed climbs up the stems of corn and of bushes. Burly old burdocks occupy all the room they can find. Mayweed and ragweed appropriate whole roadsides. It makes no difference what a man grows or where he grows it—everywhere these silent tramps discover him and make him prove himself or quit.

I have said this much to show that weeds are a part of the natural order of things. They are some of the greatly successful plants with which the earth is covered. Therefore, there is no remedy for weeds, any more than there is a remedy for English sparrows or crows or bumble-bees. The man who grows one kind of plant must expect to have his rights contested by as many other kinds of plants as chance to find him out. If he is really intent on growing his plants, he must accept the contest and fight it out. He ought to feel humiliated if he is worsted.

Of course I can not tell any man how to fight it out; that is his problem. But I think that I can give him some suggestions that will enable him to go at the work intelligently.

The first thing to do is to start off with a clean record. The crop that one is growing should not be handicapped by contestants that are already in the field and in the lead. The field or garden should be thoroughly clean at the outset. If it was well tilled and handled last year, and the fences and waste places kept in order, the chances will, of course, be all the better for a clean field this year. If the ground is thoroughly well prepared, the grass, docks, tree seedlings, and other weeds will be destroyed in advance, and the crop will make a rapid growth and will get ahead of the invaders.

In the next place, one must be careful not to sow weeds. This danger is not great except with grass seeds and the grains, although one may infest his fields with weeds that are carried in rubbishy manure. The modern seed-cleaning machinery removes the cockle and rye and chess from grain, and no end of impurities from grass seed. I have given many weary days to pulling cockle from wheat-fields, expanding energy that in this day could have been devoted to more productive and less painful ends.

In the third place, the ground must be completely covered with a good strong crop, or else the farmer must pull out, plow out, or hoe out the weeds in the unoccupied places. The greater part of a corn-field is unoccupied early in the season; therefore, the land must be tilled to keep the weeds down. It ought to be tilled any way, whether there are weeds or not; but the weeds will force the issue if the farmer neglects his business and his opportunity.

In a meadow or pasture or lawn the problem is first to secure a good sod. There is no use in continually pulling weeds from a lawn if grass is not put in the holes. Well prepared rich soil, clean seeds, a heavy "catch" of grass that is adapted to the soil and place—these are the requisites for a good start at lawn making. Where the lawn is thin, sow more grass, and keep sowing it until the "stand" is good and strong; and use enough fertilizer and water to keep the sod "in good heart." What I mean to say is, that the emphasis should be placed on securing more grass rather than on having fewer weeds. Even then one may have dandelions; but there are some persons who do not object to

reasonable number) and white clover and [illegible] of the lawn: it is largely a question of the [illegible] If one objects to the down of the ripe dandelion heads, the heads may be cut with a scythe or [illegible] if the near neighbors do the same the crop [illegible] lessened: but, in the main, the remedy for dandelions is not different from that for other plants that are not desired in the lawn—to take them out and, at the same time, to aid the grass to grow. I do not expect that one will ever completely outwit the dandelion. My neighbor digs dandelions religiously morning and night; but yesterday he discovered one comfortably in blossom in the crotch of a tree over his head. The best satisfaction comes from the fact that there are many worse things in the world than dandelions.

The daisy-cursed or carrot-covered meadows are bad meadows even without the daisies or wild carrots in them. Perhaps they would be worse off without the daisies, for it is better to grow something than nothing. When daisies and wild carrot begin to invade the meadow it is time to top-dress and reseed the meadow, or else to plow it up and begin again. Meadows are likely to be the weediest of all cropped lands, and for the very good reason that they are likely to be the most neglected lands. Preponderance of weeds means either neglect or a poor farm scheme.

Crop Rotation the Best Preventative

AN OLD practise of cleaning foul fields was by means of summer-fallowing. A crop was sacrificed to enable the farmer to devote himself solely to the business of putting the field in order by means of much plowing and harrowing. It was merely a way of preparing the land. With our better tools and our better systems of crop-rotation and more rational ways of handling land, the summer-fallow is now rarely necessary for the cleaning of a field, although it may be allowable for other purposes.

A proper course of farming eliminates the weeds, because it keeps the land continually occupied with a thrifty and well-adapted crop. A clean farm is usually a well-farmed farm, the same as an orderly factory is one that is well systematized and managed. Now and then there is an invasion of some particularly aggressive weed, and this must be met by special methods. Wild mustard may be quite independent of land management, but it may be despatched by a copper sulphate spray. Unfortunately, not all special pests can be dealt with so neatly. When the special weed difficulty comes, the man must study the situation carefully with a view to understanding it, and he would better seek expert advice. He may need to adopt a new cropping scheme as the best means of overcoming the trouble. A serious weed invasion raises a question whether the place does not need a radical change of system.

In home gardens these farm practises do not apply with so much force, and yet the same principles must be kept in mind. It is there largely a question of getting the weed between the finger and the thumb. I doubt whether garden plants would be worth very much if they were not earned; and some of the poor and puny and pampered exotics that we grow are not half so satisfying to a full-blooded person as a thoroughly successful pigweed.



The delight of bass fishing lies largely in its being open to the whole joyful family

The Black Prince of Game Fish

The Combative Bass Bites One Day and Refuses the Next

By CLARENCE DEMING

THE small-mouthed black bass, hardly to be distinguished, save by his intensive game quality, from his large-mouthed brother, is the sphinx of the goodly company of game fish of fresh waters. Mystery is his keynote of life and living, the prime factor that runs through his nature and his habit. He has been written about by the volume, studied by keen and observant anglers through season after season in various waters, theory after theory has been tried out on him in vain. It is said to have been old Dr. Samuel Johnson who, visiting Rome, declared at the end of his first week he knew much about the Holy City, at the end of a fortnight deemed he knew it all, at the end of six weeks confessed that he knew nothing. So with the black bass. The more we study him the less we positively know.

His Bewildering Habits

WHY the black bass bites on one day and refuses every bait the next; why he takes helgramites, and only helgramites, on Monday, grasshoppers on Tuesday, and frogs on Wednesday; why he bites only on dark days for a fortnight and then shifts his biting humor to days bright and breezy; why you find him to-day on sandy bottom, to-morrow on mud, and the day after on the rocks, are baffling traits of the bass that relate merely to his sporting relations with the angler. But there are other mysteries that puzzle the naturalist and bear on the organic life of the fish.

Up in Maine are two bass rivers not far apart. In one the fish run often to four, even to five, pounds; in the other rarely above a pound and a half. In one of the largest lakes of New Hampshire the writer's score for a whole season once ran up to three hundred and ninety-eight fish. Food was evidently abundant, for the bass were "chunky" and the viscera thick with fatty tissues. Yet the post-mortem showed in the stomach only glutinous, unrecognizable white matter; and the largest bass of the whole season drew the scales at but a pound and three-quarters. What did those bass live on and why didn't they grow bigger? Again, in the uplands of Connecticut are two large lakes some eight miles apart. In the one bass are often caught in winter ice fishing; in the other lake almost never in winter, though in its open summer waters bass fishing is the better. Remembering that the bass are supposed to hibernate, and in fairly deep waters, would not that fact argue in the late season darker outward hues and deeper bronzes? Yet the head of a large bass hatchery has observed a silvery change of the bass at the approach of winter when his habit and habitat would imply the exact reverse. Such are a few of the anatomical enigmas of the black bass that make him and his paradoxes an interesting study for that open-minded angler who blends the naturalist with the sportsman.

Rules for the Angler

OUT of almost half a century of experiences with the Black Prince of fresh-water fish come a few basic rules for the angler; but they are rules of the broadest generalization, fitting the season rather than the single day, for which no rule can be framed to fit the caprices of the strange but winsome fish. Look sharply to tackle, testing, to the farthest point of safety, line, leader, and the winding of the hook.

Bait, fresh bait, every kind of bait, and plenty of each kind of bait, means a hard contract for the bass fisher to fill, but of high import—for every old bass fisher knows what a genius the whimsical fish has for striking the angler's "short suit" of bait and quickly running it out. Use ever the double gut leader of the best quality, tipped by the No. 2 Sproat hook, which is the hook *facile princeps* for the average bass—small enough to be swallowed readily, strong enough to hold. Play the bass steadily on taut line and tense rod held pretty high, rejecting the old "fake" theory of dropping the rod to the leap—for the direct pressure of the hook, often loosened by the strain, should never be relaxed; and net the fish as deep as possible in the water at the end of the struggle—a precaution that saves many a good bass, otherwise lost by the last "flop." If fishing on the edge of weeds, approach the anchorage from the weedy side. Of the manifold frog and toad species used as bait, the small common frog is best—with the hook passed through both jaws. Of the varied race of minnows, the thin, bright "pond" shiner takes first place. Use the light sinker of twisted sheet lead, except when heavier is needed to sink the frog in bottom fishing. In flies, the brighter reds and whites are well ahead of the sober drabs and browns, except on very bright days in the smoothest waters. Final in order but first in value, make a careful study of places. Even with the mystic and capricious bass, whose moods and tenses for the day are past finding out, it is knowledge of places which always spells angling "luck" in the long run.

Peculiarities of the Sport

AS THERE are types of bass, so there are types of the bass angler. There is the exclusive fly fisher, who scorns the bait fisher and stigmatizes him as unesthetic. There is the single-rod bait fisher, who, in turn, scorns the other bait fisher who "spiders" his boat with half a dozen rods and, maybe, a hand line or two besides. But bass fishing, save in rare localities, is not as other fishing. Long are the waits—and days sometimes—'twixt bites. In regions of thicker population it is often a kind of abstract and ghostly fishing compared with the concrete sport of the remoter waters of Maine and Canada.

On the large, swift rivers of the type of upper Delaware, Susquehanna, and the Housatonic—trout brooks magnified a hundred diameters—the hunt for the bass, the warrior of fresh-water game fish, reaches the acme of the sport. Twice as strong and enduring and well-nigh as agile as the trout of the same size, the bass of

(Concluded on page 30)



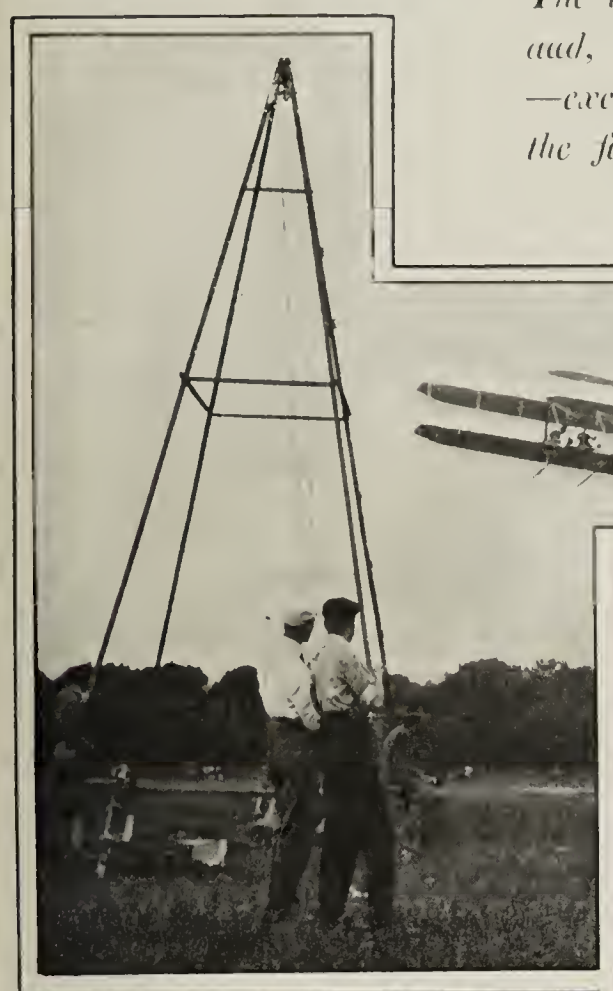
Fighting for His Life

Playing a four-pound bass—a very unusual photograph taken in the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, showing the sharp struggle that this gamest of game fish makes when hooked

The Wrights at Fort Myer

The tacitum Brothers experiment with their New Aeroplane, and, so far, Have Managed fairly well to Escape Interviews —except when the Vice-President and a Few Senators rushed the field and got them Cornered on the First Day's Trial

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE















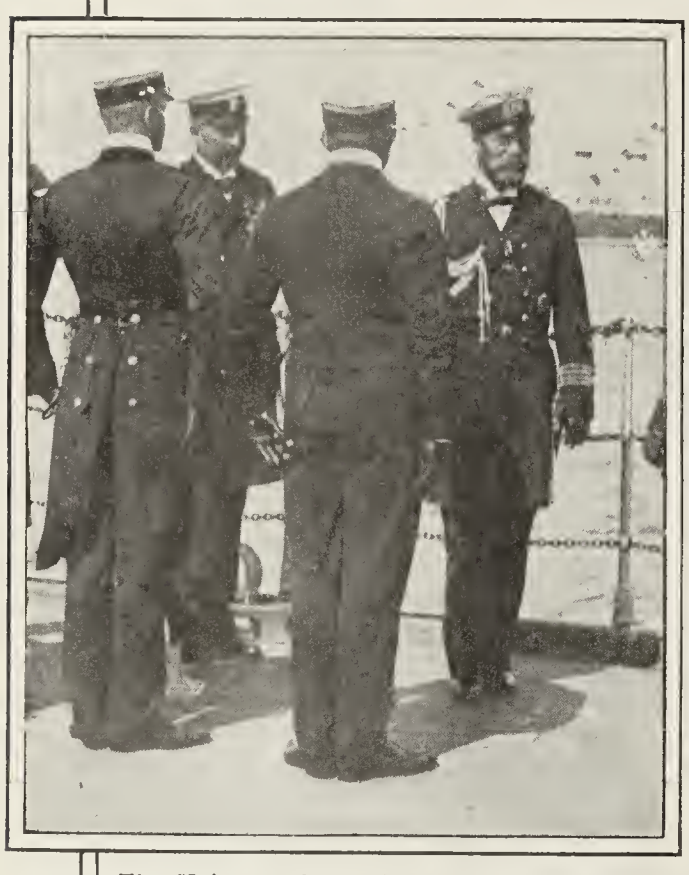








The 209th Commencement of Yale University was made notable this year by the presence of the President, a graduate of the class of '78: The pictures show the and President Hadley of the University. In another section of the column Senator Depew (who has neglected to put on his cap and gown) may be seen walking



The Kaiser and the Czar on the occasion of their meeting at Bjorko, Finland, June 17–18

What the World Is Doing:

Round the World and Back Again

ONE more English seer has emerged with trembling and with prophecy. It is Lord Charley Beresford, this time, who glows with a message. "Germany is able to build ten ships to Britain's one," he cries. "But I've done my best." Says the "Evening Standard": "A whole empire has grown and prospered under the muzzles of the guns of the British fleet."

This is the peace-provocative week when England permits the nations to smell of the muzzles of those guns. Her warships lie at anchor, hard by London town.

Pausing only long enough to let prosperous but tangled German finance right itself, Von Bülow, Chancellor of the German Empire, will retire from office before the year is up.

Across two continents and the Atlantic Ocean, from Los Angeles to Cracow, Poland, they have borne the body of Modjeska, one of the loveliest of tragic actresses. With Poland's kings she lies in The Wawel. Of her, alone of modern women, the words for Elaine could be spoken:

"Buried not as one unknown,
Nor meanly; but with gorgeous obsequies,
And mass, and rolling music, like a queen.
And then the knights had laid her comely head
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings."

Our country has been gladdened by one little sentence which casually spilled over from the rambling, jolly Yale speech of Mr. Taft. Said he: "If the Republican Party does not live up to what the people expect of it, it may be relegated to 'her majesty's opposition.'"

The shouting and the tumult dies from the college campus. The scholars scatter and merge with the Philistines. The degrees have fluttered out over all conditions of person, from the man Grenfell, who sheds light and healing on the Labrador, to Charles William Eliot, M.D., LL.D., President Emeritus of Harvard.

Harvard crowns a brilliant year by sweeping Yale off the Thames River, winning in three sorts of boat-race.

No surer proof exists that prosperity has returned to the market-place than the summer prevalence of strikes. The street-car operatives have won in Pittsburg after a short fight. Such a strike would have been a midsummer madness in 1908. In 1909 it becomes an easy success in Georgia, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg. Starving men in overcrowded jobs, with a margin of unemployed yammering at the gates, do not strike for misfit schedules.

The imperturbable Wright Brothers tread the blazing acres of Fort Myer as undisturbed as Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego in the burning, fiery furnace. Sweltering statesmen cursed the earth-bound creatures who tinkered but did not fly. But the young men will only climb the sky on their own schedule. Aldrich and Cannon were helpless, though hot. Three nights later, under a full moon, Orville lifted the half-ton machine up after him into space, and steered through the trackless void with the accuracy of a yachtsman at the tiller of a catboat.

In New York a sound of wailing is heard from the purlieus of Chatham Square, where Captain Galvin is pounding the hell holes which have robbed sailors and tickled tourists for a generation.

By hammock, tent, and cabin you can see the big brown men and women mirthfully roughing it. With harder beds but better air, with plain food but good appetite, these sons and daughters of joy are chattering in the forests, splashing in the mountain lakes, tossing in a two-reef breeze, punishing the tireless tennis ball.

Then from the heaven-born we turn for a moment, and think of the children in the mean streets of hot cities. And we hope against hope that for each of them this summer there may be a day of mercy—some little glad space offshore or in the hidden green places of the country.

The Honest Bingham

A STRONGLY built man, stentorian in manner, with a picturesque use of swear words, General Bingham has won the respect and dislike of his men on the police force of New York. They resent any outsider in Mulberry Street, and particularly so active a man who blurts out his exact meaning and Headquarters secrets in moments of irascibility.

He has been Police Commissioner for three and a half years. Under his strong, rough hand, the disorderly houses, which flourished so prosperously three years ago, imprisoning helpless immigrant women, have gone out of business. There were one hundred then, running at full speed, between Twenty-third and Sixty-sixth Street and



The Ithaca Crews Make a Clean Sweep at Poughkeepsie

Cornell won three races in one day on July 2, taking the Varsity Eight, the Varsity Four, and the Freshman Eight. The time of the Varsity Eight was 19 minutes and 2 seconds



procession, led by the Grand Marshal, Professor John C. Schwab, with his white rod, supported by the Bearer of the Mace; they are followed by President Taft with Professor W. G. Sumner, preceded by the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell and Rear-Admiral Sperry, upon whom had just been conferred the degree of LL.D.

A Record of Current Events

Sixth and Ninth Avenues. There are scarcely twenty now, and they are only operating for old-time patrons. The stranger inside the city walls will not find the easy welcome for his licentiousness which 1906 and 1907 would have given him. Business is largely going to the hotels, "Raines Law" and other varieties.

The profession of ruining, selling, and renting out girls has been reduced. That organization known as the New York Independent Benevolent Association has had its wings clipped. The gentlemen who run this association have been checked from their vile trade by the strict régime of Bingham. For two years they have had to turn to honest or semi-honest professions in place of squeezing blood money out of little foreign girls, raped by their agents, and locked up in their chain of disorderly houses in the Old and New Tenderloin. They have almost forgotten the dark tragedies hidden just a fathom underground in their burial lot in Washington Cemetery —the poor murdered women, the infants "one span long."

Go anywhere in New York where vice is sold for money and you will hear Bingham cursed.

Of course much has been left undone, and the peremptory army officer has made many wide-open mistakes. He talked too much and too unwisely. He told things that most strong men leave unsaid—he talked out in meeting about the tempestuous difficulties, the hidden influence. Nobody has ever yet made what you would call a "good" Police Commissioner. There are too many loops in the job. Besides that, New York is too imperfect a place for all its vice to be trapped. It is just a situation for enlightened opportunism.

But he wasn't punished for failing of perfection. He was punished because the time had come for a wide-open town. The cadets, pimps, and owners of saloon girls are growing irritable with the long wait. Manhattan, stuffed with fat, succulent things, has been too long and too rigorously patrolled. Election time is drawing near.

Roasting the Wrights

CONGRESS journeyed from the steaming Capitol to the Fort Myer drill ground to see the Wrights in the act. The statesmen stood on one foot for a spell and then on t'other, and wilted under the rays of a rare day in June. There is no hiding-place down there. No one flew. Everybody was irritable but the Wrights. It was good to see the large calm which they distributed over a troubled landscape. That was June 28.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the motor was feeble, so Orville went up and came down again. The motor has always been the weak member of the machine.

It was a fine jaunt which Orville made by moonlight on July 1. He took three flights that evening, circling the field twenty-four times in twenty-two minutes, at an average height of thirty-five feet from the ground and an estimated speed of forty-eight miles an hour. The next night he fouled on a tree.

A gallery of a thousand or so persons showed up at each sunset to watch these men, who take their recreation a little nearer the stars than pedestrian, motorist, yachtsman. After a hot day of work in the sun-baked shed, it must be refreshing to check off a few miles up aloft and to drink a draft of the upper currents.

Some of the newspapers of this great free land are beginning to smite the Wright Brothers, because they haven't the Chauncey Depew manner of mnemons geniality.

Newspapers have no right to publish the spite-work of baffled reporters and create bad feeling in the public mind toward two modest, efficient men. The Wrights have no desires or ambitions except just to do their job.

No person ever got a more clean-cut and complete throw-down on the interview than the man writing this, but he isn't blaming the Wrights, and he hopes his brethren won't go any farther with the bad feeling which was cropping up among the hot, tired correspondents under the juniper tree at Fort Myer. A half-dozen men, strategically placed, can give Thumbs Down to any public character in Christendom. And that very power ought to be merciful and just.

Slaying the Fly

WHAT rabbits are to Australia and rats to San Francisco, that the common or household fly is becoming to our happy land. He is the most unpopular creature within our borders—the victim of a nation-wide crusade. Even the mosquito just now is only mildly hated and feebly pursued in comparison with the buzzing, malicious fly. The (*Continued on page 26*)

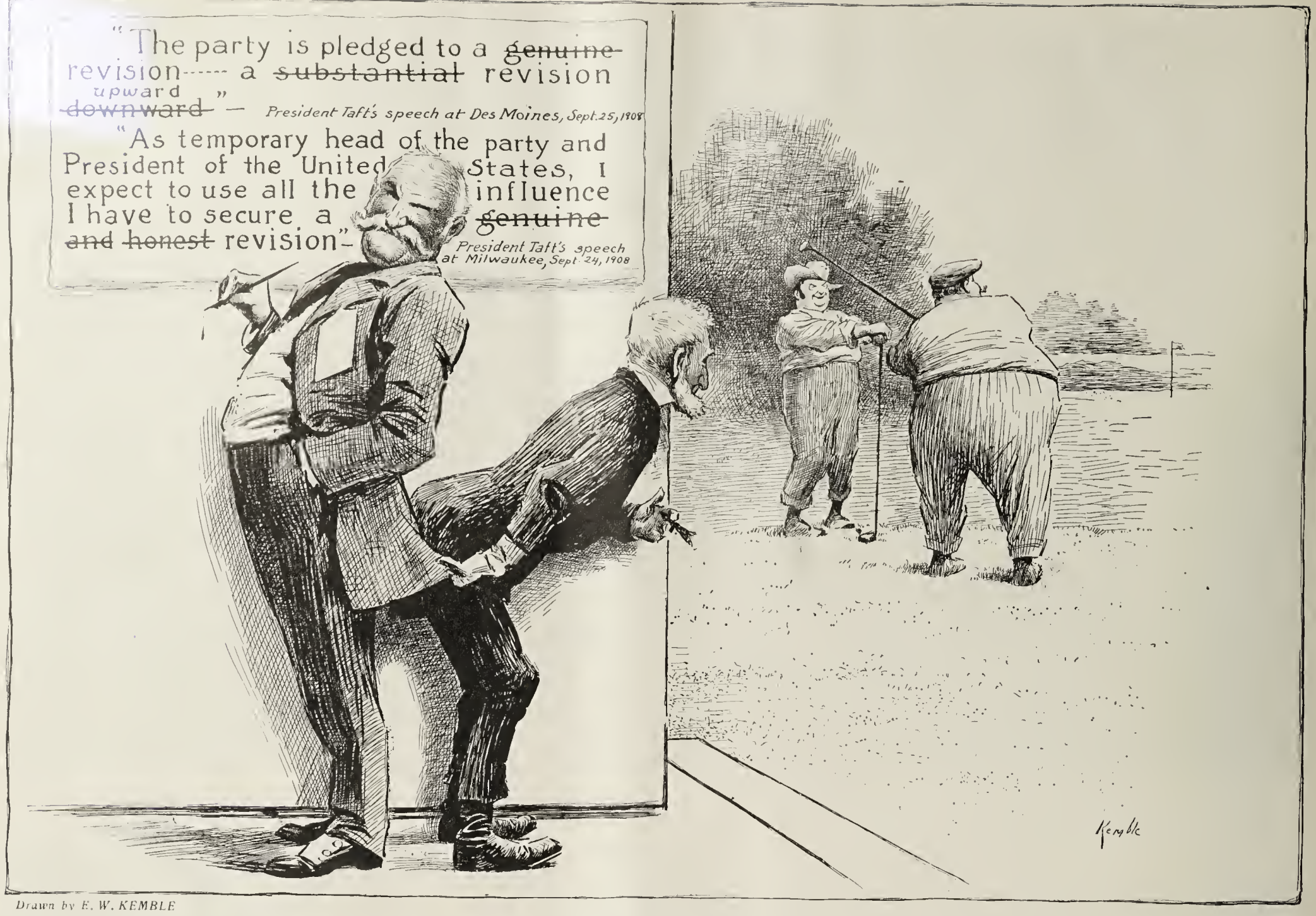


President Lowell and ex-President Eliot of Harvard on Commencement Day at Cambridge



Harvard Wins All Three Races at New London

The Harvard Varsity defeated Yale on July 1 on the Thames River, New London, in 21 minutes 50 seconds; Harvard won by six lengths—also taking Freshman and four-oared races



Drawn by E. W. KEMBLE

"Revision"

Cannon: "Cross out some more, Aldrich, old pal, the boss is too busy to notice it!"

The Final Act

PRESIDENT TAFT, within a few days of the time this page is printed, will sit before a huge parchment document filled with tariff duties. Were his imagination the most elementary, he can hardly fail to be thoughtful. His signature, or his refusal to sign without further changes, will affect the clothing, the shelter, and the food and drink, will largely determine the economic status of twenty million families for ten years to come. And to economic equality, to the opportunity to get enough food and clothing and shelter without labor so severe that it degrades—to these things happiness and morality are close. Whether children may have another year in school, whether young men can afford to marry at a reasonable age, whether daughters must go out to work—for millions of families, these questions lurk in that mass of figures and percentages on Mr. Taft's table. Not ancient kings with autocratic power over the fortunes of their people had more occasion for conscientious consideration.

Whatever thoughts may come to Mr. Taft through the stimulus of his unique position, whatever tests he may weigh in the balance of his mind to determine whether to sign or not to sign, one overtops all the others and is alone sufficient to decide: *"Will this bill meet the reasonable expectation of an average man in Mr. Taft's audience last fall at Milwaukee, at Des Moines, at Cincinnati, or elsewhere, who listened to Mr. Taft's promises of 'substantial revision downward?'"* If Mr. Taft thinks the bill does not fairly meet those expectations, he will not sign, for honor could not sit at his elbow if he did. It may be that Mr. Taft believes the bill does fulfil his promises; it may be, indeed, that the bill in its final form will meet those promises, for there is ample opportunity for reductions at the last moment. There is abundant chance, while the bill is in the Conference Committee, for Mr. Taft to exert the pressure which the country has all along expected from him. If either of these things is true, if Mr. Taft signs the bill, he can hardly fail to give out, at the same time, some assurance to the public that he approves the bill in one particular—as the complete redemption of his personal pledges. Only such an assurance, and this assurance later justified by the facts, can prevent the tariff from becoming a living issue again the day after Congress adjourns. If the cost of living, in terms of prices for food and clothing, has not been lowered, then the tariff has not been permanently revised. The agitation for a revision of the tariff which has characterized the past five years had its origin in the feeling, upon the part of the average family, that the cost of living had become intolerably high. The same feeling can result in the same agitation again.

Where the Credit Belongs

WHATEVER virtue inheres in the tax on corporation earnings, the credit for it belongs chiefly to three men, each one of whom witnessed its passage with bitter chagrin. These three are William E. Borah of Idaho, Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, and Joseph W. Bailey of Texas.

Each of these men had introduced an income tax bill. They had united their forces and worked early and late for such a measure. With the sentiment of the country behind them, they had overcome Mr. Aldrich. *There were enough votes in the Senate to pass an income tax law.* It was only in the last ditch that Mr. Aldrich sought President Taft and brought in as a compromise the bill for taxing corporation incomes. When fifty-nine Senators voted for this compromise bill, the majority of them did so feeling the same sentiment which Senator Rayner of Maryland openly expressed:

"Mr. President, I want to say that I am in favor of the income tax and I shall vote for the income tax if I have the opportunity of doing so. I may not have the opportunity of doing so, however. I may be forced ultimately to decide whether I shall vote for this corporation tax or not. If I am forced to that ultimate decision, I shall vote for it. I want to be distinctly understood upon this proposition. Between an income tax and a corporation tax I am decidedly in favor of an income tax, for reasons that have already been given by Senators, and I do not desire to add anything to the literature on that subject. . . . I do not like the corporation amendment; I think it is inequitable; but when the time comes and we can not obtain an income tax, then I am in favor of this tax. I am in favor of an income tax upon the proposition advanced by the Senator from Texas and the Senator from Idaho and the Senator from Iowa, and other Senators. When the point is reached, I will vote for this corporation tax rather than vote for no tax, and that is the only ground on which I will vote for it."

One or all of these men might have been measurably raised to fame. It is fair to record their unwilling part in what has actually happened. It is equally fair to President Taft to say that the corporation earnings tax, so far as it goes, is a good measure. The business of getting a genuine income tax, graduated so as to distribute the burdens of taxation equitably upon wealth, is merely postponed. There are a score of objections to the corporation earnings tax; but these objections are mentioned only in comparison with the income tax.

Collier's maintains at Washington an office in charge of a legislative expert who will be glad to answer any questions concerning the work of Congress and the Government at Washington. Address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building

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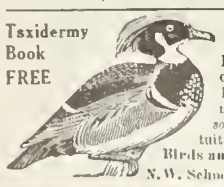
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flea continues wicked, but goes its way unmolested while we brew poisons and build gins for the brisk little visiting fly.

In the days of our childhood our sternest rebuke was a "Shoo, Fly." Later came attacks by kerosene and sticky fly-paper, and then the poison paper, where they would tumble dead many yards away from the death-dealing draft.

We have made a collection of the nasty things that are being said against the fly this summer.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson names it The Fly that Does Not Wipe Its Feet. An entomologist of the Department of Agriculture calls it "the most dangerous insect on earth." It is busy in spreading Asiatic cholera. It is guilty of communicating typhoid fever, diarrhœas, dysenteries, tuberculosis. "Flies do much to swell the infant death rate." "Swat the Fly" is the advice of physician and editor.

Now, how to be up and doing? Over ninety per cent of fly eggs are laid in stable manure and two per cent in garbage and other filth. Keep the manure-bin covered with chloride of lime. Or residuum oil may be used in cesspools. For manure, this oil may be mixed with earth, lime, and phosphates.

The only champion of the fly who has entered the lists this season is the starry lyricist of the Emporia "Gazette," who heads his rime: "Spare the Flies."

He pleads:

"And you who would profanely slay the house-fly at your door,
When you the spark of life destroy, can you that life restore?"

France on the Gain

AS IF to spite David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, in his world-famous remark that France is a decadent nation, the birth facts of France for 1907 and 1908 preach a gain for the republic. There were 19,892 more births than deaths in 1907, and 46,441 more births than deaths in 1908. So France takes the ascending curve in the face of her critics and enemies.

Emptying Virginia

COME ye back, ye Southron yoemen; come ye back to old Virginia. Such is the siren song sung by the local press. The good State of Virginia has grown worried about herself because her young men are seeking fresh fields and Middle Western pastures. The census reports of 1900 have been examined for native white population. These show that the interchange with other States left Virginia in 1900 with a net loss of 237,077 persons. This is a net loss equivalent to twenty per cent of her population at that time. In proportion to population, this migratory tendency cost Virginia more heavily than any State or Territory in the Union, except Maine.

The Richmond "Times-Dispatch" speaks of "an uncompensated loss of nearly a quarter of a million of her own native-born," and "another old Eastern State, Massachusetts, with a clean gain of nearly 100,000. Virginia is losing population out of all proportion to her gains, out of all proportion to her actual population, out of all proportion to the experience of other States."

"Is there really no chance for an ambitious young man in the South?" asks the Columbia "State." "Is the South really blind to talent? The South ought to have sense enough to keep its young men."

A Chair of Flight

YOUNG scholars may now learn how to fly under the same roof with the departments of Greek roots and logarithms. The University of Paris has received gifts amounting to $240,000 for founding a department of technical aeronautics and a Chair of Aviation.

Blasting at the Rock of Ages

A BISHOP, speaking rather more unadvisedly with his lips than is the wont of his communion, had read overseriously a magazine article on the heresies and immoralities in our schools and colleges. It was Bishop James A. McFaul of Trenton who said that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were "undermining faith and teaching immorality." He further said:

"I would forbid young Catholics to go to institutions such as I believe these to be, where they will get no moral training; where they will associate with skepties and agnostics and where, in the Faculties, there is a strong inclination to find faults in and attack Christianity."

What the Bishop is really feeling after here is a test for the efficacy of modern education. He is making the same quest as Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and Clarence Birdseye with his incorporation for testing higher education. Is it efficient and is it wisely directed?—are the points at issue.

Cardinal Gibbons, who is too wise and too kindly a prelate to venture unprovable assertions, says:

"There is no doubt that there is a growing tendency to omit Christian training, both moral and theological, from American institutions of learning of all grades. This is to be deplored. I believe that a religious training is necessary to the proper development of the country's youth. A well-rounded education is the greatest thing to be sought after, and an education which omits religion and religious training is not well rounded or complete."

Hearn's 'Rikisha Man

VERY charming have been the reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn, which drift across the water from time to time from his Japanese wife. A new batch is at hand, done into English by the Springfield "Republican."

"Do you love your wife?" was the first question he used to ask the 'rikisha man before he went further to engage him for his service. And he was never disappointed even when he found his man too slow in pulling his carriage, thinking and feeling happy that he loved his own wife. He would say to me, supposing I complained of the man's slowness: "I like the man who loves his wife. Don't think about his slowness! However slow he be, I think still it is quicker than to walk."

Hearn as a writer was able to render effects of color and music in his prose. His own personal life-history contained loneliness and suffering. The excellence of his work and the pathos of his life will combine to make him one with Poe and a few other unforgotten workers who paid bitterly in the daily lot for their genius.

Gossip of the Kings

LIKE most sensitive, impulsive men, Kaiser Wilhelm smarts under ridicule. And the belaboring, for indiscreet talk, which he received a few months ago in the Reichstag hushed him into a silence that was audible across Europe.

But he is in form again after his season of reticence. His gifts of impetuous speech and a Delphic style have never been in better working order than in the last fortnight during and following the meeting with the Czar. He is able to make peace as lively and alert a theme as is war on the tongue of less gifted agitators.

He says in his stirring oracular way:

"Czar Nicholas and I agreed that our meeting is to be regarded as a vigorous reenforcement of the cause of peace. We feel ourselves as monarchs responsible to our God for the joys and sorrows of our respective peoples, whom we desire to lead forward as far as possible on the path of peace and to raise them to their full development."

The English "Nation" is not pleased at the approaching visit of the Czar to the British Court. It says:

"For all the activities of the Black Hundreds, for their assassinations and their massacres, the moral responsibility of Nicholas II is as clear as was that of Abdul Hamid for the slaughter of the Armenians and the persecution of the Young Turks. To treat a man who has consorted with the organizers of massacre as a civilized ruler is treason to civilization. A welcome offered to him is a misprint in the history of Liberalism and an infidelity to the cause of freedom."

It will be at least a mixed welcome which the Czar will receive in his jaunt about Europe. The members of the Labor Party in the House of Commons state:

"It is an insult to our national good name and to our self-respect that our sovereign should receive in our name the head of such a state."

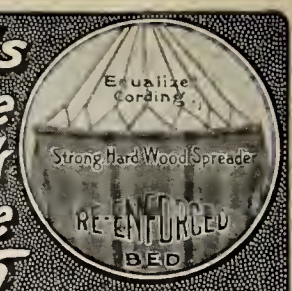
In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, a member said that "the Socialists could not welcome an assassin."

Rumor comes of a couple of law suits filed against Abdul, the ex-Sultan, one for poisoning the litigant's father. This suggests a new method for dealing with tyrants. How trouble would have heaped up for Henry VIII if the relatives of defunct wives had decided to collect damages for his neglect of their welfare.

Think of the tangled path for Nero if the friends and connection of the early Christians had proceeded legally against him.

We can in fancy see Napoleon headed off by an injunction from a thoughtless raid on Russia; or the sturdy Cromwell, as he was about to eliminate Charles from the crowned heads, receiving a summons and trudging off to court to show cause why.

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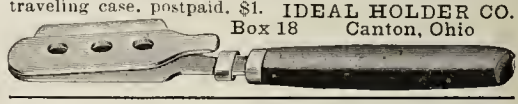


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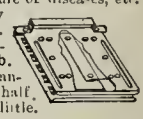
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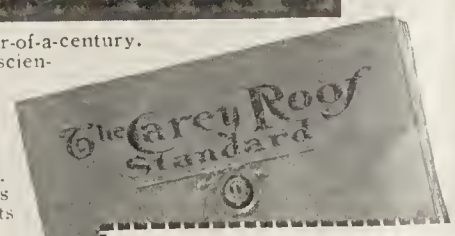
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The Price We Pay for Bad Roads

(Concluded from page 15)

more than twenty States had special highway commissions. Illinois, Virginia, and Alabama have tried most successfully the convict labor on the roads. There is much to commend convict labor. It removes the convict problem from the disrepute of contract slavery in the South. It cuts the cost of good-roads labor exactly in half. It gives definite return to the State for the care of law-breakers, and it gives wholesome employment to convicts without competing in the labor market against legitimate labor.

Oil Roads in California

COUNTIES in California are undertaking good roads as a direct investment. Tourist travel brings hundreds of millions of dollars to favored counties; and the favored counties are not only building good roads, but building dustless roads. This is a hard problem where motor traffic is heavy. The principle of the macadam road is an underbedding of small wedged stones held together by the binding of the dust ground off by the wheels of vehicles and packed into the interstices like cement. This was all right for the ordinary vehicle with iron tires to grind off the grit. But the motors came along with heavy rubber tires, which grind off nothing, but whirl the dust away from the road into the field and suck the stones up out of place from sheer speed. To overcome this, California is using bituminous oils as road-binders. These make an absolutely dustless road.

State Aid Road-building

States	Total State Appropriation
California	$ 465,730
Colorado	25,000
Connecticut	6,601,000
Delaware	180,000
Florida	(ff)
Georgia	convict labor
Idaho	(m)
Illinois	130,000 c. l.
Iowa	17,000
Maine	456,577
Maryland	5,600,000
Massachusetts	9,948,830
Michigan	340,000
Minnesota	527,100
Missouri	975,198
New Hampshire	750,000
New Jersey	2,995,000
New Mexico	15,000
New York	14,223,265
North Carolina	(e)
North Dakota	(ff)
Ohio	750,000
Pennsylvania	8,581,232
Rhode Island	1,670,000
Utah	(i)
Vermont	711,195
Virginia	499,681 c. l.
Washington	502,142 c. l.
West Virginia	10,433
Wisconsin	20,000

(e) No appropriation made for commission or State aid, but commissioners authorized to accept free transportation on railroads.
(i) No appropriation yet made.
(m) No appropriation for State roads.
(ff) Convict labor, but no money aid.

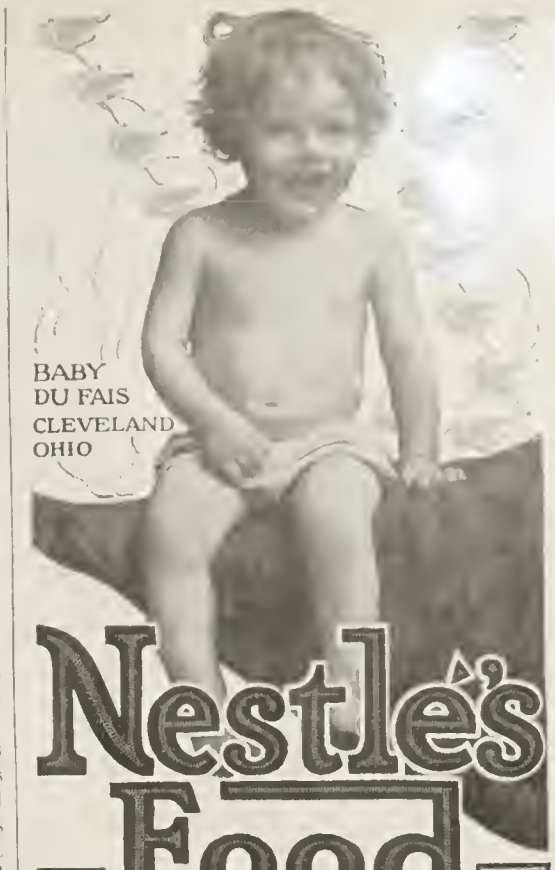
It remains to be seen how long they will wear.

In response to the tremendous demand for good roads, the National Government in 1893 formed a Road Bureau, which gives free engineering services on road-building in every part of the country. This bureau has grown into an organization which has assisted in the construction of two hundred roads, sent its engineers to thirty-four different States, tested twenty-eight hundred different samples of road material, and demonstrated the material suitable for good roads in every State.

A Substitute for Macadam

ONE example of the Road Bureau's work will show its usefulness. Roads for the States of sticky gumbo soil have been almost a hopeless problem. There is a whole belt of such States along the South, and there is another belt along the Missouri, where wheels sink hub-deep and horses flounder to death in a mire more treacherous than quicksand. The Road Bureau discovered, from many practical tests, that by burning gumbo soil, a road-bed compact as macadam could be obtained at half the cost of macadam; or at practically only the cost of labor and of fuel to do the burning. There is no longer any excuse for lethargy in road building through the gumbo States.

You are convinced, are you not, that good roads put money in your pocket, wherever you live or wherever your business?



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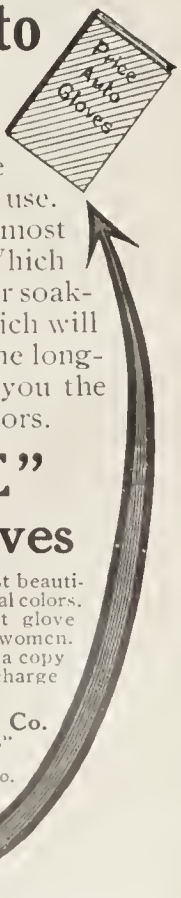
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The New Way

Everybody Can Afford It

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner,** completely equipped for hand operation, costs only $25.

Think of it! This price is less than the price which the wagon vacuum cleaners and the professional renovators charge for just one cleaning.

And so tremendous are the savings effected by the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

Are your means modest? Then the work of this machine as a labor-saver, time-saver and furniture-saver will appeal to you the more.

Are you well off? Then the more do you need this machine as a means of keeping your beautiful things in spick and span condition. If servants clean with it, they must do thorough work.

Some Savings It Effects

Nothing cuts short the life of carpet or rug so much as the grit which daily is ground into it under heel. The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** takes all the grit out, brightens up the fabric beautifully, prolongs its life wonderfully.

It also protects your carpets and rugs by saving them from being beaten. It adds to the life of upholstery and draperies by keeping them free from dust.

All the expenses of special renovations and housecleanings are abolished. Housekeepers also are freed from the necessity of employing outside labor especially for cleaning purposes.

Anybody Can Operate It

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** weighs only 20 pounds, and is easily carried from room to room where needed.

To work it by hand puts absolutely no tax on the strength. Your eight-year-old boy might well scorn the task as too easy. Compared with sweeping it is play.

No skill of any kind needed to use the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner,** and it keeps itself in good condition.

It is in all respects a household or family implement—just as much so as a broom or brush—and it is far easier to work.



The Old Way

Cleaning I
Its Toil and

You are vitally interested in cleanliness.

What else matters about your home, your office, your store, so long as it is not clean?

Along with dirt go bad odors, vermin, germs, disease and death.

Along with cleanliness go freshness, sweetness, purity, health and life.

You know at what a great cost—in time, labor and money—anything like cleanliness is to be had with old-fashioned methods of cleaning.

Implements such as the broom can reach only surface dirt.

A large part of this dirt they scatter over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again.

Ideal Vacu

Operated by Hand — It Eats Up

This neat, strong, compact, portable machine is the perfection of the great Vacuum Cleaning System. What a world of difference there is between cleaning with it and cleaning in the usual way.

Sweeping calls for hard muscular work in a dust-laden, germ-poisoned air. The flying dust settles over everything, making necessary a second labor—"the dusting off."

With the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** you just take the nozzle and gently agitate your carpet, rug, upholstery or curtain,

$25 Brings You

Get an **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** at once and put it to the test. If you do not live near one of our agencies, simply send us $25, by Postal or Express Money Order, Draft or Registered Mail, and we will send you an **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** direct, completely equipped for hand operation.

Every machine guaranteed to give absolutely satisfactory service. Over

The American Vacuum Cleaner Com

DEAL VACUUM CLEANER eats up the dirt

eed Of All Drudgery

Another large part of the dirt they work deep down into the carpet, there to decompose and purify.

And that is why you must resort to those times of terror the semi-annual ripping up and tearing down, the pounding and beating, the carrying to and fro and out and in.

Don't do this any longer.

There is a newer, better way of cleaning.

It will save your time, your strength, your health, your money—even your very life.

For it is the only thoroughly efficient and strictly sanitary system of cleaning that the world has ever known.

um Cleaner

The Dirt Weighs Only 20 Pounds

and—whisk!—all dirt and dust, all germs, moths and eggs of vermin, are sucked out of it. All the dirt, you see, is instantly seized and whirled into the vacuum chamber, so that not a particle has a chance to fly. And the object is made clean, wholesome and sweet through and through.

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** renovates every time it cleans. Nothing ever has to be taken up and beaten. Nothing ever has to be sent to a professional renovator to be treated you don't know how.

the Ideal Direct

23,000 of these machines have been sold in eleven months, and the enthusiastic letters we have received from these purchasers show that you, too, must be delighted. Send your order to-day.

Our Free Illustrated Booklet gives complete information about every phase of the cleaning problem. It tells a story that will mean a new era in your home.

ny, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City



The New Way

The Only Ideal Cleaner

In the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** all the parts of the most efficient Vacuum Cleaning System are for the first time scientifically and economically associated and concentrated.

Thus the force you put into it by hand is able to do all the cleaning work of the big power plants, and do it as well or better and with more convenience. Pump and separating tank being right where the actual cleaning is done, no surplus power has to be developed to enable the suction force to operate through pipes and tubing over long distances and around sharp angles. Protected by patents.

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** is not a makeshift composed of more or less unrelated parts loosely put together. Each part was designed with especial reference to every other part, and it stands forth a complete machine, built for hard and lasting service year in and year out.

As all its essential features are fully protected by patents, the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** is utterly beyond the reach of imitators. It is the one and only **"Ideal Cleaner."**

A Simple and Strong Machine

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** is of strong metal construction throughout. It is compact, firm and strong to endure. It always works easily and always is reliable.

Its simplicity is remarkable. There are no parts concealed. Very seldom do any parts have to be replaced. Every part is easily and instantly gotten at.

Should it ever, by reason of accident, be necessary to do anything to it, any ordinary mechanic could quickly fix it for you.



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Citizens of Chipmunkville

(Concluded from page 17)

though not satisfied, they would repeat the dusting performances. It was some time before I learned that this was their method of cleaning off the pitch that adhered to their hands and about their jaws.

While these little fellows would often engage in frolicsome chases, there was one form of amusement that seemed to have a prearranged object, and which might have been classed under the head of wrestling. In this the contestants strove to roll each other over with their noses, and while each squatted flat on the ground with feet far extended, at the same time they tried to root their noses under each other's sides in an attempt to tottle each other over.

At the time of my visit the chipmunks were busy laying in a stock of provisions to be used during the warm spells of winter when they rouse from hibernation, burrow through the snow, and stretch their cramped limbs in the sunshine. And also in the spring, when they emerge for good and find a blanket of snow five and ten feet thick covering the ground, at which time their hoarding instinct is all that keeps them from starving.

Like all unfortunates whose daily nourishment depends upon boarding-house upholstery, my boarders at first were appreciative boarders, but as time sped by I noticed that they were breaking away from the "bill-of-fare" that I furnished them and were going back to their natural diet of grasshoppers, berries, and roots and seeds of grasses and weeds.

After catching a grasshopper, they would sit up and, holding it between their front feet, begin at the head and eat the entire body except the legs and wings. To secure the seeds of grasses and weeds, they would sit upon their hind feet, reach up as far as possible and, if the stem permitted, bend it over, walk out to the end and snip off the seed bunch. If the stalk was too stiff, they climbed it until it finally yielded under the weight and gradually bent over, whereupon they severed the seed-pod and allowed the stalk to fly back into position.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Prince of Game Fish

(Concluded from page 20)

the swift stream has the vantage of rock, of current, of dashing waterfall, and is, so to speak, a fighting fish entrenched behind breastworks. If—the salmon alone excepted—there is higher and livelier sport of rod and reel in fresh water than the small-mouthed bass of goodly size, leaping, shooting, and breasting the rapids of a big river at the end of the tense line and vibrant rod, may that sport yet be found! And the angler himself, as he whips pool after pool of such a stream, has that variety and shading which give trouting its acute charm.

But such bass streams in our Eastern States are relatively few. Rather does the black bass identify himself with still waters, the inland lake or pond, free from currents, where the only poetry of movement is the plash of wave and the smile of ripple. Yet even there the angler of open vision will see things beyond his rod-tip. If the water is clear, let him note the strange vagaries of bottom where the shining sand spit emerges presently into rough and varied rock, and that again into a bottom carpet of aquatic moss of myriad tints. There is a wealth of flora, too, in the water weeds. Not to speak of the gorgeous water lily—springing from its muddy ooze and so exemplifying how, in the life of men, the whitest deeds may blossom among the lowly—there are the crude and striking yellow bulbs of the watch-weed, so-called; the arrowy leaves and white crests of the sagittaria; the pickerel plant, blooming broad in an area of blue that challenges the azure of the sky; and, in deeper waters, the string-weed, that, blossoming on the water, presently climbs down on itself to the bottom in a spiral to drop its seed. Let the fisher also, ere he hies him homeward after his day of sport, draw up one of the familiar spike-weeds (*potamogeton*) and mark what a beautiful translucent green tints its lower fronds; or study the host of minor flora that fill the spaces between the larger growths. Thus shall he realize that there are by-products of his sport, not expressed in terms of fishcraft, and that, with the outdoor sportsman of the wide eye, Dame Nature ever walks hand in hand.

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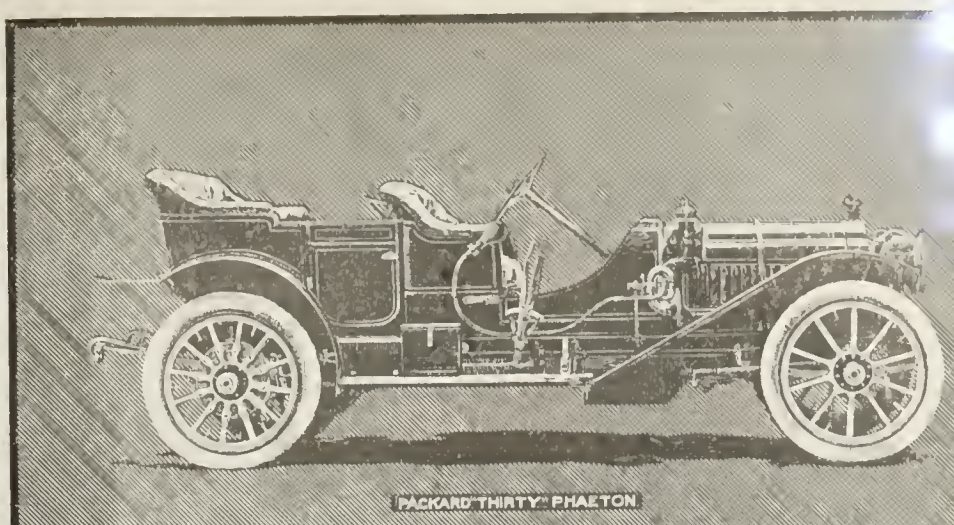
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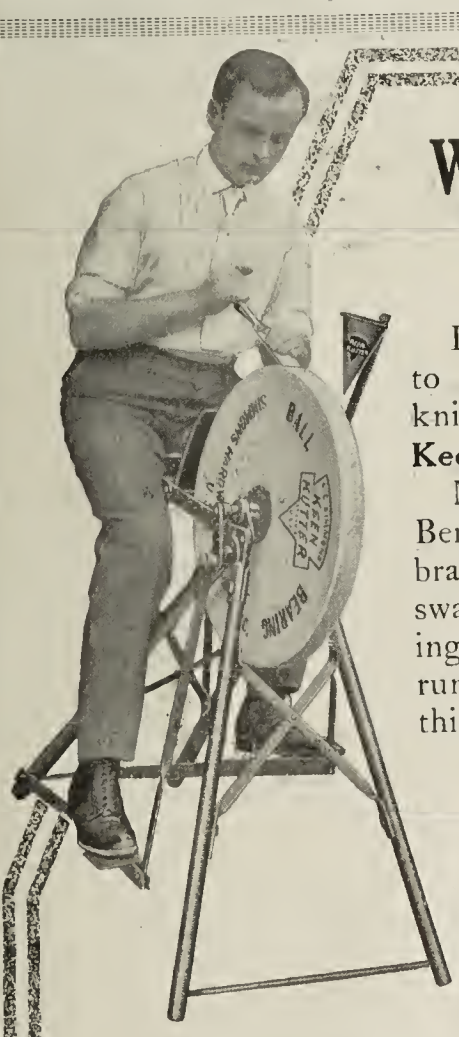


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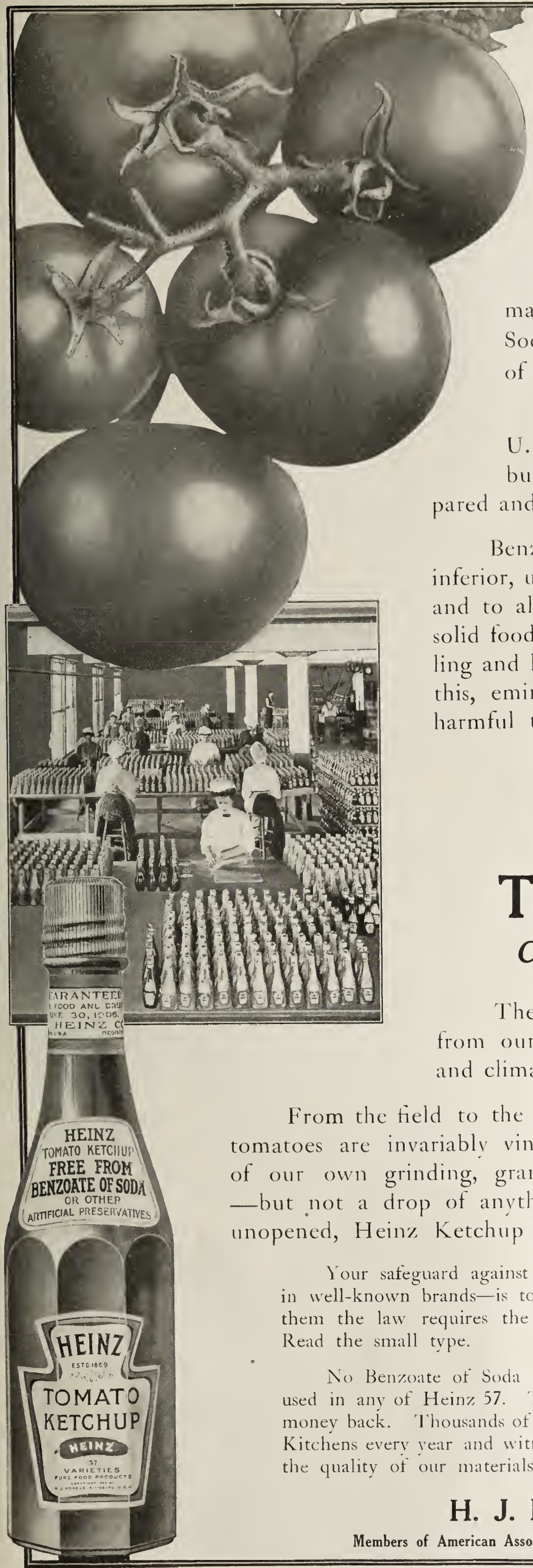
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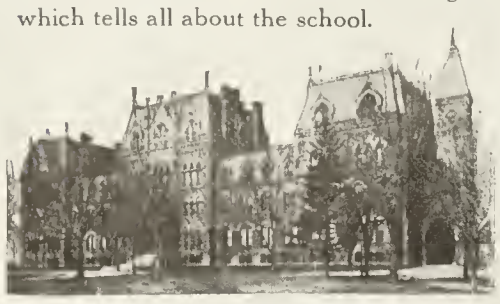
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 24, 1909

Outdoor Americans in Africa

¶ If common report is to be credited, it would seem that Outdoor Africa, at the present moment, must be fairly overrun with outdoor Americans. They keep coming out to the coast with reports of having shaken hands with Mr. Roosevelt in the jungle, and they bring with them carloads of heads and hides that are to be stuffed and hung in the halls of their descendants. The particular outdoor American in Africa in whom Collier's is interested is Mr. A. R. Dugmore, who is photographing the bandarlog and other jungle folk for this weekly. Photographing jungle folk is not like photographing cows. In a letter dated April 14, from his camp on the equator, Mr. Dugmore tells us this:

". . . I have been getting some interesting material both in pictures and experiences. I have been stalked by a pair of lions in broad daylight. I was alone with only six cartridges in my rifle, and so didn't have a chance to make a photograph, which was awful hard luck as the chance was an unusual one, but I needed my life even more than a photograph. I did pick up my camera, but on second thought and a second glance at the two lions decided on the rifle rather than the camera. I killed one and wounded the other.

"I got two photographs of a lion, which will, I think, interest you, as they are sharp enough to stand any enlargement. They were made at twelve yards distance, which you will allow was quite close to get to a wild lion. I have also got a series of hippopotamus pictures which are thoroughly satisfactory. One picture shows fifty of the beasts in and out of water, on rather a small scale of course. Others show them quite large and clear, with a crocodile thrown in for good measure. I also have a photograph of a herd of twenty-five buffalo, which was a very unusual chance and one that made my heart beat, and I wondered whether my life insurance policies were made out correctly.

"At present I am off on a long trip in search of elephants. We have still two hundred and twenty-five miles to walk before we get to the railroad again, and it will be about five or six weeks before we get out."

In a later letter, dated May 23, from Simba, and just received as we go to press, Mr. Dugmore had more to tell of his adventures:

"I am glad to say that after many nights of fruitless watching I have got a dozen photographs of lions, some of which are very satisfactory. My plans are to mail you an article, or perhaps two, immediately on arriving in England. These articles will be (1) on flashlight work, showing photographs of lions, hartebeest, and hyenas. Then (2), on working from blinds. This also will show hartebeest and a wounded lion.

"A week or two later I will send five more articles, which, so far as I now can see, will be:

"(1) A trip half-way round Mt. Kenia, with pictures of the snow-capped mountains from several points, some taken from an elevation of about 9,000 feet, some game pictures, and some of the Muru Kikuyu people and their dances. These people, with few exceptions, had not seen white men until about a year ago. They don't know money, and are altogether very interesting.

"(2) Sagari life (camping and traveling) as done in this country.

"(3) Some African river life, showing photographs of hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and some birds. (The hippopotamus photographs are about the best pictures I have ever made.)

"(4 and 5) On the game in general, with pictures of two or three kinds of zebras, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, giraffes, antelopes, and gazelles. I have made photographs of twenty-four species of gazelles so far, and hope to add one more to the list before finishing."

From further details given in Mr. Dugmore's letter, it seems probable that his first article will reach us in time to appear next week, or, at the latest, in the issue of August 8.

Vacation Stories—a Reminder

¶ One point was probably not made quite clear enough in the recent announcement of prizes of $100, $50, and $25, for the best accounts of vacation experiences sent to Collier's before October 1, 1909. This was that the papers *must* be limited in length to 1,200 words. Short and graphic—that's the sort that will interest readers.

The August Fiction Number

¶ Next week's issue will be the August Fiction Number, which will have a cover in colors by Reuterdahl and will contain among other tales "A Wasted Day," by Richard Harding Davis. With characteristic swing, Mr. Davis sketches a millionaire, reduced to his actual cubic space. Arnold Thorndyke, the Wisest Man in Wall Street, whose seconds are invoiced by dollars, decides to donate one of his moments to a former clerk, now under arrest. The Wisest Man undergoes a train of emotional novelties, which divert him from the ticker beyond the recall of pursuing clerks, and sting him into a determination to make good in a strange environment.

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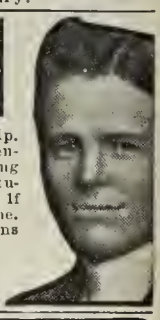
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Collier's

Saturday, July 24, 1909

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Volume XLIII — Number 18

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

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E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Effect of Advertising"



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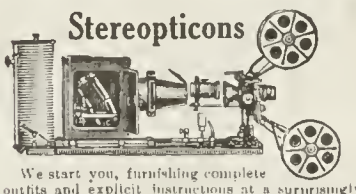
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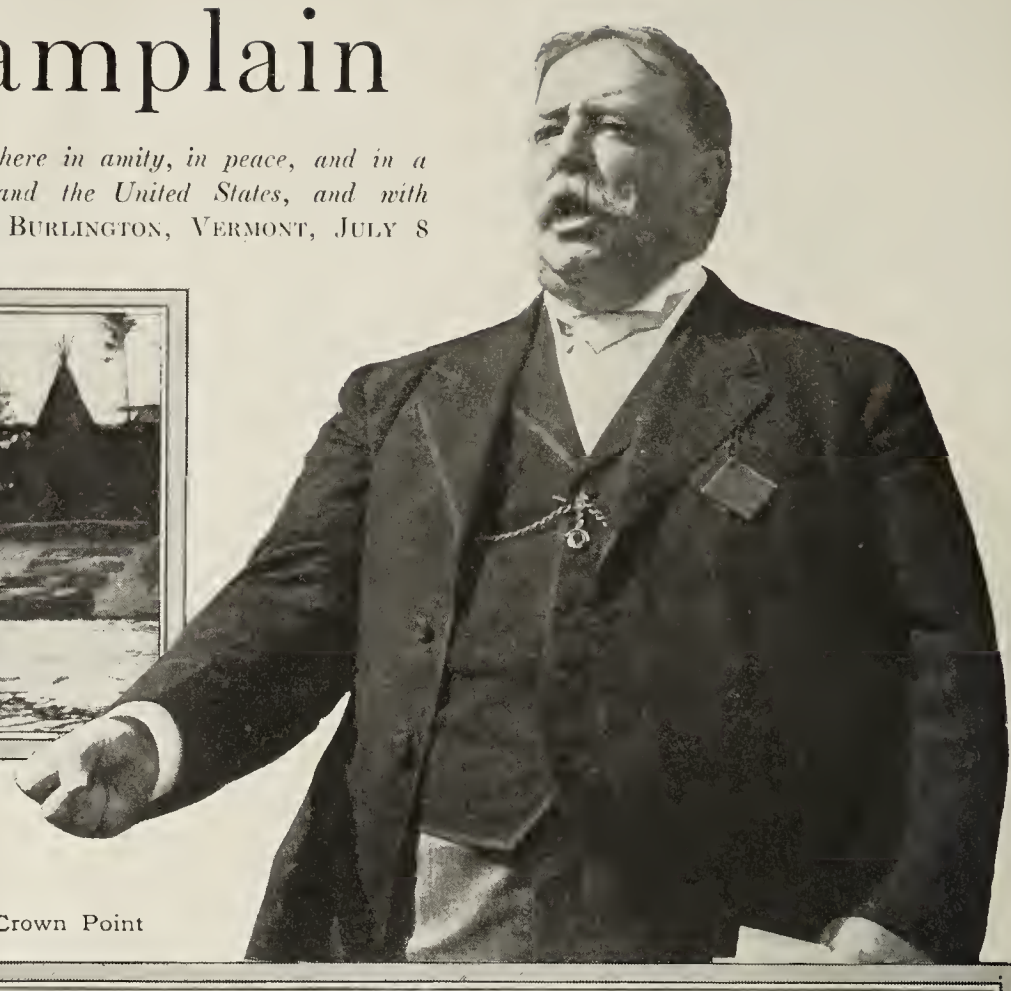


In Honor of Champlain

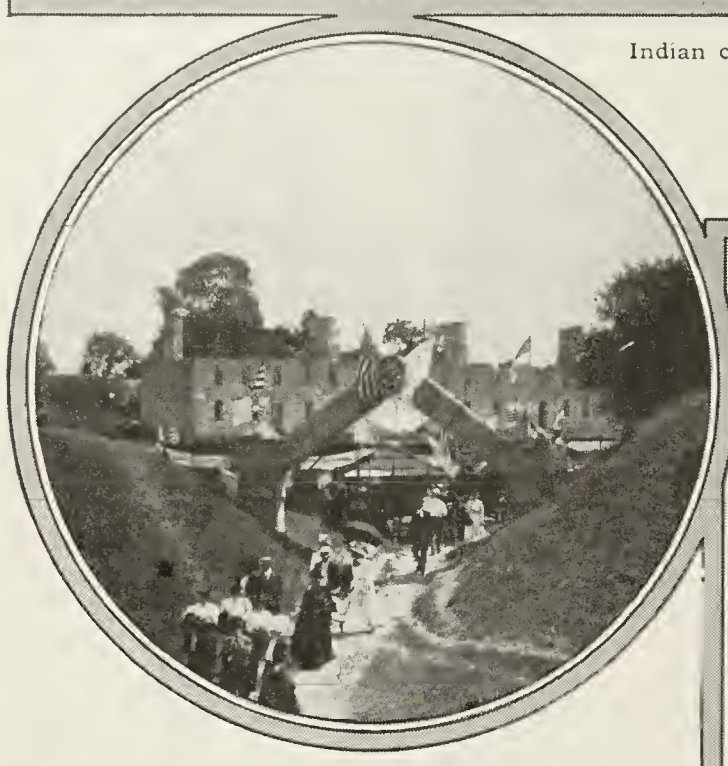
"But the feature of this memorial that I think is so unique is the gathering here in amity, in peace, and in a union that can not be torn apart, of three great Powers, England, France, and the United States, and with England's fairest daughter, the Dominion of Canada."—PRESIDENT TAFT AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT, JULY 8



Indian canoe races on the Lake



Among the ruins of Crown Point



The arch over the entrance to Fort Amherst





Fort St. Anne,—and Champlain's ship







Governor Hughes and the President at the ceremonies in Fort Ticonderoga



The Royal Canadian Highlanders marching in Plattsburg

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

July 24, 1909

A Sample of Uncle Joe's Work

SPEAKER CANNON, the other day, had to perform his first important official function in many weeks. As ever, he utilized the occasion to give the rudder of our history a twist that was quiet and adroit, but firm and strong, in the direction of the interests of that organized wealth which CANNON represents.

It became the Speaker's official duty to appoint, from the House, five members of the conference committee which has the final framing of the tariff. By every rule, those five should be the senior five members of the Ways and Means Committee. Their names were well known. Every member of Congress—excepting, possibly, the little clique in Uncle JOE'S confidence—would have told you with perfect assurance who the five House conferrees would be. Every well-informed person in Washington could have said the names, for no one dreamed that CANNON would depart from a rule so well understood.

But the fourth man on the Ways and Means Committee is E. J. HILL of Connecticut, a moderate revisionist, committed to a reasonable reduction of the tariff on lumber. In the conference, Mr. HILL would have fought hard for the House schedules, as against the grossly higher Senate schedules. So Uncle JOE, in naming the conferrees, quietly passed over Mr. HILL and selected in his place the eighth man on the list. *That eighth man is* JOSEPH W. FORDNEY *of Michigan, the man who declared that if he had his way he would not change the Dingley Bill by the "dotting of an i or the crossing of a t."* FORDNEY is frank and a stubborn fighter for higher rates; himself a wealthy owner of timber lands, his chief interest in Congress has been to maintain a high duty on lumber. In effect, Uncle JOE packed the conference committee in favor of revision upward, an act which left, as the sole of hope of the public, President TAFT'S presumed fidelity to his campaign promises.

This is a typical example of what we call "Cannonism." It was not a conspicuous vote, not an outspoken speech on the floor of Congress, but a quiet and apparently minor detail of legislative routine. Outside of Washington few people would notice it or understand its significance. Quietly, hour by hour, day by day, these many years CANNON has used his powerful position thus to advance the interests of organized wealth. That is why we see no present need in American politics so important as the deposing of him.

Five Feet of Books

WE PRINT THIS LETTER from ex-President ELIOT about his five-foot shelf of books:

"ASTICOU, MAINE, July 10, 1909.

"GENTLEMEN:

"It was your desire and purpose to publish a carefully selected library which, if conscientiously read, would make of the judicious and ambitious reader a cultivated man; and it was this educational purpose which interested me in your undertaking.

"The recent discussions in the public press and in private conversation over 'the five-foot shelf of books' satisfy me that the project had not been correctly apprehended in some quarters. The incomplete and inaccurate list which appeared in the newspapers a few weeks ago was published without my knowledge, and gives an erroneous impression of the project. At this date, not more than half of the books have been decided on.

"The volumes which I undertook to select are intended to give faithful readers who know no language but English a true picture of man's imaginings and reasonings through more than twenty centuries. They must all be works of high literary merit, and must illustrate well the mental and moral history of mankind. While the collection will inevitably contain much philosophy and religion which the twentieth century does not accept, it should demonstrate that much of the present stock of available wisdom has long been at the service of educated men.

"To depict the 'Stream of the World,' the collection must contain worthy representatives of both the ancient literatures and the great national literatures which have been created since the revival of letters; so that the proportions of the different literatures have to be carefully considered. Many famous books are unavailable because too long—that is, they would occupy a disproportionate space in the series.

"The collection can not represent largely the natural science of the nineteenth century, or give much space to the current thought of to-day, because these recent acquisitions of the race have, for the most part, not yet been cast in durable literary form.

"The Bible and Shakespeare are omitted because these books are within the reach of most Americans who read at all. Very truly yours,

"CHARLES W. ELIOT."

There is little to add to Dr. ELIOT'S admirable statement. It was natural that the publication of an incomplete and inaccurate list should have provoked some "silly season" editorials. These wordy symposia concerning books are dearly prized occasions for a display of newspaper erudition. They give a pleasant literary flavor to the page and offer a happy diversion from the weary tariff.

The New York librarian who declared that the list was "not such as the average New Yorker would select" was not more ingenuous than an editorial writer for the Hearst newspapers, who was apparently surprised that Dr. ELIOT did not share Mr. HEARST'S idea of what constitutes good reading.

Out of the mass of criticism, restrained, violent, flippant, or merely dull, which followed the publication of the supposed list, we may take note of one or two misleading assumptions.

One is that Dr. ELIOT consented to lend his name for money to an "advertising scheme" designed to unload upon the public certain books which the publishers had in stock.

Dr. ELIOT consented to select and edit the five-foot shelf of books now newly published under the name of "The Harvard Classics," because he believed by so doing he would encourage a taste for good reading among the people. The publishers feel that the honorarium he received has recompensed him poorly enough for the time and labor he is now spending. That Dr. ELIOT, after a lifetime devoted to teaching, should have undertaken, it is needless to state with the knowledge and approval of his associates, the selection and annotation of "The Harvard Classics" should be no surprise to those who have followed his public utterances for the past forty years.

He has been a consistent advocate of that education which comes from a fellowship with noble books. The publishers of COLLIER'S count themselves fortunate, for reasons not entirely "commercial," in being able to assist America's foremost educator in his task of bringing good books into the homes of the people.

A Good Work Threatened

THE RECLAMATION SERVICE is a branch of our Government which may be viewed with unusual cheerfulness and satisfaction. This is so for several reasons. In the first place, the work it does appeals to the imagination. To create something out of nothing must always be fascinating. Then the relations between the service and the citizen are peculiarly beneficent. State help often endangers individual initiative. In the case of the Reclamation Service the Government merely gives help when and where help is rightly needed. In effect, the Government in building storage reservoirs and irrigation canals on these various projects lends from its vast store to a large number of farmers who, presently, repay the loan in purchasing their land and its water rights. The original capital is again available. The farmers helped are now able to take care of themselves. It is an excellent scheme all round. The Service is new, its engineers and office men young for the most part, enthusiastic, interested in this work and not in politics. The Reclamation Service has thus far been happily free from the domination of merely political ambitions. The appearance in various newspapers of "feelers," suggesting that Chief Engineer NEWELL might be replaced during the autumn by a political friend of the present Secretary of the Interior is, therefore, something to be viewed with uneasy concern. To make a political machine of the Reclamation Service would be seriously to interfere with the work so well started. FREDERICK H. NEWELL has devoted himself to the science of irrigation for over twenty years. He has been behind the Reclamation Service since its beginnings. Few men, if any, know better this special field. He is now in the prime of life—a few years short of fifty. To displace him, as has been suggested, with a man who has had no experience in irrigation work, would be a peculiarly uncalled-for sort of political quick knife sticking and the beginning of a domination which this branch of the Government has been fortunately spared.

The Western Spirit

LIST TO THE SONG of Centralia! Midway between Puget Sound and the broad Columbia, across the cool Cascades, the pæan rises and from it we catch these shining notes. When the panic struck Centralia the town lost its job. Its lumber mills shut down. Instead of yielding to the dumps the buoyant Centralians decided that this was the moment to put their house in order. Their main street was a sea of mud half the year and a puddle of dust the other. There were five thousand people and no sewer system. Not a street was graded, nor was there a sidewalk worthy of the name. They had passed an ordinance prohibiting cows from running at large, and that was about the extent of their civic betterment. These things they resolved to change. The

citizens held a mass meeting for the purpose of *increasing* their taxes. The assessed valuation jumped from $580,000 to $1,688,207. They built their sewer system. They paved the business streets. They spent $32 for each man, woman, and child, and they ingeniously arranged, by verbal promises, to have the work to go to local labor. The result was that hoarded money came out to be used when it was most needed, that the idle got work, and that a rather shiftless-appearing town became a little city. There are now some eight thousand people—so the Centralians say. Their state of mind is illustrated by the fact that one of the reasons for the defeat of an otherwise excellent candidate for mayor was that although the city had had an electric-light plant for several years he had only recently put lights in his house. The mills are running again. Centralia again has a job. What prosperity didn't do for the Centralians, adversity did. Happy pioneers!

The Contemporary Classics

ON MANHATTAN ISLAND, New York, June 22 of the present year, occurred a public event of primarily academic interest. The participants were nine students of Yale University and nine students of Princeton. The several thousand spectators were chiefly graduates or undergraduates. Of those who were likely to read the newspaper accounts of this event, fully nine-tenths might fairly have been expected to be men who had spent toilsome years in Yale or Princeton, or other universities, acquiring mastery of and a taste for classic literature. From the account of that event in the New York "Times" we take these sentences:

"It was a good game—rattling good. Classy? Rather! Pep? Plenty of it! Ginger? The real old Jamake."

"Bingles and bungles were bunched in the breakaway by the Bulldogs—"

"Sides whipped Murphy's hop to first for a put-out and Warwick snapped the sphere to the plate in time for Dawson to nail Philbin in a daring try for a jot."

"—a bad throw by Sides roosted Fels—"

"The sprinter purloined a perch."

"One down, he laced to left for a landing, making the midway when Sweeny, following Reed's strikeout, threw wildly to first to catch him, and eating up the rest of the distance on Pitkin's dexter drive for a nook."

"Jeff annexed another angle, and when Reed gave the go-by to Logan's grasser, the advance runner scored."

The little island upon which this game was played speaks some sixty tongues. Babel it is often called, but what tongue is this? Haven't the newspapers, in the search for strange sounds to describe baseball games, gone so far that bizarrerie has itself become conventional? What paper will destroy monotony by employing some famous master of classical English to report the championship series next fall, or write its baseball page after the manner of Greek battles? For the thousands of graduates and undergraduates primarily concerned, the big college football games possess a dramatic interest and a mood to which there are close analogies in the Iliad and the Anabasis. To some hundreds of thousands last fall the championship series between Chicago and Detroit were fit events for heroic verse.

A Plea for Canvas

THIS IS THE AGE of gasoline. Over earth and sea the spirit in the tin can drags us at incredible speeds. On land it is relegating the horse to the category of curious luxuries. On water—sad the saying of it!—it is displacing the sailboat. Where once the surface of the changeful blue was flecked with white wings, where the shifting canvas crackled and boomed and the breeze harped its music on the taut sheets, now the eye sees only low-gliding hulls, the ear hears but the pop and splutter of the hurrying put-put boats. Something gracious and beautiful has vanished from the world. Loath, indeed, should we be to believe that it will not return. Surely there is that in the blood of the American which, when his vitality calls for replenishment, urges him to the struggle with the elements, hand-to-hand, on their own terms; which sends him, stripped to gun and ax, to cope with the open; which lures him to outface hoary winter on the frozen rivers, with the ringing steel upon his feet; which bids him launch his petty craft against the chances of wind and wave, and, with a handkerchief stretched on a toothpick, beat his way into the rigor of the northern gale. In a workaday world let us, by all means, go about our necessary business soberly and swiftly to the safe and sane pulsations of a malodorous machine. But, for the thrill at the heart, for the savor of life in playtime, for the sheer joy of matching human wit against the wind's will, of outmaneuvering the might of heaven—up sail and away!

Countryfolk

AN APOSTLE OF NEW ENGLAND passed when SARAH ORNE JEWETT died. She loved "the dry, shrewd, quick-witted New England type," as she called it. She saw its strength and its weakness, but both she loved. Born and brought up "down Maine," she used to drive about with her father, "a country doctor," while he ministered to the countryfolk. This gave her the primal insight into the New England character, which she supplemented with rare instinct. Oddly enough, it has remained for women to pluck out the heart of the Yankee. Some have struck more poignantly the deep note of suffering in the country and the occasional wreck of human souls, which is all the more tragic because it comes in the comparative solitude of farm or hamlet. Miss JEWETT was content to touch the lighter sides, the humors—and the pathos—of humble lives and hearts. She takes one back to the older New England—the land of the Concord coach and the album on the center table. But she never lapsed into stereotyped forms. The extreme, trousers-tucked-into-his-boots, straw-in-his-mouth, nasal-twanging Yankee of the B'Gosh drama does not appear on her pages. Her types are never exaggerated, but invariably human. Yet one feels in her stories her conviction of an inherent divinity in countryfolk which the city-bred lack. Indeed, when she was hardly more than a girl, she defined this:

"There is one side of such lives for which one can not help feeling reverence: they live so much nearer to nature than people who are in cities, and there is a soberness about country people oftentimes that one can not help noticing. I wonder if they are unconsciously awed by the strength and purpose in the world about them, and the mysterious power which is at work with them on their familiar farms. In their simple life they take their instincts for truths, and perhaps they are not always so far wrong as we imagine. Because they are so far instinctive and unreasoning they may have a more complete sympathy with Nature, and may hear her voices when wiser ears are deaf."

All her life she followed this belief, and it illumined the hearts of her simple characters. Such gospel can not spread too far.

Senator Bourne's Vocabulary

SENATOR BOURNE OF OREGON on July 1 made his first formal speech of the session. In the opening paragraph occurred a strange word:

"The struggle was a titanic one, his task herculean, the treatment necessarily heroic, but Mr. ROOSEVELT was equal to the emergency. He first awakened the public conscience, pointed out in an *echinated* manner the existing evils. . . ."

Such as wish to add this word to their vocabularies will find this meaning given by the Standard Dictionary, Twentieth Century edition:

"Echinated—A family of echinoideans, especially diadematoideans having tests with equal diameters, the ambulacral plates compound with pores in triplets, tentacles all alike, and jaws with epiphyses. Set or armed thickly with prickles."

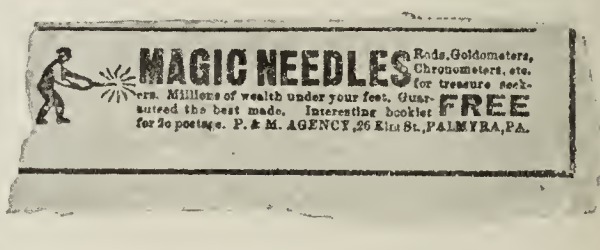
It seems expedient to add that the remainder of the Senator's speech carries the conviction that his intention was to compliment Ex-President ROOSEVELT.

Thunderstorms

THE THUNDERSTORM now has its day. It rumbles across the sunny face of the midsummer heavens. Sometimes it lowers the temperature and fills the air with freshness. Almost invariably it pricks the nerves of your little sister and maiden aunt. It splinters the city flag-pole, it demolishes the village steeple, it burns the farmer's barn. But all this does not prevent the thunderstorm from being the most awe-inspiring phenomenon which nature ordinarily shows to man. The city dweller, scurrying impotently through cañons of masonry, does not have more than a hint of the true grandeur. One should be upon a hilltop or on a broad lake to realize the omnipotence of the storm. The air is sultry. Great white "thunder-heads" pinnacle the heaven. Dark clouds bulk upon the horizon. These are laced with lightning. The dwarfs can be heard at their bowling on distant mountain peaks. The sun is overcast. The storm rushes onward. A glowering copper tinge marks its center. A hush broods over the lake's unrippled waters. Suddenly comes a blast of wind as if from the puffing cheeks of a giant. Then like a marching white waterfall—the rain. It pelts upon the lake until the drops seem to rebound. The thunder has ceased its rumbling. Now it comes *with* the lightning in a treble rip like the tearing of a sail. Thus the storm mounts to its crescendo, steadies, wanes, dwindles, and fades—ramping away across the countryside. The sun creeps out. The heavens shine with fresher blue. The universe is purified. If all this be not majesty, there is none in Nature.

White Magic

WHO'S FOR TREASURE TROVE? Who's for the rainbow's end and the glint o' gold? Let him come here, and read, and have his will. A thrilling word, Goldometer! Not to be met with in the dictionary's arid wastes, but scattered in far-flung seed of print by the genius of a twentieth-century mage. What soul so dulled that it does not feel some faint throb of response to the call? Not all of us, alas! can sail the Spanish Main and hunt the ringing doubloon. But most of us have back yards. And many of us have spades. Millions of wealth under our feet! Universal, indeed, is the ambition to which the P. & M. Agency makes appeal. Whosoever was once a boy has, somewhere within him, however deep-crusted in disappointments, a profound and touching, though unformulated, expectancy that his own deserts will, one day, be rewarded by a special dispensation of Providence. And in what more glorious, dramatic, and likely way than buried treasure? Let us then be up and digging. After all, the divining rod may be something more than human. At the worst we shall have had some manful exercise. And there is always the remote but splendid chance that the exploring shovel may exhume, if not the teapot of tradition, brimming over with minted metal, then, haply, the bone that Fido interred last week.





The Philippine Assembly, the Lower House of the Legislature, in Session in the Marble Hall of the Ayuntamiento, or Government Building

The second session of the insular lawmakers in Manila closed at one o'clock on the morning of May 21. The long sitting of the final day was consumed by the question of independence, and it was vigorously maintained by the majority of legislators that the islands are fully ripe for it. A resolution was finally adopted instructing Manuel Zuezon, delegate to Washington, that he should ask for the immediate independence of the Philippine Islands

A Plague of Jack-Rabbits in Southern California

IF YOU had traveled through Antelope Valley in southern California not longer ago than February, in whatever direction your eyes turned, you would have seen long-eared jack-rabbits in countless thousands. They were thick on all sides of you. When they moved, they seemed to do so in concert, like many army corps under one general. They no longer leaped in great strides. They were hobbled, so to speak, by their companions on all sides. Everything green was mowed down as they advanced. First, the free-grazing lands were swept of every vestige of herbage from the foothills to the outskirts of the settlements. Then they deployed into divisions to prey upon the enclosed alfalfa fields.

The rabbits would enter a field of alfalfa just ready for cutting and leave it cleaner than if swept by a prairie fire. A small field of ten acres, under fence, near Lancaster, was invaded one day at sunset by a swarm of the pests. There were not less than seven thousand in this ten-acre patch, a jack-rabbit almost to every ten blades of alfalfa. At sunup, which is a jack-rabbit's bedtime, not a blade of grass was visible in this field. Nor was there a vestige of alfalfa in three adjoining fields. Four fields in one night—a jack-rabbit's day. The ten-acre field alone represented a loss of $2,000.

The cattle owners were forced to round up their starving cattle and either transfer them to distant pastures across the mountains or send them to the Los Angeles market for killing. Feed for the stock in daily use had to be brought in at high prices. The ranchers, who supplied their tables with vegetables from their gardens, had to buy in the Los Angeles market or go without.

Early during this rabbit scourge the ranchers were hopeful of getting control of the situation. After the stock had been rounded up and transferred, they set out poison all over the free-grazing lands. The grazing lands soon were littered with dead rabbits, and the atmosphere was foul with the stench of the thousands which lay unburied. To cross one of these fields on foot without tramping on a dead rabbit at every step was somewhat of a feat. Their swollen bodies were everywhere. A more terrible pestilence than that of the devastation by the rabbits was feared. The word went out to stop poisoning. The ranchers then organized great rabbit hunts, and invited every one for miles around. They were killed by the thousands in these hunts, but the rabbits seemed to multiply faster than they were killed. In one of these hunts I counted, with the assistance of two persons, nine thousand rabbits, and then we gave up the count. The ranchers tried in vain to protect their alfalfa fields with rabbit wire-fencing.

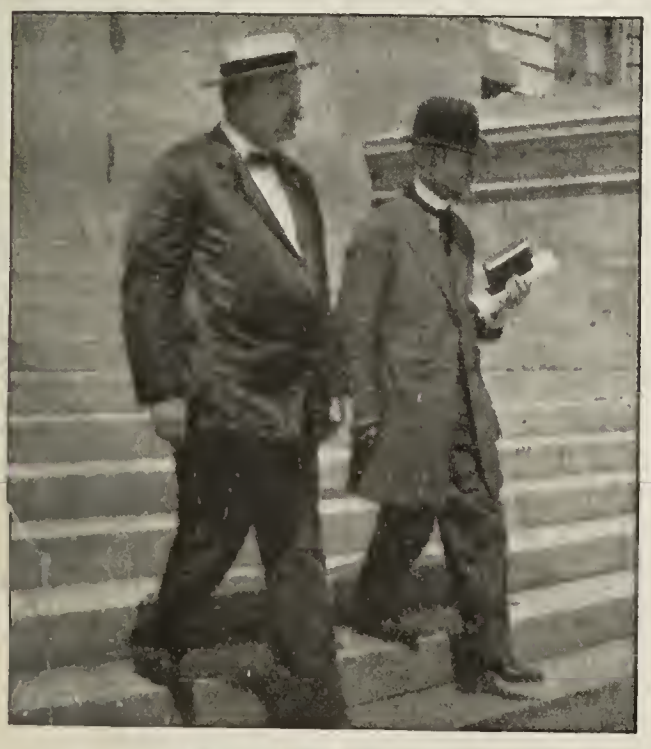
Such were the conditions as late as February; now you may consider yourself in luck to jump one jack-rabbit from its hiding-place in a day's drive through Antelope Valley. They came almost in a night, in vast armies, and departed as mysteriously, between days.

In 1864 there was another such pestilence in Antelope Valley. A stage-driver claims to have encountered a vast hegira of jack-rabbits that year in the Mohave Desert. They were headed for the Colorado River. His story was given credence among the natives of Antelope Valley. It partly explained to them the absence of the thousands that had infested the valley. No one had seen them depart. At sundown these invaders were everywhere in sight, but the following morning and thereafter there were none to be seen, as if they had vanished at the wave of a magic wand.

It is a noticeable fact that these visitations have occurred only in unusually wet years, and also that such pestilences have been followed by six or seven years of great drought. In the present instance there are unmistakable signs of a dry year. No rain has fallen in Antelope Valley since March, and the rainy season is now far past.



A jack-rabbit drive in southern California, where these pests of the hay-field are slain by thousands



Georgia's New Governor

Joseph M. Brown, "Little Joe" the hundred-pound statesman, after being sworn into the executive chair of Georgia upon the Bible of his father, "Joe" Brown, war-time Governor and United States Senator, is here seen leaving the Capitol with his close friend, ex-Governor J. M. Terrell



The "Half Moon" Under Sail

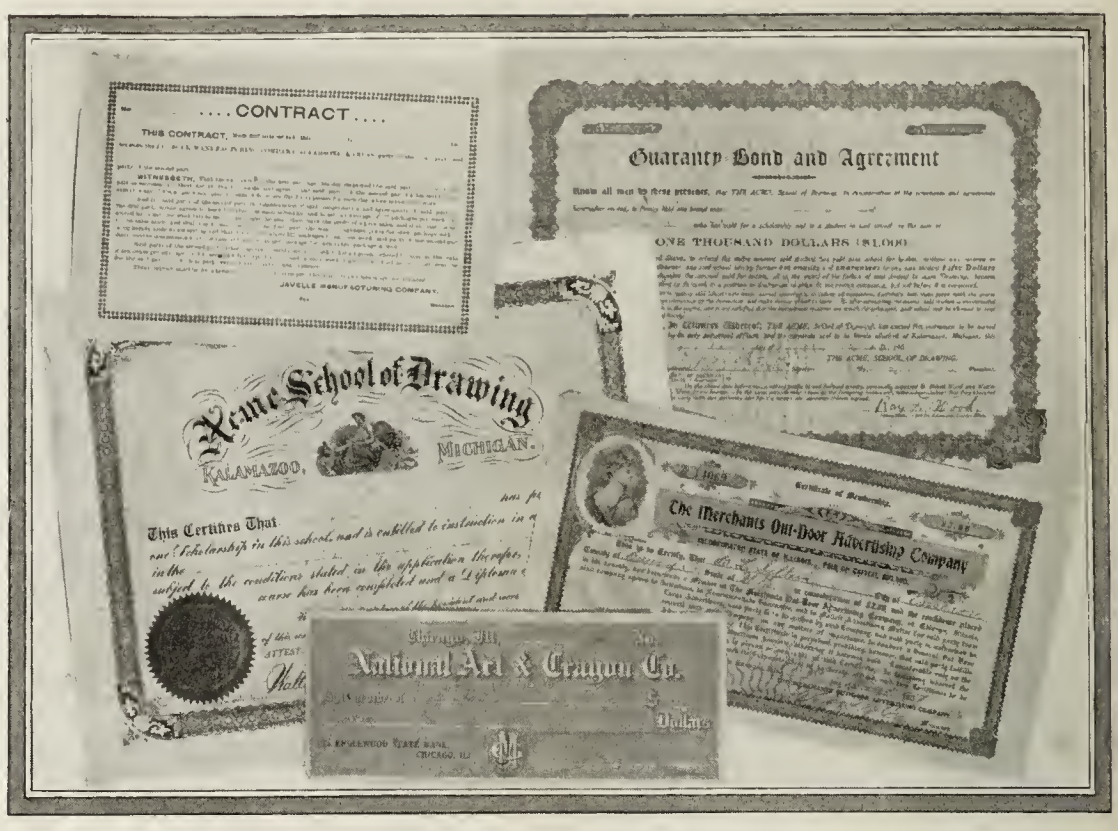
The "Half Moon," built in Holland for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, left Rotterdam July 9, on the deck of the Holland-American liner "Loestdyke," scheduled to reach New York July 22. She was fully rigged out and put on trial under her own canvas before being hoisted aboard the steamer

Traps and Pitfalls

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

THIS is the third of the series of articles on "The New World of Trade." It describes the methods in which publicity may be used against the interests of the reader. Glittering promises should be searched with common sense; there is always a hook. The first article of this series of four, "The Art of Advertising," was published May 22; the second, "Fair Trade and Foul," on June 19; the next and last, "The Publisher and the Public," will appear August 21





The kind of contract and guaranty which should be read from every angle and weighed with judgment before subscribing yourself to the conditions

YEARS ago an ingenious, inventive, and anonymous person filled the public eye briefly, and to this effect: "Three Yards of Fine Silk: Only Twenty-five Cents." Bargain-hunters hastened to deluge him with silver quarters by mail, receiving in return nine feet of silk thread. Gone is that genius, together with his fellow of master-finance, the man who vended the ordinary two-cent stamp of commerce as "A Handsome Steel Engraving of George Washington for Ten Cents in Silver." But their imitators, less original, though more rapacious, are still doing business. They are the twentieth century bunco men.

No longer do these venders of the new-style greengoods lurk at ferry entrances, awaiting the guileless farmer. The business has developed far beyond that. Nowadays they hire offices, enwrap themselves in firm names of impressive purport, and seek the victim in his own home through the agency of the published word. In the aggregate they take millions of dollars yearly from the general current of trade, and it comes mostly from the pockets of those who can ill afford it.

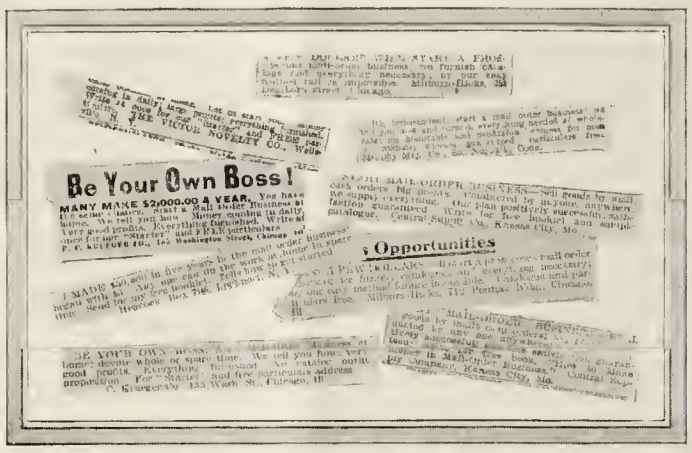
Under various guises these gentry work their wiles. What more innocent, on first thought, than, for example, a clothes-rack? Yet it is through this humble and useful contrivance that the W. A. Jenkins Manufacturing Company conducts its profitable swindle. Consider the advertisement hereto appended. Could any offer be more explicit of promise? Permanent employment at $25 a week and expenses, and your work all laid out for you. "No experience necessary." Is it conceivable that there should be men toiling for a mere pittance, or out of work altogether, when opportunity such as this sounds its golden trumpet-call to a million households?

Let us, then, be up and doing the well-salaried and inexperienced work of the Jenkins philanthropy. We write, applying for the job. We receive promptly a reply flattering to our hopes, so flattering that we take little heed of a modest request for a $15 order of clothes-racks to begin business on. As soon as we have ordered the $15 worth of racks, with cash accompanying the order, the salary contract will be forthcoming. Forward goes the $15. Back come the racks. But the salary contract? That's another matter. To be sure, there arrives a document, purporting to be a contract, but proving to be nothing at all but a curio of pseudo-legal crookedness. For our $15 we have received a lesson in experience, and that is about all. Perhaps the racks should be reckoned on the credit side; but, personally, we have never possessed sufficient apparel to decorate $15 worth of clothes-racks, and never hope to.

Forgetful Institutions

LONDON, Ontario, Canada, is the home of the Jenkins scheme. The same town boasts two other financial institutions so similar in character and purpose to it, that one suspects something more than a geographical coincidence. "Farmers' Sons Wanted" advertises the Veterinary Science Association. Ostensibly the progeny of the soil are wanted to earn $60 a month with an expense allowance of $50 a month for starting branch offices of the association.

In reality, however, it is the farmers' sons' money that is wanted; $3 for a book on veterinary practise, please; then three "members" to be gathered into the fold by him at an initiation fee of $2 each. Having secured $9 from him by this simple method, the association abruptly loses all interest in the farmer's son and, simultaneously, all recollection of the $60-a-month-salary promise. Now, if the ambitious youth wishes to add to his collection of promises, he may have a $90 one from the Empire Medicine Company of London, Ontario. There is the offer in cold print: $90 a month salary and $3 a day expenses for distributing advertising matter. But first there is the small item of $4 for samples before the em-



The mail-order scheme—whereby you are to sit around and let the postman bring you money

ployment can begin. "Please remit." After receiving which the medical concern goes on its primrose of petty larceny rejoicing and leaving its new employee to doctor himself for the painful and surprising sensation of having been stung.

"Salaries" Which *You Pay*

PERHAPS the most glowing promise ever held out in hot type is that of R. D. Martel of Chicago. Here is generous maintenance, clothing, art, and a princely present awaiting the eager grasp. But as the eager grasp contracts, it must have a small sum of money in it to pay for a "sample case." And at the touch of that money, at the blight of material things, the whole golden witchcraft dissolves. The $100 present is mist, the $85 salary is fairy gold, the suit of clothes is woven of the rainbow, and the $50 check is—well, that's material anyway, and a very remarkable document too. The only difficulty about it is that it isn't cashable. It's a fake, like the rest of the offer. As a refutation of the widespread slander that only high financiers attain immunity from the laws, I instance the fact that Mr. Martel is still out of jail.

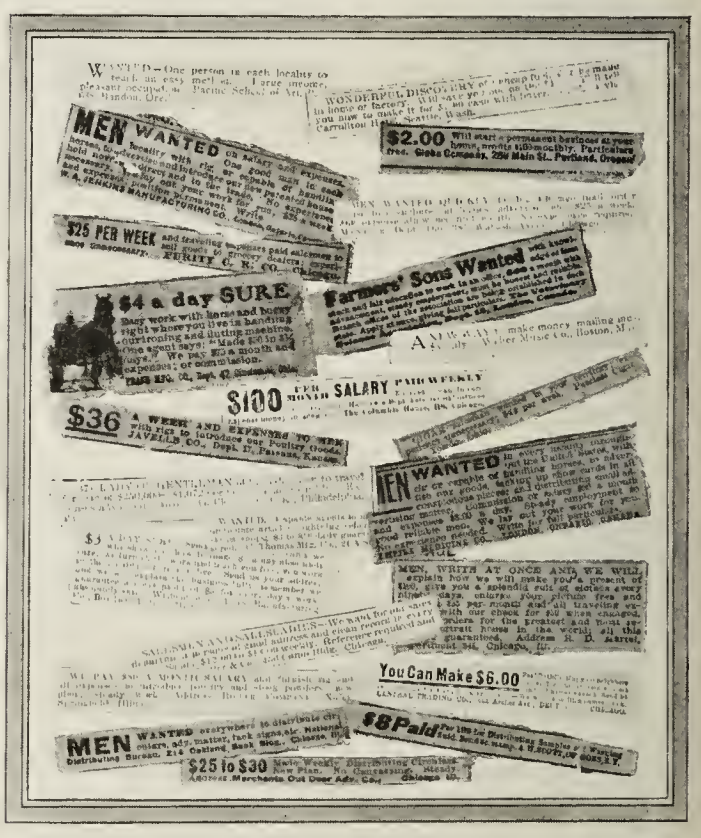
To find out what underlies the $100-a-week salary offer of the Columbia House, one must first make a $15 deposit for its outfit of hardware. That entitles you to call yourself an agent, and gives you authority to "appoint" subagents, each of whom must pay in a deposit also. Part of this deposit you are entitled to keep, this constituting the promised "refund" of your own deposit. So cunningly is your contract worded that, if you fail to appoint six subagents, the company can keep your $15. As for the "salary," that consists in a percentage on what you can fleece your unfortunate subagents out of. When the supply of subagents stops, so does the "salary."

Presumably there is some ingenious legal quirk which keeps this kind of enterprise out of the clutches of the law, for it is a popular device. George G. Clows, who runs the American Home Supply Company, uses it to collect an $11 deposit. The Purity Company of Chicago charges you $11 for a sample outfit, plus the experience of finding that you've been buncoed and that the "$25 and expenses" is merely a bait. The Javelle Company's promise of $36 a week is just as fallacious as the Clevis Company's $80 a month, or the Bailey Company's $88 a month, or Ziegler & Company's $12 to $18 a week. All of them want to palm off their "samples" or "outfits" on you. None of them pays a salary as promised.

Lesser employments also hold out their lure. What youthful imagination would not be stirred by the chance of being a real, live detective? Here it is, in cold print: Shrewd men wanted and no experience necessary. Webster of Indianapolis offers the thrilling opportunity; so does Granman of Cincinnati. The first charges $2 fee and the second $3. For that you get a badge and a few papers, and can masquerade as a detective to your heart's content if the real police don't catch you impersonating an officer. Having your money safely stored away, the Old Sleuth factories have no interest in your subsequent proceedings.

The Sale of Memberships

FOR those whose ambition is content with lowlier things, there are the concerns which advertise for men to distribute circulars and advertising matter and tack up signs. Their literature is full of attractive promises, and they sell you certificates of membership for various sums, after which they implore you to buy stationery from them. I belong to three of these organizations, as I can prove by gorgeous documentary evidence; but I've never had a single job from any of them. For membership in the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company, I paid $2; while the National Distributing Bureau and the Sun Advertising Bureau got $1 each out of me. Up in Cohoes, New York, one A. W. Scott runs a sort of department store



Salary guarantees, which seem to dissolve when you have completed the payment of the preliminary fees

of mail-order fakes, one of which promises $8 per hundred for distributing samples of washing fluid. You may get the $8 if you can. Meanwhile, please to pay Mr. Scott $1 for the formula of the fluid, and another dollar for the privilege of bidding on the contracts. Thank you, from Mr. Scott. That will be all at present. Good day.

A Guaranty on a Catch-Line

AN OFFER which is guaranteed in print can not but have weight with the inexperienced reader. Both the Royal Manufacturing Company and the C. Thomas Manufacturing Company find their way into respectable publications. After I had bought the Royal Company's "silverware," which is very far from being what it purports to be, I sought to extract from them the promised guaranty. They replied that the guaranty offer was only a catch-line; it wasn't made in good faith. As for the Thomas Manufacturing Company, who deal in "self-sharpening" scissors, they considered

it quite absurd that a guaranty should be demanded of them. Perhaps it is absurd. But it's something worse than absurd that they should advertise "$3 to $10 daily guaranteed" when they haven't the remotest intention of guaranteeing a cent. Incidentally, the "self-sharpening scissor" is a contrivance in the class with the Keeley Motor, the perpetual-motion machine, and the philosopher's stone.

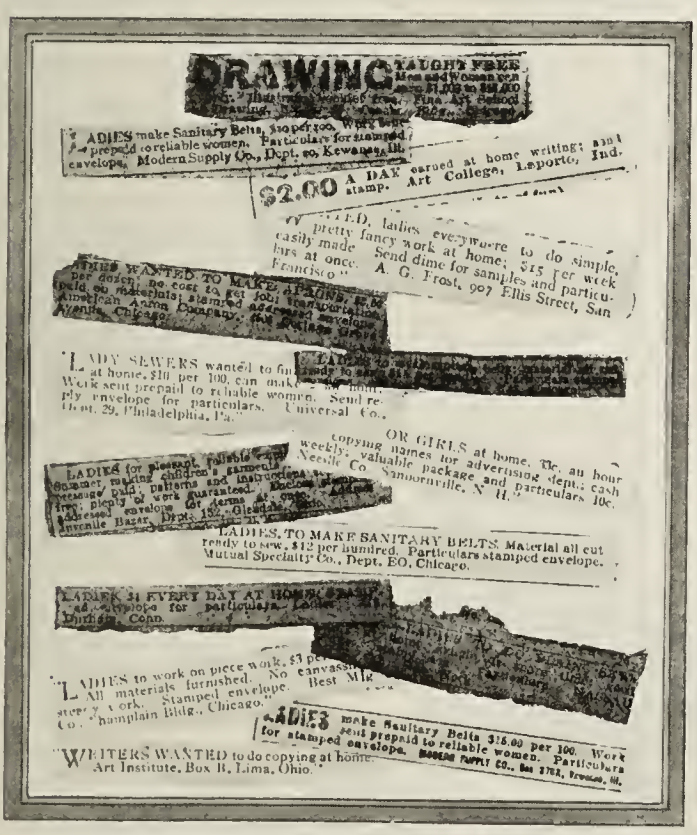
"Widow-chasers" is the picturesque trade term by which a certain class of petty swindlers is known. Home-work is the sign of their craft. Usually it is sewing to be done at home; sometimes copying. In two years of investigation I have found no exception to the rule that these home-work offers are traps for the unwary. Take, for example, the offer of the Needle Company of Sanbornville, New Hampshire. For her ten cents the applicant gets a package of needles and an opportunity to join an endless-chain scheme, whereby she beguiles her friends just as she was beguiled by the original advertisement. By promising them work at copying names, she extracts twelve cents from each of them, of which she sends seven cents to the Needle Company and keeps five cents for her commission. This is as near as the Needle Company comes to fulfilling its promise of thirty-three cents an hour for copying names. It might with equal propriety, accuracy, and honesty advertise to pay $4 a minute for lassoing mud-turtles.



The sanitary belts, shields, aprons, and piece-work offers are all on the same basis. Take the case of the most widely advertised one, the Universal Company of Philadelphia. The gist of this is that, though the work is "sent prepaid," there is a charge of $1 for sample. From this sale of samples the concern makes its profits. It is practically impossible for an inexperienced worker to fulfil the conditions of employment. In order to test this matter, I gave the work to an experienced seamstress. It took her an hour and a quarter to make one shield, at which rate she would earn the munificent sum of eighty cents a day for a ten-hour day. Problem: if an experienced seamstress can make but eighty cents a day at the work, what could a novice earn?

A Lure for Home-Workers

THE Best Manufacturing Company, which has done business also under the aliases of the Ladies' Exchange and the Royal Company, seeks to beguile the innocent into doing "Zephyr Embroidery." As a preliminary step, $1.50 must be paid for material. Then, it is found, the work is impossible under the restrictions imposed by the concern, which is $1.50 the richer by the sale of material

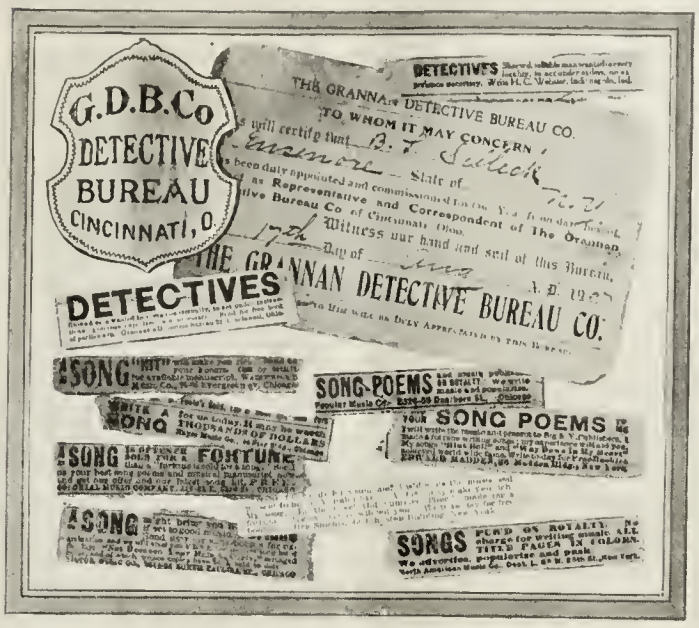


"Widow-chasers"—a type of advertisement which is set for the woman dependent upon her needle

which cost perhaps fifteen cents. The same scheme has been worked in the case of the Juvenile Bazaar Company and the American Apron Company, both of which are now, I believe, out of business. The Ladies' Aid of Durham, Connecticut, charges fifty cents for "a life-time income," and sends a recipe for "Vienna Crisp" with directions for hiring agents and the information that the sale of only twenty-five bags a day will bring in the daily dollar promised. "Your money back if not as represented." A letter requesting the money back elicited a reply from Mrs. F. P. Barton, declining to make the promised restitution, but offering for an additional $1.50 to let me in on a scheme that her husband was running!

A. G. Frost's little game is inspiring home-workers to tinsel fancy cards. All that is needed for this remunerative work is an outfit which he stands ready to supply for only $2. Only after purchasing this does the victim find that the trade isn't as eager for tinseled cards as Mr. Frost's encouraging letters had indicated: in fact, that it is impossible to make a living in this way. So Mr. Frost has the $2 and the ambitions home-worker has the experience.

Encouragement (on a strictly financial basis) awaits those who woo the muse. No singer need die unpublished who has the price, so long as the musical grafters continue to do business. I have tried them all, and caught most of them, with a poem of such driveling inanity that no sane publisher could possibly accept it on a business basis. Nevertheless, all the concerns whose advertisements are printed here grew enthusiastic over my versified slush, and were sure it would make a success "when set to our catchy and tuneful music." "No charge for writing music," says the North American Music Company; and they stuck to that when they accepted the poem, but—$17 for publishing expenses, or no publication. "Cash or Royalty for Available Manuscript," advertised the Wainwright Music Company, but, though my manuscript proved "available," the cash proved to have what a billiard player would describe as a "reverse twist" on it, since it went from me to them, instead of coming from them to me. Five dol-



Detective certificates for people not shrewd enough to detect the certificate—songs solicited, music offered, publication assured—at your expense

lars was the price of immortality at their hands. The Victor Music Company demanded $10, or no publication. The Colonial Music Company and the Popular Music Company, which appear to be different names for the same concern, asked $25. Nine dollars was the charge of the Hayes Music Company, while Edward Madden's brand of music to order cost $1 more than this. To do Mr. Madden justice, however, he returned my money upon my pointing out certain defects in his music. Ren Shields, who advertises himself as having written "In the Good Old Summer Time," further implicated himself by asking me $6 to give publicity to the awful stuff I sent him, but subsequently turned me over to Arthur A. Penn, who considered it too short, and urged me to "add a verse or two to it," agreeing in that case to "give it a first-class and original musical setting" for $10. Here it is in all its enormity:

THE ENGINEER

Who would not be the Engineer:
See him standing at the throttle.
He does not use Whisky or Beer
Or touch Tobacco or the Bottle.

Chorus— *Then three cheer*
For the Engineer:
He is always true and brave,
He does not know any fear
Even if he goes to his grave.

This it is which Mr. Penn considers "far too short"! The Rev. W. G. Price conducts what he terms "The Square Deal Company" at Newport, New York, and scatters abroad "want" ads, appealing for sacred verse and Sunday-school hymns. It's the same old swindle in religious guise. He finds my made-to-order drivel "available," and asks me to pay him for publishing it, holding out glittering prospects of royalties as the logical outcome. Far down in the expense scale is the Song Writers' Association, which offered to do business with me for $3.



Now, I am not prepared to deny that these musical furnishers and outfitters fulfil an amiable function by making glad the heart of some otherwise mute, inglorious Milton of Peapack, New Jersey, or Waco, Texas, who otherwise would never experience the thrill of seeing himself in real, live type. But when they beguile the fledglings of poesy into paying out good money on the pretense that their slushy verbiage is potentially profitable, they ought to be locked up and compelled to read their own publications aloud.

Apparently the bottom is dropping out of a once lively profession—the teaching of the mail-order business by mail. Where two years ago every fake publication and many of the respectable ones exploited a dozen of these concerns in every issue, now there are but three or four survivors. Their aim, ostensibly, is to give instruction in the mail-order trade, at which enormous profits are to be made. "Our plan positively successful; position guaranteed," proclaims one. "I made $5000 in five years in the mail-order business; began with $5," announces Heacock of Lockport, New York. What these and the other mail-order tricksters really do is to load up the caught victim with letter-heads, envelopes, old lists of names, or various knick-knacks which they keep on hand, as stock-in-trade, on the pretext that he can make splendid profits by reselling them through the mails.

Magic Inheres in the Printed Word

THE whole thing rests on a trade fallacy. The "teachers" have the very goods which they sell to the beginner (at a profit, of course), and the same opportunities of selling through the mails that he has. If there is such a large profit to be made, *what is to prevent their going into the field direct and underselling him?* Why should they establish competitors, on every hand, in a business that returns an easy and big percentage? Again, every new applicant whom they start in business becomes a competitor of every other victim, and must strive to sell in a field that has been worked and reworked until it is practically sterile. There isn't a mail-order "teacher" in the business who can give references worth the paper they're written on. In its very nature the business is essentially a thrashing of the empty air.

Often the discoverer of a new method of money-making offers, via the public prints, to share his secret for a modest consideration; too modest, indeed, to be honest. How much would you suppose a fuel to be worth which would cut heating bills down fifty per cent? A billion dollars would hardly overestimate it. Well, here's one. Davis of Seattle, who offers the secret for a single dollar, "Can be made in home or factory." His recipe is a mixture of sawdust, crude fuel oil, and shingle-mill shavings, pressed into cubes. Perfectly simple! All you need for the raw material is a saw-mill, a shingle factory, and an oil well; while, as for the pressing, surely there will be an old brick-press lying about the attic somewhere! The Globe Company's $100-a-month scheme, which it sells for $2, is simply an outworn recipe for soap. As for the Pacific School of Art, you pay $5 to a "Prof." Eaton to learn an impracticable and worthless process of turning a respectable photograph into a lurid chromo. "Chemical painting," he calls it, and instructs you how to start classes, which are to order their materials from him. Of course it's simple bunco.



Magic, surely, inheres in the printed word. Otherwise, how account for the fact that thousands of persons go into enterprises by mail which if presented by word of mouth through an agent would provoke only contemptuous laughter from even the most innocent? Take, for example, the offers of employment in the first group of advertisements, and recast a typical one in terms of a personal offer. As thus: a stranger comes to you and, without any introduction or guaranty, says:

"I wish to engage your services at a good salary, plus a generous commission. All expenses will be paid. It is true I never saw you before, but that makes no difference. I'll take a chance. Will you work for me?"

Thus far you might consider your new acquaintance merely a harmless lunatic. But now he adds:

"As a condition of obtaining this employment, you will deposit $10 with me, for samples of the goods you are to sell."

Isn't the cloven hoof plain enough there? You would kick that man out of your house. Yet those offers come to you every week or month in the "classified" columns of the newspapers and magazines, and if you yourself are not influenced by them, others are. No publication which carries classified advertising is free of them, or can be kept free without almost preternatural watchfulness, so shrewdly are some of them disguised. The rule of self-preservation from these swindlers is a simple one, resting on business common sense.

Beware of a Job That Hunts You Up

PAY no money to an unknown person for an unknown article. If a man who doesn't know you offers you a job through the mails and asks money from you, find out what the job is first, and then don't pay the money. Good jobs don't hunt men by mail. They don't have to. If it's a salary he offers you, he's a swindler. Honest business men do not pay salaries to unseen applicants. If he "guarantees" so much per day or week or month to you, he's a liar. No man can guarantee your earning powers without knowing who or what you are. If he cites tempting figures, seeking to enroll you among his agents, and asks you for a deposit on a sample article, shun him. You wouldn't pay money for an article you had never seen to a man whom you chanced to meet on the street because he promised you an agency. Why, then, pay to it an unknown who calls from afar to you through a newspaper or magazine? Let him, if he be honest, send his sample on approval. And, above all, when you have been swindled by a fake advertiser, tell the publisher of the medium in which you found the advertisement. If he's honest, he'll be glad to know of it. If he's dishonest, he'll be uncomfortable. Two to one, he took that advertisement with an uneasy feeling anyway. And if ten per cent of the victims protested with the might that is in them against these swindles, ninety per cent of the petty larcenists who thrive on printers' ink would take either to honest labor or the woods.

Our Japanese Territory

Seventy-five Per Cent of the Population of the Hawaiian Islands Is of Oriental Extraction—Their Industrial Invasion, and the Problems It Has Brought

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD

TEN THOUSAND Japanese strikers are in open rebellion in Hawaii, and seventeen of their leaders are under arrest, indicted by the Grand Jury on the charge of conspiracy.

The most recent official reports from Hawaii indicate that over fifty-one per cent of its population is Japanese and that the little brown people there are outracing, births over deaths, all other nationalities in the islands combined. Perhaps seventy-five per cent of the population of Hawaii is of Oriental extraction, and another generation may see Hawaii a State of the United States, with yellow Senators sitting in our Capitol at Washington. The hope of the people is otherwise, and a campaign, with limitless capital behind it, is now in progress to repeople the islands with white men.

Shall Hawaii enter the Union as a Japanese State? is a question seriously asked by the handful of whites in our island Territory. It is quite possible that she may; in fact, it is a matter that a few influential and wealthy men in Hawaii have it in their hands practically to decide, one way or the other.

The story of the Japanese invasion of Hawaii goes back to the year 1885, when the first Japanese laborers were brought to Hawaii by the white man to work for him in the cane fields. The year 1909 sees the majority of all the people who live in our island Territory Japanese subjects, the press largely Oriental, and the "Jiji" (the editor of which is now under indictment), one of the leading Japanese dailies of Honolulu, giving utterance to this threat to the very men who made Hawaii our Japanese Territory: "Planters, listen to us, if you do not accede to our demands, all Hawaii will be turned into darkness."

There may be war in Hawaii between the Japanese and the sugar-planter, but between the masses of the white and yellow races only a feeling of friendship exists.

It was the American and English born sugar-planters who turned Hawaii over first to the adult hosts of Japan. There was money in it, it was business, and they did it. Now that a new army of yellow voters-to-be is growing up, these very planters are preparing to spend millions in the hope of undoing what they have done, and to repeople Hawaii with the white man, not entirely because they are philanthropic and patriotic, but largely because of a growing sentiment among the Japanese which culminated recently in burning articles and editorials in the Honolulu "Jiji" and other Hawaiian Japanese papers, denouncing the great land barons and urging a rising against them in fervent appeals to "take up the heavy iron hammer and get rid of the odious fools" who oppose their demands. These demands are for "white man's wages" and a larger recognition of their desire to acquire land.

The Kanaka Resents the Jap

ONE has but to glance about him in Hawaii to realize how completely the Japanese have conquered the islands, industrially at least. No one acquainted with the facts wonders that the native Hawaiian has no love for the Japanese; they are rivals. Once the fishing was entirely in the hands of the native. He fished when he wished to, needing either food or something he could buy from the proceeds of a sale of fish to the white man or the Chinaman. To his own people custom demanded that he give, so, of course, the socialistic native preferred some other individual of his race to do the actual work, and he would share the profits for the asking. Then came the Japanese. The Chinaman was always willing to buy fish from the native and even built markets in which to sell them, but the Japanese did his own fishing, built deep-sea boats, even putting auxiliary motor engines in some of them, for a time employed native fishermen, until he learned the best fishing places, and then deep-sea fishing in Hawaii quickly became a Japanese monopoly.

Also, with the Chinese, the Japanese have preempted the ancient tara fields of the natives. These now grow rice, or tara, that the Oriental pounds into poi, the native food, and sells to the Hawaiian.

It is not only the native Hawaiian that the little brown brother squeezes, for he is crowding the white man out of coffee-growing, raises bananas, and, as a small farmer, puts even the agricultural experiment stations to shame.

Ten years ago, on my first visit to Hawaii, I took a walk up Pauaa Valley, just behind Honolulu. Every other house was that of a native, and the bed of the valley was one vast tara plantation divided by imaginary lines into little holdings, each acre of which would comfortably support an entire Hawaiian family. Toward the mountains Hawaiian boys and girls gathered the wild guava. There were but thirty-odd thousand Japanese in Hawaii then, and I met none in this most delectable and picturesque valley under the American flag.

But yesterday! Another walk along the same paths—one native grass house remained in all the valley; Japanese boys gathered the wild guava, but to do so they climbed a mile or more farther up the valley than I had ever before explored. I met Japanese men and children coming down the roads and byways with vegetables and even strawberries daintily wrapped in the useful ti leaf. Far up the valley, in the very last gulch, nestled a little grass-thatched house of old Japan, and on the almost perpendicular hillside beyond a Japanese woman was terracing the whole, and on those terraces grew acres of fragrant violets, from which a family of tiny Japanese children were making artistic bouquets.

To deny that the Japanese have created the greater part of the wealth of Hawaii would be absurd. Their toil creates the $40,000,000 worth of sugar that Hawaii annually sends to San Francisco and New York. But the Japanese is inclined to remain on the sugar estates only until he has saved enough to lease an acre or two for his own personal use. Then he builds his little shack, and becomes an independent; or he drifts to Honolulu and creates some new industry there, on a small scale to start with.

His children are educated in the public schools, so that when they graduate, with a refinement and knowledge their fathers never acquired, they would as soon think of becoming human beasts of burden in the fields as they would to draw a riekshaw through the streets of Honolulu. They become physicians, lawyers, teachers, business men, clerks, ousting the young white men from every opening, and add to the complexity of the problem of the Anglo-Saxon in Hawaii.



Fishing boats in Honolulu Harbor



Japanese melon farm, Oahu Island

Commercial Enterprises of the Japanese

THERE is a Japanese Merchants' Association, with agencies on all the plantations, and there independent stores are conducted, wherever land can be secured for a building. The great firms in which the millions of the white man are invested begin to feel this competition, for the Japanese undersells his white brother, who, as a rule, does not run a plantation store merely for the benefit of the plantation hands. The Japanese have also taken a hand in the transportation business. It costs many dollars to go from Honolulu to the windward side of the island in a white man's rig. The Japanese have begun to operate a 'bus line that carries passengers at a dollar a head. They are just beginning to compete in water transportation between the islands. When the Hawaiian-born Jap becomes more numerous, he will, of course, place steamers on the inter-island runs at Japanese rates of fare, creating a revolution in methods in our island Territory that will mean more to the white man than anything yet accomplished by legislation.

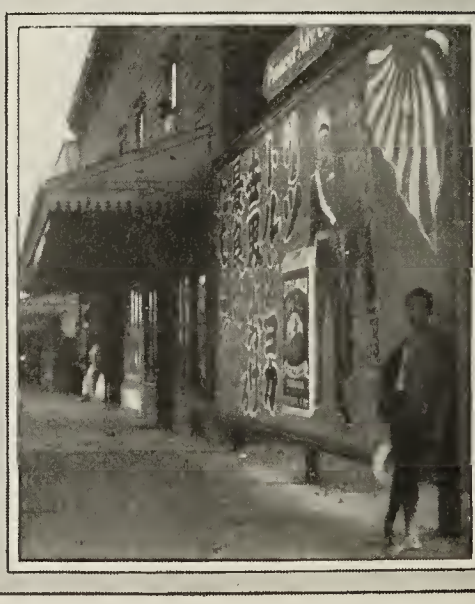
At present inter-island rates are so abnormally high that it is practically impossible for the small white farmer on one island to get his produce to



A white man's Japanese villa



A bit of real Japan on a Hawaiian plantation with bedecked roofs on cottages clinging to the mountainside, artistically created to blend with the scenery



A Japanese wall sign, Honolulu

Collier's

The Care and Cure of Nature

Live and Sleep in Rooms Without Walls, but Watch Floors and Roofs, and Temper Enthusiasm with Caution—Definite Instruction for Consumptives

By PAUL PAQUIN, M.D.



C—Sleeping-room, open above the bed

IN THE United States alone two hundred thousand die of consumption annually. It exists anywhere and everywhere. Yet it is preventable, arrestable, and frequently curable. Nature's own efforts, supplemented by proper hygienic and remedial measures, are the best aids to the consumptive.

What the people need most right now is knowledge of how to protect themselves and others against infection; and those who are already invalids need to know how to apply the curative powers of nature. The chief of these is open-air life. It is a remedy which can be utilized by practically all the people everywhere, although it may be more pleasant and effective, and good results may be reached more speedily by the selection of a naturally beneficial climate, or an especially favorable locality.

Simple as outdoor life seems, it is not by any means readily understood, nor is it as safe as is generally supposed unless certain rules are respected. Housing, clothing, inheritance, and environment have by degrees turned us more or less from beings with resistant ruggedness into hothouse plants, not always to be exposed suddenly with impunity or to be set outdoors night and day without preparation. For instance, if a consumptive sleeps out and arises from a warm bed into cold air or steps onto a cold floor, a cold or a pulmonary congestion, more or less grave, may result.

Outdoor life aims to reverse the unhealthful consequences of life inside, particularly in bedrooms, arising from insufficient ventilation which is an almost universal condition of the homes everywhere. It is meant to lavish free air around whoever will have it in lieu of the impoverished, impure sort created by breathing and rebreathing, often made more unwholesome still by the use of lamps, gaslights, stoves, or grates which consume oxygen and generally leave certain unsanitary gases behind.



In-and-Out Sleeping on the Porch

A sanitarium with its verandas divided off into sleeping quarters. A coping rises as high as the level of the beds, and prevents drafts from getting beneath. The bed stands between two sliding sashes which may be raised or lowered at will, and the sleeper may shut himself inside, or remain out of doors, as he pleases. Wider eaves would make the porch more attractive

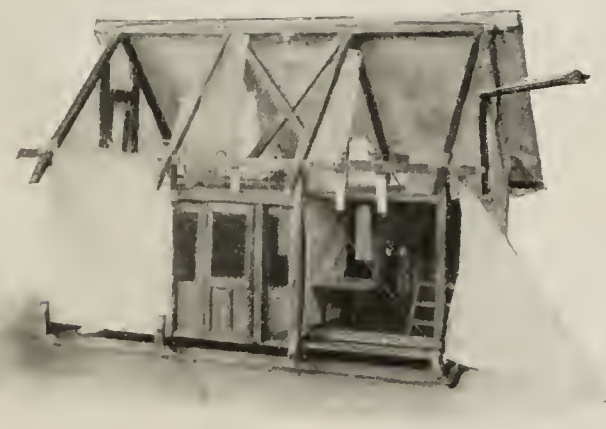
What to Do and Avoid, and Why

IF WE could remain out of doors in a dry warm bed or in a reclining chair without ever having to change position, whatever atmospheric condition might exist at the time, there would be no danger. But this is impossible. So we must observe certain rules if we hope to obtain the best results from the outdoor life. These points are important:

First—Complete, persistent, continuous bathing of all the body by fresh air. This is superior to merely breathing fresh air, as when your head is stuck out, by some device, through a window. In closely settled communities this may often be all that is practicable, and it is far superior to breathing in the atmosphere of any bedroom. But the skin also breathes, so to speak; it needs pure air ventilation and, besides, a uniform temperature of the body is safer than having a part in the cold air outside and a part in the warmer air within.

Second—In taking the fresh-air cure, by complete exposure, you must be so protected by your covering that even when cold weather, rain, snow, or winds prevail you will not suffer. Cold drafts, particularly if they only strike one part of the body, sand-storms, dust-storms, persistent smoke, street dust, marshy surroundings—these are all conditions to be avoided.

Third—The outdoor sleeping quarters should be high above the ground, with thorough ventilation underneath, say two to six feet high, and higher; indeed, usually the higher, the purer the air. Open-air sleeping next to the ground, in the majority of localities, is not the desirable or useful measure of tuberculosis treatment that it has been proclaimed, particularly by the indiscriminate tent and shack advocates. Unless constructed on scientific lines, affording proper warmth in cold weather, and continual fresh air under all circumstances, we are better off in house rooms high above the ground and ventilated to the utmost degree practicable. There is difficulty, too, in building a tent on a foundation floor elevated sufficiently, and then when high enough there is danger of it being swept away by the winds, even by a moderate one. A roost in a large tree, on some sort of hold-on-to platform around the trunk, with overhead covering and proper side devices for protection against the elements, is a suggestion that offers opportunities for profitable fresh-air life undreamt of by most of the sick.



B—Rooms with canvas partitions

Fourth—Whatever arrangements you make, try to have them such in details that the whole body will remain bathed the longest possible time every twenty-four hours in open air; that ventilation of the sleeping and living quarters shall be complete; that the foul air of the floor shall be steadily eliminated; that no occasion shall arise to chill the body.

Fifth—Don't sacrifice homelike conveniences and artistic design for expediency, for you can have all of these in constructing outdoor living rooms.

Let me present pictures of some models exemplifying various ideas worked out by experts.

Picture A represents a tent built on scientific principles by the State of Pennsylvania. It offers many advantages—and some disadvantages. It is set too close to the ground and must be affected by the earth's condition—dust, moisture, etc. For ventilation, this tent has superior qualities. The canvas roof does not reach the ground, allowing a good flow of air within, and then there are inside canvases to control ventilation and direct it properly. In cold weather there is a stove in the center, with beds at the sides. Unfortunately, this stove necessarily throws the heat on one side only of each bed, and, as with all stoves, one warming himself by it in very cold weather burns the side exposed to the heat, while the other freezes. However, for a tent abode it is among the best, and can be of great service in the early cases of consumption, or for limited outdoor life in suitable localities.

In picture B you will note a wood frame-work, covered with canvas and with canvas walls within dividing the structure into six rooms, three on the first floor and three in the attic. All those canvases can be moved, taken off or opened at will, thus ventilating and changing the inside space. The chief criticism applicable here (provided the building is put high enough above ground) is that in bad weather there can be scarcely any ventilation, as the canvases and the doors must be closed more or less completely and other air inlets are bound to be insufficient. In any event, ventilation must, in such circumstances, be restricted in a measure. And then the attic quarters must be very hot in summer. However, some proper additions and rearrangements could make this economical construction more suitable and probably more practicable.

Picture C is an improvement over B, having solid walls on all sides up to a few inches above the beds, just about right for ventilation through and through, above the head of the sleeper and to keep the inside air fairly renewed. And then it has curtains or awnings controlled by strings. The fault of this construction is that it also must be more or less tightly shut up during the rains, winds, and storms. By substituting large eaves for the curtains or awnings most of these



D—A cottage, with walls of netting

faults would be cured. And, too, these eaves would shade the body of the building from the direct sun rays, and prevent them from penetrating the interior and hitting the persons therein through the large air inlets.

Picture D shows a neat cottage of a California sanitarium. The lower part is well protected by walls all around to a point above the bed. The rest of the sides, up to the roof, is enclosed with fine netting, an admirable thing to keep out flies and other insects while admitting air. It is provided with windows and doors in proper places for ventilation. The criticisms that might be applied here are about such as apply to the design shown by picture C. The eaves are not projecting far enough to protect the inside parts facing the open spaces from the hot rays of the sun or the rain or snow beating in, thus forcing the occupants at times to close the air inlets to some degree at least. Besides, the porch should have a roof and draft protection to afford actual outings in any sort of weather not too rough.

The uniform lack of eaves in every one of the structures discussed above indicates that the idea prevails in the mind of those who evolved them or recommended them, that they want sun rays, no matter how hot, to strike the building, no matter how much they heat it, and also on the patients within through the more or less wide openings for open-air circulation. The truth is, however, to speak only of the last proposition, that the bearing and beating of sun rays directly upon tubercular patients is usually, particularly in the summer and in certain climates, a prostrating force rather than a reviving one, and often produces too much perspiration, or else bakes them.

A Device That Any One Can Use

NOW, as to improvising outdoor living and sleeping quarters: If you want to sleep on a veranda or porch, first remember that it should be roofed, that the railing around ought to be solid, admitting no current of air to the floor of the porch, so that no draft may reach under the bed or to the sides of the person in it. This solid porch wall should extend up eight to twelve inches above the body of the occupant of the bed, so that the wind or breezes will flow across the porch above the body, without hitting it; thus the currents of air will fan the patient lightly perhaps, suck up, in a measure, and carry out the floating impurities, and keep up a

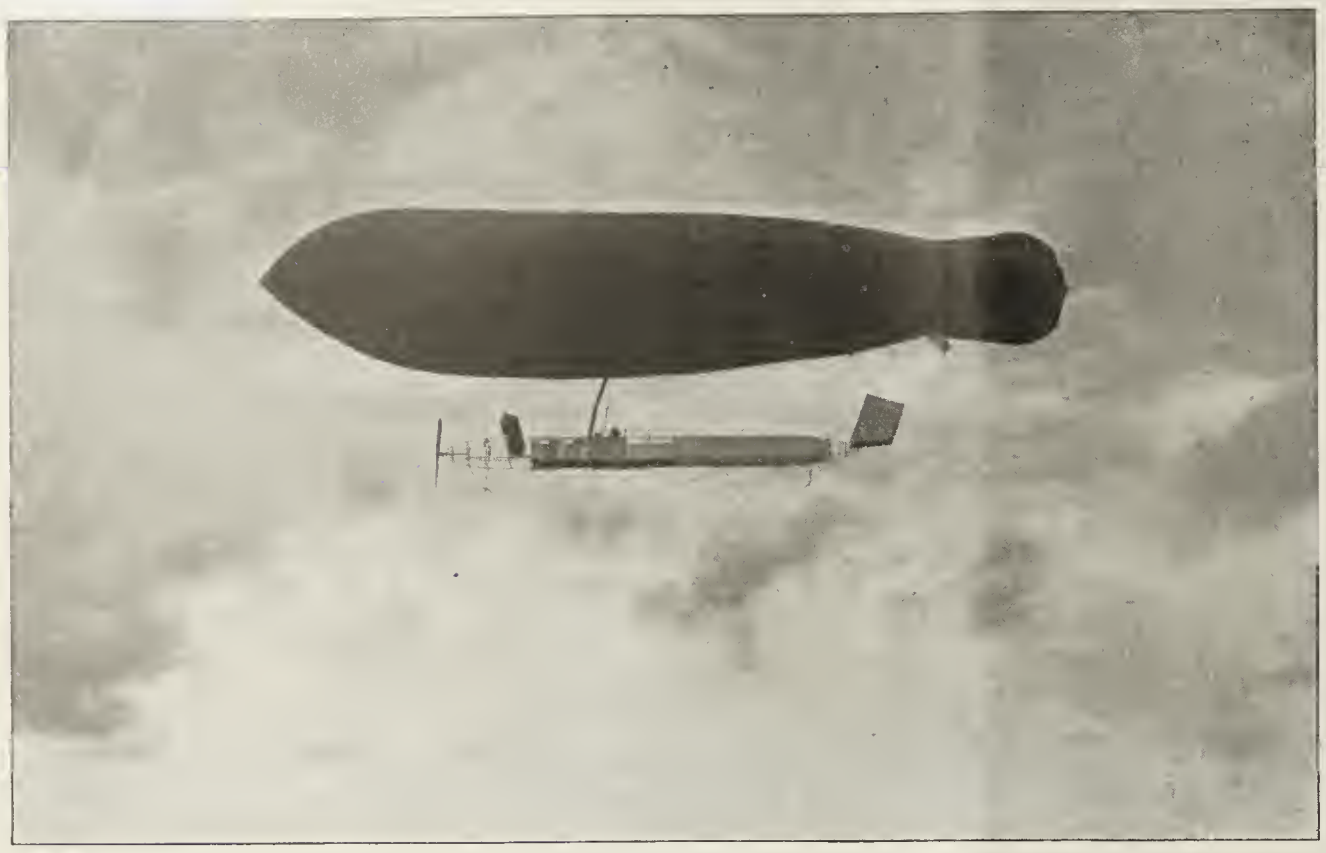


A—A well-built tent, set too close to the ground

constant renewal of oxygen. Of course I would have the wide eaves above described to these porches too, including the hinged drop-boards. If not, there should be provided some suitable curtains on rollers, like window-shades, or, still better, suitable awnings.

In conclusion, let me suggest that the so-called "In-and-out Sleeper," a device which, by the use of wide sashes, will turn a bedroom into an open or a closed apartment in a moment without shifting the bed, is a simple arrangement that ought to apply to at least one room in every new home. As a preventive measure or for an emergency, if desired, a person could, by its use, be instantly put out to live night and day. It can also be applied, by a little remodeling, to any old home, sanitarium or cottage, including all those discussed above. It could also be made to fit canvas abodes. As I understand it (unlike many others, which are patented), its design is free from any sort of restriction. Diagrams and measurements of the plan are given away. One section of this structure standing alone would not look artistic or homelike, two sections would. For a little cottage for one or two occupants, the design of the California cottage, or something like it, with the "In-and-out Sleeper" arrangement, would have a good appearance and would prove practical.

What the World Is Doing:



A Livable Airship

Here is the first of the airships to be equipped with cabins for passengers—little cubby-holes of shelter where food may be stored and into which the sky pilots may retire when chilled or wet. It is the dirigible balloon "Ville de Nancy," launched at Sartrouville, France. It is 170 feet in length



These are the Houses that Jack Tar Built

A few of the 1,500 frame houses, each with two large rooms and an attic, built in Messina in blocks of twenty for earthquake survivors. American money built them. Native labor was used under the direction of American naval officers and sailors and volunteer artists and architects. $700,000 was subscribed



Music in the Air

The great bells which have just been completed will be hoisted into the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice. This historic tower tumbled to the ground several years ago and is now being restored

Globe-Girdling

ENGLAND is wooing Russia. She has entertained twenty conservative members of the Russian Duma. And she prepares to be gracious to the Czar. She stands ready to spank the Socialists and radicals who would boo or ban him.

With a beautiful moderation the "Standard" sums up the bloody centuries in Russia as "authority exercised not always clemently, not always fairly." Such liberalism would whitewash Judas and Nero and soften St. Bartholomew's Eve into a midsummer night's merry-making.

The birthdays of John Calvin and Charles Darwin are receiving a world-wide celebration. We are four hundred years away from some of the doctrine that came out of Geneva, while Darwin's rediscovery and restatement of the mystical theory of flux and change is still freeing the thoughts of men.

London rebukes us for employing the "third degree"—the terrorizing use of questions that presuppose guilt. The ever-genial "Saturday Review" finds in the use of the third degree by the New York police in the Sigel murder "further evidence that American civilization is only of the semi kind." The "Spectator" says the proceeding is removed many more than three degrees from usefulness and decency.

Like an eleventh-hour hero, Mr. Taft is expected to gallop in and rescue that hapless and stricken virgin, the Ultimate Consumer, from the piratical high-tariff crew. Under his breath Senator Aldrich is heard humming the motto: Look up and not down, and lend a hand to suffering trusts.

The slaughter of the innocents proved not to be so heavy on this year's Fourth of July. The roll-call has shown 61 killed and 3,246 injured. Some day we shall learn how to be happy without enriching the graveyard and hospital.

By Champlain's shore the insubstantial pageants have faded, leaving not a rack behind. Two States and Canada have supplied painted Indians and pale canoes, orators, poets, Governors, and a President—all now melted into thin air, and the revels ended.

San Francisco is torn between two minds as to the Patrick Calhoun trial. Was it a battle royal between two hugely rich men? "That feeling came and went in San Francisco," says Professor George H. Boke of the University of California; "we know now that there was no personal animosity on the part of Spreckels against Calhoun." The "Argonaut" has been unusually acid throughout the trial. It calls it "the graft movement, a revengeful vendetta, seeking not public, but private, aims."

In Chicago, bomb-throwing, ceasing to be a diversion, has become a habit. The thirty-first bomb has exploded. Two rival clans of gamblers use this method of reprisal when they feel they are being treated harshly. The same underworld is being raked fore and aft in court on a white-slave investigation. The police and municipal authorities seem as yet unable to thread the jungle.

In New York those angel faces smile along the Bowery which we have loved long since and lost awhile up the river. Refreshed by quiet months in Sing Sing, "Monk" Eastman, thief and pimp, and Antonio Vaccarelli, alias Paul Kelly, thief and pimp, have returned to the scenes of their early triumphs in time for the fall elections, where they will display their old-time skill in herding voters, repeating votes, and blackjacking opposition. These two criminals will exercise more actual power at the coming municipal election than any hundred of our wisest and best.

Words, Words, Words

BORED, pessimistic, muddled, Senators and common people alike have flung off the tariff debate like a poor relative.

But England has had a jolly good time with her measure, the Budget. With gaiety the thing has gone with them. Their debates were more picturesque in phrasing, cleaner from taint of vested interests. Their politicians were a little better informed, better equipped.

With wit and genial fire they have filled the hours, sometimes till dawn. A thousand jests have descended on the skull of the "dapper little Welsh squire," Lloyd-George, and, smiling, he has put the question by.

Said Mr. Balfour in one of his rapid word pictures, like a lightning-chalk artist:

"Suppose you were to say that every man with red hair and more than £10,000 a year ought to pay a special super-tax. You would say: 'Look at this mean-spirited, red-haired man. He "hollers" for *Dreadnoughts*, he votes for old-age pensions, and this mean fellow, though he has got £10,000 a year, won't pay the small super-tax which I put upon him—the wretched creature!'"

At public meetings the British bards salute the patient Lloyd-George with ironical verse:

"Thus the work goes on gaily, the owner may groan,
But the Chancellor rescues what was never his own."

So a blue-tinted finance bill, with seventy-four clauses, six schedules, and two thousand amendments, enriches the intellectual life of a great people, as later it will fill the exchequer.

And the speed of that parliamentary life has been reflected in the English press. The English journalists have had fun with their lawmakers in session. Here is a picture of the statesmen in action:

"Mr. Lloyd-George, the man of the year, had a fever-

A Record of Current Events

ish cold, which showed itself in his voice, but failed to dim the radiance of his smile. Colonel Lockwood, one of the blithest of the Unionists, with an enormous pink carnation and his inevitable draft-board tie; Lord Robert Cecil with two coat pockets bulging with parliamentary papers."

The heaviness of our floundering statesmen has settled like an obscuration on the Washington scribes who emit the daily column of Congressional gossip for the home papers. We read:

"Senator Bailey objected to the motion on the ground that the course proposed was unusual."

Then comes the next hurtling paragraph, alert and flashing:

"Mr. Aldrich contended that his motion was usual."

The English have radiantly emerged from that slough. Here is what the "Evening Standard" does to a prolonged session:

"2.20. A. M.—The Home Secretary sleeps. The First Commissioner of Works and the Attorneys-General for England and Ireland sleep. The Solicitor-General sleeps. The Civil Lord of the Admiralty sleeps.

"2.22.—A rolling Unionist cheer in support of Mr. Bonar Law wakes several Ministers.

"2.40.—Ghosts of dawn play at the high windows vaguely.

"2.50.—House rises. The nightly cry of centuries rings through the great corridors: 'Who goes home!'"

The Clown with a Broken Heart

THE world is beginning to find Bernard Shaw out. He is as a clown whose heart is broken. He used to be thought flippant, irreverent, and cheap. Now we know him for a worshiper, full of antics. He will stand on his head and kick his heels in the air when in the act of prayer. That is to distract attention from his patient rite. He will froth at the mouth with wrath at man's injustice, and then pretend he was spitting at a hole in the ground. He is ashamed of his passionate humanitarianism, his sense of pity and justice. With a hundred disguises he tries to hide his bleeding heart. He masquerades as a king's jester, a monster egotist, while beneath the spangles and frippery he is torn by the universal suffering.

Stanton Coit says of him:

"And what shall we do with Mr. Shaw? What but recognize him, the humanitarian, as sensitive as St. Francis himself to the sufferings of the poor and of dumb brutes; as chivalrous as any knight of the Round Table, as candid as truth itself, and yet more than all the other saints of the church, possessing the supreme grace of humor."

But there is danger in the tender heart that at times its thinking will be soft and mushy. It must needs be that there is suffering all along the line—the weaker slaughtered in pain to make the strong stronger—the less developed organism sinned against, that there may be light on the path of the perfected.

And Shaw is in unwise mood when he charms the annual gathering of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection with piteous extravagant statements on modern physiology and surgery. He said:

"Vivisectionists act on the primary instinct that, since what they want to find out is something of the miraculous, the way to do it is to do something cruel. All the experiments from which most was hoped were experiments on the physiology of pain. The man who becomes a vivisectionist deserts the honorable and fruitful paths of science for the dishonorable and probably barren path."

He conjectured that if all the energy devoted through the century to vivisection had been cut off from that wicked, cruel path and given in other directions, probably the Hertzian waves would have been discovered years before they were. There was a strict law for the conservation of energy in these days. There was a law for the conservation of scientific energy, and every man who was groveling in the entrails of some unfortunate animal was a man cut off from the paths he could follow without shame and without cruelty.

The Veterans

CONVENTION-CAPTURING is the latest war game of the Far West. Being desirous of losing their frontier reputations, in Eastern minds, as mere watering spots in a desert of sage-brush, the cities reach out for tourists.

This summer Salt Lake has captured the veterans of the G. A. R. A hundred thousand strong, the old soldiers are expected to tramp into Salt Lake in the middle of August. It is the town's first big chance, and through July it is getting its welcome ready.

The committee of the Commercial Club said the electric-light wires were ugly: they had to come down. The City Council told the telephone companies a poleless city was the only thing to present to these distinguished guests: there are no poles now—at least in high places. Even the bill-boards have lost their vogue and mostly desecrate suburban fields and rear alleyways.

The pavement on which the veterans would march was rather shabby through overwear. It was rolled up into great heaps of asphalt overnight, and a nice new layer was put down in the morning in record time just so that Pat Moran—he who always gets the contracts—could show that it was efficiency and not graft that brought them to him.

When it gets its first skyscraper a town goes into a delirium of joy. During this season of preparation for the veterans Salt Lake has had a chance to crane its neck upward at its first and second skyscraper, and

(Continued on page 21)



The Launching of the "Clermont"

Christened with well-water, the replica of Robert Fulton's original steamboat slid into the water on July 10, in the presence of a large crowd, including many descendants of the inventor



Guests of the International Press Association, at Tokyo

Chatting after the dinner in this group, seated at the table from left to right, are the Marquis Katsura, Premier of Japan, Mr. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States, and next to him Prince Ito



A Skyscraper Which May Change a City's Balance

The first tall building in Salt Lake, called, with its sister-structure, "Newhouse's Folly," was raised in a section isolated from the business center. There seemed to be no warrant whatever for their location; but the owner made free offers of several building sites in the neighborhood, and the result has been that important interests have followed up the trail, and the district now promises to become the commercial hub of the city

Democrats and Some Near-Democrats

By MARK SULLIVAN

FRANK CLARK is a Democratic Congressman from Florida. Very early in the present session he broke away from his party, denounced the leadership of William Jennings Bryan, and held out this offer to the Republicans:

"If you put what my people want in the bill, if you give them protection against Cuba on pineapples, and give them protection against the pauper labor of Egypt on long-staple cotton, and take care of their lumber and all these things, then you may put what you please in it."

When some of the other Democratic Congressmen (especially Choice Boswell Randell of Sherman, Texas) began to reproach Clark, the latter became even more frank and explicit. Speaking on the floor of the House, he said:

"As long as a protective-tariff system prevails in this country, as long as the articles we have to buy are taxed, as long as my people have to bear the burdens of it, they say that we ought at least to have a division of the benefits. That is where I stand. You may call it 'swag' or what you please."

Clark's attitude didn't meet with universal approval at home. For his defection, the Florida Legislature passed a resolution of reproof. Thereupon Clark took a train back to Florida, walked in upon the Legislature, and declared himself still more frankly. From his speech before the Florida Legislature on that occasion, these two paragraphs are taken:

"Now I want to tell you one thing, my brethren. I spoke of the great lumber interests of this State. You know what they are. You know what they are worth to Florida. You know whether it is worth while to build up the material interests of this State, or *whether it is best to follow a sickening fanatic sentiment or not.*"

"We have been following a fatuous light. *We have been traveling through the desert and eating the husks, while our brethren above the divide have been living on the fat of the land.* I love the traditions of the South; I love her glorious history; but, my friends, I am tired of living back forty or fifty years ago. I believe that this Southern country is the garden spot of this great Republic. I believe the time is not far distant when her industries shall thrive, when her products shall come forth bountifully from out the earth, and with proper legislation and proper political guidance she will prosper as no other section of this country can. I am for the South, I am for Florida, her products, her industries, her men, her women, and her children against the world."

The official account of this speech shows that it was punctuated by "great and prolonged applause," and "tremendous applause." On the other hand, the Florida Legislature did not see fit to rescind its resolution of censure. It is fair to say that a certain amount of public opinion throughout the South genuinely endorses the attitude expressed by Mr. Clark. It is this section of public opinion which is relied upon by those Democratic Senators who have voted with Aldrich frequently. It is a pity, however, that a Senator who expects to endorse the Republican policy of protection, who is going to help Aldrich out in tight places, and vote for the duties that Mr. Aldrich proposes—it is a pity that such a Senator does not get himself elected as a Republican. Bad faith is inevitably involved when any Democratic Senator goes over to Aldrich, for unquestionably the majority of the votes that sent him to Washington were cast for him in the belief that in his votes and speeches in the Senate he would support the traditional policies of the Democratic Party.

McEnery of Louisiana

SAMUEL DOUGLAS McENERY represents Louisiana in the United States Senate. He is seventy-two years old. He fought in the Civil War, and has held public office, with negligible intervals, steadily for thirty years.

If Senator McEnery avowed himself a Republican, he could by no imaginable means come to the United States Senate from Louisiana. There are practically no Republicans in Louisiana. (Taft got only eight thousand votes in the State, compared to Bryan's sixty-three thousand.)

How the Democratic Senators Have Voted

	Voted with Aldrich	Voted against Aldrich	Absent or Paired
McEnery, Louisiana	38	7	22
Foster, Louisiana	20	29	18
Martin, Virginia	12	41	14
Chamberlain, Oregon	9	43	15
Simmons, North Carolina	9	46	12
Smith, Maryland	9	45	13
Tillman, South Carolina	9	41	17
Daniel, Virginia	8	26	33
Taliaferro, Florida	8	46	13
Taylor, Tennessee	8	34	25
Fletcher, Florida	7	57	3
Bankhead, Alabama	6	33	28
Money, Mississippi	6	38	23
Bacon, Georgia	5	59	3
Bailey, Texas	5	35	27
Hughes, Colorado	5	56	6
Johnston, Alabama	5	56	6
Clay, Georgia	4	57	6
Overman, North Carolina	4	58	5
Davis, Arkansas	3	28	36
Owen, Oklahoma	3	32	32
Paynter, Kentucky	3	55	9
Stone, Missouri	3	49	15
Frazier, Tennessee	2	44	21
Gore, Oklahoma	2	61	4
McLaurin, Mississippi	2	33	32
Rayner, Maryland	2	42	23
Culberson, Texas	1	43	23
Newlands, Nevada	1	44	22
Shively, Indiana	1	18	48
Clarke, Arkansas	0	9	58
Smith, South Carolina	0	31	36

There were sixty-seven ballots in the Senate, important and unimportant, on the various tariff schedules. Of course, roughly speaking, a vote against Aldrich is a Democratic vote. It is also true that the number of failures to vote is important. A Senator may often be absent in good faith, or he may occasionally be "paired" with another Senator of the opposite party; when either party to a "pair" is absent, the other refrains from voting. But a Senator who has failed to vote more than twenty-five times out of sixty-seven would seem to owe his constituents an explanation. A failure to vote is often as serviceable to Mr. Aldrich in a crisis as a direct vote with him. The record of Gore of Oklahoma is probably typical of a genuine Democrat—only four failures to vote and two votes with Aldrich, while his votes against Aldrich number sixty-one.



This cartoon, from the "Daily Chronicle," of Houston, Texas, pictures the sentiment which the Southern newspapers quite generally feel concerning the subserviency of some Democratic Senators to Aldrich

But McEnery *is* a Republican. He has been as servile, as completely at Aldrich's beck and call, as the most stalwart of the Republican regulars. He has voted with Aldrich more consistently than twenty of the Republicans have. *Only seven times out of sixty-seven ballots in all did Mr. McEnery cast his ballot against Aldrich.* These seven may safely be presumed to have been unimportant ballots when Aldrich didn't need him. Only seven anti-Aldrich votes out of sixty-seven is a more uniformly Republican record than that of so strong a party man as Senator Burton of Ohio, or Senator du Pont of Delaware. McEnery voted with Aldrich in favor of a high tariff on agricultural implements, and he was the only Democrat who did. He was the only Democrat who helped Aldrich put the outrageous duty on cotton gloves. Again he was alone among the Democrats in voting with Aldrich in favor of the duty on window-glass. Alone in all his party he helped Aldrich postpone the vote on the income tax, at one of the most critical points in Aldrich's management. On twenty important items of the tariff bill, McEnery was the only Democrat to vote with Aldrich. *As the crowning act he was the only Democrat in the Senate who voted in favor of Mr. Aldrich's tariff bill as whole.*

With no other record than his votes, it is hard to escape the inference that Senator McEnery's course is in pursuance of some bargain which reflects credit neither on him nor his State.

The Other Senator from Louisiana

MURPHY J. FOSTER'S record differs only slightly from that of McEnery. Twenty times he has voted with Aldrich, and eighteen times refrained from voting—and to Aldrich silence is often as serviceable as a vote. Did the people of Louisiana *intend* to send two Republicans to the Senate?

What the Southern People Think

A FEW wealthy persons in the South may endorse the action of those Democratic Senators and Representatives who have broken faith. But the mass of the people of the South are indignant and ashamed. The Southern Democratic papers have been practically a unit in their severe condemnation. In one district of Louisiana a mass meeting was held and very severe resolutions were passed. They are too long to quote here in full. They recited at length the facts and the votes to support the charge that the Louisiana delegation "has gone soul, body, and boots into the enemies' ranks" and "voted and spoken in opposition to Democratic doctrine," and declared:

"We, a mass meeting of Democratic voters of Claiborne Parish assembled, protest, condemn, and repudiate with all the vehemence at our command the un-Democratic and faithless actions of our Senators and Congressmen."

At the end of their resolutions of censure, that mass meeting of Louisiana people gave formal expression to this Democratic doctrine:

"Be it further resolved, that as cotton growers who have to sell our product in a free-trade market, nevertheless we do not ask or desire that others should be taxed for our benefit: what we ask is that our Representatives protect us as far as possible, by keeping other people's hands out of our pockets and not join Republican protectionists, helping them to tax us for the benefit of saw-mills and other protected concerns."

We hope these resolutions will do good. And we wish that the energy and initiative of these Louisiana voters might be imitated in every Congressional district in the country. There has never been any question that the overwhelming mass of the sentiment of the United States was opposed to the tariff bill Mr. Aldrich was making. The bill was made in frank defiance of that sentiment. What organized wealth wanted was the one thing considered.

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see the foundations laid of its third and fourth.

On the patriotic side, the coming encampment differs from other meetings in that it is a long ways from the old battlefields. But the Utah people touched the war at a point. Brigham Young, while a private citizen, received and responded to a personal call from President Lincoln to raise and scatter a force of volunteers along the Overland Mail Route from the Missouri River west. They were needed across Wyoming and Nebraska because none of the nation's regulars could be spared for this work. They performed a long and hazardous tour of duty.

Third Degree for Income Tax

IT IS conceivable that a cat might swallow too many canaries, and choke instead of looking innocent. Sometimes we have a like fear for Senator Aldrich. He is deft so very often, each day. We wonder if he isn't about to be too clever. "Be funny, but don't be damned funny," was the advice given to Peekskill's favorite after-dinner speaker when he was still but a lad.

The Rhode Island chieftain has just emitted a series of scintillations, like a magnetic furry cat on a winter's night. By exchanging winks with Senator Lodge he planned the attractive coup of shelving the income tax through the device of so introducing the corporation tax as to put it in the second degree. Under Senate rules an amendment in the third degree is out of order. So any attempt to ring in the income tax would be in the nature of an amendment in the third degree. So perished the Bailey-Cummins scheme for a direct tax on incomes.

When Senator Bailey, after a brief sojourn in the lobby, returned to the scene of his triumphs, he was grieved to find that his pet child had expired under the silent but deadly ministrations of the New England statesmen.

Senator Aldrich is quoted as believing the corporation tax will die a lingering death in the next two years. Thus his enemies go down before him.

England believes that we are about to be caught napping in still other ways by the sly ones of the Senate. One paper points at the tariff section providing that on and after March 31, 1910, the general tariff will be the duties laid down in the schedules constituting the minimum tariff, plus twenty-five per cent *ad valorem* to be added to the schedules as passed. It believes this "plus" proviso contains elements of danger. For the President, it holds, will not wipe out the "plus" till a long inquiry has been made, with the "interested and organized avarice of the country on the side of the minimum rates."

A Notorious Notary Publie

A RECENT item in this department sold out all copies of "The Transcript" for the current week, and for the last eight weeks has caused the pink sheet to bloom profusely on almost every news-stand of New York City. It wasn't our purpose to boost the sales and increase the dividends of "The Transcript."

The various authorities that deal with crime are tardy in ending the career of William C. Jones, publisher and editor of "The Transcript." "The Transcript" is a directory of vice and is circulated through the Eastern States. Its main stand is New York City. It publishes vicious advertisements in each issue.

Jones is also active as bail bondsman for the notorious women whose profession he advertises in the columns of his sheet.

The agencies of law and decency are, each of them, considering the case, but they are slow on the trigger. Jones is a notary public, and Governor Hughes is scrutinizing his usefulness in that function. The post-office authorities have under advisement the refusal of second-class mailing privileges to "The Transcript." If the post-office authorities bar the paper, and this action fails to kill it, the United States District Attorney's office will consider the case.

Meantime, Jones, who differs from a cadet of the red-light district only in being more prosperous and better protected, flourishes on the brisk sales and salacious advertisements of his "Transcript."

Slave-Grown Cocoa

IT IS an odd coincidence that in the year of the Lincoln centenary our country should be helping to maintain a slave traffic. We are first among cocoa-consuming nations, with 37,526 metric tons to the credit of our drinkers for 1907. Much of what we consume is San Thomé cocoa. In January, 1908, the Lisbon stock of San Thomé cocoa was 120,015 sacks; and in June, 1909, the stock had been reduced to 60,000 sacks, nearly all of which has already been sold to America.

San Thomé and Principe are Portuguese islands, employing 30,000 natives, who have been brought from Angola at the muzzle of rifles. The slave-raiding was done twenty years ago at the annual rate of 2,200. The official figures for eight months in 1908 were 3,924, which is a yearly rate of almost 6,000.

Revolted native soldiers of the Congo Free State swoop down upon the villages of the southern Congo, pluck out the able-bodied natives by force and guile, and tally, transport, and deliver them duly to the rigors of the cocoa-fields, where disease, shackles, and loads make their life both lonely and severe.

Our authority for these statements is Joseph Burtt, who is vouched for by the London "Spectator." The "Spectator" then goes on to plead editorially:

"If the people of America would pledge themselves to drink no more slave-grown cocoa, they would raise the noblest and most magnificent memorial to Lincoln that the brain of man can conceive. Such a resolve would paralyze the hand of the slave-raider of Angola. The knowledge that there is always a price, and a good price, to be got on the coast for plantation laborers sets a flood of unspeakable cruelty and misery flowing. Strange as it sounds, the innocent demand for cocoa to drink or chocolate to eat by men, women, and children in America is only one end of a chain which at the other is shackled to the slave. Those who use San Thomé cocoa are unconsciously giving an order that slaves shall be hunted and caught in Angola and brought to the coast. A refusal to give any more orders for San Thomé cocoa till the planters use free labor will as surely, if more slowly, emancipate the slave as Lincoln's proclamation. Our voice has sometimes been listened to in America. We trust it may be heard now, and that those who can influence the American press may induce that press—a giant in its power alike for evil and for good—to remember in Lincoln's year the cry of the captives."

Cross-examine your grocer.

Invading the South

A PARTY of Italians, among them Lugi Solari, president of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York, and Felice Ferrero, a brother of the Italian sociologist and historian, left New York for North Carolina, July 2, in quest of farming land. They represent not the advance guard, but the leaders of the first reserves in a new immigration invasion of the South. Heretofore the tide of immigration has swept westward from the great ports of entry.

The Southern experimental colonies have already been planted. It is on their success that the future of the enterprises depend. The Italian party went to look over a group of Italians located at St. Helena, just out from Wilmington. There they were met by a brass band of their countrymen who are making themselves into farmers instead of the more familiar New York "wap."

The St. Helena colony (it is named in honor of the Queen of Italy) was started four years ago in a pine forest with a group of capitalists back of it to see that all went well. For the company the colonists put in half their time making ditches and the rest they used up in clearing forests on their own allotments. To provide ready money the company bought the wood as fast as they reduced it to saw logs. Realizing that the single man, unattached by family ties, takes but a slight hold on the soil, these colonists were brought in with their women and children, and 215 of them have at least made ends meet out of their crops this season. All are from the Italian provinces north of Tuscany, and so far but little opposition has been voiced to their coming.

Two days before the inspecting party started on its work, three humble Hollanders went by day coach over the same route, to end up at Castle Haynes Colony, on a farm donated for their use this summer by Hugh McRae, one of the financial bankers of the colonizing scheme. Their purpose in making the long journey from Holland is to see if they can put Irish potatoes and lettuce onto the New York market from their farm in ninety days. They get as a starter a mule, a shanty, seeds, fertilizer, and implements, and have a twenty-acre place to work with.

The experimentation is by no means confined to the Dutch and Italian. Hungarians are already established in some strength at Castle Haynes, Poles at Marathon, Germans at Newberlin, and Hollanders and Poles at Artesia—all these places near Wilmington, and in easy reach of the market. The advance guard of foreign immigration started for the South in 1905. Before winter the first line of the reserves should be on the ground.



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Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit and dressy look of the best linen collars—our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

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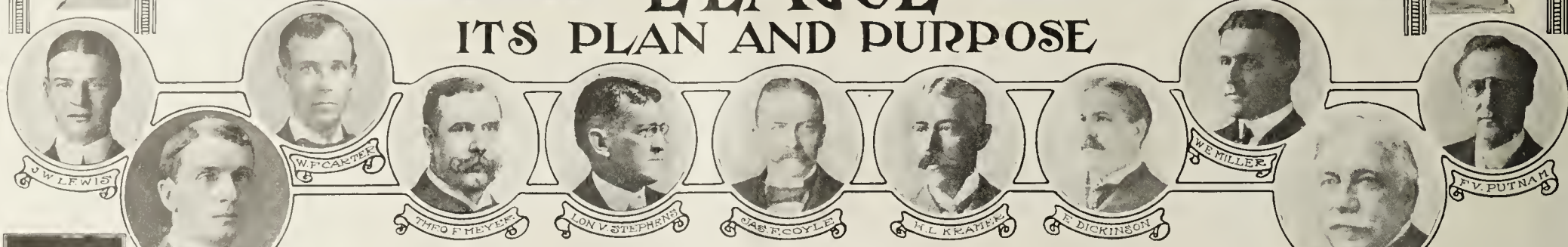
Ask your dealer for Challenge Brand Waterproof Collars and Cuffs and don't take a substitute. If he doesn't keep them in stock, write us at once, stating size and style you desire—send 25 cts. for collars, 50 cts. per pair for cuffs and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our latest style book contains many valuable hints—let us send it to you.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE

ITS PLAN AND PURPOSE




MABLE G. LEWIS

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THE American Woman's League, with its membership already numbered by tens of thousands and with over seven hundred regularly organized local branches or chapters throughout the couutry, is a single business plan of co-operation between leading publishing concerns and local societies and clubs of women, and individual women. It makes no pretense of being anything but a business organization for the purpose of mutual benefit and profit. Its organization was first conceived and undertaken in 1908 by The Lewis Publishing Company of University City, St. Louis, one of the largest publishing concerns in the world, who remain alone responsible for and in full control and direction of the plan, until its organization is completed. The League will be permanently established under a trust agreement to be approved by the membership itself. Early in 1909, six other leading publishing houses were invited to co-operate under the plan so far as the subscription end is coucerned, and at the present time seveuty-three others of the leading jouruals of the country have made applicatiou to joiu iu the plau, which will ultimately be thrown open to all acceptable publications on fair terms. The plan of The League consists of effectiug a permanent national subscription or sales organization for reputable publishers, one-half of the income going to the publishers who receive 50% of their subscription price net cash; and the other half to this organization, known as The American Womau's League.

It is estimated that the annual gross subscription income of the leading magazines and journals of general circulation in this country exceeds $60,000,000. It is also estimated that it requires the expenditure by the publishers each year of the greater part of the $60,000,000 to secure aud renew this subscription by means of endless schemes, premiums, commissions, prizes, contests, and advertisiug matter. Comparatively few years ago all journalism was entirely ou a subscription basis, advertisements not being accepted at all by reputable publishers. Today it is entirely on an advertising basis, the subscription income playing a nominal part. Most such journals are published for women. With teus of millions of dollars invested in their manufacturing plants, producing a better article for a lower price than any other industry, the publisher as a manufacturer has no PERMANENT, national, wholesale and retail sales organization such as all other industries have in the jobber and retailer, but goes direct to the consumer scattered from end to end of the land at a selling cost in many cases greater than the selling price.



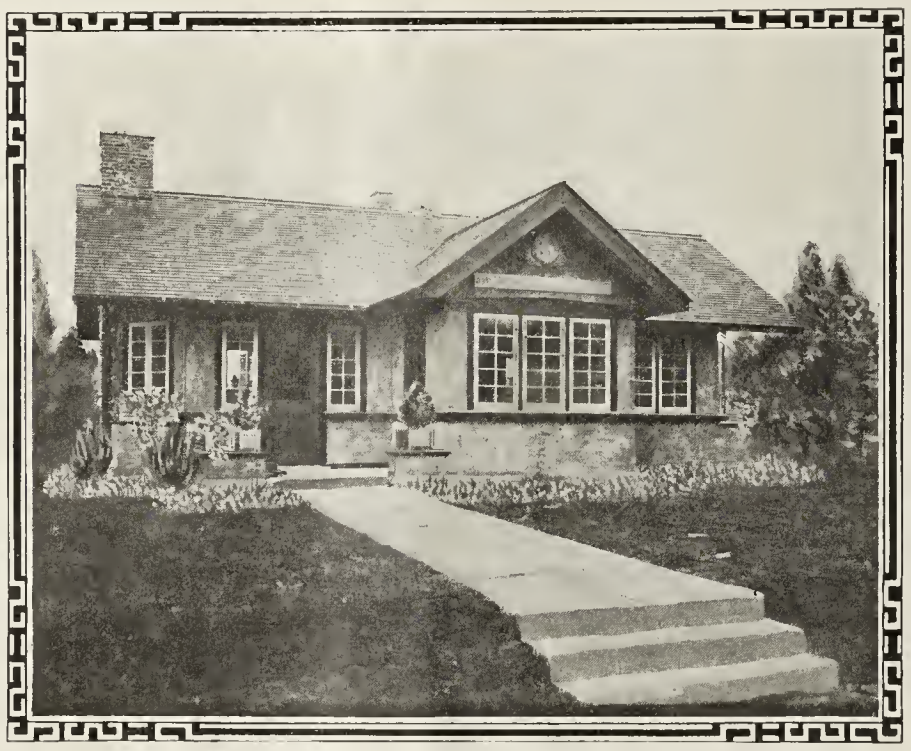
Comparatively few years ago the sphere of woman was held to be exclusively inside the home, most things entering into the home life being produced or controlled within the family. Of more recent years progress in the art of living has brought about marked changes in this, and today the entire community life is a matter of vital coucern to the home. Water, light, milk, schools, street cars, sanitation, parks and factories have become community interests in which the individual home is vitally concerned. In our rural districts, where two-thirds of our population live, even more marked changes in the conditions and standard of living have occurred in most recent years. Ten years ago, the ruralite was isolated, received his mail but seldom, had no telephones or rapid transit, and was dependent on crude local educational facilities. Today 40,000 rural routes serve 30,000,000 rural population with daily mail, while a network of interurban trolley lines traverse the country, and farm house is connected with farm house by telephone. With the rapid broadening of the home life of the individual has come a pressing realization that the lack of education, refinement and culture means lack of ability to grasp opportunity as well as of appreciatiou of the most beautiful things in life. We see this





GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY





League Chapter House of Class II, Edwardsville, Ills.

most in the more thau 500,000 womeu's clubs and societies, 95% of which are ostensibly at least for improvement in home life, community life, education, the arts and general betterment of social conditions. These clubs and societies found in every hamlet, town and city are supported in the main by a system of polite social brigandage, funds being obtained through endless fairs, fêtes, guilds, festivals, where women, first having begged or made articles of more or less value, proceed to sell them at many thousand times their possible value to friends, relatives and themselves for the benefit of the object represented by their club, society or circle. These hundreds of thousauds of local clubs, societies and circles of women, located in every city, town and hamlet, if brought together under some simple business plan of co-operation, would present the most powerful resourceful business organization in America. It has seemed to those who conceived the plan of The American Womau's League that to the great journals of general circulatiou is given the mission to take the lead in making culture, the arts aud education the keynote of this century, as commercialism has been that of the past one, and that this can be accomplished on a business basis. The League plan is effectiug a permanent co-operative national organization, between the leading publishing houses as the manufacturer aud these thousands of local clubs, societies and guilds on a mutually beneficial and profitable basis. The publications now co-operating under this plan with The Lewis Publishing Company are, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, SUCCESS, THE FARM JOURNAL, THE DELINEATOR and THE AMERICAN BOY. Membership in The American Woman's League has but a single requirement open to all alike: the securing of a total of $52 in subscriptions to the publications co-operating in the plan. Whenever this has been accomplished, the applicant is a member for life without other dues or requirements and eutitled for life to all rights, benefits, advantages, protection and opportunity The League organization can offer. The subscriptions may be paid for as gifts to friends if desired, but the membership does not cost the member anythiug, as the only thing paid for is the subscriptions to the several publications at their regular prices, which are in themselves a full return for the money. This membership requiremeut constitutes the national SALES force.



To effect the permaneut RENEWAL orgauization, The League is divided iuto chapters or local organizatious, each haviug permanent jurisdiction over a fixed territory. Five or more members may organize a local chapter, and any local club, society, circle, or combination of them may become members of The League and secure the local chapter charter and rights. The local chapter receives for its iucome and maintenauce 25% of the renewal subscription income of all the publications that come from its territory, its Secretary being a paid official selected by the members, whose duty it is to look after the renewal of all subscriptions in that chapter's jurisdiction from year to year, with the moral support and assistance of the chapter as a whole; accurate record of all subscriptions received and their expiration dates being supplied from headquarters. Upon securing the charter for a local chapter, a beautiful permanent local chapter house is at ouce erected on the following terms:

The Chapter Houses are divided into five classes in style and cost, according to the membership of the local Chapters.

CLASS 1—To each local Chapter having fifteen members, of whom at least ten are fully paid, a Chapter House will be built to cost $1,200.

CLASS 2—To each local Chapter having forty members, of whom at least twenty-five are fully paid, a Chapter House will be built to cost $2,500.

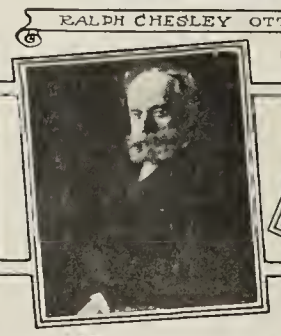
CLASS 3—To each local Chapter having seventy-five members, of whom at least fifty are fully paid, a Chapter House will be built to cost $4,000.

CLASS 4—To each local Chapter haviug one hundred members, of whom at least seventy-five are fully paid, a Chapter House will be built to cost $5,000.









RALPH CHESLEY OTT.

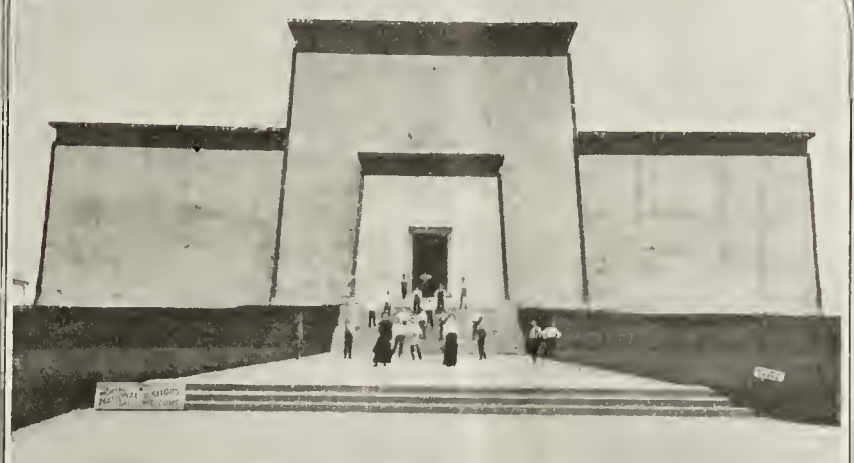




PRESS ROOM OF THE LEWIS PUBLISHING COMPANY



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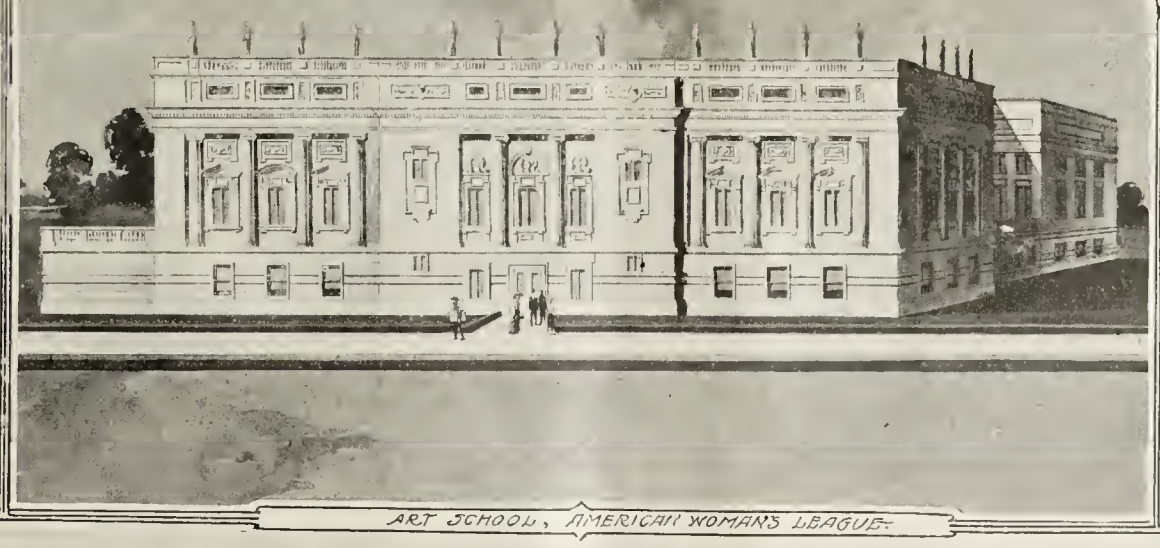
CITY HALL, UNIVERSITY CITY



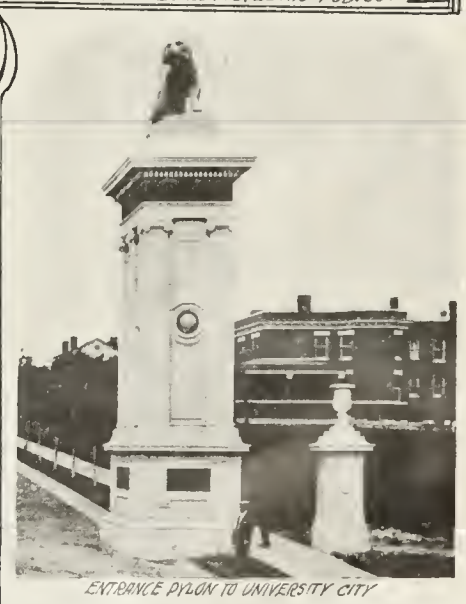
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ENTRANCE PYLON TO UNIVERSITY CITY



ART SCHOOL, AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE



ENTRANCE PYLON TO UNIVERSITY CITY



"PLAZA" ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITY CITY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Views of the Plants of the Lewis Pub. Co. and Art Institute of the League in University City. The Lewis Pub. Co., founders of the League, is one of the largest publishing institutions in the world, with a capital of $3,500,000, producing over 10,000,000 copies of its several well-known journals each month. University City is a separate municipality from St. Louis, although embracing in its borders the best residence section of St. Louis

CLASS 5—To each local Chapter having one hundred and fifty members, of whom at least one hundred are fully paid, a Chapter House will be built to cost $7,300.

First—A suitable building site must be secured by the Chapter in the home town of the Chapter, clear and free of encumbrance, equitable title to it vested in the Trustees of The League. This site must be well located, and ample in size for the building.

Second—Immediately on awarding these Chapter Houses the contracts will be let for their construction to responsible contractors.

Third—In counting memberships for securing a Chapter House, three full-paid honorary members count the same as one full-paid Full member. Thus to secure a Chapter House of Class 1, the Chapter must have fifteen members, of whom ten are full-paid Full members (women); or if the Chapter has seven full-paid Full members and nine full-paid honorary members, this would count the same as ten full-paid Full members.

Fourth—The money advanced for the purpose of erecting this Chapter House will be repaid to the home office of The League by the withholding from the local Chapter the ten per cent building fund until the loan is repaid, and does not come out of the general subsidy of the Chapter which is twenty-five per cent of all the subscription revenue derived from the Chapter's territory.

Under this plan, while 25% of the subscription income will eventually go to the local chapter organizations into which the entire country is rapidly being divided, and all and even more than the amount of the subscription income first derived from the membership requirement of the members of the chapters is expended in erecting the local club or chapter houses, yet the central organization receives the entire 50% on the vast scattered membership and 25% of all renewal income. Experience has also shown that while a chapter of a fixed number of members is required to secure the erection of a local chapter house, the erection of which costing more than the entire revenue from these memberships; yet, before the building is completed, the membership of the chapter invariably increases to several times the original number, so that the chapter house's cost easily falls within 25% of the original income.

With the organization of the local chapter, it becomes entitled to the services of the circulating library, the weekly phonographic concert circuit (the finest concert grand phonographic instrument obtainable, made expressly for the organization in the form of a beautiful center table, being supplied to each chapter and a weekly shipment of concert selections of the best music in the world being sent it); a series of lectures and entertainments by the lyceum bureau of The League, and several other special features, tending to make the chapter house the center of the best instruction and entertainment, while the permanent income of the chapter itself is in exact proportion to its size and ample to enable it to provide every comfort and entertainment to its members without expense to them. The local chapter is given entire freedom in the use of its chapter house and the personnel of its membership, and if several local clubs combine to secure it, they may divide its use among themselves as they see fit. Only members of The League may use the chapter house, however, excepting as temporary guests.

While the local chapter and its beautiful building is the permanent income-producing machinery of the organization, yet, to the individual member as such, whether affiliated with a chapter or not, The League plan offers its greatest benefits, advantages and opportunity through the great central institutions free to all. The center of this remarkable movement—its capital city, so to speak—is University City, St. Louis, a separate municipality of some 2,000 acres, incorporated and laid out some years ago, before it had become the finest residence section of St. Louis, owing to the growth of that city. The officers of The League are also the municipal officers, the president being the mayor. Here are located the magnificent institutions of The Lewis Publishing Company, the largest and finest publishing institutions in the world, and here are rapidly being erected the other great institutions of The League. It is designed to make University City the most beautiful and model municipality in America, and much has already been accomplished along these lines. The design, conception and execution of its entrance gates, ornamentatiou and buildings becomes a part of the work of honor classes in the art institute, architectural, engineering and landscape classes, so that in a few years it will in itself represent a magnificent monument to The League. The organization is being conducted by the officers of The Lewis Publishing Company, assisted and advised by the Board of Trustees, who are also the Board of Directors of the Peoples Savings Trust Company, trustees of The League endowment or reserve funds and property, it in turn being owned by the members of The League.



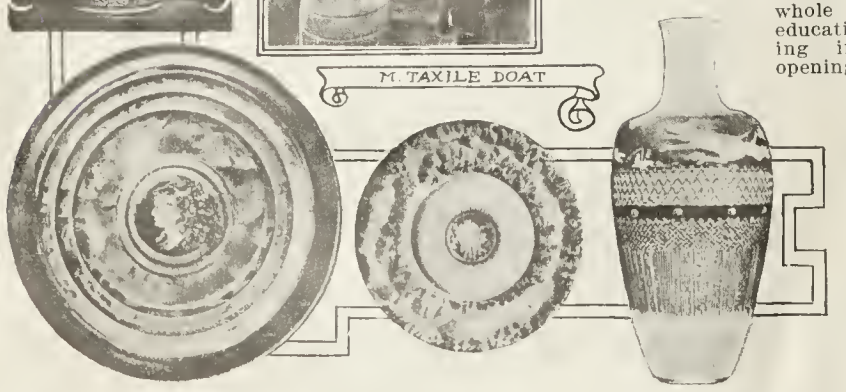
League Chapter House of Class III

THE CENTRAL INSTITUTIONS

It is estimated that the entire League income will be required for the next year or two in erecting the hundreds of local chapter houses, building and equipping the great central institutions of The League, after which there will be a rapid accumulation of a surplus or reserve which becomes a trust fund; membership in The League being a life beneficiary. The whole League is a trust, and, whatever its income, only to be devoted to the use and constantly added benefits of membership. The principal benefits of membership are: First, the free right to all courses of instruction in its great schools, university and art institute. Second, the use of its postal library and phonographic library, a phonographic instrument of superior make being supplied members in their homes as well as to chapters. Third, a national Woman's Exchange, of which each local chapter is a branch, for the marketing of woman's handiwork and the products of The League. Fourth, a loan and relief fund, for loans at low interest for home building, and no interest in distress. Eventually, with the accumulation of a reserve or surplus, it is proposed to erect and equip the finest home or retreat and orphanage in America, where a member, destitute and alone in old age, may be cared for as the center of the good will and care of the whole organization and as a right of membership, corresponding to a surrender value; also for the care and education of orphaned children of members. The League being purely a business organization on a cash basis, with no pretense of philanthropy any more than an insurance company, does not undertake to do anything that can not be done as a business proposition, the home and orphanage itself being figured against the surrender value of membership, while the musical library, the university, art schools, exchange and all other features, in addition to the general income for their maintenance, become largely self-supporting through the sale of their products and supplying to the membership of The League the materials, supplies, equipment and other articles required in their use, the exchange having already become a shopping bureau for the more remote members, with its buyers in the best markets, at considerable profit and the great advantage of the membership. Of all features of The League, the art schools and institute and the university are the principal. The first of the university buildings—the great art schools and institute—is now nearing completion and will open its courses to all members October 1. It is undoubtedly the largest and finest institute of the sort in America. Five other university buildings are expected to be complete within 12 months at a cost of approximately $1,000,000. The foremost sculptors, artists and instructors in all branches have been secured, and the correspondence courses, now about completed, are the work of the masters themselves and are intended to lead up to the personal attendance or Honor courses, enabling the student to acquire the elementary training and to demonstrate their fitness and ability for the higher courses, without the loss of time or expense necessary to personal attendance, and also to provide to the whole membership an educational and refining influence, while opening to those of marked ability or genius, OPPORTUNITY. To accomplish this double purpose—the educational refining and useful advantage to the whole membership of instruction prepared by eminent masters, and at the same time to separate out from the mass special ability, genius, talent or qualifications for special training and opportunity—the courses of the University in all its departments are divided into the correspondence course and the personal attendance or honor course under salary sufficient to pay all reasonable expense of attendance.







The institutions of The League themselves seek and require the highest talent and ability in all lines and hold out to it the certainty of the highest opportunity. The honor courses of personal attendance under salary are awarded through frequent competitive examinations open to all, but made sufficiently severe in their requirements to insure that those who acquire them are of so high an order of ability as to become really producers and a profit to the institution. The benefit of the knowledge, experience, learning and skill of great masters can, through the correspondence courses, be available in their own homes to all, but the advantage and opportunity of personal association with those masters for a year of practical and actual application of the student's own ability and training in the conduct of the institutions of The League is reserved for those alone whose high ability, application or genius makes them desirable acquisitions to the personnel of those institutions.

Through the national dragnet of the correspondence courses it is the effort to find out and uncover special ability and genius in every branch of human effort, that it may be brought into and made a part of the great League plan and, in return for the opportunity given, shed on The League and its institutions a constantly increasing luster, fame and success. The League being strictly a business organization with no pretense of philanthropy, while through its great University correspondence courses it serves all alike, yet as a matter of business and profit it offers exceptional opportunity to the highest ability.

Any members and minor children of their families may take any of the correspondence courses and pursue them just as far or as little as they choose, or may take up a single study, art, business or profession, for its culture, use and enjoyment, but if a career in any business, profession or art is desired, the closest application, not alone to its courses, but to all correlated courses, including a general academic course, is necessary before the honor or scholarship course can hope to be acquired. The remuneration of the member acquiring an honor or scholarship course while in attendance during the year of practical finishing work is $60 per month. A series of commissions, awards and prizes each year, however, offer to the honor student special remuneration for excellence of work. In the Art Institute a number of commissions, ranging in value from $500 to $3,000, will also be awarded at the end of each year through competitive tests for the execution of works of art in the ornamentation and beautifying of University City and the buildings of The League. All work done by honor students is the property of The League, unless executed for outside commission, when The League receives the proceeds. Graduates and advance students of other art, business and professional schools, who are members of The League, may compete for the scholarship or honor courses without taking the correspondence courses. Teachers, members of The League, may equip themselves for better positions or higher instruction through the correspondence courses without interference with their duties, loss of time or expense, and by the demonstration of the necessary ability and qualifications through the examinations, be certain of a year of personal instruction with salary sufficient for expenses, under famous masters in the Honor courses. The catalogues of each of the courses, complete in detail, may be had on application by any member. The school terms are three in number—October 1 to December 20, January 5 to May 1, and the Summer term from May 10 to September 10. The University and its branches are divided under the following heads:

I. Kindergarten, Grammar, Academic.
II. The Business College.
III. The Professional Courses.
IV. The Applied Arts and Crafts.
V. The Fine Arts.
VI. The Musical and Dramatic Institute.

The honor students, after two terms of personal attendance under the direct supervision and instruction of the master in the practical application of their ability, are then sent on a circuit of the local chapters for the assistance, instruction and coaching of correspondence students, and to conduct the competitive examinations in the arts, music, the drama and other courses. Through this means a continual series of lectures, entertainments, instruction and personal demonstration is provided the local chapters throughout the year by the honor students, themselves members of The League, as their final finishing touch before graduation, giving the honor students an opportunity to acquire a wide personal reputation in their chosen art, profession or specialty before entering on the life battle of a successful career. By this means the master of each division is assisted in the conduct of the courses by the honor students themselves, who must be of the highest order of ability and accomplishment to have secured the honor courses.

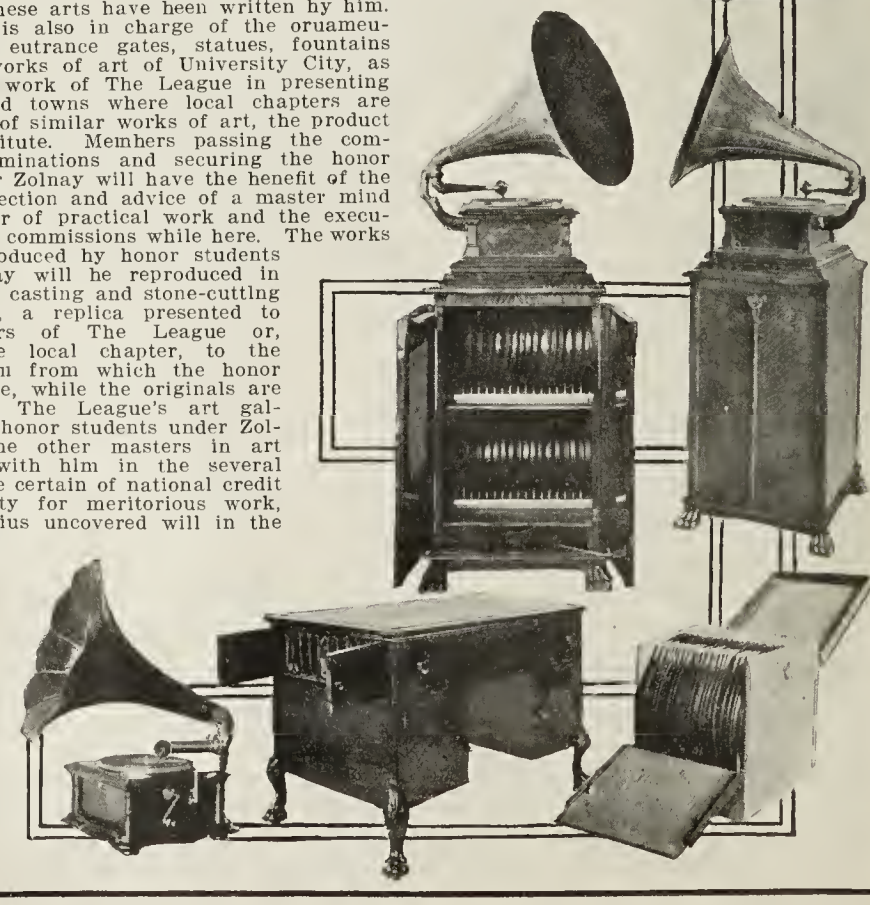
DIVISION OF SCULPTURE AND DESIGN

George Julian Zolnay, Director

Mr. Zolnay, director of this division of the Art Academy, is so well known in this country and Europe as one of the foremost sculptors of the age as to need no introduction. An honor graduate of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna, and Royal Art Academy of Bucharest, the winner of gold medals in America and the graud prize of the Vienna Art Academy; decorated by the King of Roumania with the order of Bene Merenti of the first class; member of the leading art clubs and of the International Jury of Awards; his work is a part of the history of modern art. Among his principal works are the colossal Tympanum of the Carmelite Cloister, Vienna; his frontispiece for the Armory, St. Poelten, for the Austrian Government; his bust of Francis Joseph, King of Hungary; his heroic statue at Croyora for the Roumanian Government; his seated lions in colossal bronze on the new custom house, San Francisco; his Sam Davis monument, Nashville, Tenn., and Winnie Davis memorial in Richmond, Va.; his heroic groups at the St. Louis World's Fair, and the superb lion and tiger crowning the entrance gates of University City.

The entire division of modeling, sculpture, form and design of The League's Art Institute and Schools is under the personal direction of Mr. Zolnay, and the correspondence courses in these arts have been written by him. Mr. Zolnay is also in charge of the ornamentation with entrance gates, statues, fountains and other works of art of University City, as well as the work of The League in presenting to cities and towns where local chapters are established, of similar works of art, the product of our Institute. Members passing the competitive examinations and securing the honor course under Zolnay will have the benefit of the personal direction and advice of a master mind in their year of practical work and the execution of their commissions while here. The works of merit produced by honor students under Zolnay will be reproduced in the ceramic, casting and stone-cutting departments, a replica presented to the chapters of The League or, through the local chapter, to the city or town from which the honor student came, while the originals are retained in The League's art galleries. The honor students under Zolnay and the other masters in art associated with him in the several divisions are certain of national credit and publicity for meritorious work, so that genius uncovered will in the single year of the honor course gain a reputation not otherwise to be acquired in many long years of lack of publicity. Honor students in the art





courses are, during the first and second terms, given the actual conception and execution of works of art, the sculptural and mural decoration of buildings, the ornamentation of public parks and modeling and decorating work in the Ceramic Institute, their successful efforts being reproduced in the institute's Art Journal if in drawing and painting, and in the Art Potteries if in modeling. The correspondence courses in modeling, sculpture and design are free to all members of The League, and are accompanied by the necessary models.

DIVISION OF DRAWING, PAINTING AND COLOR

Ralph Chesley Ott, Director

Mr. Ott, director of this division, while belonging to the group of younger artists, has acquired a wide reputation, both for the high standard of his portraiture, the exquisite atmosphere of his landscape, delicate but masterful tone and his remarkable achievements in mural work. Made Instructor of drawing and painting in the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts at an early age, an honor student of leading European academies before 30, his magnificent treatment and mural decorations of the Woman's Magazine building and later of the Woman's National Daily building interiors have been admired by hundreds of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. The correspondence courses in drawing and painting have been written by Mr. Ott in person, and profusely and carefully illustrated from life under his personal supervision. They are the highest obtainable result of wide experience, careful study and personal genius. Honor students in this division receive the personal direction of Mr. Ott in their work for two terms and then make the circuit of the chapters the third term, as in sculpture, modeling, ceramics, music, the drama, and other divisions. Under the direction of Mr. Ott, in addition to the correspondence courses in drawing, painting, illustrating and decoration, assisted by the honor students in these divisions, the mural decoration of all League buildings and chapter houses is carried out, the illustration of the journals of the Publishing Company, the execution of all commissions in portraiture, landscape and decoration accomplished, and special works of art executed in connection with the ceramic institute.

Students of all other art schools, if members of The League, are entitled to compete in the examinations held at frequent periods for the honor or scholarship courses of The League Institute of Fine Arts, as in all other divisions, without taking the correspondence courses.



Map of the United States showing the location of chapters of the League already organized

THE CERAMIC ARTS INSTITUTE

Taxile Doat, Director

For 30 years the name of Taxile Doat, leading expert and ceramic artist of the great Sèvres art potteries of France, has stood for all that was highest, best and most progressive in the art of arts, ceramics, before the world. It was Mr. Doat who, by special permission of the French Government, first published to the world the secrets guarded for centuries of the wonderful high fire glazes. Mr. Doat's own work is found in the principal art galleries of the world as the highest examples of ceramic art, and, in addition to securing his services exclusively for the Art Institute of The League, we have purchased his private ceramic collection for the Art Museum of The League, where it will serve as an inspiration to those personally attending the post-graduate courses. Mr. Doat has selected three collaborateurs to assist him in the conduct of The League's ceramic schools and institute from among the leading ceramic artists and technicists of Europe. His first visit in June, 1909, was for conference with The League's architects, in order that the erection of one of the most perfectly designed and equipped art potteries in the world might be begun, temporary facilities, kiln rooms, laboratories and studios having been provided in the art building. The courses in ceramic arts, including every branch of glazing, decoration, turning and firing will be open to members of The League in October of this year under Mr. Doat and his assistants; the institutes of modeling and sculpture under Zolnay, and of drawing, painting and color under Ott, collaborating with the ceramic institute under Doat in a series of courses which will offer to genius and ability the highest instruction and opportunity in the world, is open to every member of The League. The post-graduate or honor course in ceramics consists of two terms of actual experience and practical work under salary in the art potteries at University City, under the masters, the work being practical execution of art pottery, porcelains, grès and other works, for sale through The League's exchange branches in the local chapters, the decoration of its buildings and chapter houses, the ornamentation of University City and the execution of commissions for the public.

APPLIED ARTS AND CRAFTS

The courses in applied arts and crafts, each under the best instructor obtainable, supplement the highest courses of the beaux art. They are intended to give to members of The League a means of practical application of their talents, both for pleasure, refinement and profit. For this reason they are made extremely practical. Among these courses are:

Miniature	**Illuminating**	**Illustrating**
Mosaic	**Decoration**	**Engraving**
Casting	**Mural Decoration**	**Etching**
Jewelry Design	**Interior Decoration**	**Lettering**
Fabric Design	**Scagiolia**	**Bookbinding**
	Photography	

SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Hugh K. Taylor, Managing Editor The Lewis Publishing Company, Director

In preparing the courses of instruction in journalism, each separate lesson was the careful work of the editorial, business, mechanical, accounting and administrative heads of every division of The Lewis Publishing Company, assisted by a number of leading newspaper, magazine and editorial experts of the country. The course is a distinctly practical one, and offers a more complete and comprehensive knowledge and grasp of journalism in all its branches than could be obtained in any other way in a lifetime of experience. With the correspondence course is also open, through competitive examinations to those demonstrating high ability, a finishing or post-graduate year of actual practical experience in all branches, under salary, in this great publishing institution, presenting exceptional opportunity to unusual ability developed and the best opening to a successful career.

PROFESSIONAL COURSES

The professional courses have been prepared so that with the aid of the grammar and academic courses they present the opportunity to take up such professions as can be taught by correspondence, and acquire an instruction without loss of time [illegible] that will save several years of personal attendance to those desiring to [illegible] professions, even though the student may not have previously had the adv[illegible] of higher education. The standard of graduation will, however, be maintained [illegible] par with that of the best universities here and abroad.

AGRICULTURAL COURSES

The courses of instruction in agriculture in all its branches have been prepared each by a leading expert, and are of the most practical and useful nature. At the head of this division will be placed one of the leading agriculturists. The [illegible] include the post-graduate or scholarship course of personal instruction and experiment in the experimental laboratories and farm of the institute and lecture circuit of the chapters. The experimental farm, orchards and dairy of the School of Agriculture will supply the Retreat and Orphanage with their products.

KINDERGARTEN

The kindergarten courses by correspondence are the work of Miss Jessie Davis of Chicago, well known as the leading originator and instructor in this work. They are profusely illustrated and are for the service of members' mothers who desire to instruct their younger children.

THE BUSINESS COURSES

Embrace stenography, bookkeeping, telegraphy, dressmaking and many special features of home work for women. They are practical, thorough and easily understood. The greatest effort being to make this class of instruction of real service and help to those seeking to better their condition.

LOAN AND RELIEF FUND

A fixed percentage of The League's net income is set aside in a permanent fund for loan to members at low interest rates and convenient terms for home building or for temporary relief in distress without interest under reasonable safeguards.

THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE

One of the principal features is the extension of the woman's exchange plan, common in the larger cities, to a national scope, each chapter house having its exchange or sales room for the product of members and of the Art Institution, potteries and applied arts division, constituting a national sales organization operated through a central agency and the local chapters, assisting in finding a wide market for skilled work in embroidery, candy making, preserving, and other home work of women, under the supervision of the instructors in those things provided by The League's schools.

As the income of The League increases through the spread and organization of its membership, hence its control of the subscription field, the advantages and benefits to the individual member will constantly increase. Being purely a business organization, however, it makes no pretense of giving something for nothing, but is simply applying the same principles of combination, organization and co-operation for the mutual benefit of the publishers and their readers which have proven so successful in the industrial world. The income of The League is but the vast sums heretofore expended annually by publishers to maintain their subscription, paid instead to an effective, permanent subscription organization. The same energy expended by any local woman's club, society or guild in holding a single fête, fair or bazaar, will, under this plan, secure for it a beautiful club house and a permanent income to support it. Aside from its other features, the aid, protection and service which The League has already been able to render members in every section of the country through its law and banking divisions and the wide influence and power of its organization, has been worth many times the slight effort necessary to secure membership in it for life.

The membership has been divided into the Founder's Chapter, composed of the first hundred thousand members who complete their requirement and the general membership. Men may become Honorary Members, entitled to all rights and benefits excepting that of voting, of the Loan Fund and of the Home when established. Minor children of members have the free use of the schools. A special endowment of a million dollars of the capital stock of The Lewis Publishing Company and an equal amount of that of the Peoples Savings Trust Company, the two industrial institutions principally enriched by the plan, has been provided for by the Founder for the Founder's Chapter, to which any member is eligible until its number is completed. Of necessity the membership of The League itself is limited, but the very nature of the plan, appealing as it does only to the desire for culture, improvement, education and opportunity for bettering one's position, is enlisting the refinement and intelligence of the country by a selective process. Those who acquire the Founder's Chapter memberships occupy a position of special privilege and profit as is right that they should, for taking the lead in the organization; the entire yearly income of the Founder's Chapter's endowment will be equally paid each year during life to its members.

The beautiful book of The League, giving complete detail information of its many features and benefits, will be sent on request; and its chapter house book and one of its field organizers will be sent to any club, society or guild desiring to secure the local chapter rights, and club or chapter house where chapters have not already been established.



View in University City from the entrance plaza looking down Delmar Boulevard into the heart of St. Louis' best residence section.
More than a million visitors have registered in the visitors' book of the Lewis Pub. Co. plant

ADDRESS

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE
University City, St. Louis, Missouri

Sample copies of the magazines will be sent on request to all applicants for membership. There is no other requirement for life membership but the sending in to The League of a total of $52 in subscriptions to the following publications, which may be paid for as gifts or solicited. This once accomplished, there are no further dues, as the entire organization and its institutions are permanently maintained from the renewal of the subscription through its chapter system. Applicants for membership may take their own time in completing this requirement, but do not have the benefit and right of The League until completed. If, for any reason, the applicant fails to complete the requirement, 25% of all subscription already sent in by the applicant is paid back as a commission.

The publications now listed under the plan are:

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY	EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE	THE FARM JOURNAL
BEAUTIFUL HOMES	THE DELINEATOR
COLLIER'S WEEKLY	SUCCESS MAGAZINE and
	THE AMERICAN BOY

Although its scope may shortly be enlarged to include all high-class journals under uniform terms.

FREE CIGAR TRIAL

10c. Cigar, 4½c.



This new La Reclama "Panola" is made by hand with a filler of LONG, clean, rich and mellow Havana, wrapped with the finest quality of Imported Sumatra. It is that popular Panatela shape (full 4⅞" long) which will smoke freely and burn perfectly with a firm steel, gray ash. **Our price for this 10c. cigar is but 4 1-2c.,** because we cut out the profits and expenses of jobbers, salesmen and retail dealers through selling cigars—by mail—from our factory to the smoker direct.

Free Trial Offer

Write us the request on your business letter-head and we will ship you 50 (fifty) La Reclama "Panola," expressage prepaid. Smoke five or six—then if you like them, send us $2.25 within ten days, but if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied, return the remainder to us, expressage collect. There will be no charge for the few cigars used in testing.

Send today for a TRIAL shipment and compare our "Panola" with the cigar you have been smoking. Mention if you prefer them mild, medium or strong.

We want your permanent patronage, therefore, let us prove to you the remarkable value of La Reclama cigars.

La Reclama Cuban Factory
E. H. RIDGEWAY, President
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The new kind of shoe lace

Tubular in the center; flat at the ends. The tubular part is firmly woven and doubly reinforced, and gives greater strength where the strength is needed, slides freely through the eyelets, and stays tied.

The flat ends do not crush in tying, and make a neat, shapely bow at all times.

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Shoe Laces

Guaranteed 3 months

25 cents per pair. All pure silk, in black, tan and oxblood. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't *Nufashond*, we'll send them postpaid on receipt of price.

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Write for our latest literature—tells all about it.

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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

BETTER—STRONGER
More lasting in flavor than any other.
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Goodbye to the rest!

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Knee Drawer Garters FOR SUMMER

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The new idea—ventilating web that cools the skin at every movement; no chafing or soil of perspiration. No metal part touches the leg. *The new fabric*—unyielding as leather, agreeable as the softest silk. Adjustable to any leg. *Nickel trimmings, 25c; goldplated, 50c.* Our guaranty card in every box.

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Lightweight webs for summer; all lengths; our guaranty band on every pair—50c. At dealers—or we will mail sample pairs.

Pioneer Suspender Co., 718 Market St., Phila.
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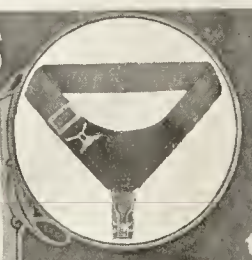
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A necessity with Knee-Drawers

No metal can touch you



You need them the year round

Sold Everywhere

25-50¢

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The Meaning of Peonage

Labor Camp Torture in Arkansas Explains It

LABOR camps for criminals, convicts, or city prisoners used sometimes to employ torture, murder, and overwork in a way that did not serve the interests of justice. The case of Callas is recent. The crime for which Callas was handed over to the overseer with his rifles and his whips was unemployment. Joseph Callas, Russian Jew, is personally known to this paper. From his own lips we give the story of his wanderings and sufferings and White House rescue which freed him from bondage in February, 1909.

He was beating his way across country from New York to Colorado in the year of unemployment, November, 1908.

At Little Rock, Arkansas, Callas was standing at the railroad station. A man approached and put a revolver to his forehead.

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I am looking for work," Callas answered.

"Have you any money?"

"Ten cents."

"You're arrested."

He was locked up in a barn, and the next day fined "$10 and all expenses."

Others of the unemployed had been gathered in. After the trial the men were chained, led to the railroad station, and shipped to a small town in southeast Arkansas. What the men ate while traveling and the provisions of the detectives guarding them were charged to the prisoners. When the party reached the town the debt of each prisoner was $90, although the railroad fare was $6.40.

"We came to the small railroad station. As soon as we left the train, we were surrounded by six negroes armed with rifles. We were seated in a wagon, and went slowly through a forest. In front of the wagon rode a negro, on both sides were negroes, and behind us rode Mr. Simpson, 'the whipping boss,' and Mr. Gentry, the superintendent. They were all armed."

On arrival at the Labor Camp they asked the men already there about the place.

"You'll see it for yourself to-morrow," said one of them. "It is worse to live here than in the hell. Men are flogged and shot down."

Driven by the Lash

"THE next morning we formed in two lines in the yard. The boss came out of the house and counted us. There were eighty-five men, white and black. The white go to work separately from the black, though they often work together. We walk in a line. In front of us are two negroes armed with rifles; behind us the same, and on one side rides the overseer. To his saddle is attached a large whip with a heavy wooden handle, and a strap three feet long, three inches wide, and one-quarter inch thick. The rear of this procession is brought up by a negro leading a pack of bloodhounds, designated to hunt for the runaways.

"We did not have to walk far and soon stopped before a field sown with cotton. Bags were tied to our backs and we were told to gather the cotton. We, the Northerners, were not accustomed to this work, and did it very slowly, while the negroes quickly and skilfully gathered the cotton and went on. Behind us was the overseer, scolding and cursing us. He was particularly angry with one of the comrades, Schmidt. Calling him, he said: 'Are you going to gather cotton or not?'

"'I work for the first time,' answered Schmidt; 'as soon as I become used to it, I will work faster, but I can't do it now.'

"'You can't? I'll teach you.'

"He dismounted and took his whip.

"The overseer called two negroes.

"'Lie down!' he shouted to Schmidt.

"The latter did not know what to do. At a distance stood the sentinels with their rifles and watched the proceedings. Consequently we could not help our comrade.

"The negroes threw Schmidt on the ground. One of them held his head, the other his feet. The overseer took his whip in both hands, shook it in the air, looked around and then struck Schmidt on his naked back. A blue mark revealed the place where the strap came in contact with the skin. Schmidt cried out with an unhuman voice. The overseer became still more enraged and struck him the second time, third, seven times.

"Schmidt rose to his feet with great difficulty and staggered to his place of work.

"Simpson, the overseer, was not, however, content with Schmidt's sufferings. He called out two more men and gave them five blows each. After that all worked faster lest they should incur the wrath of Simpson.

"Before my arrival to the peonage, during this work, one of the white men tried to escape: but before he had covered twenty paces he was shot down by a negro sentinel. During that time was also shot a negro and racked to death a white man. He was given twenty-five blows of the whip, after which he died.

Hunger and Disease

"WE WERE put to different works. We gathered cotton, we felled trees, cleared the fields, dug ditches, tilled the ground, built fences around the fields, etc. There was not one day in which somebody would not be flogged. Two or three were flogged every day, and sometimes this number rose to ten. Very often Mr. Gentry would become intoxicated. Then he would punish the sluggards himself, and he flogged them with all his strength, with rage, on the back, on the head, or any place where his lash could reach. In such cases we had to work like automats, unceasingly, and Gentry would sit somewhere and watch us.

"For the first two months of my life in the peonage the number of whites was increased to forty-five and of negroes to one hundred. Our life was very hard. We were not allowed to smoke. Our food on week days was bad, but on Sundays it was still worse: only two meals a day, a breakfast at nine and a dinner at three. We were always hungry. Exhausted, half-fed, we could find no rest even at night. Work, lash, and hunger, hunger, lash, and work, such was our life, and this miserable existence was undermining my health. Only the fresh air gave us some strength. We forty-five men were lodged in one small room with four tiny windows. Along the walls stood benches for sleep, two stories high, and between them was an aisle about a yard wide. On Sunday we stayed in bed all day, under dirty, full-of-vermin blankets. Many of us became sick of overwork, lack of sleep and proper nourishment. The doctors visited the place very rarely. No matter what was the disease of a man, whether it was a toothache, a fever, or a sprain, the doctor would give the same kind of pills.

"From the first of January of this year the overseer was discharged for his excessive cruelty, tendency toward drinking, but chiefly for cheating. His place was taken by Mr. Nickol, an older man than Simpson. He disliked the negroes so much that it gave him real pleasure to flog them. If a negro would say a word to him, he would beat him on the head with the handle of his whip. He treated the whites less severely. He treated me somewhat better than the rest, as he had found out that I sent letters somewhere. This circumstance disturbed him a little."

Callas had written letters which were forwarded to the State Department at Washington. An official came for him.

Rescued by the Law

"FROM the place of my sufferings I was being taken to the White House, to be put under the protection of American law. My attirement was of a singular style. My clothes were torn and shabby—a dirty red shirt, a red handkerchief tied around my neck, large Californian boots on my feet, and straw farmer hat on my head. I sat on velvet cushions and smoked the best Cuban cigars. The Americans regarded me with visible curiosity and perplexedness. I resembled, as one of the passengers said, a Californian robber. My boots were so torn that they revealed my bare toes."

Mr. Elder, a Government attorney, two Congressmen, and a Senator heard Callas tell his story.

"Mr. Elder will take up your case," concluded the Senator; "we will demand satisfaction for your arrest and other sufferings. You should thank those who helped you. You will be given $10 and a ticket to New York. There you will await the end of your case."

"We shook hands and I departed. I bought a new suit of clothes and went back to that same New York from which I started on my wanderings."

PURE MILK FOR BABY

Sanitary milk production was first started by Gail Borden in the early '50's. The best systems to-day are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has proved its claim as the best food for infants.—*Adv.*

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease," remarked the tramp, as he threw a package of white powder into the eyes of the policeman who was about to arrest him.—*The Harvard Lampoon.*—Adv.

The Best Shoe Polish

For Women's and Children's Shoes

Quick, easy and satisfactory results are the proof of value in a shoe polish and Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is certainly quicker, easier and makes shoes look better than any other.

A SHOE HORN FREE

Send us your name and address and we will mail you entirely free a handsome black and gold shoe horn of a dainty, convenient size. At the same time we will also send you a booklet entitled "Shoes, and How to Care For Them." It tells you how to make your shoes last longer and keep them looking new.

Remember—"Double A-A One" Shoe Polish is the only liquid polish that will not injure the leather nor soil the clothing.

Full sized package by mail with 18 in. Polishing Cloth, 25c.

"Double A-A One Polish" is made for both Black and Brown Shoes.

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REMY Magneto Wins Again!



Famous ignition system used on the car driven by Chevrolet to decisive victory in the Cobe Trophy Race, the Western Vanderbilt, at Crown Point, Indiana, June 19th

Chevrolet chose the Remy Magneto for use in this event, despite the fact that attractive prizes were offered by other magneto firms.

And proved the superiority to all other magnetos, foreign or American, of *the Remy, the perfect mechanical ignition system!*

Fifty Thousand Remy 1910 Magnetos are called for by contracts with two automobile manufacturers alone.

The Remy is the simplest ignition—has the broadest margins for abuse, dirt, oil, water and neglect—requires practically no care—can be installed by anybody.

Motorists everywhere are invited to take advantage of *the Remy Magneto Service.*

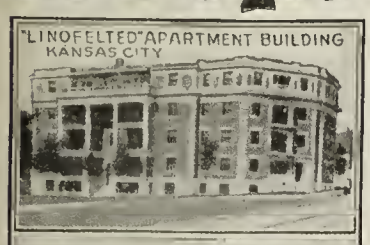
A competent corps of experts at our branch selling offices in New York, Chicago and Detroit, will help you to solve your ignition troubles. Call or write to our nearest address.

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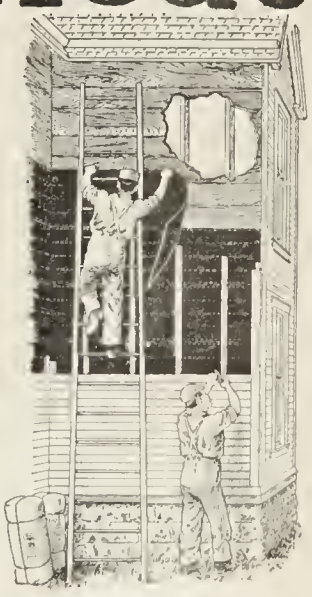




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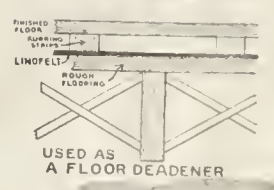
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Where Linofelt is made.

The Factory of the Union Fibre Co. Winona, Minn.





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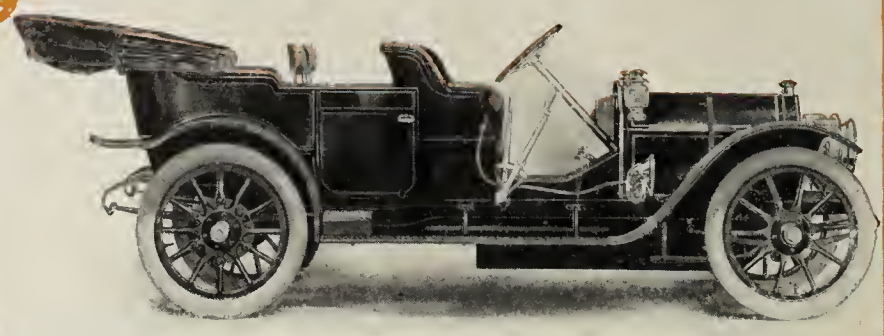
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A Roll Ready For Use



1910 Models



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—$1500 | **Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750**

Five Styles—Touring Car, Roadster, Pony Tonneau, Inside-Drive Coupe and Limousine

Note How Much We Have Done With The Saving

Last season's model of the Chalmers-Detroit "30" was an amazing car for the money.

It was so good that, when people awoke to it, the demand exceeded our output by $1,200,000.

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" has been, for four years, the topmost car in its class.

Yet, note how remarkably both these cars are improved for the season of 1910.

How It Is Done

This season, we are adding 1,000 cars to our output, without adding a dollar to overhead expense.

Our fixed expense, which last year was divided by 3,000 cars, is this year divided by 4,000 cars.

Then we need no new tools, no new machinery, for our cars are not altered mechanically. The result is a saving of quite a sum per car.

We have put all of this saving into appearance. We have spent it for size and style and room.

Last year we gave you the utmost in worth. Now we are adding a beauty of line that is unequalled.

Note the Result

Note the lines of these cars in the 1910 models. There are no handsomer cars at any price on the market.

A Memo to

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.

Detroit, Mich.

Mail your 1910 Catalog to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

County _____ *State* _____

Collier's Weekly, New York

Mail us this coupon today.

Our "30" now has a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our "Forty" of last season.

It has 34-inch wheels, against 32-inch last season. The tonneau is far more roomy, and the hood is accordingly longer and higher.

The 1910 "Forty" has a 122-inch wheel base—ten inches longer than last season. It becomes a 7-passenger car.

It has 36-inch wheels—two inches larger than last season. It is upholstered in hand-buffed leather, and the magneto is free.

Now these two cars—always mechanically perfect—have all the appearance of the costliest cars created.

Profit Nine Per Cent

Our profit remains just the same as last season—exactly nine per cent. Every penny of saving has gone into the cars.

This season we even go further. We shall sell our extras, as we sell our cars, on the smallest possible margin.

We will fit our "30" with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps, all for $100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be $175.

We will fit our "30" with a Lenox mohair top—the very best top we can buy—for $75 extra. The regular price is $125.

We will fit our "Forty" with a Bosch magneto, gas tank and gas lamps free. We will fit it with a $150 Newport mohair top for $125. The two extra seats in the tonneau will cost only $75 extra.

In these extras we give you, as we give you in cars, more than anyone else for the money.

The Popular Cars

Only those who don't know the Chalmers-Detroits wonder at their immense popularity.

The reasons are these:

Mr. H. E Coffin has put into these cars the best work of his life in designing.

We have built these cars on such a small margin of profit that no other maker could begin to compete with us.

We have brought the cost of upkeep down to the record point. On last year's output owners paid us for repairs only $2.44 per car.

In a public Economy Test, our "30" has run 25.7 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

One of our "30's" last year covered 32,000 miles, making such endurance records as no other car ever made. And, on a long-distance test, its average speed record was 52.2 miles per hour. Those are amazing records for a $1500 car.

When thousands of such cars are in actual use, it doesn't take long for buyers to learn about them. Those are the reasons why the demand last season exceeded our output by 800 cars.

1910 Models Ready

Our agents almost everywhere are showing our 1910 models now. Deliveries to users begin August 1st.

Last year's record will indicate to you the probable demand for these new models.

A 1910 model, delivered in August, gives four or five months' use before the calendar year begins.

Send now for our catalog showing all the new improvements. Then let our nearest agent show you the cars themselves.

CHALMERS-DETROIT MOTOR CO. Members A.L.A.M. **Detroit, Michigan**

FICTION NUMBER

FOR August



CONTAINING

A WASTED DAY

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE JUNGLE RENEGADE

By A. W. ROLKER

And an Article on the Most Important Baby of the Day

LITTLE JULIANA OF HOLLAND

By FREDERICK PALMER

VOL XLIII NO 19
JULY 31 1909







Vacation Insurance



EVERY person in the United States who works, whether with brains or hands, should have a vacation, the economy of two weeks in the mountains or at the shore for "all hands" being universally recognized from the standpoint of both employer and employe.



Just as certainly as one should have and enjoy a vacation should one recognize that the entirely different life during the vacation period brings its perils as well as its pleasures, and should take measures to protect one's self accordingly



The dangers of travel by rail and water are too well known to require emphasis, but they should be remembered when starting away, as should the chances for automobile accidents, bicycle smashes, boating mishaps, falls in climbing, the dangers of the horse, of swimming, of sunstroke, explosions, fire, lightning, and a hundred other dangers which active, healthy people take too largely as a matter of course.



Many an illness long latent in the system develops as the result of the change of living, incidental to the vacation, while risks incidental to change of water, bad sanitation, radical change in climate and other risks should all be considered.



Care to avoid such dangers should be the ***first*** precaution.

The ***second*** is the step for protection against them, in case of misfortune. Such protection is furnished in far the best manner by our



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which protects the assured in case of illness or accident and helps one to regain health by obviating worry. No physical examination is required and the payments are sure and prompt.



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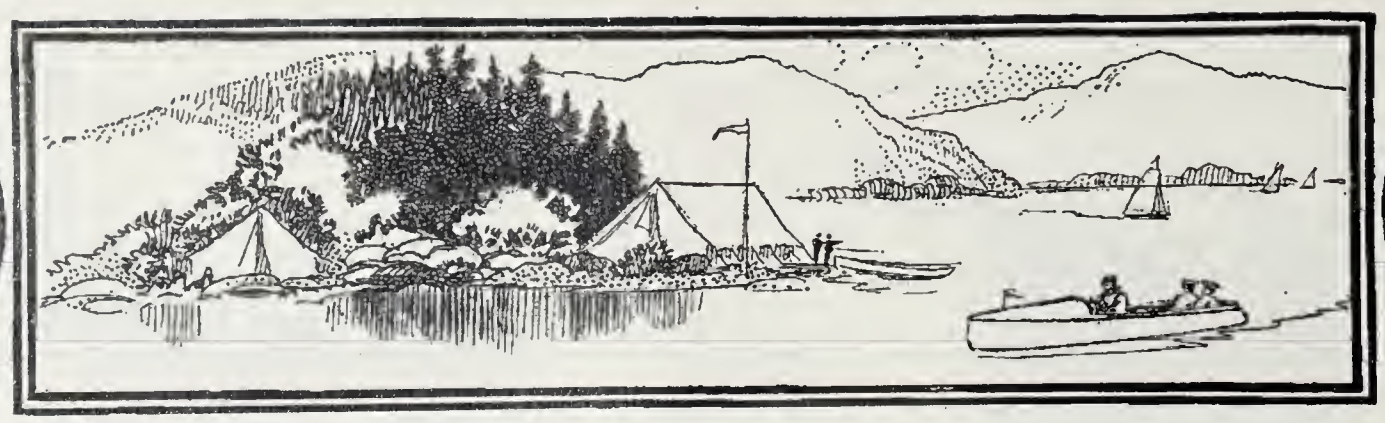
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This announcement was received by dealers the 19th of May. During five days following we received 104 telegrams and long distance calls all containing requests for the agency of the Hudson "Twenty," and giving the number of cars wanted.

The grand total of the cars asked for in these telegrams and long distance calls was 1452.

Scores of certified checks were received from dealers in different parts of the country who wished, if possible, to bind territory at once.

In addition to telegrams, we received within ten days 1,873 letters from dealers, requesting territory in which to sell the Hudson "Twenty."

Of course we could not give an agency to every dealer who wanted it—in many instances several requests were from the same city. But the ***true significance*** of this wonderful response lies in the fact that 104 men who sent telegrams, and 1,873 who wrote letters are ***all actually in the automobile business. They are selling cars every day.***

They judge a car from the over-critical standpoint of the man who has to sell them—the man who is going to invest his money and his business reputation in them.

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Some Reasons why the Hudson "Twenty" has Created a Sensation

In the first place it is a good looking car. The officers of the Hudson "Twenty" have been the first to appreciate that it is as easy to make a ***good looking*** car and sell it for less than $1,000 as it is to make the other kind.

It is a ***big car*** with a 100-inch wheel base, and 32-inch wheels.

It is as ***roomy*** as any roadster made, regardless of price. To insure absolute comfort to the driver and passenger, the foot pedals are adjustable. A woman can drive it with as much comfort as a 6-foot man.

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It has a sliding gear transmission, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, such as you find on the Packard, Peerless, and other high grade cars.

Its motor is the Renault type, patterned after the famous French motors of that name.

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The same company which makes the frames for the high priced Stearns cars makes the frames for the Hudson "Twenty."

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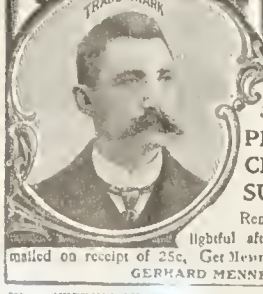
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 31, 1909

With the Circus

¶ The flap of the tent and the smell of earth in the spring quicken the heart of the showman. In the layman they renew the perennial glamour of the circus. "Under Canvas Again," by Arthur Ruhl, appears next week, and describes a day spent among the stakes and guy-ropes, with bands and gilded vehicles, elephants and camels. He finds the rovers of the ring eager to set forth from the metropolis once more into the open summer.

He meets the clowns, donning their blatant clothes, and painting their faces with mirth; he has a glimpse of the contortionist, in his sensational posture of rest; he talks with the giant trio, who discount Samson and Sandow; he notes the muscular young men who make up as the belles of the dangerous acts; he listens to the history of the Human Butterflies, who would prefer a "real aristocratic vaudeville audience," and he becomes acquainted with the Jordan family, folk to the canvas born.

He watches the acrobats in the "main-tops," flitting about "like disembodied spirits," and pictures a circus accident, while the music and show go on. The mammoth meal in the cook-tent has a number of unique features, including the armless man who dines with his feet.

At the evening performance he portrays the deft collapse of the whole community and the bleak, cold aftermath which have given to the circus its illusive fascination.

The Call of the City

¶ In an article entitled "The Kansas Farmer's Daughter," Miss Sarah Comstock presents a new question of sociological trend. The magnetic power of the city—a dynamo of attraction—has in all times picked away the youth of the farms. But this has never before become a migration; and it has never before been confined to the girls.

Miss Comstock travels through Kansas in a search for an old-time country-maiden, and, in next week's issue, recounts the log of her journey. This State of wealth and agricultural comfort is losing its young women.

The money which is dug from the soil is used to remove the child from it. Once away to school, and the restful acres have lost their hold. Though the author succeeded in finding daughters who were enticed to stay at home, with motor cars and grand pianos, yet she discovered those who would even reject as a suitor the possessor of a broad estate, for a city clerk and an air-tight tenement.

Fathers and mothers whose years have been dragged through toil and young Lady Macbeths, returning from the dramatic schools, have few things left in common. Many girls who could be pleasantly supported under the paternal roof prefer to wander off to the cities to work.

¶ Among other features will be a double-page drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, in the vein which established his greatest popularity, representing the prevalent theme of the season,—a group of pretty girls, in a summer setting by the seaside. The title is "Engaged."

Prizes for Vacation Stories

¶ It may be well to repeat for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen the prize offer in Collier's for July 10, that this weekly will pay one hundred dollars for the best 1,200-word account of a vacation received before October 1. For the second best article fifty dollars will be paid, and for all others that are accepted twenty-five dollars. The articles must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and must be signed on the first page with the name and address of the sender. Good photographs that illustrate and add interest to the account should be sent as a pictorial accompaniment to the article and will really count a great deal in its favor. On its back every photograph should be described, and the name and address of the sender should also be written. Be sure to send the article and photographs in the same envelope, and do not let your manuscript exceed 1,200 words. Manuscripts and photographs intended for this competition should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

As was the case last year, the present competition calls for specific stories of vacations, whether in the mountains, by the sea, on the lake, on the farm, afoot, awheel, in camp, on sailboats, in motor boats, or in automobiles—in fact, in whatever way the vacation was spent. Essays or fiction are not wanted; neither is it necessary for you to tell the whole story of your vacation. Use the twelve hundred words for a description of some part of your vacation, if this seems preferable. The more vividly you put on paper in words and in photographs the sense of joy of the summer's outing the more certainly will the story be of interest to others. Do not send sketches or drawings, these are usually unconvincing; photographs are almost always a reflection of real things.

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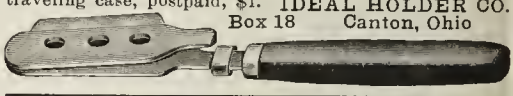
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COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.



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Collier's

Saturday, July 31, 1909

Fiction Number for August

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Volume XLIII Number 19

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. *Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son.* *Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.*

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 14

THE EFFECT OF ADVERTISING

DID you ever think of the involuntary effect of advertising upon you? Perhaps you have never taken an interest in the advertising columns of the magazines you read; maybe you scarcely glance at them and never really read an advertisement.

Are there not, however, a few names that have unconsciously fixed themselves in your mind? When you go to a grocery store for crackers, don't you ask for a certain brand? If you want breakfast food, what names instantly occur to you? When buying toilet soap, aren't there two or three names that you *can't forget?*

In other lines: Do you wear ready-made clothing? Don't you instinctively have faith in the goods that are known to you through dignified, attractive advertising?

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A Daughter of the South

Drawn by

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

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Progress

TWO TUNNELS WERE OPENED the other day connecting the little island of Manhattan with the North American mainland. These, with two other tunnels lately completed by the same management, make it possible for the first time, after three hundred years of history, for the people of the rest of the United States to reach the country's greatest city without embarking on a boat. For city and nation both, this increased ease of access means much in spiritual as well as material ways. The city, compact, crowded, and circumscribed by water, could expand in only one direction—upward, in stories piled on stories of office buildings and human homes. On a space of five acres—less than an average farmer's field—on the lower end of the island, every week day in the year, in the single hour between five and six, half a million people place their impedimenta in their pockets and their bags and move away to distances of five to fifty miles. It is as if the entire city of Baltimore, or Washington, or Kansas City, should, in an hour, pack their goods and move twenty miles away. This is the congested spot that the new tunnels tap. With a dozen other tunnels and bridges now building they will transform New York into a normal city which can spread out in wide concentric circles of lawns and gardens, each family on its own piece of ground. The resident of the North American mainland is by these tunnels brought nearer to a marvelous city. On it any given service of hand or brain, from day laborer to banker, is paid for at from two to twenty times the compensation that obtains anywhere else in the world. To the man with money to buy, New York is a bazaar of goods and entertainment more marvelous than was ever pictured in the "Arabian Nights." On any winter evening a man with the money and the taste may take his choice of more than fifty high-class plays, operas, musical and literary entertainments.

Marvels

ON THE SAME DAY the Hudson tunnels were opened a young man on Long Island flew twenty-five miles in a flying-machine. Flew—not floated—in a flying-machine; not a balloon. The gas bags in which men have allowed themselves to be wafted about by the wind are a century old; they have never been much more than toys. The flying-machine with which man subjects the wind to his command and service, going against it or with it as he wills—that is of to-day. The flying-machine of this week is where the automobile was a dozen years ago. Who can picture its final evolution? What man of fifty, whose own life spans the incredible marvel of the telephone, will have the temerity to doubt that with the ultimate flying-machine man can pick up a church and fly away with it? In just these words prophecy is made by the very man who invented the telephone in 1874—himself still living and, through skill and patience, a powerful helper in solving the problem of aerial navigation. Not all the stores of the literature of imagination contain marvels more amazing than are commanded by the humblest day laborer who can buy and read the smallest daily paper which records the history of these passing years.

Harvard's President and Athletics

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard had the gift of saying the right thing on almost every subject, but in criticizing athletics he sometimes seemed curiously to miss an essential fact. Himself a man of robust physique, a varsity oarsman in his day, he yet was so disturbed by the excesses of intercollegiate contests that he sometimes seemed opposed to athletic competition itself. In his own fine sanity and balance he rather lost sight of certain phases of frail human nature; ignored that fourth dimension—the zest of the game—which makes all the difference between mere drudgery and the exhilaration of sport. Dr. ELIOT'S successor seems to be a little closer to the undergraduate point of view. "The mere pleasure of exercise," he says, "soon ceases to suffice, because muscular strength and nervous and moral force can be brought to a high point only by a strenuous exertion that surpasses the bounds of strictly physical enjoyment. To make the most of himself, the boy must put forth an uncomfortable effort, and for this he must have an external stimulus. It is safe to assert that if young people took part in games only so far as they enjoyed the exercise without being affected by ambition or the opinion of their fellows, a large portion of the more strenuous sports, and therewith much valuable training, physical and moral, would be lost. No doubt competition is often carried too far until it has the effect of eliminating all but a few champions of preeminent qualities. But the fact that competition may be carried further than is wise does not prove that it is not valuable as a stimulus, that it is not, indeed, the main factor in the physical development of youth." This is sound talk. The body, as well as the mind, must be forced to do something which seems at the moment uncomfortable in order to attain its highest growth. An athlete learns to run a half-mile in two minutes, not by comfortable jogging 'cross country—superior as that is from the point of view of pleasure and ordinary exercise—but by supreme efforts repeated many times under proper training. Young, growing men need competition and games to force them to make such supreme efforts because, in our civilization, they rarely have the chance to chase their enemies or their dinners, or indulge in the other sports of aborigines. A man of President ELIOT'S intellectual strength and discipline may see through the tediousness of gymnasium exercise to health and strength beyond. The average undergraduate generally needs to be allured by applause and the desire to win.

Credit President Taft with This

IF THERE WERE in the United States a system which should select men in their youth and train them both in scholarship and experience, throughout half a lifetime, for just that kind of diplomacy which is adapted to the international relations of the present day, that institution would occasionally turn out, as its most perfect product in fitness, such an appointment as that of CHARLES R. CRANE to be Minister to China. He is a business man who has handled large affairs with poise and success—and this is rare enough even in a day when nine-tenths of international relations are commercial, while nine-tenths of the men who handle these relations are inexperienced in commerce and regard it with bored disdain. Mr. CRANE knows China well and, quite as important, knows Russia even more. He speaks the languages and knows the customs whose mastery will make him effective. He is a reformer. By his appointment Mr. TAFT pays no political debts and secures alone that kind of political capital which counts but little in votes. So far as high appreciation can go, he should be greatly rewarded.

"Decadence Here and There"

CONCLUDING AN ACCOUNT of the life and works of the late Congressman CUSHMAN, the "Outlook" falls into this state of mind:

> "Such a man is a sign of that vitality which, in spite of decadence here and there, is characteristic of America."

We wish we were sure we understood the intimation which the "Outlook" intends to convey. If it means what it looks like, we think the Contributing Editor will raise the "Outlook" office roof when he sees it.

Charley on His Travels

WE ARE IN RECEIPT of many mimeographed sheets of a kind which, to the experienced editor, carry the idea that many other papers have been similarly favored, and convey a suggestion of the diligent press agent. They contain the speech of the Honorable CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS before the International Press Association of Japan. That part of the speech which seems to us most removed from the platitudes of the Indiana stump, most charged with that emotion whose touch alone turns language into literature, is this:

> "I have some experience in the press. The press is very difficult to control. Some of them are quite stubborn, and, according to my experience, they are very refractory organs."

The Root Case in Washington

MILO A. ROOT was a Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington. In that capacity he filed an opinion in a case in which the plaintiff was a private citizen and the defendant was the Great Northern Railway. The opinion which Judge ROOT filed was written for him by M. J. GORDON, Spokane attorney for the Great Northern Railway. Before being filed it was submitted to and approved by W. R. BEGG, chief counsel for the railway at St. Paul. This episode, giving a new light on the range of corporate corruption, has aroused the State of Washington; beyond the boundaries of the State it has led the public to look with new care at the relations between corporations and courts. Both these effects are wholesome. But to guard against the possibility of a very cruel kind of injustice, it should be borne in mind that

supreme court is no more a single unit than a legislature is. No more in one case than in the other does proved corruption of one member reflect upon the others. Judge ROOT'S act was individual; his associates on the Supreme Bench of Washington had nothing to do with it, and it may be safely presumed that they received the shock of discovering judicial iniquity in their associate with surprise and indignation even greater than the public's.

Raw Material of the Race

THE PARENT OF POSITION, who puts every possible shield of circumstance about his boys, keeping them from contact with the world and laboring to make their future comfortable, may occasionally achieve security against temptation at the cost of developing moral resistance and strength of fiber generally. He is prone, in the goodness of his heart, to think with sharp compassion of children who are not so safeguarded. These unprotected boys are not always in so bad a case as might at first appear. The report of the Education Committee of the London County Council, recently published, indicates that children who, early in life, come before magistrates and are committed to industrial schools, as a rule prosper and grow up to be successful, worthy citizens, whereas hordes of well-behaved boys settle down into colorless lives, exercise little initiative, and are more or less dead timber, so far as any value to the community is concerned. Isn't it a common impression that the sons of ministers grow up to be rakes, and that boys nourished by kicks and cuffs make strong men? This interesting report gives a list of forty-two boys once considered incorrigible, who now are successful citizens. This is reassuring to those whose money, effort, and influence are expended upon such institutions as the vacation schools, the juvenile courts, the "little republics," and the fresh-air holidays. The children of misfortune, tempered by resistance, have potentialities that can not be estimated. They are the raw material of the race, and hardly any amount of labor in behalf of them may be considered inordinate.

One Corner of Romance

FROM OVERSEA comes word that the house wreckers are at work upon the Quartier Latin. Six months from now not a hint of the alluring twist of ancient streets will be left to remind the Parisian or foreign visitor where genius throbbed and mediocrity masked itself in an elation so fine that none might know it for what it was. The dark, historied rooms are to give way to bright and sanitary apartments looking upon broad streets; all will be clean, obvious, up-to-date. The shades of Mimi and Musette, wandering by the light of that bland moon which shines upon the chestnuts of Paris, will be twice bereft, and a second time will encounter death. Rodolph, Benoit, Schaunard, and Jacques—who "was buried somewhere"—may as well keep them in their last narrow beds, for their buoyant and excursive spirits will recognize nothing of their old retreats! There will be no welcome for Mareel, no greeting for Little Billee, no place of shelter for the happily vagrant "Child of the Century!" Who will know where ABELARD walked, or guess where VILLON skulked? Who say where XAVIER taught or little good Ste. GENEVIÈVE went her sweet way? However, the dead are dead, whether they be the creation of GOD or man, and the streets of Paris ought to be for living Parisians. Let sunlight pierce the dark old lanes and streets; let modern rooms replace the sodden chambers and attics. They may make no appeal to the imagination, but they are excellent for health of body and nimbleness of mind. As for genius, it needs no "atmosphere," as good wine needs no bush.

Woodland Imaginings

OF CUVIER IT WAS SAID that he could reconstruct any extinct creature, entire, give him but "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" from the original. A modern Cuvier makes himself known through the columns of the London "Globe." From the mere sound of a name he predicates confidently the habitat and haunts of wild American creatures which he has met with only in print. Describing the country home of a distinguished American, himself a fervid and occasionally emphatic naturalist, he writes:

"The chipmunk and the woodchuck dart to and fro among the woodpiles."

The method has a sweet simplicity. From the woodpile the scientific mind deduces chips, and from the chips, chipmunks. As for the woodchuck, the connection is obvious. It recalls to mind that time-honored saw of the crossroads grocery:

"How much wood would a woodchuck chuck,
If a woodchuck would chuck wood?"

How fascinating and improved a system of natural history could be built up on this basis! Behold a new and logical world of the wild, wherein every creature lives strictly up to the requirements of its name; where the startled fawn flees, shrieking, from the winged onset of the killdee plover; where the grasshopper sparrow leaps from verdurous blade to verdurous blade, rubbing its hind legs together in an ecstasy of song; where the strawberry bass leaves its watery haunts and clambers painfully into the garden patch, seeking its favorite food, only to be attacked and skinned alive by the scale beetle; and where, true as the polecat to the pole, the patient nuthatch, undismayed by years of disappointment and failure, steadfastly sets beneath the tree striving to bring forth its long-awaited brood from the fruit of the thankless chincapin and the unresponsive hickory.

On the Big Road

ONE THINKS OF ROADS mostly in connection with adventure. The very name suggests encounters with bandits, coaching incidents in which beautiful ladies figure, pursuits, alarms, elopements, the chapter ending in a toby of mulled ale around the fireside at the sign of the Black Lion, where the landlord's daughter is a buxom lass. At least, that was the order on the English roads in the days of the Georges, and most of the good old stories are road stories. . . . "It was on the Great Northern road from York to London, about the beginning of the month of October, and the hour of eight in the evening, that four travelers were . . . driven for shelter into a little public-house on the side of a highway." Could anything—even "once upon a time"—be more auspicious? Ah, the great North road, SMOLLETT himself had fared over it, seeking his fortune, to London. Rory Random and his friend Strap had come by the same route, their money sewed between the lining and waistband of their breeches, and had fallen in with the pedler and the formidable desperado. Such roads, if they do not lead to Rome, lead to some other golden city. One can imagine that Crusaders once traveled over these highways, and that soldiers had come straggling home from war. The businesslike aspect of the open road never fails to impress. It has none of the turnings of the byways or the brambly paths, but forges on, "speeding you along with a strange uplifting of the heart." Now it takes a sudden dip, and on the other side of the valley you can see teams crawling perpendicularly upward, like ants. Like a broad river it seems to flow onward to far-away cities by the sea. It carries you through darksome forests, the abode of owls; it broadens into the market street of a country town. If the road chances to be a pike with toll-gates, you will see frosty old men hobbling out to collect their tribute. You are liable at any time to meet a gypsy band, a pedler with his wares, or a traveling photograph gallery. 'Twas always on the "big road" in the Uncle Remus stories that things happened, and Brer Rabbit waited for Brer Fox with the wonderful "Tar baby." . . . In some Spanish colonies they have the proper appreciation for roads expressed in naming them. To set out over the "Calle de Paz y Bien Viaje"—the Street of Peace and a Good Journey—is like being speeded on the way by a kind host.

Villon

He Still Complaineth of His Piteous Plight

By EDWIN MARKHAM

HERE am I in a piteous plight,
Driven and dour in a hell, pardee;
For I slipt and fell in the mortal fight:
I was one, but the Fates were three!

I LIVED the life of the kites and crows
Up in the boughs of a tossing tree;
And went to the wind as a dead leaf goes:
I was one, but the Fates were three!

HERE are Lais and Lesbia, too,
Ladies that once were the world to me.
Now they are less than the foam that flew:
A man is one, but the Fates are three!

Advice Gratis

WITH TOUCHING FAITH in editorial omniscience, a troubled householder of Newark, New Jersey, asks one of our esteemed contemporaries how to get rid of an escaped tarantula. If the "Times" can not answer the query, up goes our editorial hand, signaling eruptive wisdom below. We know a baker's dozen of ways to delete a tarantula, from turning on the gas while he is asleep, to mowing his legs off with a scythe, and handing the harmless remnant over to the appreciative chickens. But, after all, why exhibit a spirit of destructive criticism toward the guest of the cellar? Certain defects may be, it is true, alleged against him. He has long, unkempt hair, a low forehead, and unpleasantly piercing eyes. These be but surface blemishes, the marks of the ugly but beneficent sprite who is an acquisition to any household. His tigerish leap means death to many a fly, each victim far more perilous to the welfare of the household than is the grisly and far-traveled spider himself. He will feed and fatten upon the loathly water-bug and the nauseous roach. It may be that, by virtue of his horrific aspect, he will even scare that bugaboo of madame, the local mouse, away from the premises. He will do no harm to any reputable member of society. His evil reputation is mainly the terror of a name and of superfluous and sprangly legs. Let the Jerseyman be wise and leave his tarantula in peace. Soon enough will come the nipping airs of November to pierce through his shaggy but insufficient tropic coat and clog up his air-tubes with whatever form of influenza the Arachnidæ succumb to. Or, failing that, the genius of the kitchen, descended from the Great Exorciser, St. PATRICK, will one day terminate the humble, timorous, but serviceable career of the exile with a determined and flat-footed scrunch.



"Was it you," demanded young Andrews in a puzzled tone, "or your brother who tried to knife me?"

A Wasted Day

The Wisest Man in Wall Street, and His Call at the Criminal Court

Illustrated by
HENRY RALEIGH

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

WHEN its turn came, the private secretary, somewhat apologetically, laid the letter in front of the Wisest Man in Wall Street.

"From Mrs. Austin, probation officer, Court of General Sessions," he explained. "Wants a letter about Spear. He's been convicted of theft. Comes up for sentence Tuesday."

"Spear?" repeated Arnold Thorndike.

"Young fellow, stenographer, used to do your letters last summer going in and out on the train."

The great man nodded. "I remember. What about him?"

The habitual gloom of the private secretary was lightened by a grin.

"Went on the loose; had with him about five hundred dollars belonging to the firm; he's with Isaacs & Sons, now, shoe people on Sixth Avenue. Met a woman, and woke up without the money. The next morning he offered to make good, but Isaacs called in a policeman. When they looked into it, they found the boy had been drunk. They tried to withdraw the charge, but he'd been committed. Now, the probation officer is trying to get the judge to suspend sentence. A letter from you, sir, would—"

It was evident the mind of the great man was elsewhere. Young men who, drunk or sober, spent the firm's money on women who disappeared before sunrise, did not appeal to him. Another letter submitted that morning had come from his art agent in Europe. In Florence he had discovered the Correggio he had been sent to find. It was undoubtedly genuine, and he asked to be instructed by cable. The price was $40,000. With one eye closed, and the other keenly regarding the inkstand, Mr. Thorndike decided to pay the price; and with the facility of long practise dismissed the Correggio, and snapped his mind back to the present.

"Spear had a letter from us when he left, didn't he?" he asked. "What he has developed into, *since* he left us—" he shrugged his shoulders. The secretary withdrew the letter, and slipped another in its place.

"Homer Firth, the landscape man," he chanted, "wants permission to use blue flint on the new road, with turf gutters and to plant silver firs each side. Says it will run to about five thousand dollars a mile."

"No!" protested the great man firmly, "blue flint makes a country place look like a cemetery. Mine looks too much like a cemetery now. Landscape gardeners!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Their only idea is to insult nature. The place was better the day I bought it, when it was running wild; you could pick flowers all the way to the gates." Pleased that it should have recurred to him, the great man smiled. "Why, Spear," he exclaimed, "always took in a bunch of them for his mother. Don't you remember, we used to see him before breakfast wandering around the grounds picking flowers?" Mr. Thorndike nodded briskly. "I like his taking flowers to his mother."

"He *said* it was to his mother," suggested the secretary gloomily.

"Well, he picked the flowers, anyway," laughed Mr. Thorndike. "He didn't pick our pockets. And he had the run of the house, in those days. As far as we know," he dictated, "he was satisfactory. Don't say more than that."

The secretary scribbled a mark with his pencil. "And the landscape man?"

"Tell him," commanded Thorndike, "I want a wood road, suitable to a farm; and to let the trees grow where God planted them."

As his car slid downtown on Tuesday morning the mind of Arnold Thorndike was occupied with such details of daily routine as the purchase of a railroad, the Japanese loan, the new wing to his art gallery, and an attack that morning, in his own newspaper, upon his pet trust. But his busy mind was not too occupied to return the salutes of the traffic policemen who cleared the way for him. Or, by some genius of memory, to recall the fact that it was on this morning young Spear was to be sentenced for theft. It was a charming morning. The spring was at full tide, and the air was sweet and clean. Mr. Thorndike considered whimsically that to send a man to jail with the memory of such a morning clinging to him, was adding a year to his sentence. He regretted he had not given the probation officer a stronger letter. He remembered the young man now, and favorably. A shy, silent youth, deft in work, and at other times conscious and embarrassed. But that, on the part of a stenographer, in the presence of the Wisest Man of Wall Street, was not unnatural. On occasions, Mr. Thorndike had put even royalty—frayed, impecunious royalty, on the lookout for a loan—at its ease.

The hood of the car was down, and the taste of the air, warmed by the sun, was grateful. It was at this time, a year before, that young Spear picked the spring flowers to take to his mother. A year from now where would young Spear be?

It was characteristic of the great man to act quickly, so quickly, that his friends declared he was a slave to impulse. It was these same impulses, leading so invariably to success, that made his enemies call him the Wisest Man. He leaned forward and touched the chauffeur's shoulder. "Stop at the Court of General Sessions," he commanded. What he proposed to do would take but a few minutes. A word, a personal word from him to the District Attorney, or to the judge, would be enough. He recalled that a Sunday Special had once calculated that the working time of Arnold Thorndike brought him in two hundred dollars a minute. At that rate, keeping Spear out of prison would cost a thousand dollars.

OUT of the sunshine Mr. Thorndike stepped into the gloom of an echoing rotunda, shut in on every side, hung by balconies, lit, many stories overhead, by a dirty skylight. The place was damp, the air acrid with the smell of stale tobacco juice, and foul with the presence of many unwashed humans. A policeman, chewing stolidly, nodded toward an elevator shaft, and other policemen nodded him further on to the office of the District Attorney. There Arnold Thorndike breathed more freely. He was again among his own people. He could not help but appreciate the dramatic qualities of the situation; that the richest man in Wall Street should appear in person to plead for a humble and weaker brother. He knew he could not escape recognition, his face was too well known, but, he trusted, for the sake of Spear, the reporters would make no display of his visit. With a deprecatory laugh, he explained why he had come. But the outburst of approbation he had anticipated did not follow.

The District Attorney ran his finger briskly down a printed card. "Henry Spear," he exclaimed, "that's your man. Court III, Judge Fallon. Andrews is in that court." He walked to the door of his private office. "Andrews!" he called.

He introduced an alert, broad-shouldered young man of years of much indiscretion, and with a charming and inconsequent manner.

"Mr. Thorndike is interested in Henry Spear, coming up for sentence in Part Three this morning. Wants to speak for him. Take him over with you."

The District Attorney shook hands quickly, and retreated to his private office. Mr. Andrews took out a cigarette and, as he crossed the floor, lit it.

"Come with me," he commanded. Somewhat puzzled, slightly annoyed, but enjoying withal the novelty of the environment and the curtness of his re[illegible]. Mr.

Thorndike followed. He decided that, in his ignorance, he had wasted his own time and that of the prosecuting attorney. He should at once have sent in his card to the judge. As he understood it, Mr. Andrews was now conducting him to that dignitary, and, in a moment, he would be free to return to his own affairs which were the affairs of two continents. But Mr. Andrews led him to an office, bare and small, and offered him a chair, and handed him a morning newspaper. There were people waiting in the room: strange people, only like those Mr. Thorndike had seen on ferryboats. They leaned forward toward young Mr. Andrews, fawning, their eyes wide with apprehension.

Mr. Thorndike refused the newspaper. "I thought I was going to see the Judge," he suggested.

"Court doesn't open for a few minutes yet," said the assistant district attorney. "Judge is always late, anyway."

Mr. Thorndike suppressed an exclamation. He wanted to protest, but his clear mind showed him that there was nothing against which, with reason, he could protest. He could not complain because these people were not apparently aware of the sacrifice he was making. He had come among them to perform a kindly act. He recognized that he must not stultify it by a show of irritation. He had precipitated himself into a game of which he did not know the rules. That was all. Next time he would know better. Next time he would send a clerk. But, he was not without a sense of humor, and the situation as it now was forced upon him, struck him as amusing. He laughed good-naturedly, and reached for the desk telephone.

"May I use this?" he asked. He spoke to the Wall Street office. He explained he would be a few minutes late. He directed what should be done if the market opened in a certain way. He gave rapid orders on many different matters, asked to have read to him a cablegram he expected from Petersburg, and one from Vienna.

"They answer each other," was his final instruction. "It looks like peace."

Mr. Andrews with genial patience had remained silent. Now, he turned upon his visitors. A Levantine, burly, unshaven and soiled, towered truculently above him. Young Mr. Andrews with his swivel chair tilted back, his hands clasped behind his head, his cigarette hanging from his lips, regarded the man dispassionately.

"You gotta hell of a nerve to come to see me," he commented cheerfully. To Mr. Thorndike, the form of greeting was novel. So greatly did it differ from the procedure of his own office, that he listened with interest.

"Was it you," demanded young Andrews, in a puzzled tone, "or your brother who tried to knife me?"

MR. THORNDIKE, unaccustomed to cross the pavement to his office unless escorted by bank messengers and plain-clothes men, felt the room growing rapidly smaller, the figure of the truculent Greek loomed to heroic proportions. The hand of the banker went vaguely to his chin, and from there fell to his pearl pin, which he hastily covered.

"Get out!" said young Andrews, "and don't show your face here—"

The door slammed upon the flying Greek. Young Andrews swung his swivel chair so that, over his shoulder, he could see Mr. Thorndike. "I don't like his face," he explained.

A kindly eyed, sad woman with a basket on her knee smiled upon Andrews with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Is that woman going to get a divorce from my son," she asked, "now that he's in trouble?"

"Now that he's in Sing Sing?" corrected Mr. Andrews. "I *hope* so! She deserves it. That son of yours, Mrs. Bernard," he declared emphatically, "is no good!"

The brutality shocked Mr. Thorndike. For the woman he felt a thrill of sympathy, but at once saw that it was superfluous. From the secure and lofty heights of motherhood, Mrs. Bernard smiled down upon the assistant district attorney as upon a naughty child. She did not even deign a protest. She continued merely to smile. The smile reminded Thorndike of the smile on the face of a mother in a painting by Murillo he had lately presented to the chapel in the college he had given to his native town.

"That son of yours," repeated young Andrews, "is a leech. He's robbed you, robbed his wife. Best thing I ever did for *you* was to send him up the river."

The mother smiled upon him beseechingly.

"Could you give me a pass?" she said.

Young Andrews flung up his hands, and appealed to Thorndike.

"Isn't that just like a mother?" he protested. "That son of hers has broken her heart, tramped on her, cheated her; hasn't left her a cent; and she comes to me for a pass, so she can kiss him through the bars! And, I'll bet she's got a cake for him in that basket!"

The mother laughed happily; she knew now she would get the pass.

"Mothers," explained Mr. Andrews, from the depth of his wisdom, "are all like that; your mother, my mother. If you went to jail, your mother would be just like that."

Mr. Thorndike bowed his head politely. He had never considered going to jail, or, whether, if he did, his mother would bring him cake in a basket. Apparently there were many aspects and accidents of life not included in his experience.

Young Andrews sprang to his feet, and, with the force of a hose flushing a gutter, swept his soiled visitors into the hall.

"Come on," he called to the Wisest Man, "the court is open."

IN THE corridors were many people, and with his eyes on the broad shoulders of the assistant district attorney, Thorndike pushed his way through them. The people who blocked his progress were of the class unknown to him. Their looks were anxious, furtive, miserable. They stood in little groups, listening eagerly to a sharp-faced lawyer, or, in sullen despair, eying each other. At a door a tipstaff laid his hand roughly on the arm of Mr. Thorndike.

"That's all right, Joe," called young Mr. Andrews, "he's with *me*." They entered the court, and passed down an aisle to a railed enclosure in which were high oak chairs. Again, in his effort to follow, Mr. Thorndike was halted, but the first tipstaff came to his rescue. "All right," he signaled, "he's with Mr. Andrews."

Mr. Andrews pointed to one of the oak chairs. "You sit there," he commanded, "it's reserved for members of the bar, but it's all right. You're with *me*."

Distinctly annoyed, slightly bewildered, the banker sank between the arms of a chair. He felt he had lost his individuality. Andrews had become his sponsor. Because of Andrews he was tolerated. Because Andrews had a pull, he was permitted to sit as an equal among police-court lawyers. No longer was he Arnold Thorndike. He was merely the man "with Mr. Andrews."

Then even Andrews abandoned him. "The judge'll be here in a minute, now," said the assistant district attorney, and went inside a railed enclosure in front of the judge's bench. There he greeted another assistant district attorney whose years were those of even greater indiscretion than the years of Mr. Andrews. Seated on the rail, with their hands in their pockets and their backs turned to Mr. Thorndike, they laughed and talked together. The subject of their discourse was one Mike Donlin, as he appeared in vaudeville.

To Mr. Thorndike it was evident that young Andrews had entirely forgotten him. He arose, and touched his sleeve. With infinite sarcasm Mr. Thorndike began: "My engagements are not pressing, but—"

A court attendant beat with his palm upon the rail.

"Sit down!" whispered Andrews. "The judge is coming."

Mr. Thorndike sat down.

The court attendant droned loudly words Mr. Thorndike could not distinguish. There was a rustle of silk, and from a door behind him the judge stalked past. He was a young man, the type of the Tammany politician. On his shrewd, alert, Irish-American features was an expression of unnatural gloom. With a smile, Mr. Thorndike observed that it was as little suited to the countenance of the young judge as was the robe to his shoulders. Mr. Thorndike was still smiling when young Andrews leaned over the rail.



For a moment Mr. Thorndike stood irresolute and then sank back into his chair

"Stand up!" he hissed. Mr. Thorndike stood up.

After the court attendant had uttered more unintelligible words, every one sat down; and the financier again moved hurriedly to the rail.

"I would like to speak to him now before he begins," he whispered. "I can't wait."

Mr. Andrews stared in amazement. The banker had not believed the young man could look so serious.

"Speak to him, *now!*" exclaimed the district attorney. "You've got to wait till your man comes up. If you speak to the judge, *now*—" The voice of Andrews faded away in horror.

Not knowing in what way he had offended, but convinced that it was only by the grace of Andrews he had escaped a dungeon, Mr. Thorndike retreated to his armchair.

THE clock on the wall showed him that, already, he had given to young Spear one hour and a quarter. The idea was preposterous. No one better than himself knew what his time was really worth. In half an hour there was a board meeting; later, he was to hold a post mortem on a railroad; at every moment questions were being asked by telegraph, by cable, questions that involved the credit of individuals, of firms, of even the country. And the one man who could answer them was risking untold sums only that he might say a good word for an idle apprentice. Inside the railed enclosure a lawyer was reading a typewritten speech. He assured his honor that he must have more time to prepare his case. It was one of immense importance. The name of a most respectable business house was involved, and a sum of no less than nine hundred dollars. Nine hundred dollars! The contrast struck Mr. Thorndike's sense of humor full in the center. Unknowingly, he laughed, and found himself as conspicuous as though he had appeared suddenly in his night clothes. The tipstaff's beat upon the rail, the lawyer he had interrupted uttered an indignant exclamation. Andrews came hurriedly toward him, and the young judge slowly turned his head.

"Those persons," he said, "who can not respect the dignity of this court will leave it." As he spoke, with his eyes fixed on those of Mr. Thorndike, the latter saw that the young judge had suddenly recognized him. But the fact of his identity did not cause the frown to relax, or the rebuke to halt unuttered. In even, icy tones, the judge continued: "And it is well they should remember that the law is no respecter of persons and that the dignity of this court will be enforced, no matter who the offender may happen to be."

Andrews slipped into the chair beside Mr. Thorndike, and grinned sympathetically.

"Sorry!" he whispered. "Should have warned you. We won't be long, now," he added encouragingly. "As soon as this fellow finishes his argument, the judge'll take up the sentences. Your man seems to have other friends; Isaacs and Son are here, and the typewriter firm who taught him; but what *you* say will help most. It won't be more than a couple of hours now."

"A couple of hours!" Mr. Thorndike raged inwardly. A couple of hours in this place where he had been publicly humiliated. He smiled, a thin shark-like smile. Those who made it their business to study his expressions, on seeing it, would have fled. Young Andrews, not being acquainted with the moods of the great man, added cheerfully: "By one o'clock anyway."

Mr. Thorndike began grimly to pull on his gloves. For all he cared now young Spears could go hang. Andrews nudged his elbow.

"See that old lady in the front row?" he whispered. "That's Mrs. Spears. What did I tell you; mothers are all alike. She's not taken her eyes off you since court opened. She knows you're her one best bet."

Impatiently Mr. Thorndike raised his head. He saw a little, white-haired woman who stared at him. In her eyes was the same look he had seen in the eyes of men who, at times of panic, fled to him, beseeching, entreating, forcing upon him what was left of the wreck of their fortunes, if only he would save their honor.

"And here come the prisoners," Andrews whispered. "See Spear? Third man from the last."

ALONG line, guarded in front and rear, shuffled into the court-room, and, as ordered, ranged themselves against the wall. Among them were old men and young boys, well dressed, clever-looking rascals, collarless tramps, fierce-eyed aliens, smooth-shaven, thin-lipped Broadwayards—and Spear.

Spear, with head hanging, with lips white and cheeks ashen, and his eyes heavy with shame.

Mr. Thorndike had risen, and, in farewell, was holding out his hand to Andrews. He turned, and across the court-room the eyes of the financier and the stenographer met. At the sight of the great man, Spear flushed crimson, and then his look of despair slowly disappeared; and into his eyes there came incredulously hope and gratitude. He turned his head suddenly to the wall.

Mr. Thorndike stood irresolute, and then sank back into his chair.

The first man in the line was already at the railing, and the questions put to him by the judge were being repeated to him by the other assistant district attorney, and a court attendant. His muttered answers were in turn repeated to the judge.

"Says he's married, naturalized citizen, Lutheran Church, die-cutter by profession."

The probation officer, her hands filled with papers, bustled forward and whispered.

"Mrs. Austin says," continued the district attorney, "she's looked into this case, and asks to have the man turned over to her. He has a wife and three children; has supported them for five years."

"Is the wife in court?" the judge said.

A thin, washed-out, pretty woman stood up, and clasped her hands in front of her.

"Has this man been a good husband to you, madam?" asked the young judge.

The woman broke into vehement assurances. No man could have been a better husband. Would she take him back? Indeed she would take him back. She held out her hands as though she would physically drag her husband from the pillory.

The judge bowed toward the probation officer, and she beckoned the prisoner to her.

Other men followed, and in the fortune of each Mr. Thorndike found himself, to his surprise, taking a personal interest. It was as good as a play. It reminded him of the Sicilians he had seen in London in their little sordid tragedies. Only these actors were appearing in their proper persons in real dramas of a life he did not know, but which appealed to something that had been long untouched, long in disuse. It was an uncomfortable sensation that left him restless because, as he appreciated, it needed expression, an outlet. He found this, partially, in praising, through Andrews, the young judge who had publicly rebuked him. Mr. Thorndike found

him astute, sane; his queries intelligent, his comments just. And this probation officer, she, too, was capable, was she not? Smiling at his interest in what to him was an old story, the younger man nodded.

"I like her looks," whispered the great man. "Like her clear eyes and clean skin. She strikes me as able, full of energy, and yet womanly. These men when they come under her charge," he insisted, eagerly, "need money to start again, don't they?" He spoke anxiously. He believed he had found the clue to his restlessness. It was a desire to help; to be of use to these failures who had fallen and who were being lifted to their feet. Andrews looked at him curiously. "Anything you give her," he answered, "would be well invested."

"If you will tell me her name and address?" whispered the banker. He was much given to charity, but it had been perfunctory, it was extended on the advice of his secretary. In helping here, he felt a genial glow of personal pleasure. It was much more satisfactory than giving an Old Master to his private chapel.

In the rear of the court-room there was a scuffle that caused every one to turn and look. A man, who had tried to force his way past the tipstaffs, was being violently ejected, and as he disappeared, he waved a paper toward Mr. Thorndike. The banker recognized him as his chief clerk. Andrews rose anxiously. "That man wanted to get to you. I'll see what it is. Maybe it's important."

Mr. Thorndike pulled him back.

"Maybe it is," he said dryly. "But I can't see him now. I'm busy."

SLOWLY the long line of derelicts, of birds of prey, of sorry, weak failures, passed before the seat of judgment. Mr. Thorndike had moved into a chair nearer to the rail, and from time to time made a note upon the back of an envelope. He had forgotten the time or had chosen to disregard it. So great was his interest that he had forgotten the particular derelict he had come to serve, until Spear stood almost at his elbow.

Thorndike turned eagerly to the judge, and saw that he was listening to a rotund, gray little man with beady, bird-like eyes who, as he talked, bowed and gesticulated. Behind him stood a younger man, a more modern edition of the other. He also bowed, and behind gold eyeglasses, smiled ingratiatingly.

The judge nodded, and leaning forward, for a few moments fixed his eyes upon the prisoner.

"You are a very fortunate young man," he said. He laid his hand upon a pile of letters. "When you were your own worst friend, your real friends came to help you. These letters speak for you; your employers, whom you robbed, have pleaded with me in your favor. It is urged in your behalf, that at the time you committed the crime for which you are found guilty, you were intoxicated. In the eyes of the law, that is no excuse. Some men can drink and keep their senses. It appears you can not. When you drink you are a menace to yourself —and, as is shown by this crime, to the community. Therefore, you must not drink. In view of the good character to which your friends have testified, and on the condition that you do not touch liquor, I will not sentence you to jail, but will place you in charge of the probation officer."

The judge leaned back in his chair, and beckoned to Mr. Andrews. It was finished. Spear was free, and from different parts of the court-room people were moving toward the door. Their numbers showed that the friends of the young man had been many. Mr. Thorndike felt a certain twinge of disappointment. Even though the result relieved and delighted him, he wished in bringing it about, he had had some part.

He begrudged to Isaacs and Son the pleasure of having given Spear his liberty. His morning had been wasted. He had neglected his own interests, and in no way assisted those of Spear. He was moving out of the railed enclosure when Andrews called him by name.

"His honor," he said impressively, "wishes to speak to you."

The judge leaned over his desk and shook Mr. Thorndike by the hand. Then he made a speech. The speech was about public-spirited citizens who, to the neglect of their own interests, came to assist the ends of justice, and fellow creatures in misfortune. He purposely spoke in a loud voice, and every one stopped to listen.

"The law, Mr. Thorndike, is not vindictive," he said. "It wishes only to be just. Nor can it be swayed by wealth or political or social influences. But, when there is good in a man, I, personally, want to know it, and when gentlemen like yourself, of your standing in this city, come here to speak a good word for a man, we would stultify the purpose of justice if we did not listen. I thank you for coming, and I wish more of our citizens were as unselfish and public-spirited."

It was all quite absurd and most embarrassing, but inwardly Mr. Thorndike glowed with pleasure. It was a long time since any one had had the audacity to tell him he had done well. From the friends of Spear there was a ripple of applause, which no tipstaff took it upon himself to suppress, and to the accompaniment of [illegible] Mr. Thorndike walked to the corridor. He was pleased with himself, and with his fellow men. He shook hands with Isaacs and Son, and congratulated them upon their public spirit, and the typewriter firm upon their [illegible] spirit. And then he saw Spear standing apart regarding him doubtfully.

Spear did not offer his hand, but Mr. Thorndike took it, and shook it, and said: "I want to meet your mother."

And when Mrs. Spear tried to stop sobbing long enough to tell him how happy she was, and how grateful, he instead told her what a fine son she had, and that he remembered when Spear used to carry flowers to town for her. And she remembered it, too, and thanked him for the flowers. And he told Spear, when Isaacs and Son went bankrupt, which at the rate they were giving away their money to the Hebrew Hospital would be very soon, Spear must come back to him. And Isaacs and Son were delighted at the great man's pleasantry and afterward repeated it many times, calling upon each other to bear witness, and Spear felt as though some one had given him a new backbone, and Andrews, who was guiding him out of the building, was thinking to himself what a great confidence man had been lost when Thorndike became a banker.

THE chief clerk and two bank messengers were waiting by the automobile with written calls for help from the office. They pounced upon the banker and almost lifted him into the car.

"There's still time!" panted the chief clerk.

"There is not!" answered Mr. Thorndike. His tone was rebellious, defiant. It carried all the authority of a spoiled child of fortune. "I've wasted most of this day," he declared, "and I intend to waste the rest of it. Andrews," he called, "jump in, and I'll give you a lunch at Sherry's."

The vigilant protector of the public dashed back into the building.

"Wait till I get my hat!" he called.

As the two truants rolled up the Avenue the spring sunshine warmed them, the sense of duties neglected added zest to their holiday, and young Mr. Andrews laughed aloud.

Mr. Thorndike raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

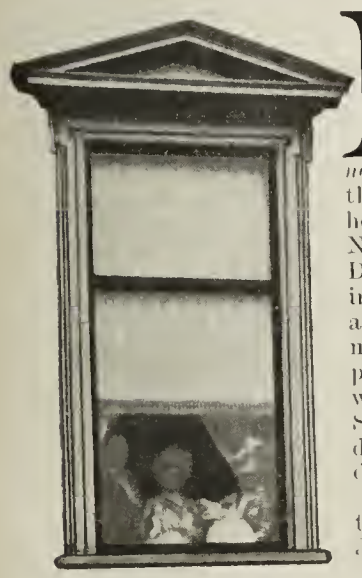
"I was wondering," said Andrews, "how much it cost you to keep Spear out of jail?"

"I don't care," said the great man, guiltily, "it was worth it."

Little Juliana of Holland

The Royal Infant Whose Birth Becomes the National Defense of the Netherlands

By FREDERICK PALMER



The Queen, the Prince, and the Queen-Mother, who is holding the baby

LITTLE JULIANA, who is now old enough to have her photograph taken, is the greatest *Dreadnought* of them all, under the direction of Queen Wilhelmina as Secretary of the Navy, with a nurse in a Dutch head-dress as admiral in immediate command. All armed in eiderdown, you may see her cruising any pleasant day in The Hague, which is the home of peace. She is the cheapest, most delightful policy of national defense in the world.

William the Silent raised the siege of Leyden and Juliana raised the siege of the stork. Her birth was like the gift of squadrons, armies, and forts overnight by magic. For the Germans had begun to call the Dutch blood brothers, which the big fish, if he were polite, might say to the little fish before swallowing him. "Don't we belong to the same mother stock of Rhenish tribes?" asked the Germans, trying to be most agreeable. "How can we?" answered the Hollanders, bruskly. "We are the Dutch"—which is the way the Dutch feel about everything.

The Kaiser's eye was on the port of Rotterdam, right under England's fifth rib; on a frontier line which would let him catch the French army in a wedge; on Java and all the rich Dutch colonies. The Dutch knew it was, because he denied any selfish aims of the sort and talked so blandly of the mother stock. Any suggestion of actual German aggression would call the Powers to arms. But what that terrible Prussian—if you would know really how wicked he is read the British newspapers—can not accomplish in one way, he will in another. Europe, which in the name of the *status quo* and the delicate balance of power holds as the cardinal article of faith the royal rules of descent, could not object if this technicality slipped a German prince on the Dutch throne after Wilhelmina.

Prince Henry of Reuss was next in line. In Germany princes are born with such frequency that the "Almanach de Gotha" will soon have to be published in two volumes to accommodate their names and pedigrees. Nothing was so rare in Holland as royal births. One little red lump of humanity, certified and labeled, according to custom, by a premier as being of the royal Orange brand, would close the door to the Germans. It was the more exasperating because the Dutch themselves have such large families. Babies thrive like tulips in Holland.

Thus, throughout the years from Wilhelmina's babyhood to maturity, the Dutch saw their kingdom hanging by the thread of one life. She was the last of the House of Orange, and the only reason the Dutch, who are real republicans, have for royalty at all is that theirs is of the superior Dutch brand, and royalty is the fashion for neutrals, approved by the Powers. After her marriage they lived through harassed years of false alarms. They heard the stork knocking, but when the chamberlains rushed to the door with satin-lined cradles, he had gone.

An heir seemed out of the question when the word was passed which made all the wooden shoes clatter with hope, and with fear as well. What if they should lose their Queen and gain no prince or princess? The States-General did the best it could under the law. It arranged that if the mother should die, Prince Henry, who is a German, would not have the guardianship of the child—a pleasant reminder to the consort of his purely technical position.



A postcard which was widely circulated throughout Holland as a souvenir of the event



The heralds of The Hague proclaiming the news of the birth

In the days of suspense preceding the event, when I happened to be in Holland, one saw a whole nation on the verge of paternity. A young married man, expecting news over the telephone any minute as he works abstractedly at his desk, expressed the feeling of all the Dutch. The needles of the women and girls, knitting wool socks to go in wooden shoes when the icy wind blows and the skates ring over the canals, in their nervous elation must have clicked out an oversupply for the coming winter. They did not drop any stitches, however. Any such intimation is a slander on Dutch feminine character, which William the Silent would rise from his grave to resent.

Jan might remark that his good vrouw had presented him with another, but not until after he had asked: "How is the Queen? Any news?" After Juliana came, no one said: "I wish it was a boy!" Such ungraciousness might have offended that



The carriage of state, in which the little Princess was carried to Willemskerk

coy stork and made him fly away with the bundle. Boy or girl, Holland had won. 'Twas a famous victory. The doctors in attendance are enshrined in the national pantheon beside Admirals Van Tromp and De Ruyter.

The Dutch did not go into the transports of the French when the King of Rome came to Papa Bonaparte, for they are not a mercurial people. But they gave the best imitation of excitement of which they are capable. Serene old burghers of The Hague drank champagne for breakfast; vrouws stopped knitting and put on their head-dresses, starched for the occasion; the blooming tulip beds made garlands for the picking; the supply of gin held out along the banks of all the canals, and it is said that the portrait of himself by Rembrandt in the Ryks Museum nodded.

From all parts of that little country, so small that if a resident wished to be a commuter in our sense he would have to sleep in Germany or Belgium, pilgrimages are made for one glimpse of the marvelous child. Old ladies are always authorities on family resemblance. Dutch grandmothers, with their barrel-like bundles of skirts and tight head-dresses at the apex of the pyramid, return to their villages, saying: "She's not a bit like her father. She's the picture of her mother." In Delft they say she looks like the Delft babies; in Volendam, like the Volendam babies.

The Orange blood in little Juliana is about as thin as that of the Stuarts in Edward of England and the *Mayflower* blood in some of the ten million descendants of the original passenger list. Her father is German, her grandmother is Russian; but she is all Dutch to the Dutch. They have made her so by law and by faith. In her looks and acts they see a mirror of their national traits. Some even find a likeness to William the Silent, which is no compliment to her beauty according to the standards of outsiders. She refuses to yield her rattle at the nurse's command, and stiffens her lips and sets her chin firmly. That is character—Dutch character.



The holiday crowd on christening day waiting for the royal procession—Pilgrims from every part of the little kingdom to see the child

Wilhelmina's insistent choice against all advice of a German as her husband reflected in its stubbornness the only satisfaction the Dutch have found in the alliance. Henry can never be popular. He has faithfully tried to speak the language without an accent, but has failed; and that damns him. But the Queen's fondness for him is well known. By her wish he accompanies her in public. "You are my loving husband, but also my obedient subject," she tells him; which all the Dutch repeat to one another in solemn gratification.

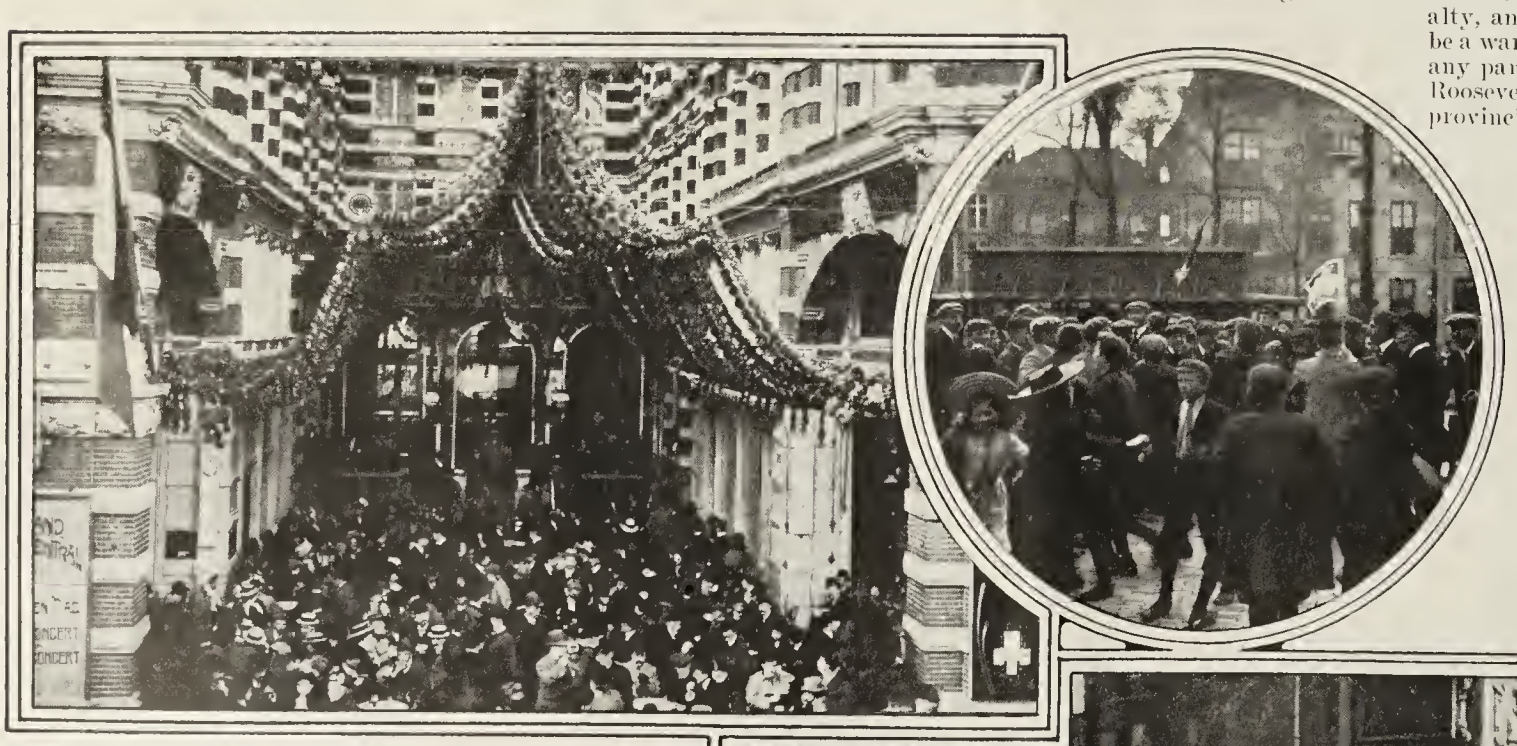
With all this mothering and grandmothering there is no danger of Juliana being spoiled. On the contrary, the whole nation of self-appointed parents are looking on critically to see that she is not. Her daily life will be as carefully appointed as a West Point cadet's. She may not go for vacation to Denmark, where the royal folk visit Grandfather Christian, who is related to them all, and enjoy a human, natural, and restful time like poor people on a picnic or rich people at an Adirondack camp. The average American girl knows more conventional gaiety in a week than she will know in a year. Like the lone son of a duke or a multi-millionaire, who is watched lest the draft from a keyhole will give him his death of cold, she is too much and too carefully beloved to have a good time. Of course she must learn to knit or offend all the women of Holland. Her mother, it is said, is the richest woman in Europe in her own right, which means that Juliana will have a great deal to give to the poor, but little to spend on herself if she follows Wilhelmina's example.

She may promenade in the garden; she may walk in the street—quietly, sedately, Dutch fashion, however—and she may accompany the Queen on a shopping tour, which is a grand spree. That two-story palace will be her home for all her years, with the statue of the stern, monitory William staring at the entrance.

Henry and Wilhelmina now have the baby to talk about. Except when there is a public dinner, they spend the evening playing piquette and studying the signatures in the visitors' book. If the Queen Mother drops in, they may have a three-handed game of dominoes.

Dutch royalty can associate familiarly only with royalty, and royalty is very scarce in Holland. There would be a war of jealousies if the Queen should be intimate with any particular one of the old Hague families, who view the Roosevelts, the Stuyvesants, and the Van Rensselaers as provincial upstarts. She is their social head, who knows them formally. Blandly, circumspectly, they live in their ancient, quiet village with its drives to the sea and to Leyden under the great forests. Few are very rich, but many have good securities in colonial or American companies laid away.

Heavy burghers and plodding fishermen and boatmen all see in the Princess a national insurance policy paid up for her lifetime. Let the other nations build *Dreadnoughts* and pay war taxes. Comfortable and unchanging, richer in the per capita wealth they draw from their colonies than the British, all the Dutch ask is to keep on wearing wooden shoes, washing the pavements, and starching the doorsteps, and knitting, while the clocks tick in their snug little neutral corner behind the dikes as they gaze at the picture of their little Juliana on the lap of their Wilhelmina. They are the happiest people in Europe.



A café scene in The Hague—Students in the street



School children celebrating the occasion—dancing around the statue of William the Silent

The Jungle Renegade

The Pure-White Negro, His Single Friend, and the Massacre Which He Forestalled

By A. W. ROLKER

Illustrated by H. REUTERDAHL

ALL day long we had pulled the two mine boats inside a lead pot through driving rains against the current of the Saramaeca. Toward dusk the cloud broke, and we, thirty of us, white men and black, made a landing, cutlassed a maze of macca, brush, and bush-rope, and, after a meal of plantains and river water, swung our hammocks and turned in. But the big rains had brought forth the black mosquitoes and legions of them were down upon us. The hammocks tossed and squirmed, and men swore softly, each in his mother tongue. I was aflame from head to heels with the inflammation. Clearly, there was no sleep in the jungle that night. So I tumbled out and stumbled and floundered toward the dying campfire. Then a lantern came toward me, and I knew by the gleam of a pipe that it must be the six feet of bone and gristle known as Old Man Smith. He raised his lantern toward my face and shook his head.

"How often must I warn you boys to light lanterns and hold low when you walk in the bush at night?" he said. "One of these days you'll feel a couple of needles shoved clear into an ankle or a big toe and how long you have to live will depend upon what kind of a snake it was."

To win back grace I hunted wood and helped stoke and blew myself red in the face. As the fire snapped and leaped and shed red against the dangling speeters we were joined one by one by the other white men. And there we sat, chilled to the marrow on one side and roasted on the other, wearied and hungry, with one exception, as disgusted a lot as ever penetrated the South American jungle—but none ever had accused the Old Man of being a mere human.

Smith was a horse of sixty, with keen, twinkling eyes, deep blue as the sheen of a rifle-barrel, and he had a mane of white hair and a white mustache, yellow in one spot from smoking black pipes sixteen hours at a stretch daytimes and at four-hour intervals at night. He had a wrist thick as a hickory limb, carried a single-barreled rifle instead of a magazine shotgun, and told a funny story how once upon a time he had been separated from his grub and had to walk ninety miles through the jungle without food excepting his pipe. He had a young woman and two fine little boys in the city on the coral sands, four hundred miles behind us, and he had photographs of all three of them, and used to look at these in the middle of nights when he would get up and smoke. Also, he was sole owner of "The Renegade"—the richest placer mine in the gold district of Saramacca, whither as guests traveled we tenderfoots.

Far and wide in all Saramacca not another was there like Smith. He knew the jungle by day or by night, and knew its people and their tongues. He had come to Saramacca right after its slavery was abolished, when twenty thousand disgruntled savages were turned loose of a day and when all that prevented white throats from being slit was a little black corvette with black guns trained ready to raze the town. Therefore he had enough tales to fill sets of books. I knew this and asked him a question. He preambled. Then he said:

"It's forty years now since I first came to Saramacca, intending to go down in time for the next ship for the States. But the blister of the sun, the drench of the rains, the screech of the macaw, and the lure of the gold got into my veins, and I'm here yet. And ever since I have lived and slept and ate and drank in these forests and hunted beasts—and once I hunted Man. That was the Jungle Renegade. But I suppose you've heard that story."

We sat back and pricked ears as behooves white men when a master tells not what was poured into his ears, but what he has seen and felt and smelled and what went into his ear direct. Quietly, with the air that comes with the assurance of owning his audience, spoke the narrator:

"He lived alone, in a palm-thatched hut in the outskirts of the town on the very jungle edge. He was an outcast among his own people, for he was the white son of coal black parents, was a freak and a natural monstrosity that communed with the fiend at night, and upon whomever he cast his evil eye to him befell misfortune.

"In the midst of a busy, scrambling, throbbing community he was as cut off from human companionship as if he were a running-sore leper. Time was when he had looked for work,-on the cocoa plantations, on rubber expeditions, and with the gold hunters; but no white man would hire him, for wherever he went there black men fled.

"In time it dawned on him that he was not wanted. So he built himself a hut near the bush and brought forth gorgeous skins. But the lumpy jaw got into the skinman's herds, and he blamed this on the Renegade,



"When well beyond the hiding-place I gave the peculiar whistle he had taught me to lure the conie-conie"

and thereafter the Renegade could sell no more because none dared to buy. Not long afterward old Mobo, she with a warty leg big as an elephant's, dropped dead after selling him mangoes, and thereafter the Renegade could not buy because none dared to sell. Wherever he went in the streets he was pointed out, and men and women fled from him, and nothing but superstitious dread prevented open attack. So he kept to his hut and the jungle.

"Often he sat on the sill of his shack listening wistfully to the distant hum of the bustling city where black men cursed each other and black mothers frightened bad black children with the name of the gorilla man. It had been years since he had last been seen in town, and now he feared to go there lest he be stoned to death. Not a soul dared go near him save Ista, a young negress who sometimes stole forth dark nights with rice and tobacco and cartridges to exchange for skins worth ten times her price.

"For a white man I had heard too much against the Renegade. Besides, he was said to be the most wonderful big-game hunter in the land, and I had traveled 1,500 miles to learn to hunt the jaguar. I made up my mind to see him.

"I saw him at dawn on the jungle edge. I recalled afterward that I stood stock still at the apparition. Evidently he was returning from a night's hunt. Not a twig snapped, not a leaf stirred as he strode out of the thicket. The bush simply parted as if pushed aside by unseen hands, and forth strode the monstrosity, naked to the waist, gaunt as an ape, a long-barreled shotgun in the crook of one arm and the green skin of an anaconda across one shoulder.

"He was a giant in stature, six and a half feet tall, and of the prodigious strength of a gorilla and the lightning swiftness of the cobra. His joints were loose as if swiveled. Knots and pads of muscles and sinews played beneath the taut skin of ponderous long arms and between shoulder-blades. On this body, splendid in hideous strength and ugliness, was a small bullet head with hair black and straight as an Indian's and a face of death-gray complexion, with the features of an African and the insolent eyes of a cut-throat.

"I sat in his hut and forgot that for which I had come, wondering why the good God permitted such a creature. But as we talked there came a revulsion of feeling. His voice was strong as a bull's, but, contrary to his general repulsiveness, was low and not unmusical.

"At times, it seemed to me, it struck a note of pathos and it tremored as if from inward agitation. I could look at that villainous head with the red-brown eyes that would have frightened a white woman into hysterics, and could understand why men would wish to crush it as they would crush the head of a viper; yet, behind the affront of that gaze lurked the appeal of utter helplessness and the pitiful craving of a deserted creature for the voice of a fellow human. To me he seemed like a man persecuted unto death, pleading for a shred of human sympathy. The bare prospect of this sent the blood surging dark brown to his ashen face. Why, he had unlearned intercourse with man, had unlearned to exchange ideas and to exult or to complain and to show pleasure or displeasure and to laugh or to cry.

"Next morning at dawn I saw him from [illegible] seated

on knees and chin in palms, looking his eyes out for my coming. And when I came he knew not what to do with me. He gaped and stood with downcast eyes. He was like a child that has found its first playmate and can think only of the dread hour when it is again to be left alone.

"I hunted much with the Renegade following that morning. He was the most skilful shot and the most marvelous swimmer I have ever seen, and he seemed utterly indifferent as to his existence. I saw him dive off a twenty-foot embankment, fetch under a sleeping cayman, fourteen feet long, bury his knife to the hilt in the hideous belly, and outswim the infuriated monster to shore. I saw him start a jaguar and a jagnaress, bring down the male through the head, break his gun, slip in another cartridge, and take the female through the heart before she had sprung thirty paces.

"Day for day I was with the Renegade. He taught me the call with which to lure the eonie-eonie, and how to read the trail of the tapir and the deer, and how safely to grasp the bushmaster behind the deadly head. He taught me how to tell south in the jungle. From him I learned never to kill the beast I could not use.

"Once, as we passed through a swamp, a flat-headed viper struck into the shin of the Renegade. He grasped the reptile behind the head, threw it into a thicket, cut open the puncture with his hunting-knife, and sucked the poison from the wound. 'Why did you not kill the snake?' I asked. 'Baera, the viper was only afraid,' he said: 'the jungle is long and it is wide. There is room for the Renegade and its beasts.' The bite almost killed him.

"For months we shot up the jungle, traveled rivers and creeks, up falls and down rapids in canoes, and we ate and drank and hunted and slept together. No white man could ever have learned to love that creature; but no white man that knew him as I knew him could have helped pitying that wretched dog. Like the lonely child, it seemed as if never could he get enough of his playmate. Often, middle of nights as I lay stretched in the bush, I awoke to find him sitting on heels beside me. Ever before him was that dread moment when he would be left again alone.

"One night, after I had left the Renegade in his hut, I sat on the rear porch of the old Martin Hotel when a shot came at me out of the lime grove and took off my hat. An hour later when the Chief of Police came he wanted to see me alone. 'You're not long in the country and do not know the natives or you'd respect their superstitions,' he concluded. 'Never mind what *you* think. It's what these pesky niggers think. Let the Renegade alone, I tell you—let him alone.'

"Next morning I told the Renegade, and then I realized for the first time all I must have been to him. As it dawned on him that I would come no more, that again he would be cut off from all human companionship, and that he must go back to the beasts of the jungle, not a word of complaint escaped him. 'The Baera Chief speaks true,' he said simply. But his breath came very fast and the giant chest rose and fell with the storm that raged beneath. I turned to go. With a groan as if his throat had rent he sank to the ground and buried his face in his arms. All night he must have lain there, for through my glasses I saw him there at noon next day. Then he arose and slunk into the forests.

"It was as well I said farewell to the Renegade when I did. Forty-eight hours later the streets of Saramacca were black with people. The town was in an uproar. Her Majesty's garrison of four hundred loose-breeched soldiers and five thousand blacks were beating the bush: for Ista had disappeared and had been found in the lair of the Renegade—too dreadful to describe. Nowhere was trace of the Renegade. He was thirty miles up the Saramacca, hugging the shore with long, steady strokes, sending his craft seething through the waters and keeping well under cover of the overhanging brush.

"A great vague fear was upon him, and this sent steel into his muscles; but his brain was awhirl and he was incapable of clear thought. He knew that even now boats with twelve sweeps and loaded with loose-breeches must be after him. But he knew he could outdistance these whenever he pleased, for soon they would be among the rocks where they would not dare proceed at night. Had it been merely a matter of endurance he might have paddled on, three hundred, five hundred—one thousand miles into the wilderness where no white man would have dared follow him. But he was like a man trying to escape on a tight rope fetching up against the wall of a precipice, for far and wide in the jungle not a thing was there to eat. Nothing was there except giant trees and macca and bush grass and thorn and brush and briar and bush rope so thick that none could see through the maze ten feet ahead. Only now when too late he remembered that a handful of rice would mean either life or death to him. As it was, nothing stood between him and starvation except three cartridges and his rifle.

"Never before had he felt the heat of the jungle sun. Now it scorched and broiled and boiled and parboiled him, sending rivulets of perspiration trickling down his chest and arms and between shoulder-blades. He paddled on and on, now lapsing into a steady stroke and again bursting feverishly into frenzied bursts of speed. Occasionally he stopped long enough to scoop a handful of the lukewarm river water and drink it greedily. Once he stopped to search under the seat of the canoe to see if there was not a forgotten mango. Excitement and anguish were doing what no mere physical exertion could have done, but he did not realize this. All afternoon he paddled through the broiling sun, every muscle strained and distended to its utmost, his face screwed into a grimace of pain, and he paddled as the sun descended on the west[illegible] line of tree-tops and long after pitch [illegible]ness, wh[illegible]gray fog settled over all and the heat of the day had given way to the penetrating chill of night. More than one hundred and twenty miles he had raced his frail craft against the current, with nothing to eat except the brown things in the river water. Now, after twenty hours of inhuman exertion, weakness came upon him. His bones ached in every joint. The palms of his hands showed raw in spots. But he estimated he had left the pursuers at least sixty miles behind. Once more he searched the canoe for a possible mango. As he made a landing against the steep embankment his legs gave way with the stiffness of the crouch, and he had to rub and knead them before he could stand. Then he fastened his canoe, used the butt of his rifle to beat down the underbrush, and lay shivering in the cold until he fell into the fitful sleep of exhaustion. At intervals he awoke, teeth chattering and shivering all over and with the splash of oars in his



A mine boat was seen grappling as if for the cable

ears, and then he sat bolt upright, trained ears alert, but each time he sank back.

"He awoke with a start toward morning, and with a groan of pain he jumped to his feet. Head extended, one ear turned down stream, he stood like a jaguar scenting the hunter. Then he limped frantically down the embankment, brought his ear to the surface of the river, scrambled to his feet, and jumped into his canoe and paddled madly.

"Every bone, every joint, every muscle and sinew and tendon felt as if it had been stretched to breaking and allowed to snap back. His back, his arms, even his neck, pained him excruciatingly. His hands, too, were in a serious condition. Blood had flown out of the palms and the wounds showed inflammation. But the beat of the twelve sweeps was in his ears. He realized now the heat of the chase and his mistake in lying down to sleep and trusting that his pursuers would not dare proceed through rocks at night. As it was, it would require all his gigantic strength to keep ahead of the boats. Worst of all, he was starving and would not dare bring down game for fear his rifle would now betray him.

"This thought made him frantic, and he paddled blindly with might and main, bringing every ounce of his wonderful reserve into play. But once he was simply obliged to stop. Then he tore strips from the bottom of the leg of his overalls and wrapped the blue cotton about the palms of his hands, and mile after mile, hour after hour, he struggled with desperation.

"As the sun rose higher and began again to blister and scorch he began to feel weak. At times lights passed from before his eyes, and he saw only dark blue amid myriads of stars. Besides, a heaviness seized him, an almost uncontrollable weariness, as if he must keel over and sleep even if the next moment should be his last. A thick leaden taste was in his mouth and in his veins a peculiar cribbling. But whenever he ceased paddling, from afar through the oppressive stillness came the steady beat of oars.

"He knew now that it was useless to try to outdistance his pursuers. If he could hold out but for another mile where the river-banks were less steep, and where the growth grew rank over the river edge, there was still hope. He paddled with the desperation of one doomed, now almost ready to surrender, now calling up every ounce of reserve of his enormous strength. A half-mile ahead he saw his thicket, and with one last, grueling, heart-breaking effort he sent his canoe under the protecting branches.

"It was not an ideal cover. Nine out of ten jungle-men would have seen the canoe. I saw it as I came abreast in the last boat. But I had long since regretted taking part in the hunt for the Renegade. Besides, Lord bless you, it would have been murder to point him out to the men in that boat. They would have sent a volley into the bushes and looked for the Renegade afterward.

"When well beyond the hiding-place I gave the peculiar whistle he had taught me to lure the eonie-eonie. Minutes afterward, weakly, faintly, from out the thicket a eonie-eonie sent answer to the call.

"Much that the Renegade did after our boats passed him he never remembered clearly and much he never knew at all. He managed to drag himself up the embankment and to squirm among the underbrush, and there he fell into a deep, feverish sleep. He awoke with intense pain in his hands. They were bloody and swollen and raw and inflamed, and they burned like hell fire as if they had been poisoned. His body was as if whipped and bruised and battered all over. He felt an intense cold in his veins and tried to crawl toward the embankment, nearer the sun. But the jungle fever overtook him and he shook and trembled all over. It shook him until his teeth chattered so that they lacerated his tongue. It shook him until he felt as if knives were shoved through his entrails, and when he tried to stand up after the first attack he collapsed like an empty bag. What happened after that only God knows.

"Ten days later, provisions low and half our men down with the fever, when we passed the thicket on our way home, the canoe, still tied, had drifted into view. I feared the Renegade was dead, but feared more he might not be, for they would have shot him down like a dog at first sight. So I offered to search the bush alone. I found him—a skeleton without reason, with eyes like burnt holes in a wooden blanket. His hands were festered, swollen to double size and turning black. His shred of clothing had mildewed, and face and chest were marked where in delirium he had sunk his nails into the flesh.

"We carried him into the boat. There was no need for chains. The wonderful muscles lay limp and harmless like those of a child. Not a sound escaped him. Only once, then he raised his head wildly, gazed with frightened eyes, and gave the call for the eonie-eonie. For three days I kept the poor beast alive pouring gin down his throat while he lay flat on the bottom of the boat, an empty burlap bag under his head. Then we landed and they sent him to a hospital like good Christians, where they nursed him tenderly during long weeks, so they might fasten a noose about his neck and push him off the fortress wall.

"I saw him often during those weeks in the big white hospital: saw him on the white pillows as he lay with hands bandaged and eyes wide open, still as if dead; saw him later as the head began to roll from side to side and as insanely he chirped the call of the eonie-eonie; saw him as the spark of reason came back to the red-brown eyes, and saw him, many weeks later, weak as a child, gaunt body stretched in a hospital chair, the first time in months exposed to the outdoor air.

"Save the Chief of Police, who came now and then to see his prisoner, I was the only visitor that came to the convalescent man. One morning as I came he held forth a long, lean paw. It was the first time he had asked to take my hand. Likely mine was the first to touch his in friendship since his mother had held his hand long ago. The hand was warm and firm. As I gazed into his face a puzzled expression came into it as if he did not know what was happening him. Big tears welled out of his eyes, and he did not even know enough to wipe them off. 'Baera,' he said brokenly with a voice almost soft as a woman's, 'I, too, am a man—a man like you—but—but,' I thought I knew what he would have said.

"A month later I saw him in the prison of the fortress to which they took him after a farce in a courtroom, to give him a decent Christian hanging. He had twenty-four hours to live. The hole was dark and foul and damp. He wore wristlets connected by a two-foot chain. But the Renegade was himself again and more. The muscles of his hands and arms stood forth like whipcords. And now that the hunt was ended, a wonderful transformation had come over the man. The gigantic figure, once hunched and slovenly like a gorilla's, was erect, alert, and I knew he was unafraid and would stride forth to the end without a flinch.

"'Baera,' he said as I was about to leave him for the last time, 'to-morrow at this time the Renegade will not be here. He is not afraid. When he is gone, let the Baera go up the Saramacca to the Red Creek. Let him take long-toms and let him not take top-boats, for the creek is much bridged with fallen timbers. Let the Baera follow the Red Creek to the twenty-fourth turn. Midway between this and the next is a rock tall as the Moravian steeple. From the middle of this, due south, let the Baera walk six hundred of his steps, and there, anywhere in the ground before him, let him *dig*. The White Baera never will forget the Renegade.'

"I left him, not thinking I'd see him alive again. Outside the fortress I met the Chief of Police on his way to the Governor's palace, where a reception was on for that night. 'To-morrow—sure as hell is hot,' he said cheerfully.

"But they never hanged the Renegade. The Almighty Himself stuck a finger in that pious pie by scheduling a very different event.

"Down in the dungeon of the fortress, head bent in the crook of an elbow, alone with his God, sat the Renegade. He had heard taps sounded at the stars from the fortress wall; yet the noises of the city continued unabated. High up on one wall of his narrow cell was a narrow window, and through this came to him the muffled sounds of many voices, and he guessed what these meant. He shivered. But it was not for the fear of death. It was at thought of the rabble gloating for the feast. He saw himself on top of the fortress wall, ninety feet above the brown-gray waters of the harbor, above him the dangling noose, and about him seas of upturned faces. He imagined the laughs and jeers and coarse jests as they would at last see him helpless, and he shivered again at the shout of derision as, noose about neck, the file of soldiers would advance with lowered bayonets and send him over the edge of the parapet.

"A low, droning wail, like the first note of a rising gale, wafted through the window, but for some minutes

he did not notice this. When he finally did, it struck him that he had been hearing this for some time, and as he recognized the sound he was on his feet like a flash.

Years ago, the night of the Tyndell rebellion, he had heard that weird wail—the one sound no human ear ever forgets—and then he heard a distant shot, and then another and another. Then the sharp tattoo of a horse's hoofs, galloping at full speed toward the fort, were heard, and within thirty seconds blared a call to arms by the bugle, and the very ground under the man's feet trembled as the fort sent two cannon shots roaring into the night. In an instant the fort seemed alive with men. From overhead the Renegade heard the tramp and shuffle of many feet, heard the clatter of bayonets and the thump of rifle butts, the rumble of the wheels of machine guns, the bellowing of commands, the squeals of fifes, the roll of drums, and the tramp, tramp, as four hundred troops broke into a double quick out into the night.

"What it all meant the Renegade had not the least idea. Things, however, were developing with alarming rapidity. He could tell that the wail of the mob was coming steadily nearer. Shots came thicker and faster until they sputtered almost continuously. Above the distant rumpus he heard much nearer the excited voices of men, the screams of women, and the cries of children apparently running toward the fortress for refuge.

"The soldiers could not have gone more than a mile, he estimated, when he heard the four hundred rifles crack a volley at the onrushing mob, and heard the machine guns loosen up. He could tell the fight was hot, for volleys came with deadly regularity and the sputter from the machine guns was incessant. He heard the yells and cries of wounded, and the howls of infuriated men, and he could distinguish from the sharp cracks of the rifles the deeper, looser crash of shotguns, and what chances rifles or machine guns had against these when loaded with buckshot and fired at close range, none knew better than the Renegade.

"Within ten minutes of the opening of the fight the volley-fire became irregular. Then it broke completely, which was bad. Also, there was perceptible slackening in the fire of the machine guns. Whatever the reason, one after another they began to drop completely off. Yet the Renegade had no doubt as to the outcome of the fight, whatever its cause, for the black corvette with her twelve black guns lay anchored in mid-stream ready to hurl shot and shell and grape and canister, literally to mow down the town and the mob. Dreadful unto the last babe would be the revenge of the ship. He did not know, however, that by trickery or otherwise His Excellency had been induced to send the warship fifty miles down the coast to show herself at the threatening uprising in the Commoweyine District. But he did know that if the warship should not soon come to aid her Majesty's men would be cut up to the last drummer boy.

As the fire of the troops slackened, the Renegade could hear refugees piling faster and faster into the fort. He could hear even now that the place must be fairly alive with them, for he heard the drone and buzz of voices and the cries and lamentations of hundreds of persons, and then above all this he heard the tramp and shuffle and scuffle of a little army in retreat, loose breeches mowing down heads with clubbed rifles, trying to back into the entrance of the fortress walls. Inside that fortress, the Renegade well knew, were big guns enough to sink an ordinary fleet, but these pointed toward the entrance to the harbor, and could not be brought to bear on the town. It looked to him as if all must be lost for those inside the walls, when of a sudden the ground seemed fairly to creep under his feet, and a score of terrific explosions merged into a single one came to the aid of the routed ones. The ruse of firing the big guns of the fort took the mob by surprise, and at that instant a half-dozen one-pounders and a machine gun began to open from the top of the fort wall, and, terror-stricken and in want of a leader, away fled the victors while the hard-pressed escaped through steel-bound oak doors to within. Besieged and besiegers awaited the coming of the day.

"Things looked desperate inside the walls. This was no squirt rebellion with a saddle-colored general and a handful of boys trying to shoot holes through a mulatto with a red sash across his shirt front. It was a genuine race war—twenty thousand ugly, treacherous blacks with an old grievance, fighting the fight of the Witwatersrand, and with the only object to slit the throats of some fifteen hundred whites, most of them women and children. No provisions were in the fort. Ammunition was all but out. Worst of all, they had known enough to cut the telegraph cable so the corvette could not be recalled. Now that the trouble was on, it was recalled that a mine boat had been seen grappling as if for the cable directly at the foot of the fort wall. Only one hope was left.

"The clock in the Moravian steeple struck four as His Excellency and I walked into the cell of the Renegade. His face lighted when he saw me. He noticed not His Excellency in evenings togs with a bloody rag around forehead and one arm in a sling. 'His Excellency has come to offer the Renegade a chance for his life,' I said. 'The Renegade's people have risen against the White Bacras. The White Bacras and their wives and children have been driven into the fort. There is no food. Cartridges are low. The thunder ship has gone and the cable with which to tell her to come back has been cut. The Renegade must help. He must go down and make fast a rope to each end of the cable, so it can be spliced that the White Bacras can call back their thundership, and in less than four hours these men will flee like the loose sands before the wind. Will the Renegade make fast ropes to the end of the cable? His Excellency offers him life and safe conduct with troops wherever he wants to go.'

"But the Renegade answered not. I could see a mighty fight was going on in the breast of the savage. He knew he had only to decline and the whites would be massacred to the last child, and then whites would come back, rending, tearing, slashing until the last wounded black had been driven starving into the jungle. The revenge of a lifetime was within his grasp.

"'Renegade,' I said, 'the lives of fifteen hundred white creatures rest in the palm of the Renegade's hand. He has that in his arms and between his shoulder blades which is not in any other living man. Or—does the Renegade so soon forget the call of the conie-conie?'

"I had won; but it was not to me who had come nearest to being a friend—it was to the other that he spoke; his voice was deep and musical as the distant drone of a cathedral bell, and grew deeper and deeper with emotion. He drew himself up to his full enormous height and gazed down upon His Excellency. 'Listen, white man, that calls himself master, that talks but that can not do, that laughed when his men hunted [illegible] of [illegible] subjects, like a beast of the wood—not because [illegible] offer me life, not because the faces without the walls are black, not because the throats within the walls are white, will the Renegade help. Go, master that is not a master, say to them that it is to the White Bacra and not to the Renegade that they will owe their lives. And tell them this—' and as he spoke he brought his shackled fists together in front of him and with one terrific, lightning-like jerk swept both wrists apart. The torn steel links clattered to the concrete. Nostrils distended, eyes flashing fire, the savage towered above us like a lion at bay.

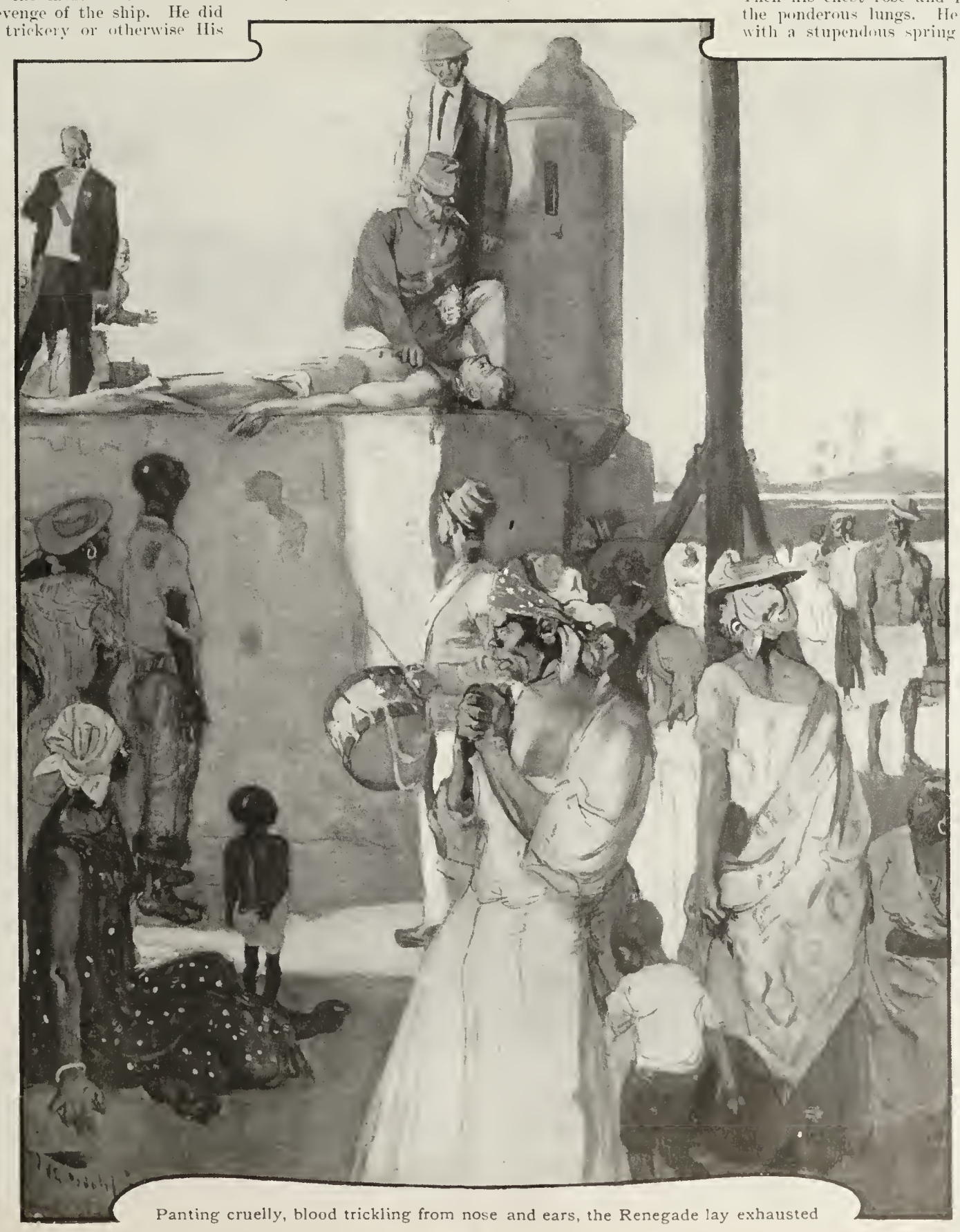
"Never shall I forget the dive of the triumphant Renegade. Diving through fifty feet of water, groping amid pitch blackness of mud and slime, finding the severed ends of the cable and securing these to a light line was a feat requiring such strength, such quickness, such resistance, and such dexterity that I doubted even the strength and the skill of the splendid savage. In order to penetrate to this depth at all, it would be necessary to dive from the highest point of the fort wall, ninety feet above the water's surface; for the strain of the water pressure alone was so excessive that a second descent would be out of question. In short, both ends of the cable must be found and lashed to ends of the line at one descent. None knew this better than the Renegade. But in his veins seethed victory and triumph. Shunned, despised, loathed, and persecuted for a lifetime, he had been brought out of a murderer's cell, the last hope of the very masters of the land. In that hour it was as if his gigantic height had been increased by six inches, and as if his fabulous strength and dexterity had been trebled.

"Naked, save for a breecheloth, the lone figure stood in the pink rays of the new day, high on top of the fortress wall. Chin high, shoulders back, gigantic and yet lithe and erect, he stood proud and motionless as the statue of an avenging god. He gazed neither behind him at the multitude of ghastly faces upturned with desperate hopefulness, nor to the side where only a short mile away the earth was black with the squirming, seething mob, black eyes riveted upon the Renegade. Across his shoulder he wore a snowy coil of rope. Steadfastly he gazed as if his eyes would penetrate to the bottom of the gray-brown depth which in another minute would swallow him. Like a tiger calculating his spring, he measured the distance to the spot where he would strike head first like a missile out of a catapult. Then his chest rose and fell, pumping reserve air into the ponderous lungs. He crouched, bent forward, and with a stupendous spring shot into the yawning abyss head first, body stiff as an iron rod. A cry of horror, out of fifteen hundred throats, rent the air. Then fifteen hundred breaths were held in an agony of suspense, and even the black mob in the distance surged, puzzled, toward the water side.

"I did not expect again to see the Renegade alive. I lay with watch in hand flat on my stomach, peering over the wall, each second like an eternity. At the end of a minute I would not have given a cent for his life. At the end of two minutes I turned away, and just then a mighty shout went up. There was the Renegade, trailing the loop of the white line behind him and swimming with desperate strokes. 'The cable! the cable!—he's got the cable!' cried a hundred voices, and as we pulled the dripping swimmer to the top of the wall there was a scene no tongue can describe. Men shouted and yelled and danced and wept and hugged each other and surrounded the Renegade, and patted his back and his arms and his legs and his shoulders, and women held close their children and knelt down and prayed.

"Panting cruelly, blood trickling from nose and ears, the Renegade lay exhausted on the fort wall, stolid and indifferent to all about. His lips moved and his eyes were closed, but his lips gave forth no sound. The surgeon and his men rubbed and chafed. His Excellency himself held brandy to the swollen lips, but the Renegade turned his face away. Men could not know as I did who knew him so well, and I knew his heart was full unto bursting and that he was talking to Some One Else just then.

"When he had finished, he saw me before him, and a light came into his eyes as he passed a forearm across his face as if to brush away a cobweb, and staggered to his feet [illegible]



Panting cruelly, blood trickling from nose and ears, the Renegade lay exhausted

'll live as long as Saramacca,' I said. For the first time, then, I saw a smile light up his face, but it was a smile to make an angel weep. 'The White Baera says it is good. That is enough for the Renegade,' he said. It seemed as if never would he let go my hand.

"'Baera,' he said sadly, 'the Baera always knew it was not the Renegade?' This was the first time he had alluded to the crime. His voice sounded far away and tender as a woman's. 'The Renegade came home, and he saw and he fled, for he knew none would believe,' he said.

"We were standing at the edge of the fort wall at the spot from where he had dived only a short half-hour before. Below was a boatload of loose breeches splicing the ends of the cable. Beside us were the machine guns, ready to open fire in case canoes tried to interfere.

"Thoughtfully the Renegade stood gazing at the work. 'Soon the thundership will come,' he said. 'Then let the Great White Baera have mercy on my people. If the Great White Baera must, let him sweep down the huts. If the Great White Baera must, let him even drive the black man into the jungle; but there let the white man's wrath be satisfied. Let him permit the black brother to come forth again to rebuild his hut. Let him not stay too long alone with the beasts of the jungle. Baera, tell the Great White Baera, the Renegade, he who called the thundership, begs mercy for his own people.'

"A cheer broke spontaneously from the crowd below, and above these sounded hoarsely: 'Renegade! Renegade! Renegade!' I myself was carried away with the adulation paid the Renegade in that hour of triumph.

"'Look, Renegade, is it not good—does not the Renegade feel a swelling there? (I pointed at his heart.) To-day the Renegade is *Master*. He is bigger than the Great White Baera. Look, do they cheer *him?* No. They cheer the Renegade. Is it not good, Renegade, *good?*'

"He turned slowly and faced the crowd, which broke wilder than before into huzzas, but he raised not so little as a finger. 'Baera,' he said as he turned again to face the harbor, 'the White Baeras and their women do not cheer the Renegade. The White Baeras and their women cheer the cable the Renegade brought up for them. To-morrow they would forget. The Renegade would be the Renegade again.' Then I saw that all this had come too late. I saw the great heart had broken within him.

"Standing at the very brink of the wall, he gazed into the blood-red sun as it rose over the green jungle on the opposite shore. Then his head sank till chin touched his chest, and he murmured a prayer.

"God knows why I never suspected his intentions. But He knows I would have given the ten best years of my life to have saved that man. Just as another tumultuous cheer broke from the crowd, I saw the Renegade spring, saw his body hurl downward in an enormous arc, and saw it disappear head first with the speed of a gigantic arrow. For an instant we gazed at each other bewildered, unable to understand. Then, horror-stricken, a hundred heads thrust over the edge of the wall and breathlessly glued eyes to the red-brown waters.

"As before, I drew my watch. One minute passed, two minutes, three, and still we lay gazing near and far for a white arm of the marvelous swimmer.

"At the end of five minutes I arose and stood gazing helplessly at the blood-red glare dancing on the rippling waters. Then I saw that next me was His Excelleney, the Governor. In silence we gazed at each other, unable to say a word.

"Then His Excelleney turned on his heel with a sob and strode to the flag-pole. With his own hands he loosened the halyards. With bared heads we stood. Down to half-mast sank the blue and white and green flag of Saramacca, in honor of the Jungle Renegade."

Flashlighting The Jungle Beasts

Hid in the Thornbrush, the Photographer Watches a Water Hole Throughout the Night Until the Thirsty Hartebeests and Hyenas Are Finally Caught on the Plate—Treed for a Day by Lions

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE



A herd of Coke's Hartebeests at night approaching a pool in the Yata Plains—Exceptionally timid, they circle around the water, fearing a lion or other beast in the shadow of the rocks, and as they draw close and retreat again, the flashlight takes them unawares

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THIS is the second in a series of articles by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the nature photographer commissioned by COLLIER'S *to describe and make photographs of the wild beasts and scenery in British East Africa.*

OF ALL branches of animal photography there is none that offers a greater fascination than flashlighting, whether one's subject be big or little, dangerous or harmless, whether one uses an automatic device by which the animal photographs itself, or whether one sits up all night and springs the flash as the animal approaches. In British East Africa flashlight photography is at its very best, the possibilities are unlimited, and the conditions most wonderfully favorable. One can not tell what animal will come within reach of the camera; it may be a lowly jackal, a mighty, snorting rhinoceros, an exquisitely beautiful zebra, or a stealthy, silent-footed lion; but whatever it may be, it is game for the photographic bag.

In selecting a place for flashlight work, it is necessary that there be some reason that the animal should come to the place chosen. A water hole, a trail, or, in the case of the carnivora, a kill. We selected a water hole in the dry region where we were camped. At first the automatic device was tried—that is to say, the animal, by touching a thread, would take its own picture. This proved an absolute failure, as the nocturnal birds invariably flew against the thread, and, of course, released both shutter and flash. So I decided to do the photographing myself, and in order to do this with safety, we built a boma, or zareba, of thornbrush, which, while offering more or less protection against a surprise attack from lions or leopards, afforded us a good view of the water hole, which was a small one, scarcely twenty feet wide. Near this we placed two cameras well concealed, and a flashlight device, all connected by an electric arrangement which simultaneously released the shutter and the flash on the pressing of a button in the boma.

In lion-infested countries one does not prowl about at night, so we took our places in the shelter at dusk and arranged ourselves comfortably with blankets (for the nights are cold in East Africa), some food, arms, and the various photographic accessories which might be needed. One of us was to keep watch while the other slept. Never shall I forget that first night spent directly under the tropical moon, then at its full. Scarcely a breeze stirred the air, yet it was cool and delightful. No insects bothered us, and we watched and hoped. There is not, as a rule, much to be expected during the early hours of the night unless lions are coming to their kill. Therefore we were not greatly surprised that for some time nothing occurred.

It was about nine o'clock that, while gazing out in the soft moonlight, we saw several hartebeests approaching. How cautiously they came! For over an hour they continued their investigation, and during that time we were in a state of breathless anxiety. The slightest sound would prove disastrous, for it is wonderful how keen of hearing the wild animals are. As they finally drew near, my heart beat with excitement as I saw they would soon be within range of the cameras. On they came until they reached the pool, and then, to my intense satisfaction, they began drinking; with trembling hands I almost unconsciously pressed the button. Off went the flash and away scampered the frightened hartebeests, leaving their pictures imprinted on the photographic plates. These were our first flashlight pictures, and we were thoroughly happy. Armed with lantern and rifles, we crept forth, changed the plates, reloaded the flash-lamp, set the shutters, and returned to our cover, there to wait for what the night might bring us.

Searcely an hour had gone by before we heard the crunching of the grass. Footfalls and eating could be clearly distinguished. It sounded like zebras; and we hoped that such it might prove to be. We were not kept long in suspense, for within ten minutes we could hear the animals coming down the hill back of us, and soon they were in full view, one after another, until there were perhaps thirty or forty of them. What a sight it was! their beautifully marked coats glistening in the clear moonlight with startling distinctness one minute, then, as the animals would turn so that the angle of light changed, they would melt away into faint shadows. They didn't come near the water, but maneuvered round it, starting every once in a while at some cause we could not see, and off they would scamper, then back again, and so on for three long hours: they were more or less in sight all the time, yet not once would they approach the water. Either we had not hidden the cameras sufficiently well or they felt convinced of our presence. Whatever it was, they left us about dawn, and we were thoroughly disappointed; but then one must be ready to accept disappointments in such work. Were it too easy there would be no pleasure in it.

The following night we were at our post again, and succeeded in getting two photographs of a hyena and two more of hartebeests, but the zebras, a few of which came in sight, were too wary and would not drink.

Beating the Thicket for a Lion

ONE morning, while we were taking a nap after being up all night with flashlight work, we were aroused by the magic word "Simba" (Swahili for lion). The porters, while gathering wood, had seen a lion about a mile from camp. Needless to say it did not take us long to get ready, and off we started with nearly the whole outfit following. It appeared that the men had seen a lion going into a little gully which was filled with a dense growth of papyrus. We decided to beat this thicket, and accordingly the men (who had been promised lion baksheesh) began howling, beating tin cans, and throwing stones. I carried my rifle, while the camera-bearer followed close behind with my camera ready for use. It was not long before something was seen to move in the papyrus not more than eight or ten yards in front of me. At that distance I foolishly thought shooting was a most imminent necessity, and so I fired where I believed the animal to be; apparently there was no result, for the papyrus continued moving, and I fired again. Just then out rushed a lion cub right into the middle of the men, who finally succeeded in catching it, and a more ferocious little beast I have never seen. Our idea was to use it for a lure for the old lions, and with this idea we bound its feet. During this operation the men found that my shots had killed two other cubs, which was very unfortunate, as they were far more useful to us alive than dead.

Hunting from a Tree

I NEED scarcely say that while my companion, with the help of the men, was trying to secure the live cub, I was keeping a sharp lookout, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing my first wild lion. Not one, but the pair, attracted, evidently, by the cries of the young one, they came within three hundred yards. A finer sight I have seldom seen than those two big tawny creatures. For a minute or so they watched us, then turned and disappeared; incidentally, I may add, so did most of the men, tall trees being considered the favored retreats.

Believing that the lions would return, we selected a tree with large horizontal branches from which I hoped to be able to use the camera, and there we proposed to stay. Unfortunately, the cub soon died from its violent struggles, so that we no longer had its growling to attract the old ones. Just as we were about to take our places we were surprised to see the old lion and two lionesses appear about four hundred yards away. The wretched men in their flight made such a noise that the lions would not come nearer, so I got no photographs. Later on they came back again and I was equally unfortunate. All day we stayed in the tree, but nothing further occurred, and we finally decided to spend part of the night there in hopes of getting a shot. Shortly after sunset, while we were eating our meal, the lions appeared once more. We could just distinguish them in the dim and rapidly vanishing twilight, but they were too far to fire at with any degree of certainty. In a few minutes darkness had set in and a darker night I have never seen. We sat in our uncomfortable perch in a state of great excitement, and soon we heard something approaching through the high grass; nearer and nearer it came, and the low, growling purr of the lioness added to our excitement. I thought if I could get down to a lower branch I might be able to see a little better, and so as noiselessly as possible I got down to within about eight feet of the ground. Just as I reached this place the lioness or lion passed directly under me, but the darkness was so intense that I could see nothing, though they were probably not more than twelve or fourteen feet away. We heard them continue their way up the bed of the stream, stopping once to drink at a pool, and that was the last we heard of the lions. About ten o'clock the moon rose, and as we were too tired to stay any longer in our uncomfortable position we started for camp, and it was not a particularly pleasant walk, as every bush assumed the form of a lion to our overwrought imagination. We were thoroughly glad to reach camp in safety and get a good night's sleep. Not even the roars of lions could disturb our well-earned rest.



The upper pictures show a rhinoceros who came walking down the wind toward the photographer. Four others waited in the distance for his report. When he got within twenty feet of Mr. Dugmore, and while his likeness was being taken, he decided not to charge, but turned and ran to his companions

The center picture displays a herd of buffalo seeking water. The other photographs are flashlights of hartebeests drinking at night, and also a hyena come to water—the frightened hartebeests dimly visible in the background, where a company of several zebras also lurks in the tall grass

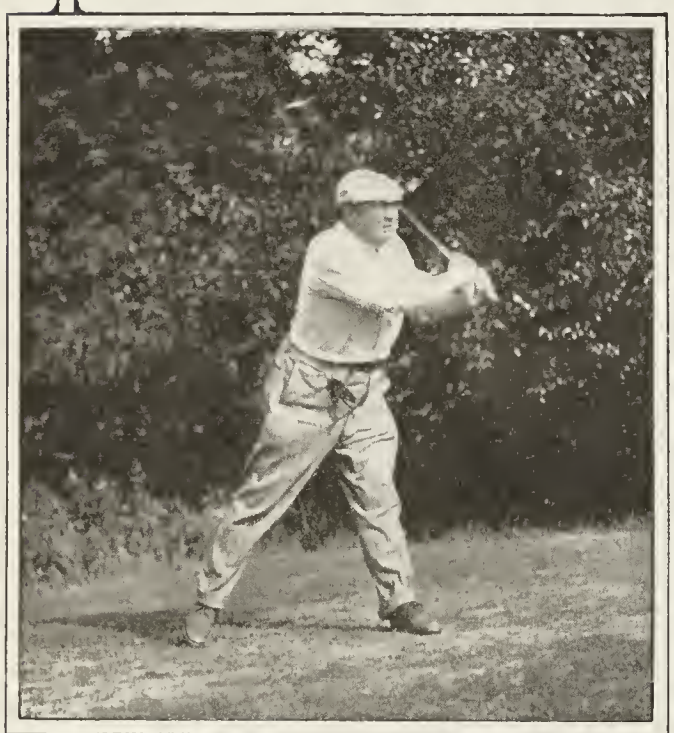
Photographs by A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

REWARDS OF PATIENCE IN THE JUNGLE

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The Princess of Wales presenting the International Challenge Cup to the American polo team on July 4. This cup was carried away from the United States Waterbury, Jr.; Lawrence Waterbury, and Harry Payne Whitney, captain, fairly to outclass their English competitors in two straight games and regain the trophy.



Vice-President Sherman versus President Taft at Golf—Mr. Sherman shows improvement, and future matches may serve to place him nearer his chief in the game

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Chariot Races at the Elks' Convention, Los Angeles

The entertainment of the B. P. O. E. Grand Conclave, July 12-17, included a field-day, in which Roman Chariot Races were run, followed by Wild West Riding, and a Stage Holdup

What the World Is Doing:

One Week

ONE of many peevish peers, the Marquess of Waterford, writes: "I regret to say that the effect of the Budget proposals will necessitate my cutting down my subscriptions to charities, etc., practically to vanishing point."

To all the grieved lords and persecuted millionaires, Winston Churchill replies, saying: "There is the woful wail of the wealthy wastrel, the dismal dirge of the dilapidated duke, and the hard case of the substantial citizen, who is angry at having to pay his share. Then we have the harsh gibberish of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is astonished when he is asked to contribute to all the *Dreadnoughts* for which he has yelled."

Menacing words grow frequent as the time approaches for the Czar's visit to western Europe. Jaurès, the French radical, refers to "the vessel of the murderous Czardom." Bernard Shaw writes that: "When kings behave in England as czars behave in Russia, we either cut off their heads or replace them by their nearest well-behaved relative." He advocates chartering a canal barge, decorated with union jacks, surmounted by caps of liberty and black flags, in mourning for the Czar's victims, and placing it "well in evidence in the Solent on the day of our national disgrace."

From the Conservatives honied words trickle out to offset this bitterness. Thus the "Standard" celebrates him: "Esteem for the Czar is general among the English people. The quiet courage with which he has borne the enormous weight of responsibility that falls upon his shoulders compels admiration even in those who do not know how much he has done for Russia."

A twelve-year-old boy has been called upon to put away childish things and rule Persia from the Peacock Throne. The Shah who failed to enforce the paper constitution of 1907 has been deposed by the triumphant advance of the Constitutionalists.

When a king is one of the Unemployed, his rôle is perilous and humiliating. He treads close to assassination and to ridicule. If he grows strong, he will be shot down. If he is pompous and innocuous he will be drowned out in laughter. Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, senior male representative of the House of Bourbon, Pretender to the Spanish throne, who died on July 18, was convincing, and chronically picturesque.

Germany changes pilots without upsetting the boat, and Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg becomes Chancellor in place of Prince von Bülow.

While the East lay dust-choked and gasping for breath, the waters have been rising in Kansas, Missouri, and in sections of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois.

Pittsburg, which has shown a knack for enlivening summer months, is wrestling with its second strike of the season—this time steel workers, blindly, unadvisedly, and rather pathetically fighting for what they believe to be their "rights."

Good citizens everywhere have been relieved by Mr. Taft's use of his blue pencil in toning down the exuberances of the tariff document. The spectacle is gratifying of Senator Aldrich as a cub reporter whose "copy" is to have edited out of it most of the high places and top notes. The English "Nation" says of the editor:

"Everybody appears to be drawn toward this good-humored, unconventional, rollicking giant, with his frank, free bearing, his massive look of power and adequacy, his radiating air of jollity and zest."

Unless more foot-pounds to the inch of pressure can be laid upon the lid, the underworld of gamblers, bomb-throwers, and vice-merchants in Chicago is about to open up and out and let us smell some of the smoke that ascends forever and ever. Minnie Everleigh is just preparing for an extended Continental tour. Like the famous women of French history, she has been close to the rulers of the city, and, as a bird of passage and stormy petrel, she foretells the tempests.

In New York one more Borough President has been too good to his friends, too slack with his accounts. The city is shocked for a day, but straightway will forget what manner of man he is.

With the cattle on a thousand hills, the regattas on a hundred lakes, the summer is under full swing. The pale city folk are lifted out of the furnace by the trainload



by an English four in 1886, but the subsequent development of the play on this side of the Atlantic has enabled a team composed of Devereux Milburn, J. M. The matches were noted for their excellent feeling and thorough sportsmanship. They were attended by large crowds both of English people and American visitors

A Record of Current Events

and released into green fields—later to return with fiery faces. It is the month when the Fresh Air Funds are doing the Lord's work on sea and land in transplanting battalions of little children.

Sky-Scraping

AIR records are being made and smashed every other day. Fifty-two minutes and twenty-nine miles was the admirable aeroplane record of Glenn H. Curtiss on July 17 at Mineola, Long Island. Over French soil, Bleriot has traveled twenty-five miles in a straightaway line by monoplane. On July 18, Paulham at Doue, France, beat the world's aeroplane height record, sailing along at an altitude of 450 feet.

The person who grows excited over the Wrights and thinks they are going to fall down, hasn't sized up the gaunt, long-limbed Wilbur, who comes from the same section of country which raised Lincoln. He hasn't looked into that perspicuous eye, and watched the patient, sardonic grin lurking at the corners of a strong mouth. A hard shell and slightly bitter to the taste, Wilbur is sealed of the tribe who do not fail. They merely try again, with all eternity to work in.

When the Wrights are good and ready, they will fly. If not at Fort Myer, then in France or Germany, and once again the world will watch and applaud.

Victor Murdock, member of Congress from Kansas, has chafed at their bland front. He says:

"If the quarter section next to Wrights' field of trial were to suddenly burst forth in volcanic action and begin to throw lava, Orville and Wilbur would consider it a serious infraction of their carefully built up frame of mind if either one or the other should turn around to see what happened.

"It would be as impossible for a stranger to approach the shed where they are tinkering with their machine as it would be for the ordinary citizen to visit the Sultan of Turkey before breakfast.

"In the midst of a circle of four thousand people Orville and Wilbur Wright, waiting for the wind to lull, will sit down on a board, and, unless they do it furtively, never look at the crowd once."

It is easy for War Department officials, politicians, and journalists to criticize their risings up and comings down. No man has gone that route but they.

Georgia's Gallant Statesmen

IT WAS a gallant piece of legislation which the Georgia Senate put through on July 14, making it a penal offense to utter any false or defamatory remark about a woman.

It will be diverting if not exciting to see how the thing works out. If the housemaid breaks the oatmeal dish, will it be unwise and expensive to rebuke her? Is it defamatory to resent a German pancake hat inserted in the eye or pounding the back of the neck at each throb of the trolley-car. It is plain to see that the State will become the refuge of all persecuted suffragettes. No officious policeman will dare to wag finger or tongue against the militant daughters on Georgia territory. Yonder is the State for all "perfect ladies" who have been misunderstood in harsher localities.

However much the chivalrous Senators may suffer for their latest lawmaking, muleted in fines or languishing in prison, there is something lovable in their enactment.

Jungle Copy

MEANWHILE Mr. Roosevelt keeps the typesetters of "The Outlook" busy lining out the type for his long-distance contributions. Still in the flesh in the jungle, swamp, and forest, he is yet able to project himself into intrepid, vigorous paragraphs of New York's leading religious weekly. After a few swift articles on Socialism and the misconduct of certain preachers of the doctrine, he made a breezy attack in "The Outlook" of May 15 on the venerable figure of Leo Tolstoy, whose teachings, he believes, do not appeal to "men of action."

He summed up the Japanese question on May 8 in the sentence: "It is not for the advantage of either people that emigrants from either country should settle in mass in the other country."

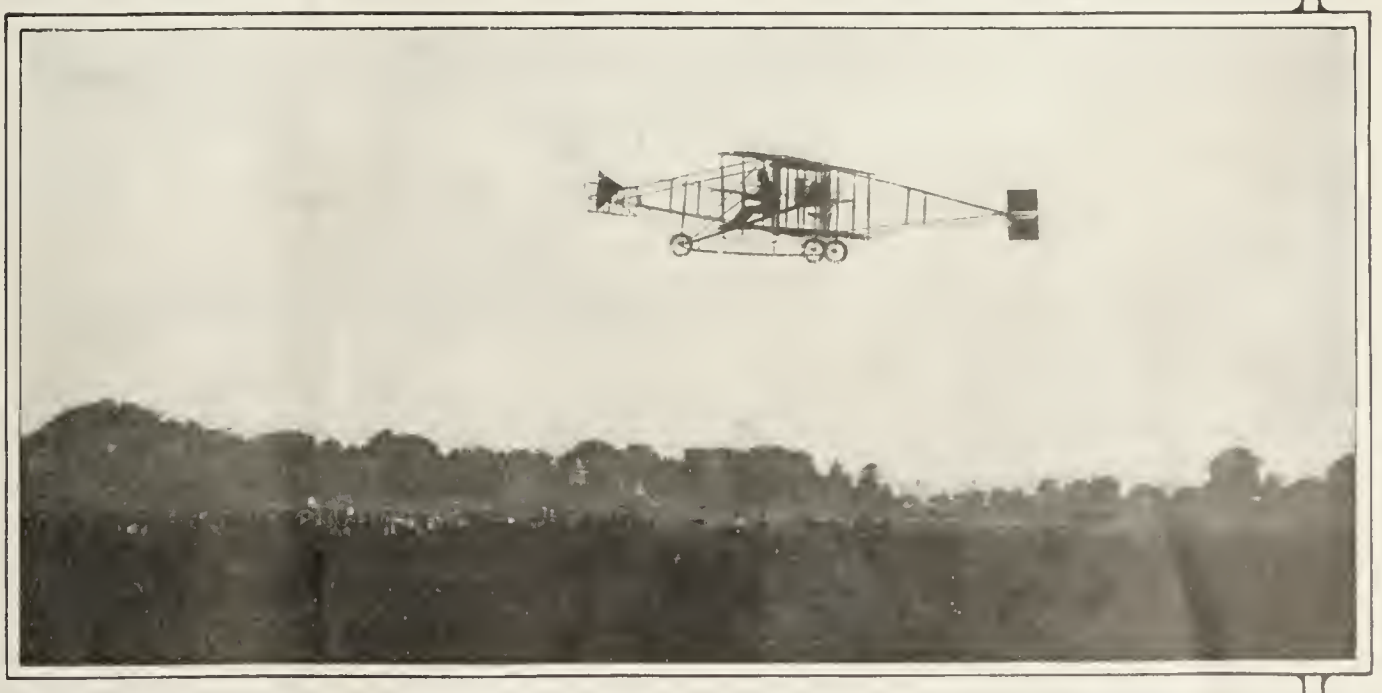
On June 5 he discovered an American author, Warrington Dawson, author of "The Scar" and "The Scourge": and wrote a generous, warm word for a Southern writer read in Europe and neglected at

(Continued on page 21)



The President Drives—Mr. Taft and his partner defeat the Vice-Presidential side decisively. The President played in excellent form, adding to his laurels as a golfer

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The Curtiss Aeroplane Flies Fifty-Two Minutes

Glenn H. Curtiss on July 17 broke all American records for this type of machine, except those set by the Wrights. At Hempstead Plains he flew 29½ miles, averaging 40 miles an hour

Collier's

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THESE are the ten Insurgents. They are the Republican Senators who, throughout the session, persistently fought Aldrich, threw the searchlight on his statements, defied his threats, voted against his schedules, and, in the end, broke away from the party and cast their ballots with the Democrats against the Aldrich tariff bill:

Albert J. Beveridge
Joseph L. Bristow
Norris Brown
Elmer J. Burkett
Moses E. Clapp
Coe I. Crawford
Knute Nelson
Albert B. Cummins
Jonathan P. Dolliver
Robert M. La Follette

The Insurgent States

NO EULOGY upon the Insurgent Senators can speak louder than the scorn and threats that Aldrich has heaped upon them. For them, their deeds speak. But it is not amiss to say a word for the communities who have sent these men to Washington and have supported and approved their position. To utter generalities about States whose population numbers millions, to draw comparisons between sections, is almost as futile as to attempt to indict a commonwealth. Yet some things about the Middle West may be said without dispute. These



States are to-day a better New England than New England itself. The dominant element in at least three of them is composed of those New Englanders who most inherited the spirit of the Pilgrims and went away from home for principle and opportunity to grow. Many of the New Englanders who came to Kansas set out to fight for a principle, and brought with them rifles in boxes labeled "Bibles." Wisconsin and Minnesota contain some of the best alien strains that have come to the American blood. The Insurgent States are:

Nebraska Minnesota Wisconsin South Dakota Iowa Kansas Indiana

They are States of small cities and large towns, of rich farms, where economic and political independence is man's highest prize.

Protect These Men

AMONG the ten Insurgents, four must soon come before their people for reelection. They are:

Beveridge of Indiana
Burkett of Nebraska
Clapp of Minnesota
La Follette of Wisconsin

These men should be supported in their several States by every man who admires independence and courage. Beyond their States those who approve the records of these Senators should contribute the powerful aid of outside public opinion. If these men are returned to the Senate it must be accomplished through the unselfishness of individuals. Every selfish interest, the organized wealth which contributes money, manages campaigns, and gets votes by purchase or persuasion—these interests they have opposed. It is no secret that Beveridge has been marked for slaughter. When he rose to cast the first Republican vote against the Aldrich bill (he leads the Insurgents in the alphabetical list, and important issues often hang on that position) Aldrich followed him with a bitter speech which was intended to excommunicate him from the Republican Party. Beveridge will need the help of all who approve his courage. The presence at Gary of the new plant of the Steel Corporation makes a new and dangerous element for Beveridge in his State. A similar effort, and a powerful one, will be made to retire La Follette; but, if nothing else, Wisconsin's pride in the thing that most distinguishes it among the States should be enough to save the man who was an Insurgent when there was only one. In Minnesota it is said that Frank B. Kellogg, the Government prosecutor of the Standard Oil Company, would like to displace Clapp. There is not one good reason for such a change, and a hundred sound arguments against it. Minnesota has reason to be proud of Clapp and of Nelson as well.

States Which Can Join the Insurgent List

WITHIN a year, in each of the following States, the people will have the opportunity of choosing a Senator:

Michigan Ohio Wyoming Montana California Utah

In the character of their population and in their political ideas these commonwealths are akin to the Insurgent States. What is the matter with Michigan? It should not be different from Minnesota and Wisconsin. Both its Senators, Smith and Burrows, have been servile followers of Aldrich. The term of Burrows expires with the present session. A new man would better represent the sentiment of Michigan.

In Ohio not even the machine will try to return to Dick. Impossible as it may seem, it is said that Foraker will try to come back. Has Ohio no other public man fit to stand beside Burton? Burton is not an Insurgent; but he obeys his conscience and his intelligence more than he does Aldrich. He is a satisfactory Senator, and Ohio should have either two like him, or him and one like Beveridge.

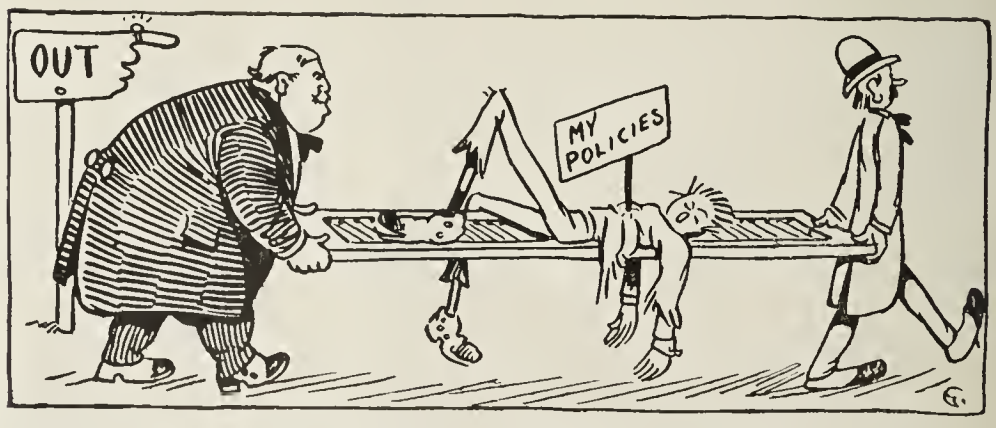
Wyoming, Montana, Utah—all these are communities of spirit. Do they relish the idea of being represented by Senators who play into the hands of Aldrich? They would laugh at Aldrich if he himself asked them to elect him to the Senate; they will do what amounts to the same thing if they return the Senators who always vote as Aldrich dictates. We think the next Senate will contain at least fifteen Insurgents.

A Name

SOME persons and papers prefer "Progressive Republicans" to "Insurgents" as a name for a possible new party. We like "Insurgents" partly because it is more colloquial, partly because we think it is more promising as the name for a new political party. History most often calls upon contemporary slang for names for new parties. A "Whig" was originally a poor Scotch mountaineer who lived upon whey. Similarly, "Tory" was a name for outlaws in Ireland. "Sansculottes," literally "without breeches," was not too undignified for the name of a party that included half of all France. "Roundhead" and "Greenbacker" are well known. The "Barnburners" were a powerful political group in early American history.

A Cartoon

THIS cartoon has been printed in some scores of newspapers throughout the West, including the Cleveland "Press," the Cincinnati "Post," and papers in St. Louis, Toledo, Los Angeles, Seattle, Spokane, Kansas City, Omaha, and St. Paul. In reprinting it we don't vouch for its entire accuracy, but do go farther than assert that it is interesting and amusing. Early in the present administration some one in Mr. Taft's Cabinet was credited with saying that "Roosevelt's policies will be carried out, but not with such flamboyant beating of tom-toms as characterized Mr. Roosevelt's own administration." That is the point of this cartoon. To represent Mr. Taft as playing the willing and conscious undertaker to Roosevelt's policies does him a definite injustice. He will never, as a positive action, repudiate the Roosevelt policies.



"Carrying out Roosevelt's policies"—"Not with such flamboyant beating of tom-toms, perhaps." One of Taft's Cabinet was credited with these words

He may, through inaction, or through easy-going acquiescence in the actions of those who are close to him, inadvertently become a party to the demise of the Roosevelt ideas. The difference between the recent and the present President has been said by Taft himself to be chiefly "a difference in method and in temperament." Still more is it a difference in energy. The same good intentions largely are common to both. But Taft lacks the energy, the love of action necessary to overcome the inertia of fixed ideas. If Roosevelt's policies are not perpetuated, this will be the reason. Mr. Taft has in his Cabinet at least one man who has, within his department, treated with violence all that Roosevelt had done. One such man, if active, may create such an impression as is pictured in this cartoon. That such an impression is gaining momentum throughout the West is a matter sufficiently serious to engage President Taft's attention.

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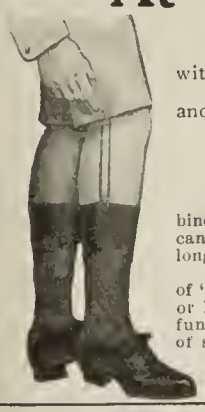
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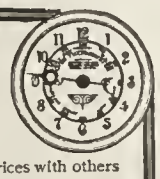
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What the World Is Doing

(*Continued from page 19*)

home. Lightly, in a June 19 issue, he abolished those who make a fetish of words—mere words, names, such as "liberty," "order," "reason," "authority," when they might be fighting for good government.

Latest of his jungle copy, hot from the inaccessible swamps, in the issue of the "Outlook" for July 17, he elongates and popularizes the Prayer of Agur, titling his little homily: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

He conceals the sting of his discourse in the tail of it, where for the heir of the multi-millionaire he advocates the imposition of "a heavily graded progressive inheritance tax." He says "it would be a particularly good thing if the tax bore heaviest on absentees."

Galvanizing Asia

ONE more world's capital has fallen into the hands of its friends, and Teheran is added to Constantinople as the scene of victory by Constitutionalists. The Shah had kept the constitution of January 1, 1907, for ornamental purposes, and the Progressives grew restive.

One by one, silently, but with a rush in the final moments, the nations of Asia are stepping over into modern life. In greater or less measure what has happened to Japan is apparently about to be reproduced in each of the Asiatic peoples.

India is in the same painful and unlovely state of finding itself. Transition gives frictional heat and fanaticism. Out of that hot-box sprang the murder by a Hindu student of Colonel Sir William Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Cawas Lalcaca. It was a political murder. Sir Curzon Wyllie was political aide-de-camp to Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India, and had previously been Resident in the West Rajputana States.

The soul of a race changes as the surfaces of its civilization change. And a railroad will banish a theory of transmigration. It is to be fervently hoped that the life of invention, science, constructive ability, engineering advance, commerce, industry, practical politics will not flatten off the East into a dreary pattern of commercialized life.

Some by-products of the East are undesirable. Dirt, ignorance, superstition, cruelty, and tyranny are not in themselves estimable.

But the cult of beauty, the reverence for old age, the pursuit of the life of the spirit, the poetic interpretation of the outer world, the absence of hustle, and the presence of calm, are contributions which the East could make to our brittle Western civilization.

The Downfall of the Villain

ARE we to be robbed of all our villains and favorite monsters, and to live in a dull gray world of virtue, where heroes are diversified but by saints?

In the audience of the people, Mr. Rockefeller has exposed himself as a gentle-souled old philanthropist. In his old age he has shown himself naked to his enemies, and challenged them to find a cloven hoof where the O'Sullivan ought to be. Instead of conferring cat-calls merely, the people have let him make out his defense and flattering exposé.

Then came Ferrero, the Italian historian, to clear the name of Nero from all taint. He pricked the bubble of his reputation as a tyrant, and showed him up in all his hopeless mediocrity as an essentially commonplace personage.

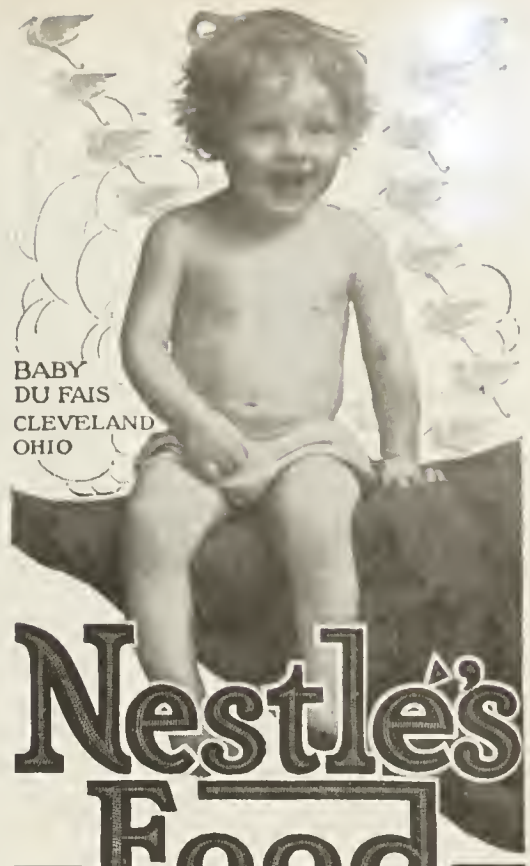
And now comes the rehabilitation for Russia and its rulers. The conservative London papers are diligent in creating friendly atmosphere for the Czar, about to visit Albion's chalk cliffs, and for the Duma members, who have already tested the roast beef and heart of oak.

The "Spectator" says of the Czar and his clemency:

"The Labour Party have proved themselves strangely blind to the extraordinary difficulties with which the Tsar has been confronted. We may be quite sure that the fate of Louis XVI has constantly been kept before his eyes, that he has again and again been warned of the danger he is running by not crushing the revolution in its cradle, that he has repeatedly been implored to make his subjects feel the full strength of their sovereign's arm."

A Human Scientist

SIMON NEWCOMB, who died at Washington on July 11, was able to do his thinking in terms of the common man. It was this skill in translating the technicalities of science into human speech that made him widely known, where his mathematics and his astronomy would



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Practically the only infants' food used in the hot countries—India, Australia, South and Central America, the African Colonies.
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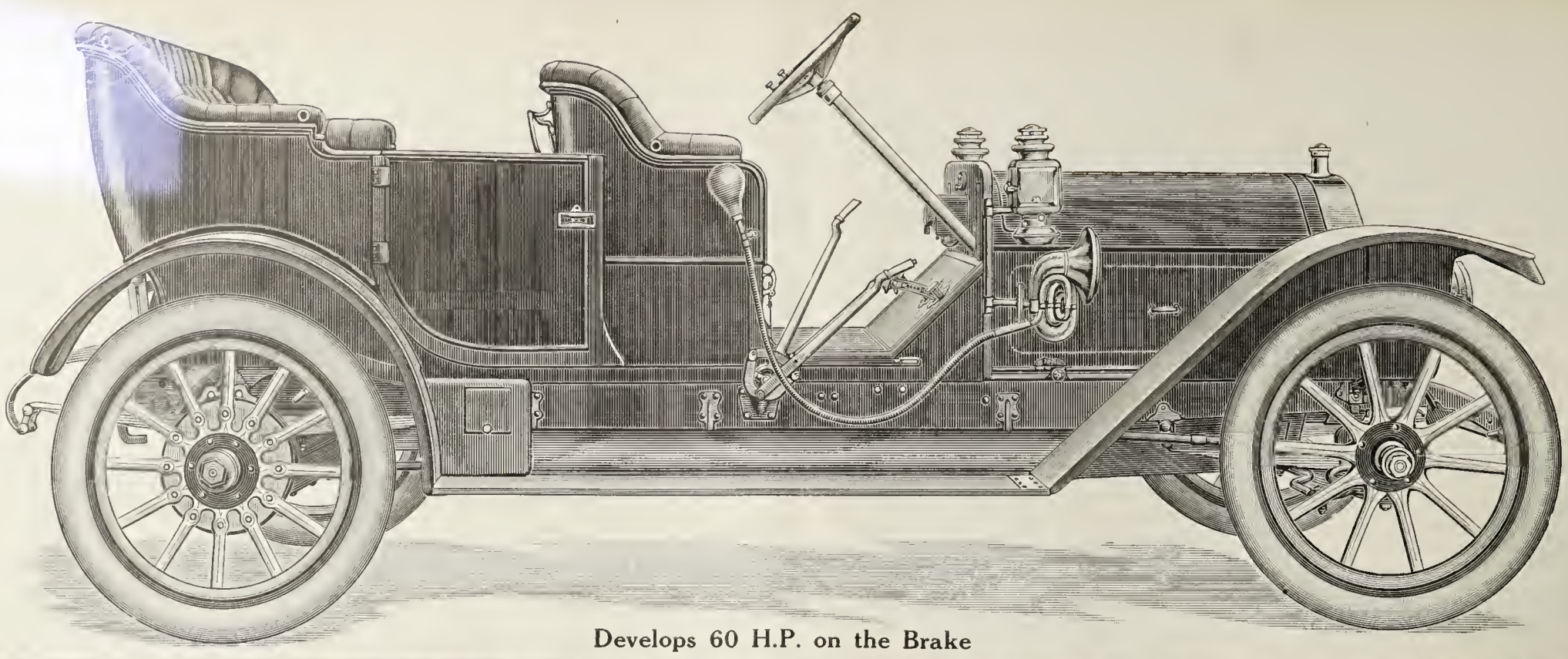
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BEGINNING the design in 1907, and the construction in 1908, we group in one car all the well-tried improvements of great merit that have been evolved in automobile construction for the sole purpose of eclipsing all the highest-priced competitors in the 30 to 40 H.P. class in power, silence, flexibility, smooth running, efficiency and reliability.

Among the improvements we have included the new "long stroke engine" with large, easy, gas passages of one half the piston diameter, and the completely water jacketed valve-seats and stems which result in:

Motors that give vastly increased power with same piston area. The new "long stroke" has revolutionized motor construction abroad.

(Note Great Improvement in Power.)

We rate our 6-cylinder, 4¼ x 5½ Model "M" motor at 40-H.P.
(A.L.A.M. rating is 43-8/10 H.P. at 1090 revolutions.)
A stock Model "M" motor will develop 50-H.P. at 1090 revolutions.

IMPROVED NICKEL STEEL TRANSMISSION GEARS

Short rigid shafts only 8 7/16 between centers of bearings. Imported annular ball-bearings throughout. Accessible and oil-tight.

All the newest foreign models of popular makes include 6-cylinders—the new "long stroke" motor design and the short transmission.

In addition to this, the 1910 Thomas Flyer "M" has all the niceties, refinements and improvements:

Engine base one-piece construction—crank shaft of large diameter which can be removed with fly-wheel as a unit—forged steel herring-bone timing gears—fly-wheel and all rotating mechanism perfectly balanced, both statically and dynamically—valve plungers cushioned to insure silence. Large water jackets insuring against over-heating—motor suspension three-point—large brakes—very long Silico Manganese springs—Two universal joints between transmission and clutch preventing any strain on bearings—the old reliable three-disc Thomas clutch (patented)—large manifolds—low center of gravity—125-inch wheel-base—chrome nickel steel frame—extra

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The Thomas Flyer

MODEL "M," 1910

Six-Cylinder; 4¼ inch bore; 5½ inch stroke; rated 40 H.P.

Touring Car, Flyabout, Tourabout, $3,500.00. Limousine, $5,000.00

Candidate for Public Favor

large bearings throughout—long propeller shaft—slight angle dust-proof universal joints—geared force feed oiler—two separate and distinct systems of ignition—axle clearance 11 inches. These points are combined with

Refined Simplicity *Speed and Power*
Economy *Durability* *Reliability*
Quiet Easy Riding *Beautiful Design and Finish*
Wonderful Flexibility
Superiority

The above points are easy to claim for any car, but are substantiated by the performance of few.

They are attained by only those cars which are the product of a wide experience, an unlimited expenditure of brain and money for experiment, and the conservative employment of those things which have been thoroughly tried out and found suitable for their intended purposes.

The Model "M" 1910 Thomas Flyer is the product of just such a course of procedure.

It is refined and simple in design because we have found that only such design will meet American road conditions.

It is speedy, and a powerful hill climber and endurance car as a result of this design.

It is economical and durable because only the best talent that can be had has planned it and only the most select labor and material enter into its construction.

It is the quietest, easiest riding and most beautifully designed and finished automobile made because we have been satisfied with nothing short of absolute superiority for the Model "M" 1910 Thomas Flyer.

Our reasons for assuming that we could build such a car are our long experience in car building; what we learned as to the requirements of a car's durability in the New York to Paris contest; the testing of the good points of both foreign and domestic cars, holding fast to the proved Thomas features, and more than all else to the fact that we make all the important parts of construction in our own shops, which are now equipped with the best of machinery. Rigid limits of inspection are demanded of both material, in our physical and chemical laboratories, and of labor in the shops.

We are satisfied as to our claims for its merits.

You can prove our claims by inspection and demonstration. We will abide by the result.

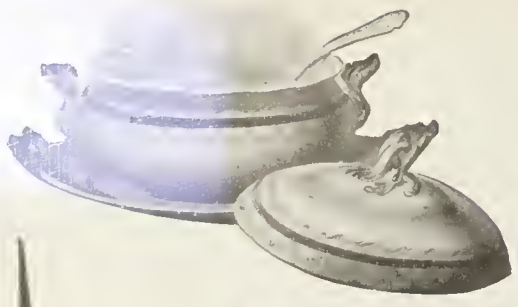
If you wish larger cars with more power, we have the great Model "F" 4-60-horsepower, a duplicate of the New York to Paris car, which sells for $4,500.00, and the greatest of all cars, the Thomas Flyer 6-70 Model "K" which sells for $6,000.00. This car this year is equipped with 38-inch tires and has many other improvements. It has the greatest reserve of power and strength of any car in the world, and every owner will back up the statement that the Thomas Flyer 6-70 for 1910 is the last word in smooth running, hill climbing ability and all that is good in automobiles.

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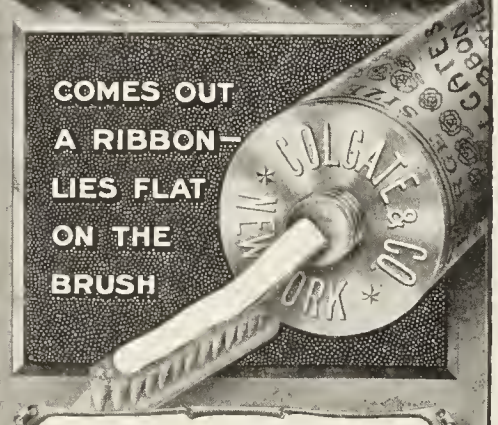
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WM. F. NYE NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

have left him the admiration of a handful of specialists.

Recently he gaged the orbit of the aeroplane, and discounted its future. He was convinced that the aeroplane—which can not be navigated out of sight of the land or in a fog, which can not pause in its flight for any repairing or readjusting of its delicate machinery, which "makes toward the ground like a wounded bird the moment any stoppage occurs"—will never be of much use as a carrier of passengers and freight. The same handicaps would, of course, fatally limit its efficiency against an enemy in time of war.

All Cities: Please Copy

WORK—there is work for the luckless, the unemployed, the pale scholar, the ambitious, for all but the laggard and the sluggard. Hundreds of harvest hands are still needed in Kansas. Dickinson, Graham, Rooks, Smith, Trego, and Phillips Counties are crying for men to the harvests, which are maturing under the level sun.

The Swiftest Creature

COVERING 1,600.05 yards a minute, a homing pigeon, on July 12, flew from North Bay, Ontario, to Baltimore. It was 510 miles in an air line, and the total time was 9 hours and 17 minutes; 486 birds were liberated. The record for 500 miles is 1,705.62 yards a minute.

Racing pigeons are the fleetest of all creatures. They have maintained a speed of a mile and a half a minute for a hundred miles, and they have flown 700 miles between the rising and setting of the sun.

The bird that made the 700-mile record on the day of toss was "Wilkens," owned by W. J. Lautz. The average speed was 1,546.97 yards a minute. Three other birds covered the distance. The four were blown home by an 80-mile-an-hour wind in their tail feathers. That record will probably stand for all time, as weather conditions were unexampled over all the course.

A hundred-mile record was established in 1900 by a bird who clipped off 2,511.87 yards a minute. That is at the rate of a mile and one-half a minute.

Pigeons have flown a thousand miles back to the home loft. In 1904 a bird covered that distance in 5 days, 2 hours and 15 minutes, proving "how unerring is the mysterious homing instinct that will drive them across a continent without swerving. But the test is no more true sport than a six-day bicycle race. The birds simply hurl themselves against time and space till they are played out. They can never race again."

The perfect pigeon-racing distance is 500 miles. The racing bird weighs from twelve to fourteen ounces, and measures eleven to twelve inches in length from tip of tail to beak. It stands strongly, is full-chested, and has broad flight feathers, well protected by secondary feathers.

The racer rises into the air with heavy, slow wing pulsations, then once poised over the starting-point, there is a swifter, shorter beat, and then the time is hit up to the "third and permanent wing rhythm, rapid and steady as a pulse beat, which sees them homed before dark."

They fly 300 feet high over land, but low over water. Their enemies as they fly are wind, rain, gunners, and hawks. They do all their flying between sunrise and sunset. If caught out overnight, they fend for themselves till dawn.

The homing instinct is lifelong. During the Franco-Prussian War the Germans caught a homing pigeon which was on its way into beleagured Paris. The bird was kept prisoner for ten years. It was then released and immediately returned to its old home.

The Critic

WE IN the United States have been breaking our bones on a rock-ribbed conservative, while England has been trying to extinguish a red-flag radical. Pretty much the same things have been said of Senator Aldrich as of Lloyd-George.

A strong man taking definite action will set the critics yelping in the time-honored vocabulary of stricture, which is much alike for all occasions. Here is the "Saturday Review" on the present English Government. (Substitute the names of Senators and you get proper words for the Rhode Island chieftain and his clique.)

"The present triumvirate of Messrs. Asquith, Lloyd-George, and Churchill rule Great Britain as absolutely as ever three men ruled Rome. The degrading feature about the present situation is that it is the autocracy of the demagogue. We seem to be within measurable distance of the untempered reign of the political lawyer, the labor delegate, and the politician of the American type."

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The other Cadillac demonstrator upon which we have just put new tires ran 7852 miles, and would perhaps run over a thousand miles more, but their appearance is no longer good enough for a demonstrating car. This is an average of about 10,000 miles on the two cars.

These tire showings have made it possible for us to get all our customers to specify your tires, which will number over 200 Cadillac cars this season.

Yours very truly,

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PER. [signature]

We have selected this letter from among the many reports of similar service we receive because of this significant fact: A demonstrating car, by reason of the various "stunts" it must perform in exhibiting its selling points, gives its tires much harder usage than they would receive in ordinary service.

You, as a motorist, may therefore reasonably accept the average service these eight tires gave on Cadillac demonstrating cars as a fair sample of the service Morgan & Wright Tires would give on your car.

Morgan & Wright, Detroit

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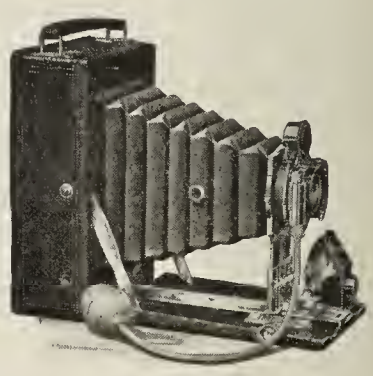
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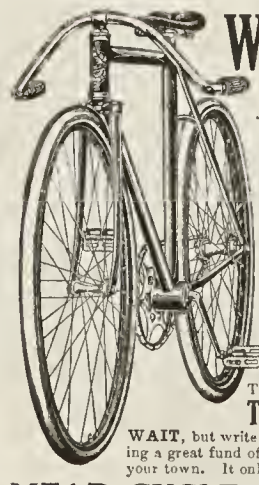
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An Epidemic of "African" Books

ON HUNTING in British East Africa books multiply. Partly this is so because British East Africa is the most accessible and easiest traveled of African game haunts, as well as because it abounds in wild animal life to a greater extent than any other spot on earth. Partly also it is because so many men who go a-hunting appear to feel the desire to write a book, regardless of their fitness for the task. And so it is that we have volume after volume of commonplace hunting experiences set forth in colorless, uninviting style. More boresome books are written around hunting trips than on any single subject, and that's too bad, for there is no subject more replete with interesting material or more inspiring.

"On Safari," by Abel Chapman, is an example. It is no better and no worse than the average of these hunting books without which one could get along so well. It is the commonplace talk of the ordinary hunter in Africa. Mr. Chapman proclaims himself an ornithologist, though giving little more than a catalogue of the birds he sees. For example—the rare sight of a Goliath heron moves him to no other comment than that it was "tall and gray." Indeed, the most noticeable feature of the book is its dearth of comment on the birds and animals encountered. "Thus ended our Twelfth on the Equator. We had brought in five heads of as many different species and three of them new to us!" Perhaps the author realized his limitations in this respect, for I find him referring to the cheetah as "in general appearance closely resembling a leopard"!

The volume is generously besprinkled with the author's poorly drawn natural history sketches, although there are also several very good full-page studio hunting pictures, not by the author. There is some good stuff in the book, but one must dig for it. The best thing in the volume is the author's account of his first elephant and a photograph of a live cobra. I note also some moral reflections on game protection—at the end of the volume, after the author had satisfied his lust for elephant killing. It will be a relief when Roosevelt comes out and puts into print the story of his experiences. However personal it turns out to be, it will, at any rate, be accurate and satisfactory to the man who wants to know. C. W.

Four Cheering, Unsung Books

FOR that convenient shelf on which to stack the good stories that will want occasional rereading, please consider these four volumes:

"The Belted Seas," by Arthur Colton.
"The Delectable Mountains," by Arthur Colton.
"The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart.
"The Boss of Little Aready," by Harry Leon Wilson.

They have all been published within the past ten years, and none of them has ever come within a thousand miles of the best sellers. Each is a contribution to American humor. Colton is whimsical, glancing, and, in "The Delectable Mountains," purely native in his humor. "The Belted Seas" episodes preceded the better-known tropical extravaganzas of O. Henry. In them are delicious characterization, pure comedy of situation, and a happy wilfulness of plot. Here is their tone:

"Cold are the feet and forehead of the Earth,
Temperate his bosom and his knees;
But huge and hot the midriff of his girth,
Where rolls the laughter of the belted seas."

Whoever loves Huck Finn and the Mississippi will give "The Fugitive Blacksmith" a good place on the shelf. It is illuminated with the big river's hilarity, and, in pages, becomes tragic and intense. Stewart writes without considering tradition—his tale jumps here and there unexpectedly. You may be sure, however, that there always exists the raconteur's best reason for the shift—the necessity of following the vital thread of narrative. Drop in behind this fleeing, handy man on his way up from New Orleans, across Arkansas, and into Texas, and you will remember the flavor of these parts, primitive, sinister, populated by a volatile people.

"Little Aready" can be found anywhere in the Middle West. It is a small town (village it would be in the East), full of comedy characters. In reading Mr. Wilson's book you will have the impression



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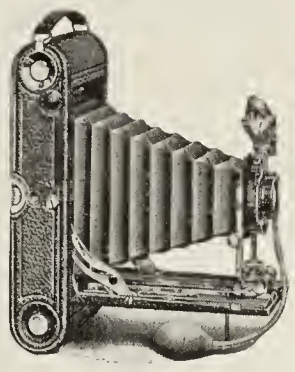
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Pictures, 3¼ x 5½. Price, $20.00

Have the new Kodak Ball Bearing silent shutters, Superior rapid rectilinear lenses and every adjustment that is desirable in a hand camera, yet retain the perfect Kodak simplicity.

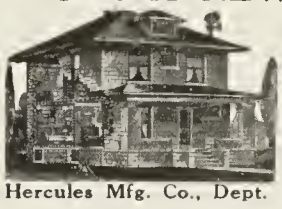
Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

SILENCE and POWER together with SPEED and the M. M. SIMPLICITY of construction is why the



M. M. Motorcycle is the acknowledged leader. Its powerful perfectly balanced engine, its absolutely quiet muffler, its positive control, and its easy riding, smooth running qualities proves it an ideal Motorcycle. DEALERS WANTED.
M. M. MOTOR COMPANY Brockton, Mass.

A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY



Manufacture concrete building blocks and make money. Demand is practically unlimited. Big profits on small investment. Machines **$16.25** up. Artistic face designs, face down. Free catalog.
Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Centerville, Iowa

STERLING TIRES

Sterling Tires are about one year old—old enough to talk for themselves—and they do. We tested them hard for six months, before we offered one for sale. Since then about 15,000 have been sold, and we do not know of one dissatisfied customer. May we suggest that that is "going some?"

STERLING BLUE TUBES There is no other blue tube, therefore no excuse for not getting the best. There's method in the blueness—it is a heat resister—saves blow outs. "Ask us why they're blue." Tell us what tires you use and where you buy them and we'll tell you how to get a Sterling Blue Tube—FREE.

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO., Rutherford, N. J.

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New York, 1691 Broadway
Philadelphia, Pa., Philadelphia Rubber Tire Co., 680 N Broad St.
Syracuse, N. Y., Central City Rubber Co., 248 W. Washington St.
Rochester, N. Y., Sidney B. Roby Co., 208 South Ave.
Boston, Mass., C. S. Knowles, 7 Arch St.
Columbia, S. C., E. A. Jenkins Motor Co., 1216 Main St.
Buffalo, N. Y., The Kelsey Co., 43-45 Niagara St.
St. Louis, Mo., Phoenix Auto. Supply Co., 3932 Olive St.
Baltimore, Md., The "little joe" Weisenfeld Co., 300 W. Baltimore St.
Troy, N. Y., The E. G. Bernard Co., 1918-34 Sixth Ave.
Newark, O., Ball-Fintze Co.
Cincinnati, O., Ball-Fintze Co., 108 W. 3d St.
Columbus, O., Motor Supply Co., 15 E. Spring St.
Toledo, O., Motor Supply Co., 426 Summit St.
Springfield, O., Motor Supply Co., 105 E. High St.
Dayton, O., Motor Supply Co., 40 E. 5th St.
Ft. Wayne, Ind., Motor Supply Co., 929 Calhoun St.
St. Paul, Minn., C. J. Smith & Co., 16 W. 4th St.
San Francisco, Calif., Pacific Sales Corporation, 50-56 Van Ness Ave.
Chicago, Ill., Franco-American Auto. Supply Co., 1404 Michigan Ave.
Richmond, Va., Gordon Motor Co., Inc., 1631-5 W. Broad St.
Jacksonville, Fla., McGraw Bros. & Vogt
Savannah, Ga., Savannah Tire & Repair Wks., 109 W. State St.
Albany, Ga., Clark's Garage, 130 Pine St.
Atlanta, Ga., The Dunham Rubber Co., 102 N. Pryor St.
Indianapolis, Ind., The Guarantee Tire & Bicycle Co., 208 So. Illinois St.
Cleveland, O., The Western Reserve Motor Car Co., 5017 Euclid Ave.
Portland, Me., The James Bailey Co., 15 Free St.

STERLING BLUE TUBES

Can Your Advertising Agent Outsell All the Rest?

This is the vital question.

Advertising agents are bad, better or best, according to their selling ability.

Nothing else matters at all.

Advertising has only one purpose. It is done solely to sell the goods.

If ads can be written to sell a tenth more than yours, you are wasting a tenth of your money. You are losing a tenth of your sales.

Suppose you could hire the best salesman you know at the price of a tyro. Which man would you take?

In advertising, you can do exactly that.

High-class agents, whether good or poor, all charge the same commission.

Ads that sell the utmost cost no more to insert than ads that sell nothing at all.

Getting the best is not a question of price, but of shrewdness.

Your degree of success depends entirely on your selection of salesmen-in-print.

We solicit business solely on the basis of results.

We might talk age, for this agency is 36 years old.

We might talk size, for we have outgrown all rivals.

We might talk buying power, influence, knowledge of mediums—a dozen such matters of course.

But what do they all matter when compared with results?

Our only claim is that we outsell all others. We have proved it to hundreds. We can prove it to you.

This fact is so certain—so invariably true—that we handle advertising without any contract whatever. We rely solely on results to keep it.

That is why our Copy Chief is paid $1,000 per week. That is why each of our brilliant men holds the place he holds.

Working together—as they do—they can sell more goods per dollar spent than any other men in existence.

Suppose these claims are facts. And suppose they apply to you.

Suppose these men, at the same expense, could bring twice the results you are getting.

How much would it mean?

There is a way to find out—easily, quickly and certainly.

It can be done without any commitment on your part, and without disturbing your present agency connections.

The answer will be clear and final. It may be worth thousands of dollars to you. And it may be worth millions. That depends on the article advertised.

If you are interested, ask us to explain the way.

LORD & THOMAS

NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE AND OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

NEW YORK
SECOND NAT'L BANK BLDG.
FIFTH AVE. and 28th ST.

CHICAGO
TRUDE BUILDING
67 WABASH AVE.

Address either office. They are equally equipped



Is Your Face Smooth?

The best way to keep it smooth—
the easiest, quickest, pleasantest way—Use the

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

A shave like a caress.

Automatically stropped correctly without removing the blade, the stropping Device being contained *within the razor itself.*

Not taken apart to strop or clean.
Saves constant blade expense.

Sold on 30 days' trial wherever men shop.

Send for booklet.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 347 Fifth Ave., New York

14 St. Helen Street, Montreal. 61 New Oxford Street, London

Binder for COLLIER'S, $1.25 EXPRESS PREPAID

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S, 416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

that he took a sympathetic witness's interest in setting down truthfully the qualities that make Little Arcady's people absurd, narrow, prying, helpful, impulsive, likable. The book is real, clean, native comedy, and accurate enough to save as a historical document. J. M. O.

Illinois in the Fifties

IT IS the Load-Bearer in Francis Grierson's recently published volume of recollections of the Lincoln country who speaks:

"The difference a-twixt Lincoln en Douglas warn't so much in Lincoln's bein' a good ways over six foot en Douglas a good ways under, ez it war in thar eyes. The Jedge looked like he war speakin' agin time, but Abe Lincoln looked plumb through the meetin' into the Everlastin'—the way Moses must hev looked when he see Canaan ahead."

Mr. Grierson was born in England in 1848, emigrated with his father to Illinois in 1849, and returned to Europe while still a young man. In Paris he became the friend of Alexandre Dumas and other brilliant people, and developed into one of the musical celebrities of his time—he was an untaught genius. From music he drifted into literature. He chose criticism as his field and French as the proper language in which to express himself. "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament" give the clue to his work.

Now, at sixty-one, Mr. Grierson digs into his memory and reproduces successfully the rough world of the Illinois prairies, and the "mystical" spirit that pervaded the people and preceded the coming of the new era. The settlers were busy with ax and plow, but behind their practical striving and sure common sense there was an impulse toward the spiritual. It was a day of great religious revivals, politics was taken seriously, Mrs. Stowe's book was a flame, and the two bright comets that appeared in the sky became divine warnings to prepare for some great change. Promise, the great hope, vigor, humor, crudity, the shrewd philosophy of the country preacher and doctor, the fierce energy of the abolitionist leaders, cornhuskings, the Frémont campaign, Indian dances, life on the Mississippi, the glare of war—these are some of the pictures and moods preserved in the book. It is, in detail and dialect, exaggerated, and it is highly colored by sentiment. Yet the big impression is true—and many of the stories are worth remembering. J. M. O.

One More Social Crusader

OUR attention has been called to a volume, translated from the French. It is written by a person signing himself "Victor Hugo"—obviously, a pseudonym. The book is rather ambitiously named "Les Misérables," and aims to be the voice, or better, the chorus and orchestral interpreter, of the submerged millions of mankind, who live in poverty, disease, and crime. It is one more of the multitudinous class of treatises that preach humanitarianism—what they call "social justice." To the author of these lay sermons, poverty is a disease of the community, and not the bitter fruit of individual incompetence.

The "Brotherhood of Man" idea obsesses the author at all times. He would probably deny that there is such a thing as a "criminal class"—to be harried by the police power of the State. Certainly he would have small sympathy for the old-time division of the cohorts of wo into "Worthy and Unworthy Poor," with Thrift and Individual Initiative as the cures for misery.

"Les Misérables" contains two characters that possess elements of fascination. These are the Good Bishop and Jean Valjean. It is the author's attempt here to express the wo of the race as it flows through the person of men that have suffered much, and learned pity from tribulation.

These suffering, strong and tender characters are movingly, even passionately, rendered, and in spite of their central impossibility, they do have their way with the reader while he is under the spell of the surging prose.

And so one closes the book with the lament of the poets, "*Ay de mi.* Alas, poor humans."

Against our very conviction, against all the formulated laws of progress, one is almost persuaded that here in "Les Misérables" we have the Christian program, the beautiful dream of the evangelists, in modern guise. Dared one but believe that there is one fairer than all the rest, that there "is a heart even as mine behind this vain show of things." A. H. G.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.—*Adv.*

The music of Victor Herbert's orchestra under his personal direction will be reproduced exclusively on Edison Records



*Victor Herbert

Victor Herbert is now the musical adviser for the National Phonograph Company. He will select much of the music for Edison Records, recommend, in many instances, the singers or musicians best qualified to produce it for reproduction and pass upon the master records.

No other man could be found so perfectly fitted for this position. Mr. Herbert has done more to teach Americans to like good music than any other man, because he has made the kind of good music that is likable.

He is a master of music. He has built up and leads one of the best orchestras in the country and has written more successful operas, two-steps, marches and other kinds of music than any other American composer.

He will create, through Edison Records, a distinctly American school of music, good as well as popular, liked by everybody.

Edison Records, by Victor Herbert's orchestra, will be ready in September.

National Phonograph Company, 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Locomobile
1910

Locomobile cars for 1910 combine the superior reliability and durability for which our product is famous, with exceptional silence in operation and notable easy riding qualities

"30" Locomobile Shaft Drive
"40" Locomobile Chain Drive
Touring Cars, Roadsters,
Limousines, Landaulets.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO

MEMBER ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

Send for booklet giving advance information regarding 1910 models

You Can't Shave Wrong with a KEEN KUTTER *Safety Razor*



You're bound to shave right with a Keen Kutter Safety Razor—you can't help it. It is set at just exactly the proper angle so it will not pull or scrape or slip over the beard.

Pick up a Keen Kutter Safety Razor and shave—that's all there is to it. The details of angle and adjustment have been carefully and accurately taken care of by the makers.

Try a shave with a Keen Kutter Safety Razor. See how much easier, quicker, smoother and more comfortable it is than any other. See how much better your face feels. No matter how tender your skin or how wiry your beard—this razor will give you a velvety shave. Put up in a leather case with 12 guaranteed Norwegian steel blades of Keen Kutter quality, ready for instant use. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.



No. K-1—Silver Plated in genuine Black Leather Case, $3.50
No. K-3—Gold Plated in genuine English Pigskin Case, $5.00

If not at your dealer's, write us

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



SCHOOL DAYS

Painted by Stanley M. Arthurs for Cream of Wheat Company

Copyright 1909 by Cream of Wheat Company

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Broadway Central Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. One table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?

CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET B WITH MAP OF CITY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

American Hotel Absolutely fireproof. European plan. Finest hotel in heart of St. Louis; everything new. $1.50 up. Every room with bath.

SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Chalfonte ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

TOURS
AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, N w York

AROUND the WORLD
COOK'S 38th Annual Series of
TOURS de LUXE
Cover varied routes, including
JAPAN, NORTH CHINA, SOUTH CHINA, JAVA KOREA, MANCHURIA, MANILA, BURMA, CEYLON, SIAM, INDIA, EGYPT.
Highest class travel, best hotels, limited small parties, complete sightseeing, advance arrangements made by our own Oriental offices. Long experience makes our service finest possible.
Tours leave San Francisco. Aug. 24, Sept. 14, Oct. 5, Oct. 20; eastbound, leave New York Nov. 6, 27, Dec. 9, and Jan. 8. South American Tour Nov. 20. British E. Africa, Uganda, &c., October 19.
Get program C from **THOS. COOK & SON** 245 Broadway NEW YORK
Or our 146 offices throughout the world

WHERE TO GO NEXT WINTER—SUMMER NEW ZEALAND, the Greater Switzerland! When the northern hemisphere is blanketed with snow New Zealand is at its best, with a perfect climate and natural wonders that rival the world's greatest; and on the way there one sails over summer seas to the enchanted islands of Tahiti and Rarotonga, etc. January 15th the midsummer cruise to MILFORD SOUND is made; nothing like it for scenery and genuine adventure; including 3 months' tour to South Sea Islands, $488.75.
TAHITI AND BACK (24 days), $125, 1st class. Sailings, Sept. 11, Oct. 17, Nov. 22. Oceanic S. S. Co., 673 Market St., San Francisco.

CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD
By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from 'Frisco, $650 and up.
12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, $400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa. | THE IDEAL WAY

LEARN TO SWIM
BY ONE TRIAL
Ayvad's Water-Wings



Price 25c and 35c
GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER
A person weighing from 50 to 250 lbs can float on them without an effort. Inquire of any one who has used Ayvad's water-wings and be convinced you can learn to swim the first day you are in the water. For those who can swim they furnish a source of amusement nothing can equal. Easily adjusted. Take no more room than a pocket handkerchief. Sold by Dry-goods, Sporting-goods, Druggists, Hardware dealers, etc. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. B.
AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J.
London Branch, 8 Long Lane, Aldersgate St., E. C.
NOTE—Educational Dept. London County Council classified Water-Wings with books, etc., as necessary school supply.
Bright Young Men wanted to act as Agents. Liberal inducements offered. Send for particulars.

MOVING WEST?
Don't sell your Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write today for colored maps and information.
TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO.
506 Bedford Bldg., Chicago 615-29 Broadway, New York

Collier's

Saturday, August 7, 1909

The Circus is Coming to Town! *Cover Design*

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Volume XLIII Number 20

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 15

ADVERTISING DECREASES THE COST OF ADVERTISING

THERE are 139 advertisers in this issue of Collier's. If they attempted to reach you, a possible purchaser, with their catalogs, it would cost them each one cent for postage alone; $1.39 in total. If they sent their catalogs to *every one* of our 500,000 subscribers, it would cost them $695,000. You can see that this method would be prohibitive on account of the immense cost.

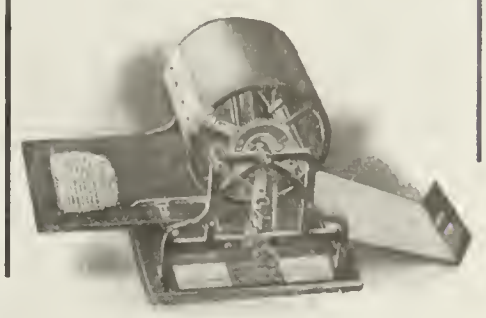
These advertisers are, however, placing their announcements on your library tables for a very small cost per home. For instance, the 28-line advertisement (two inches) costs $70.00 per issue, and based upon this expenditure, Collier's carries this announcement into 64 homes for one cent. The 56-line advertisement (four inches) costs $140 per issue, and reaches 32 homes for each cent expended. The quarter page (the size of this Bulletin) costs $400 per issue, and reaches 12 homes for one cent.

These figures will prove to you that there is no truth in the assertion which you hear people make occasionally, that advertising increases the cost of merchandise to the consumer. Hundreds of commodities, either necessities or luxuries, that you are enjoying to-day, are made possible because manufacturers have access to the advertising columns of the magazines to tell you of their products. The remarkably large sale of advertised goods also proves that there is no more economical method of reaching the purchasing public than by magazine advertising.

E. L. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The News Value of Advertising"

The Quick and Economical



Rotary Neostyle

is the most satisfactory office duplicator. There is no soiling of hands and no complicated type setting. The original stencil is written on typewriter as easily as any letter. Our composite stencil paper is now put up with backing sheet, etc., all ready to use.

The Neostyle prints neat, clear copies, all exact duplicates, at rate of 60 to 100 a minute.

Merely turn the crank and feed the paper—the rotation of the drum brings the printing surface of the stencil to the paper and the ink supply is automatic.

Address for booklet and prices,

Neostyle Co.
30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago

PAY THE
Canadian Pacific Ry.
62½c Per Acre
And Take Immediate Possession of
Wonderfully Productive
Farm Land In Southern British Columbia

Yes Sir, Wonderfully Productive land for 62½ cents per acre down and 62½ cents per acre once a year for seven years—that's the maximum you have to pay us for the land.

If you select land slightly timbered you pay in addition only two dollars per thousand for the timber which you sell, all that you use on the place is free.

At these prices we are almost giving it away, but the Canadian Pacific Railway wants YOU, not your money.

As a matter of fact that first 62½ cents is all that need come out of your pocket direct, the land itself if properly handled can be made to yield a comfortable living and pay for itself. And, when fully developed, it will yield a good living and a comfortable surplus.

These lands are suitable for general, truck, fruit, dairy and stock farming.

120,112 lbs. of Vegetables From 10 Acres

Mr. D. E. Gellatley and Sons shipped from Gellatley, British Columbia, over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of mixed vegetables in one year—all raised on ten acres of what was just such land as you can buy for 62½ cents per acre per year.

$5,030 in Fruit from 6 Acres

Mr. T. W. Stirling of Kelowna, British Columbia, sold the fruit picked in one season from 6 acres for $5,030.00.

An advertisement can't tell the whole story. But, if you men and women who are fighting a hopeless, up hill battle will send me your names, I'll see that you get good hard facts about this country of opportunities by the thousands, enough to go round and to spare.

If you have any idea that Southern British Columbia is a far off barren waste, cold and uninviting, you were never more mistaken in your life.

There is no more delightful country to live in anywhere. Let me send you the facts.

We will satisfy you that you can enjoy life and prosper in Southern British Columbia.

Then come up here and buy a 160 acre farm for 62½ cents an acre down and 62½ cents an acre a year and the Canadian Pacific Railway will hand you back half your fare over its own line of railway.

Fill out the coupon now—You'll get the facts by return mail, and you'll then know how to fix yourself comfortably for life.

J. S. DENNIS, British Columbia Land Commissioner,

J. S. DENNIS, British Columbia Land Commissioner,
Dept. A, Canadian Pacific Railway,
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

I want information about Southern British Columbia, and your 62½ cents per acre per year land.

Name. .....

Address. .....

Town ..... State. .....



The Hippopotamus at Home

THESE pictures of a herd of hippopotami in their native wilds were taken by COLLIER'S photographer after several days of vain attempts to photograph them. The beasts are exceptionally shy and object particularly to being seen out of water. After maneuvering a long way to keep clear of their wind, the photographer reached an advantageous point in sight of the rock about which the animals congregated. Since they were eighty or one hundred yards away, a telephoto lens was used. On the following day Mr. Dugmore could not approach near enough to the herd for a second set of pictures. The upper view shows the birds which sit on the backs of the animals, eating the leeches which cling to the huge beasts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHER IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA . . . COPYRIGHT 1909 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

August 7, 1909

A Speech

PRESIDENT TAFT is about to spend six weeks at Beverly, Massachusetts. That pleasant seacoast town is something less than fifty miles from the southern boundary of New Hampshire. Two or three hours of agreeable automobile riding would carry the President to Portsmouth, to Manchester, Nashua, or even Concord. At all these places, during September, there will be fairs, or other public events at which people gather. We wish that one or the other of these towns would persuade the President to be their guest; and on that supposititions occasion we wish the President might deliver this speech. We give only the essential point of it; the President may surround its beginning and its end with those apt expressions of a genuinely charming personality which make friends of every crowd that he addresses:

"I am anxious that the Democratic Party in New Hampshire should be strengthened.

"Political divisions in this State, in Pennsylvania, and in other Northern States have continued in such a way as at some times to seem to perpetuate the lines which were made at the time of the war, but even these lines are rapidly disappearing, and *it is the duty of all of us, with respect to political partizanship, to wipe out those lines as far as we can and to see so far as we may that in each State the tolerance of opinion shall continue until there shall be respectable parties on both sides, because it is essential to have a good opposition to have a good government.*"

This is a good speech. The sentiments are sound. With "New Hampshire" substituted in place of "North Carolina," and "Democratic" for "Republican," and the addition of nine words to make the transposition clear—*this is exactly the same speech that President Taft delivered at Charlotte, North Carolina*, on the twentieth day of May. That speech, exhorting the South to be less uniformly Democratic, justly attracted wide attention. This supposititious speech, urging New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, and various other Northern States to be less hidebound in their Republicanism, would attract even more attention. Justice to the South requires that it be delivered. Its delivery would be a guarantee of the good faith of what Mr. TAFT has said to the South. Partizanship gone too far is no more to be deplored in North Carolina than in New Hampshire.

Circumstantial Evidence

HERE is a case of circumstantial evidence that may give the reader more insight into our political system than one usually gets from the pages of the Congressional Record or the Government Blue-Book. The citizens of Los Angeles have for three years attempted to prevent the control of San Pedro Harbor by the Southern Pacific Company. To thwart Mr. HARRIMAN's plans, the people of Los Angeles brought suit to set aside certain tide-lands claimed by the railroad. The Southern Pacific, seeking to offset the possible result of this suit, applied to pliant trustees for fifty-year leases of equivalent lands. These leases would give the railroad the control it sought, whatever the result of the suit. Captain A. A. FRIES, the Government engineer in charge of the harbor, in public interviews and addresses, warned the people in time to arouse a public sentiment which alarmed the trustees and induced the Southern Pacific to withdraw its request. At the very moment Captain FRIES's efforts bore fruit in these results, a telegram was received in Los Angeles, through one of Mr. HEARST's newspapers, announcing Captain FRIES's removal to other scenes of usefulness. Perhaps it was a mere coincidence. It is to be hoped, also, that there is nothing more than coincidence in the fact that Captain FRIES's chief, JACOB M. DICKINSON, was the attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad, one of Mr. HARRIMAN's properties, at the time of his selection as Secretary of War by President TAFT. This fact ought to make Mr. DICKINSON cautious, even of appearances. In any event, the moral of all this is that militant patriotism of the kind that protects public property from the spoiling hands of corporations is neither a necessary nor a commendable quality in a Government engineer.

California's Servitude

"FREIGHT RATES" is not a term to beckon the eye on a hot summer day. But to the generation that lives upon this continent to-day it is a good deal more important than Fourth of July. It affects the quantity of food every human being may have for breakfast, and much more the quality and variety of that food. It determines for millions of heads of families whether or not they may own homes of their own, and leaves them able or unable to send their sons to college. Moreover, there is, in this particular story about freight rates, the human interest of a king and his people—the successful effort of Mr. HARRIMAN to make the Pacific Coast pay tribute to him; their unsuccessful efforts to shake off his chains. The facts, necessarily complicated, may try the patience of the uninitiated; but, if only for the benefit of the Pacific Coast business man who understands, the statement of them is well worth while.

The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company has been sailing its vessels around the Horn for seven or eight years. It has a fleet of some fifteen ships. They carry sugar from Hawaii to Philadelphia and New York. Their return cargoes consist of merchandise for California. Since January 1, 1907, this company has been using the Tehuantepec route from Salina Cruz on the Pacific side to the Port of Mexico on the Gulf side. It is claimed by officials of the American-Hawaiian Company that the Mexican Government has spent sixty million dollars on the Tehuantepec route. The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, as soon as it got formidable, however, was compelled to capitulate to E. H. HARRIMAN, who is President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which uses the Panama route, and which is the property of the Southern Pacific. The American-Hawaiian Company does not touch at any ports which have Southern Pacific terminals. Some years ago the San Francisco merchants organized the North American Navigation Company and supported it by subscription. This company competed by sea with the Southern Pacific freight rates between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Southern Pacific reduced its transcontinental rail rates and drove the North American Navigation Company out of business at a heavy loss. It is said to have cost the Southern Pacific nearly seven million dollars, but the road got the money back as soon as it destroyed the competition.

It is rather a pathetic story, this attempt of the Pacific Coast to break its transportation chains. When the Panama Canal is completed the railroads will make Denver, Salt Lake, Butte, Spokane, and other Rocky Mountain points terminals and distributing points. Then the railroads can afford to be indifferent to the coast competition by water which the Government is seeking to create by the building of the Canal. In the meantime California pays tribute to Mr. HARRIMAN for every pound of freight it receives, whether by sea or by land.

Tendencies

AMONG the farming papers of the United States two of the best are the "American Agriculturist" and the "Rural New Yorker." The first of the two paragraphs printed below comes from the former; the second was written by a contributor in the "Rural New Yorker":

"The plain truth is that the foreign element is increasing very rapidly in the rural districts throughout most of the Middle and Eastern States. In many cases it is the very best blood of the Old World. By this we mean that it is the strongest, healthiest, and most virile blood. The best blood among the native stock in America is found on our farms. But until within a few years the young men and women have been forsaking the farms of our Middle and Eastern States, either for the Western country or for the city. This has come to such a pass that in many rural communities children and young people are relatively few, while the older people constitute the great majority. In not a few sections of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania any great gathering of rural people to-day will be characterized by a preponderance of gray heads among both the men and the women."

"Not far from where we live is a fine farm which for several generations was in the hands of excellent farmers. . . . Finally the farmer who represents this generation became disgusted, chiefly with the hired-help question, and sold the farm. It was bought by the son of a man who came from the Danube region in Europe. The new owner can not read or write. He . . . and his wife work long hours and drive their workmen like cattle, through rain and shine, weekdays and Sundays. This man, by sheer brute force and 'instinct,' is able to produce a small fortune from that farm each year. The amount of produce he turns off is astonishing. If you and I could do it we could go to Europe every year, if we wanted to, and live like princes. Yet not one of us would do it if we had to pay the price of living the narrow life of the drudge and brutal driver."

Here is the plain tale of the disappearance of the native American from the farm—his minor place in the population of the cities has long been a known story. It appears to be a case of grinding physical competition in which the foreigner excels. It is impossible to view this economic phenomenon without regret. On the other hand, there are no better commonwealths than some in which the foreigner and the son of the foreigner is numerous, like Massachusetts and Wisconsin. After one generation, as a rule, the alien is a foreigner in blood only—he has absorbed American institutions and republican ideas.

One Man's Feelings

OCCASIONALLY a single personal experience may epitomize the emotions of a whole community. W. J. HENDERSON, with his son, keeps a grocery store in Tifton, Georgia. Mr. HENDERSON is seventy years old and a Confederate soldier. He suffers from a broken leg, which he got at the Battle of the Wilderness. Mr. HENDERSON has sent us a genuinely interesting contribution. We haven't room to print it all, but we think the point of it may be indicated in two sentences:

". . . old SOL. PAGE of Boston, Massachusetts, sold my grandfather twenty-two negroes for $18,000. Right away after this transaction SOL. PAGE saw a great light and began to advocate freedom for the slaves. . . ."

If we were in Mr. HENDERSON'S place, we think we should probably feel exactly the same way he does. His point of view should not be wholly inexplicable, even to Boston.

The Men in the Navy

WE ARE FURNISHED with this extract from "A Heart-to-Heart Talk with the Jackies," published in the California "World," and circulated among the enlisted men of the navy:

"Are you brave enough to repudiate the Jingo patriotism of your country? Are you brave enough to defy your officers? Are you as brave as the Russian and French soldiers and sailors who mutinied?"

It must be admitted that this is as strong as language can well be made. That the good sense and humor of the enlisted man has been sufficient to deal with it is a very satisfactory reflection.

A Man

"THIS IS the most crushing failure I have encountered in my career. . . . I am in the best of health, but much depressed in spirits," wrote EDWARD PAYSON WESTON when the expiration of his hundred days found him still a few days' walk from San Francisco. Examine the facts. A gentleman of seventy-one sets out to walk alone from New York to San Francisco within the span of one hundred days. Trudging along stony roads, wading through mire, forced to make much of his journey along railroad tracks, buffeted by head gales, pestered by insects, injured by frequent falls, constantly handicapped by needed food—he plows indomitably ahead. Fighting day and night to make up an almost impossible schedule, he finally arrives at his destination a few days later than his original intention. And he calls this failure. At an age when most men are sitting by the fireside telling old wives' tales to their grandchildren and complaining of "rheumatics," Mr. WESTON is up with the sun and away across the countryside. This is the elemental being with all his fine old pristine impulses and capacities. Neither creeping age nor the languors of civilization can quench the spark once it is implanted in the heart of a man. And EDWARD PAYSON WESTON is a man; on his tramp he depended upon himself. That he arrived a little late does not affect his performance. He calls his trip a failure. The world can not have too many such failures—to plump out the pun boldly—in every walk of life.

To Replace the Loan Shark

REMEDIAL LOAN COMPANIES are no longer experiments merely. Years of successful work lie behind such organizations as the Chattel Loan Association of Baltimore, the Citizens' Mortgage Loan Company of Cincinnati, the Provident Loan Societies of New York, Detroit, and Milwaukee. Ten others, in various cities, are also making their influence felt. Last year these fifteen rivals of the unscrupulous sharks loaned at fair rates, and at an average loss of less than one half of one per cent., more than twelve million dollars. Springing up in response to more or less spasmodic demands, in widely separated communities, these good loan shops have developed different methods. Some have been retarded by lack of knowledge. Now, in emulation of the methods of the sharks, the managers of the fifteen remedial companies have organized an Association. What is hoped for next is the opportunity to employ a man of experience to investigate the business throughout the country and to help organize new companies in those cities where the business of loaning to the poor in pocket is in the hands of thieves and robbers. No need is more pressing. The loan sharks multiply surprisingly, and there is no hope that the number of borrowers will lessen. The sooner the business is made respectable and legitimate, the better for all of us.

City Vespers

By EDITH WYATT

COME home, my child, come home. The fogs are falling:
Along the blue-walled street the whistles calling:
Along the street ten thousand footsteps falling,
Through steam and smoke-wreath's foam.
Bells cry afar: afar the darkness winging,
Soars throbbing with the chimes and whistles ringing,
The breath of night, the twilight city, singing:
Come home, my child, come home.

LOCK fast the locks, drop down the shutters shading,
From shop and counter, counting-house and trading,
From dock-yard, stock-yard, derrick, crane, and lading,
From caisson, clay, and loam,
Come home, my child, come home, in many-chording
And rushing voice, the city sings, from hoarding,
From spending, grudging, judging, and recording,
Come home, my child, come home.

COME from disgrace and honor, craft and scheming,
From work and shirking come, from deed and dreaming,
Success and failure where the lights are streaming
Azure and chrysolite,
Yellow and crystal, where the mists are falling,
The yard-bells ringing, engine whistles calling,
Along the street ten thousand footsteps falling
Come through the dark-blown night.

WHERE tall-piled height and dusky cornice lower
On storied citadel and tall-crowned tower,
Corner and curb a million arc-lights flower
Full in the twilight air.
If all the foot-falls spoke the destinations
Of all the dreams of all the generations
Upon their way, all shames, all aspirations
Would find their kindred there.

HERE steps your fate, my child, your generation
That walks through time to some far consummation
Unknown along the blue street's destination
Through fog and smoke-wreath's foam.
Here flies your life, for worse or better winging
And pulsing with the bells and whistles ringing,
The heart of night, the full-thronged city singing:
Come home, my child, come home.

The Parasol

THE PARASOL is a fit frame for feminine loveliness. Tilted across the shoulder of youth it is like the sheltering leaf which protects the flower-face beneath. There is also the solemn black parasol which screens the lineaments of staid maturity. But, frankly, we regard this as a mere sun-umbrella. The true parasol should be white, or of some cool tint to fit the summer landscape. It is in sunshade-time that we most heartily congratulate the girl—we speak out boldly—with red hair. To be sure, with such an aureole she has in all seasons an advantage over her less lucky sisters. But in summer she can set off those strands of gold against a background of shrewdly selected silk. Nor need the delicate sun-shield necessarily be silk. We confess to a weakness for linen as it is now used. It has a certain distinctly "summery" character. "But how," we hear a captious critic murmur, "how do you reconcile your interest in the sunshade with your rhapsodic appreciation of freckles and tan?" Good friend, we don't have to reconcile them. The parasol is versatile. It has many other rôles than that of screen. Next to the fan it is the most deadly weapon in the arsenal of coquetry. It is not rendered impotent by being kept closed; if anything it becomes more efficacious. Observe it as it supports some gently leaning form, watch it twisted in delicate fingers, mark how it punches holes in the beach or embroiders quaint patterns in the sea-sand. It is itself human, feminine, and full of pretty wiles. After all, its chief charm lies in what it derives from her who carries it. It has a history of many centuries of effective aid to feminine purpose.

Somebody Else's Moon

BEING somebody else's moon for a change ought to be fair enough, inasmuch as we borrow our own moonlight from another planet. Venus, a sister world of ours, which is probably inhabited by a sort of Turkish-bath kind of people, hasn't any moon so far as known. According to Mr. F. W. HENSEL, of the Royal Astronomical Society, she depends on us for a lesser luminary. The phenomenon of earth-shine is well understood, and the terrestrial ball, with its illuminated surface turned full in the direction of Venus, presents undoubtedly a pleasing spectacle, the earth for certain reasons being far more brilliant to Venus than the morning star is to us. Ah, those warm planetary nights, when the sweethearts of Venus gaze rapturously up at the "full earth!" Who knows but that the earth-light season on Venus is a time of glad festivity, when maids dance to the jingle of the tambourine, and merrymakers throw confetti and drink wine? Or it is not impossible that concealed amid the tropic vegetation of the planet there are shrines and temples dedicated to earth-worship, where curious priests and dusky virgins chant paeans and make sacrificial offerings. Children, maybe, are told about the "Man in the Earth." In some planetary Mother Goose book may occur a rime about the cow that jumped over the earth. What ragtime songs the musical comedy composers of that far-away sphere may not have written about us! "Don't Be Anybody's Earth but Mine"; "Earth, Dear"; "Same Old Earth"; "Shine On, Harvest Earth"—all the gems of the opera. The "Venusian" audience sits spellbound while the calcium light plays on the leading lady, and the earth song is rendered, while the radiant earth, sailing in splendor through the sky, is silvering lonely planetary wastes of sea, beaming down upon slumbering hamlets, peeping into cottage windows, or shedding its benign light over tropical forests and steaming marshes.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

IN THE Kansas City "Journal" we find this assurance that peace of mind will be the portion of at least one Congressman during the next two years:

"Victor Murdock, Congressman from the Eighth Kansas District, can spend his vacation where he pleases this summer. He has no grounds for worry over the political situation in his district, and it won't be necessary for him to spend the hot summer months patching up his fences. He will have no opposition at the Republican primaries next year. 'Aspirants for Congressional honors are not manifesting their generosity just to show their friendship to Vic,' said a reform, or rather a reformed, statesman recently. 'They are keeping out of the race next year because they know they have no chance to win. If any single one of them thought he could lick Vic he would be an avowed candidate for the place in thirty minutes. It is conceded by all that next year is Vic's easy year.'"

Mr. Murdock was the leader of the Insurgents in the Lower House who opposed Cannon. We think most of the other Insurgents, all of whom come from the Middle West, are sharing Mr. Murdock's serenity. It is said that Uncle Joe intends to discipline the Insurgents by removing them from all the desirable committees on which they have been serving. That would be a grave public loss. Murdock, for example, has saved the Government a great deal money through his work on the Post Office Committee. But the visible evidence of Uncle Joe's resentment will be the final touch to make the Insurgents solid with their people.

The Iowa Delegation

IOWA is one of the strongest of the Insurgent States. Both its Senators and a large portion of its members in the Lower House are Progressive Republicans. From Mr. E. T. Donahue of Burlington we have this letter. The Progressive idea in the Middle West is not a spontaneous thing—it is the fruit of several years' growth:

". . . We citizens of Iowa are proud of our representatives in the Senate—Senators Cummins and Dolliver—and of a majority of them in the House. We have been fighting this thing over for several years past in this State, and are now rewarded with a representation in Congress that is a credit to the State."

Iowa has good reason to be proud of the virility of its delegation at Washington. And in every district represented by an Insurgent the people are determined to express their pride by making reelection easy. The Kansas City "Star" says that the two Insurgents from Kansas are the only Congressmen from that State who have not found it necessary to come home and look after their fences.

"A Man of Great Prominence"

SENATOR BEVERIDGE was delivering his principal speech of the session, the one about the American Tobacco Company. He had described the elaborate system of lobbying practised by the company a few years ago. There ensued this exchange of question and answer:

"SENATOR DIXON of Montana: Is it any secret who the general lobbyist of this great trust is?

"MR. BEVERIDGE: I do not believe that I care to bring names in. It has been published—the whole thing has been published.

"MR. DIXON: In what magazine or paper?

"MR. BEVERIDGE: The original letters have been published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The general lobbyist lived in New York—he is dead now. He was a man of great social and political prominence, and his letters to a State lobbyist have been published. However, there is no use of going into specifications."

We hope Senator Beveridge's restraint was not inspired by the fact that the lobbyist in question was, at the time of his corrupt activities, a member of the National Committee of the Republican Party.

Hamer's House

WE ARE in agreement with the neighbors of Congressman Thomas R. Hamer of St. Anthony, Idaho. They think his house needs painting, and we admit that it looks that way. If house paint is too dear, then the obvious course would be for the Congressman to try to reduce the tariff on lead. That would make it possible for Mr. Hamer to paint his house. It would also make a new coat of paint, every third spring or so, easier to achieve for many folks who aren't rich, as Congressman Hamer is, and who don't get a salary of $7,500 a year, as Congressman Hamer does. But, on the contrary, Mr. Hamer's one conspicuous contribution to the tariff discussion in Congress was a long speech, in which he brought poetry, music, and mathematics to the demonstration of his argument that the tariff on lead ought to be higher. Mr. Hamer, after the manner of Congressmen, has been distributing this speech among his constituents. When they read it, and look upon the house, they are puzzled as to which is the more effective argument.



The House of Congressman Thomas R. Hamer

It is located in St. Anthony, Idaho, and the Congressman's neighbors say it hasn't been painted for nine years. They think that if the tariff on lead were reduced, house paint might become sufficiently cheap to enable Mr. Hamer to put a coat on his house, and they are puzzled to receive from the Congressman many copies of his speech calling for a revision of the lead duty upward in the direction of more costly paint

A Repudiated Promise

WE HAVE a more serious quarrel with the Idaho Congressman. When he was running for office he was against Cannon. On the stump and in his personal interviews with citizens whose votes he was seeking he expressed his disgust with all that Cannon stands for. During his campaign he stopped at Sandpoint and was interviewed by the local editor. We copy, headlines and all, from the "Pend Oreille Review":

"'NO JOE CANNON FOR ME!' Hamer, Congressional Candidate, Says He Will Not Vote for Speaker if Elected.—In a conversation with Colonel Thomas R. Hamer, Republican candidate for Congress, during his stay in Sandpoint, Monday, Colonel Hamer stated that if elected he would not vote for Cannon for Speaker. 'I think Uncle Joe is too strong a reactionist,' said Colonel Hamer. 'He stands against the Western spirit of advancement. I am personally acquainted with Speaker Cannon, came from his district in Illinois, and he and my father were close business and political friends, and, although I have a high personal regard for him, I think he is not in the trend of the times.'"

Congressman Hamer did not vote against Cannon. On the contrary, he gave that "strong reactionist" the aid and comfort of his vote on every ballot during the reorganization of the House. If every man who promised to do so had voted against him, Cannon would not now be Speaker.

A Side-Light On a Congressman

CLARENCE B. MILLER is the representative in Congress from Duluth who defeated J. Adam Bede on the issue of Cannonism, who described himself as "the voice of the people," and who promised on every stump in Northeastern Minnesota that he would oppose Cannon and Cannon's rules. That—having won his election on this issue—he voted for Cannon and for Cannon's rules, and with the House Republican machine on every one of the five ballots which constituted that fight, is a matter of history. The Duluth "Evening Herald" describes Mr. Miller's present position in these words:

"It is impossible for any man to more thoroughly repudiate reform, root and branch, than did Mr. Miller by his complete and unequivocal alinement with the standpatters in the House. . . . When he voted against the revision of the rules which made Cannonism possible, he betrayed the trust reposed in him by the people of the Eighth Congressional District."

This language of the "Herald" is just and accurate. Mr. Miller is now sending a circular letter to his constituents. The first paragraph deals with the tariff. The last paragraph reads as follows:

"*During the organization of the House I was a member of the so-called insurgent band*, and in Republican caucus voted against Mr. Cannon and against adoption of the old rules. Being bound by rule to support the majority will of the caucus, I did so until released; then acting with others of liberal views, I was instrumental in securing beneficial changes in rules, as follows: (1) Calendar day, when any member can bring up his bill for passage; (2) unanimous-consent calendar; (3) selection of members of Committee on Rules by the two parties acting in caucus. I sincerely trust you will look upon me as your personal representative in Congress, and call upon me whenever I can serve you."

There is much more of interest in this letter than the direct false statement of fact. It would probably be hopeless in any brief way to explain to Mr. Miller's constituents, unfamiliar with Congressional procedure and not knowing in detail exactly what happened at Washington the afternoon of March 15, just how cunningly Mr. Miller's letter is worded to deceive, while artfully presenting an appearance of candor. To his fellow Congressmen this letter will be as illuminating a flash as if Molière had constructed it to portray a character



"Solemnity underlies these Buffoons, Wags, and Cut-ups of a Dozen Nations, who, Pitted Against Each Other in a Tournament of Wits, Sound the Death Knell of Dame Trouble, Until the Sourest Cynic Feels as if His Ribs Had Been Tickled with the Funny-bone of a Mastodon." — *Page 9.*

"Circus folks take on a curious potentiality—nearly every one had risked his life that afternoon; in a few hours, quite as a matter of course, he would be risking it again. Every one had a control over, and power with, his muscles which, in comparison with most of us, amounts almost to genius or a seventh sense."—*Page 10.*

PHOTOGRAPHS OF A REAL COUNTRY CIRCUS



UNDER CANVAS AGAIN





A Day with the Big Circus as It Started Its Summer's Pilgrimage

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE circus is the circus even in Brooklyn—in a vacant lot by the melancholy waters of the Gowanus Canal. At least there is earth underfoot and canvas overhead—lifting and swaying in the wind just above the heads of the trapeze performers—the smell of horses and hay and trampled turf, and the red-and-gold wagons all round. That is one reason, I suppose, why I was able to tramp past the Madison Square Garden for weeks with a stout and fairly complete heart, only to succumb on the show's last day in Brooklyn and trek incontinently across the East River through the rain.

They said they'd had everything but a "blow-down" that week, and one could readily believe it. Rivers of icy water poured from the sagging canvas eaves-troughs. The elephants, going through their parts in the animal tent—"Come—come—come, now! *Up!* Up with those feet!"—blinked their tiny eyes indignantly and blew out their breaths like steam from exhaust pipes. In the side-show the Cingalese warriors shivered until their chain-mail rattled, little Lord Robert, Miniature Man Personified, had a hot-water bag buttoned up under his vest, and a blue-nosed lady in a white sweater, sitting in front of two brass-bound boxes labeled "SNAKES"—"I will not insult your intelligence, ladies and gentlemen, by talking of snake-charming. Miss Stuart will give an exhibition of *trained* snakes"—glared defiantly over her tightly folded arms at a cold and difficult world.

It was grateful, therefore, to creep into the dressing-tent where the whole circus family was hurriedly putting on the Pomp and Splendor of the Ancient Egyptians in preparation for a Procession of Nobility and Richly Equipped Caravans of Camels and Elephants and Various Accouterments of Travel on a Journey of Inspection through the Provinces of their Empire.

A circus dressing-room is always a cheerful place, with its scores of athletic young men hopping out of one suit of tights into another, clowns climbing into canvas crocodiles, and rows and rows of battered little wardrobe trunks, with photographs and press-notices on their inner lids whispering of every queer corner of the universe, from Baraboo, Wisconsin, to Bombay. And this one was especially cheerful by reason of the red-hot charcoal buckets set every few feet down the aisles, making the whole place warm as toast.



"Beefsteak three times a day"

And here, after stepping over the legs of various unsenlar and capable-looking young men, we come upon our old friend Mr. George Hartzell, Sr., the ancient clown. Naturally, being a clown and about to paint a vast vermilion grin on his ordinarily grave and kindly face, Mr. Hartzell is engaged in reading the Bible, and he carefully marks his place—the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew—before rising to greet his guests. I am not one of those who would entertain the notion that Mr. Hartzell saw me coming. Undoubtedly he was reading Scripture because he liked it, just as Mr. De Marlo, the contortionist, a few seats away, was perusing an afternoon paper with both legs twined round the back of his neck, because he preferred that position, as less gifted men prefer to rest their feet on the desk or the window-sill.

It seems to be a rule that clowns are either profoundly religious, great students, or gnawed by some inner care. I remember that when I first talked with a clown, some years ago at the Garden, I was surprised to find him regarding me benignly through a pair of steel spectacles which he put on his chalky nose as soon as he left the ring. But, as a matter of fact, solemnity underlies these Buffoons, Wags, and Cut-ups of a Dozen Nations, who, Pitted Against Each Other in a Tournament of Wits, Sound the Death Knell of Dame Trouble Until the Sourest Cynic Feels as if His Ribs Had Been Tickled with the Funny-bone of a Mastodon. And if you see one with imitation bare feet a yard long hit another with a stuffed club, while a small fountain spurts from the top of clown No. 2's head, you can be reasonably certain that the first is a victim of a hopeless love and the other has just received a telegram announcing the destruction of his entire family in a railroad wreck.



Our friend the ancient clown

"I enjoy reading it," said Mr. Hartzell modestly. "Of course it *has* its contradictions, but then it's kinda interesting hunting 'em out. And besides, I've got to keep posted to hold up my end with old Jules Turnour." The latter, the oldest of the clowns, in addition to being the show's postmaster and a dabbler in six or seven languages, is interested in the doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints.

Hartzell had just pulled out of his trunk a photograph of his winter home—a circus man and his wife, both earning good salaries and having no living expenses from early spring until the snow flies, become astonishingly prosperous—and telling how he swore he would quit the circus business when he married, and here he and his wife had followed the show for thirty years, and their son, a clown, too, when—

All at once something happened. The dirty gray roof grew suddenly warm and incandescent. The charcoal fires were dazzled down to mere sparks and the dull world suddenly seemed to lift radiantly and expand. A confused sort of cheer went up from the men: "Yay-ay-ay!" and from across the canvas partition where the women were dressing two or three shrill and rather shaky voices began to sing:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—"

It was a hymn to the sun from these children of the summer and the open road.

I can imagine the look of anguish which will cross the press-agent's face as he reads the above lines. Once I spoke of the weather and casually mentioned having nearly frozen to death during the performance.

"*In* the tent?" he asked, his face suddenly assuming the gravity of a parent shocked by a child's blasphemy. "Not *in* the tent?"

I explained that I had been plowing about four hours in the mud and that a damp mackintosh was a cheerless garment.

"Well," he replied, somewhat mollified. "Of course you know we never use the words 'mud' or 'cold' or 'rain.' If we do have a week like this, we just make our stories tell how warm and dry it is in the tent, how well the private electric-light plant works, and how the circus is the only place to be.

"I don't believe," he concluded gently, after meditating for a time, "it could have been *in* the tent."

The Saxon Trio are "the strongest men in the history of the world—Samson not excepted." They are vast Germans, blond and smooth and placid, with limbs like trees. Their tight-fitting shirts, cut from the left shoulder diagonally across to the right hip, leave the right shoulder and arm bare. The eldest, lying on his back, lifts a plank on the soles of his feet and twelve canvasmen climb upon it. Then he puts up an enormous dumb-bell with his arms, and upon this his brothers, also carrying dumb-bells, hang. Two of them hold up with their legs a heavy wooden bridge and an automobile with six passengers rolls up and down across it.

We met just outside the entrance-curtain as he was strolling majestically up from the dressing-tent, a dressing-gown flung over his shoulders, the mist sifting down on his bare head and throat.

No, there never had been anybody like him, he said, and folded his great paws in front of him and smiled a far-away Teutonic smile. Sandow was well enough, but not what you could really call *strong*. Training was no use. Vat you haven't git inside you, how can you get it out? You must haf dose big limps. His father and mother both had dose big limps; and he stretched out his arms and yawned. Vat to eat? No use this eating a little of everysing. Have one sing and plenty of it. Beefsteak fried mit butter he liked very much—three times a day. He sighed and stirred his great shoulders.

"Unt bacon fried is goot too," he nodded profoundly as he moved away.

When an Accident Occurs

WHATEVER happens, the show goes on.

In Ring No. 3 the Navarros were performing on the tight wire—a young man in satin knickerbockers and two girls with parasols and stiff encrusted skirts. They danced and cake-walked along the wire and leaped to and from a narrow barrel set five or six feet above it with the ease of dancers working on the solid stage. It was remarkable, but then all these things are remarkable and nothing ever happens—and all at once there lay a little bundle in the sawdust, quite still.

The younger of the girls had fallen. Somebody called for water. Half a dozen other acts were in progress and the band went dinning on. Two of the canvasmen lifted her up and carried her out between them, her arm swinging limp as they walked. An old ringmaster, glancing at the white face as it passed, mentioned the technical name of the bone on which she had probably struck. The others went on with their work, skipping and smiling and throwing out their arms toward the audience. And so they came out, smiling and bowing up to the very entrance-curtain, where they grabbed their cloaks and hurried to see what had happened.

Display 10 ended, there was a quick whistle, the music changed, others hurried in, Display 11 began. It's all in the day's work. No flowers, solicitous telephones, cancelling of engagements for this little girl. To-night when the whistle blows again for Display 10, the younger of the Navarros will trip out into Ring 3 with the other two. She may be a bit pale, her smile somewhat mirthless, she may mount the dozen steps up to the wire a little slowly, as if it hurt. But the audience won't know. As for the circus folks, they must keep their eyes on their own jobs or they may not get off so easily as she. Perhaps the clarinet player in the band, pausing to rub off the mouthpiece of his instrument, may glance toward the middle ring and observe: "Yes—she isn't workin' well to-night."

The "concert-top" is the small dressing-tent used by those who appear in the vaudeville after the main show. From here, too, comes the fidgety mother with the

small boy who gets into so many kinds of trouble. She never can find her seat, and sooner or later the wailing small boy is taken in charge by an usher or a policeman. His mother becomes quite furious at this, threatens the policeman with her umbrella, and as she hurries away, dragging her weeping offspring, she turns every now and then and answers the taunts of the audience. And of course that is the funniest part of all and the crowd fairly roars.

"It went big last night! A regular scream!" The muscular gentleman who plays the irascible lady was hooking himself into a corset as he uttered these remarks. He clapped on a blond wig and rubbed a powder-rag over his rough cheeks. "Don't need much a day like this—it's so cloudy in there they can't see you. You oughta seen me last night, though—had on all my swell stuff. Huh?"—this in answer to a query from over the partition—"Is Taft out there? Well—what's the use of dressing up?

"But say—it went big last night. One kind old gink comes down and takes me by the arm and says: 'Don't be afraid, madam, they will not hurt your boy!' And after I sat down a couple of women said: 'Well, if we all had the spunk *you're* got these here ushers wouldn't get so fresh!' And to hear 'em say: 'Oh, you can't fool *me! She* belongs to the show! I can see *that. She* belongs to the *show!*'"



The end of their act

The muscular gentleman repeated the "she" with peculiar relish, that identification being, of course, the highest compliment he gets, except perhaps when, as not infrequently happens, some real policeman arrests him for making disturbance and they have to send out in front to get him released.

There are make-believe girls who become real visions of loveliness on the big white "rosin-backs" or seen at the distance of the high trapeze. With a blond wig covering the ears, a bit of rouge, and a little "business" like adjusting one's shoulder-straps or carelessly brushing back an unruly curl, wonders can be done. They are very useful because they do things that most women aren't strong enough to do. The audience is thrilled in every fiber and the athletic young man gets much better pay.

There was such a girl a few years ago at the Garden on the high trapeze. At the end, after all the rest had jumped, she daintily patted her pompadour, ran a finger round the velvet ribbon about her neck, and with a little gasp which electrified the audience somersaulted into the net. You could generally see her, a neatly built, elegant young man of twenty or thereabout, leaving the Fourth Avenue entrance about the time the chariot races began.

The best girl of this sort I ever saw was with this year's Ringling show—so good, indeed, that it would be scarcely fair to tell what he did. I attempted to congratulate him in the dressing-room.

"That's what they say," he admitted shyly, and with the very evident air of one saying to himself: "Who the devil put *you* wise!" He didn't know that I "fell" for it with the rest until told. It was a blow to his professional pride, and, far from wishing to be interviewed, he went on with his dressing, downcast and shy, as if he were a small boy caught smoking cigarettes.

The Human Butterflies

WHEN the announcer proclaimed the Human Butterflies in the Most Beautiful, Spectacular, and Dangerous Suspension Net Ever Presented Beneath the Dome of a Circus Arena, and two rather delicately pretty sisters, in ordinary dresses, stepped out into the middle ring, one promptly felt that strangers were entering our honest old circus world. The two young ladies hooked their fans to ropes hanging from the tent roof, took the handles of the fans in their teeth, and, thus airily suspended, were hauled to the dome, where they spun about like tops, did aerial skirt-dances, and, finally, whirling dizzily, swooped down to the sawdust to be caught, ere striking, in the arms of two fortunate ringmen.

There was a certain sophistication about their act, a languid serenity in the way they walked and moved their arms, quite different from the brisk, taut, businesslike motions of regular circus folks. And when they paused helplessly at the entrance-curtains until their manager lifted them, one after the other, across the mud to the dressing-tent, it was plain that they were more used to footlights than to this outdoor gipsy world.

"Really," explained the elder Miss Curzon that night with what languor one could maintain and still make oneself heard above the crashing of the band—their act was through and they had stepped in to watch the performance for a moment in their neat little mushroom hats and street clothes—"really, we should *much* rather not have had the money."

Much rather, that is, stay on the regular vaudeville circuit than subject one's self, for a mere few hundreds one way or the other, to this mud and mixed society. It was at once apparent that the Misses Curzon were of an old Southern family, that they had stepped to the vaudeville stage directly from a young ladies' seminary in Mississippi, and were appearing thus under canvas merely while the show was in New York and Brooklyn.

"Of course we're quite out of place here," continued the elder sister. "What do these people know about a real refined, aristocratic act like ours? It's all lost on them—quite, you know. All the little things. A vaudeville audience is so sympathetic, so quick to grasp! They come *to* you, don't you know? One does so like to play to the real aristocratic vaudeville audience."

A crowd of tumblers and trapeze artists rushed past on their way to their appointed stations in the different rings.

"Well, *good* night!" said Miss Curzon, while her younger sister sent back a languid smile. Then she cast a last inclusive glance at the benches, where the bone and sinew of Brooklyn was roaring and rocking in delight. "Oh, these *people!*" she concluded, and, picking up her skirts, disappeared into the night.

A Circus Family

REAL circus folks are the Jordans, who, while we talked, were swinging like radiant, disembodied spirits far aloft on the high trapeze. Real circus folks, simple, fearless, going about their business whether within sight of the avenue's brilliant stream or following

> "—*the Romany patteran west to the sinking sun,*
> *Till the junk sails lift*
> *Through the homeless drift,*
> *And the East and the West are one.*"

Mother Jordan, now past the more ethereal expressions of her art, hangs from the middle trapeze, there to catch and swing in her strong, sure hands her more nimble daughters as they swoop and turn, swift Aphrodites of the air, across the yawning tent. The fourth member of the family is a sturdy boy, obviously different from the rest, with the broad face, high cheek-bones, and curly blond hair of a Russian peasant.

"We were in Vladivostok just before the war," one of the daughters said good-humoredly, pausing to tell the story, although still panting from her work, while the cold mist fell on her bare head and throat. "Papa had a little circus of his own and we were playing through Siberia. And that little boy—of course he was only a little boy then—used to hang round the show every day. And after the performance he would crawl around under the seats and pick up cigarette-butts—you know how those Russians smoke cigarettes. He took the tobacco out and baked it or something and sold it over again."

One day he wanted to show her what a contortionist he was. He was barefoot and he wore a funny little short shirt, and when he stretched over backward—"he certainly was a great bender," said Miss Jordan—the shirt pulled away from the top of his trousers and he would jump back and pull it down again—"like a regular comedian he was, too."

The end was that they took a great liking to him, but before they could take him with them there was all sorts of trouble with the police. Miss Jordan told the police sergeant he must either buy the boy some shoes and clothes or let him go with them. Finally, the day they sailed, he came running down to the dock at the last minute and passed the man at the gangway by saying that he had a message for some one on board. "Quick as a wink I shut him up in a big basket under my berth, and before they knew what had happened we'd sailed away. You could write a book about that little boy."

Doubtless one could. He is quite wonderful now, and at the end of the act, after Mother Jordan and the girls have somersaulted beautifully into the net, he lifts himself on his hands on a bar at the very top of the tent, and dives head first—down—down—like a shot, until, just before he strikes, he doubles somehow, with a motion as neat and instinctive as the turn of a violinist's wrist, lands lightly on his back, and rebounds to his feet.



A cheerful place, with rivers of icy water

There was to be a quick show that night, Brooklyn being almost as hard to get out of as San Francisco, and as the cook-tent is among the first to go, the last call for dinner was at five o'clock. The tables were full even before the chariot races were run. The Hartzells—father, mother—Mrs. Hartzell is wardrobe-keeper — and son sat together, as quiet and circumspect a family party as you could have found in any of the nearby Brooklyn flats. The foreigners were chattering, and in a far corner the Armless Wonder was leisurely eating with his feet.

The places that each then had were to be their seats during the long summer's pilgrimage. It was merely a huge boarding-house, exactly like an extension under canvas of any boarding-house dinner in a New York side-street. Across the partition several hundred canvasmen and teamsters were stoking up for the night's work—the same dinner except for the oilcloth tablecloths and steel forks and knives.

It is a comfort to circus folks, generally, to get on the road. The cars are their homes, then, the nearby tent their dining-room, and they are far from alien city crowds and city lodging-houses. I remember sympathizing with a young lady who rode bareback in the Garden some years ago about what I had assumed were the discomforts of the road. She expressed great surprise at this point of view and said that she hardly could wait till she got away from New York—there were so many stairs to climb!

Seen thus, with their wonderful bodies masked in common and even dingy clothes, the circus folks take on a curious potentiality. Nearly every one had risked his life that afternoon. In a few hours, quite as a matter of course, he would be risking it again. Every one had a control over, and power with, his muscles which, in comparison with most of us, amounts almost to genius or a seventh sense. Something of the picturesqueness of their environment always attaches to them, and as they strolled out, busily applying their toothpicks, their traveling coats and commonplace mackintoshes seemed part of some quaint Cinderella's mask, through which their radiant strength and grace might at any moment shine.



Educated—but uncharmed

Now, were they in the country, they would loaf about on the grass or along the river-bank, the women knitting, perhaps, the men playing ball or picking a mandolin. Then the cook-tent would collapse and disappear, the side-show barkers start their earnest clamor, and presently the town folks—that vague, grinning, gaping, gullible outside world—straggle toward the main tent, beginning to glow in vast and alluring incandescence against the evening sky.

The heavens were drying and bright with the last sunlight as I left the mess-tent to take a car down-town. When I returned, two hours later, darkness had shut in, a brisk wind bellowed the canvas, and through scudding clouds the cold stars looked down now and then on the dull-glowing main tents.

The horse-tents, the cook and mess-tents were already gone, and where I had left the circus family dining now stretched a bare field of mud. Dull white patches speckled it—the four, six, and eight-horse teams—dozens of them—huddled each by itself, ready for the night's work. Beside each, like a cavalryman waiting the order to advance, lounged a teamster silently puffing his pipe, and up from the gloom came a warm, cheerful odor of animals and hay, the munching of many mouths, and an occasional rattle of trace-chains.

Striking the Tents, and Away

AND smoking and waiting thus, they talked of *their* part of the day's work—the colt that was more trouble than all the other seven of the team; getting from the docks across to Jersey City; the long outward trail—south, west, over the Rockies with half a dozen sections of the train all creeping up the grade below; the long, hot "three dookey" runs across the desert; down the Slope from Seattle to 'Frisco—"and a hell of a place to get into, it is"—and so round to Texas and the season's end.

The ancient Egyptians were just finishing their journey of inspection when I crossed over to the animal tent. As the last elephant lumbered up, the arena entrance closed behind him. Off came howdahs, camel-cloths, and saddles. The camels were looped in fours, the elephants herded for the march. With one slam, almost, the cages closed, and over them fell their canvas covers. Down came quarter-poles, and as the work-horses jangled in, canvasmen were scampering like sailors up the outside, untying loops and dividing the great gray roof into sections. Then, as the wagons clanked out, it sagged slowly down the middle poles and was rolled into bundles as it fell.

In the big tent the band was still dinning, and the Navarros—the younger a bit paler than usual—tripped to their tight wire. By the time their act was done, the menagerie and side-show space lay bare under the brisk night wind and the cold stars.

A circus is like a ship, busy and sufficient unto itself, as stakes are pulled up, cables loosened, and it sets sail for pastures new. Before the audience was half out of the big tent, the teams and red wagons were already inside, swallowing section after section of seats as fast as they collapsed. The quarter-poles were down and the roof sagging before the "concert" was over, and the three German giants, unhurried and emotionless as ever, were still dismembering their plank bridge and placidly unscrewing bolts with their bare, blunt fingers. Outside, everything had gone but the dressing-tent. Mother Jordan, traveling satchel in hand, was talking with one of the foreign acrobats. They would breakfast in Philadelphia, where, before sun-up, their canvas home would magically have risen and taken shape again.

The herd of ring-horses, clattering to the cars, showed out under the corner arc-lamp two or three blocks away as I looked back from the Subway, and then the stale air, breakfast-food advertisements, and tired people shut me in. Possibly it was the touch of spring in the air, but the town itself seemed washed-out, dull-eyed, and tired. After all, we've only the fire-engines left, and they're taking the horses out of those.

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door banged, and then a crisp new runabout, flying pink chiffon, whirled past the window. Mrs. McClung returned to the kitchen and chose an iron and stretched a puff of lace and tucking upon the sleeve-board.

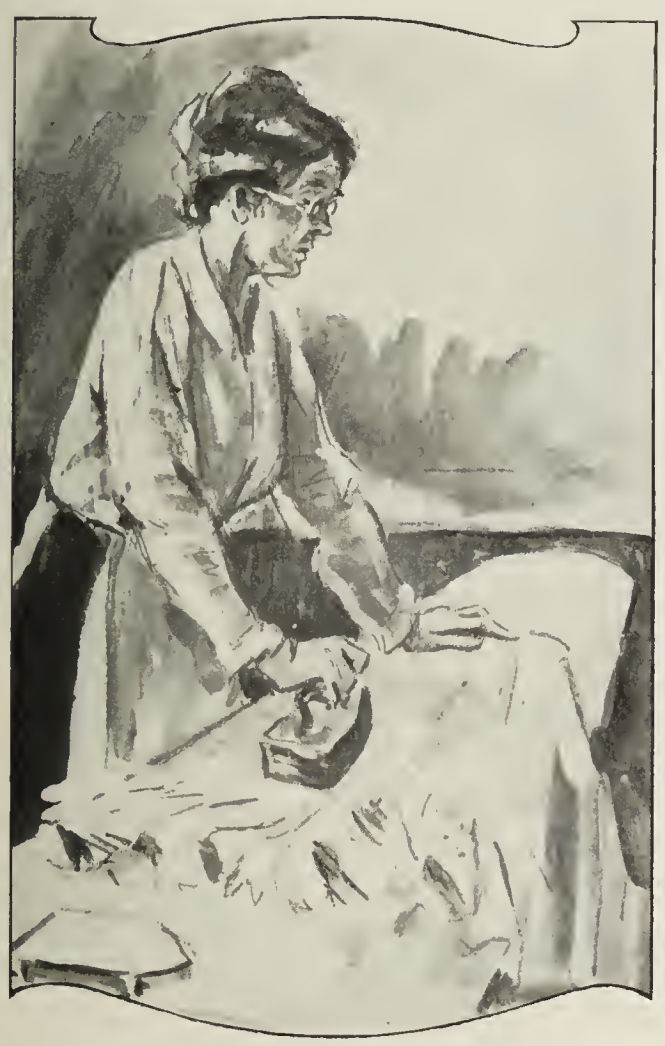
"I believe if I hurry I can get every one done before the child gets back. Most likely they'll go to her cousins' for dinner, and they won't remember to come home till supper time. . . . I don't see how we're to have that musicale in the morning, but she says that's the way they're doing now." She sighed and smiled. "When *I* was a girl I never tried to stop a harvest," she reflected aloud.

The Penalty of Conveniences

ON ANOTHER occasion, when the time was early morning and the place was an orchard, I felt that for once I had come upon the Rustic Maiden of tradition. She walked in the orchard, as Rustic Maidens should, and her muslin was blue as of yore and her feet were actually bare in the dewy, not to say chiggery, grass. Her sunbonnet had fallen upon her shoulders, and she held up an apron full of plums and peaches. She must have found berries somewhere to give her lips the correct stain, for stained they were. Such stage noises as the crowing of cocks and the lowing of kine were to be heard, and altogether the setting was complete, not a property forgotten. I longed to be a young nobleman, that I might address her as no young nobleman could have refrained from doing, and see her bosom heave and her eyes become downcast. But I could ask her only a matter-of-fact question as woman to woman.

"You don't mind my looking over your delightful orchard?"

"Oh, do you like it too?" Her face lighted charmingly. "There's nothing as pretty as an orchard, is there? Unless it's a field of alfalfa in blossom. I'll



show you all over the place if you don't mind watching me churn first.

"You see," she went on, "I'm at home so little that I want to help mother all I can when I *am* here—and I like the farm work, too. I go to business college in town."

It was not easy to associate ledgers and typewriters with this Hebe. "You are taking a business course so that you can attend to the farm bookkeeping, I suppose?"

"Dear me, no!" She laughed. "I'm going to get a position in Denver or Chicago."

"A position! But you are not obliged to be self-supporting."

"Not if I stay at home. I can have clothes and parties and a new horse if I stay. But father won't put up the money for me to live in a city."

"You have the conveniences of city life here. You have an excellent house and gas and hot water and mail delivered daily."

Hebe was evidently a philosopher. "Sometimes I think that's just it," she said. "When farm life began to be a little like city life, the young people began to want the real city. When you get a taste of something, you always want more."

Shakespeare and Corn-Shocks

WHEN Gertie Hanford gave a reading for me, I recalled that last sentence. She was Lady Macbeth, and her trailing robes swept the cabbage roses of the Brussels parlor carpet.

"Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!" moaned she. A swish caught one of the vases—one of the little old pair of vases, set with mathematical equidistance upon the mantel—and it fell to the floor.

"There, Gertie! Now look what you done. One o' the vases!" Lady Macbeth's mother bustled off for the dust-pan, and when she came back something fell twinkling upon the countless pieces as they clattered into the pan.

"I'm glad of it. Nobody has pairs any more. They're not artistic." Lady Macbeth forgot the smell of the blood and sank with a pout upon the sofa. "Neither are Brussels carpets with dreadful red roses." The pout grew. She was very charming even so, and not at all like the guilt-lashed Lady. Her complexion bore witness to a routine of health such as only the cloister or the farm can preserve.

"Gertie!" protested the mother of the Lady, erecting herself with the panful of shivered bits. "That carpet's a body Brussels from Kans' City, and it cost two-fifty a yard. And it ain't a particle faded, I've always been so careful about the blinds."

Gertie rose and went deliberately to the bay window and threw open the blinds upon its three sides while her mother stood dumbly horrified. "That's so," Gertie said. "I hadn't thought of that. There's some hope for it, after all." She turned back to the room, glancing over its plush "set," its framed marriage certificate, its china dogs. Her face fell again. "Do you wonder I get discouraged in such an atmosphere?" she asked. "What am I to do? When I *live* for art. Fancy a temperament on a farm!"

Beyond the window lay the sweep of cornfields, green and ribbony; the wind that blew in smelled of far-away alfalfa and brought the vision of deep-dyed purple; the whir of a header quivered against the silence. "It seems as if food for temperament might be found out there," I ventured.

"Can I play Lady Macbeth to wheat-stacks and corn-shocks?" she queried scornfully.

"But why play Lady Macbeth at all?" I should have known better; my bad angel pushed me into it; it forced the question. She drew herself up; Lady Macbeth towered there at last.

"Then you doubt my gift."

"But, my dear girl, the path is so long and briery, even to the greatest." It was the same old vain, stale warning, and she responded as they always respond. "I thought *you* would appreciate."

"How did you come to make a study of the part, Gertie?" I temporized.

"We gave it at college. I go away to school, you know. I *will* say this for father and mother: they were bound I should have a better education than they ever had. We give a Shakespeare play every year—I was Portia the year before. But I like this best. It suits my style better. After I played it I knew I'd got to go on the stage; there was no use talking."

Her eyes fell upon the carpet where great blotches of afternoon sun were doing their best to quell the offending roses. Her face softened. "Poor mother!" she said suddenly. "I suppose I was hateful. But something gets into me sometimes." She drew the blinds shut gently. "Let her keep her carpet as it is. And I'll send home a new pair of vases the next time I'm in Topeka.

"A farm's a farm," she resumed, stroking the Lady's robe thoughtfully and fondly. "I don't care if a president does make the men wear evening dress when they harvest after dark, or if he does turn the cow lot into a salon at milking time. You talk about the peace and beauty and healthfulness of the farm—why don't you live on one, then, instead of in the biggest city there is?"

Her eyes trailed off toward the long, silent lane bordered with the restful green of osage orange.

"When I've exchanged that for Broadway I'll be satisfied, and no sooner," she said.

Enter the Paper Pattern

MISS CRANE is the house-to-house music-teacher who drives through the rural districts of a certain county, leaving classical selections for the Daughters to practise between bread-kneadings and pie-bakings. She took me with her on her rounds one day.

As we passed a farmhouse that stood near the road, we caught a glimpse of two girls busily cutting and sewing in a window.

"Former pupils of mine," said Miss Crane. "Now they're going away where they can study more advanced music. They're making their trousseaux."

A bit of tissue paper fluttered from the window, caught in a clump of red hollyhocks, fluttered on to the buggy. Miss Crane held it up. It was yellowish and perforated.

"This," said Miss Crane dramatically, "I look upon as one of the chief influences. It is the paper pattern.

"Time was," she went on, "when the Daughter of the Farm wore a wrapper. But the paper pattern insidiously began its work. It has become one of the great influences that have aroused the Farmer's Daughter."

"Aroused her to what?"

Miss Crane shook her head. She was so deep in reflection that the horse found opportunity to lop a sunflower stalk. "To what? That's what we all want to know," she said.

"In some cases she makes her home on the farm, and it's a lively place when she does. The farmer is rich nowadays, and with very few exceptions the girl has the good of the money. She goes away to school, and when she comes home she keeps the telephone buzzing and gives parties and makes her father buy ancestral clocks and secretaries that somebody brought from New England in prairie schooners, and marcels her hair and goes traveling.

"But again she doesn't stay on the farm. One of my pupils rejected a rich young farmer to marry a St. Louis man on almost nothing a week, and for no reason but that she wanted city life. Many girls go to work rather than live on the farm where they could be supported."

The last Daughters that I saw before turning back eastward were announced by a braying honk-honk and a whiz, and I plucked my horse from the middle of the track while the Lord of the Road rushed by—scarlet, blatant, swift. There were three of them within—I had a vision of a straight nose and a retroussé and a slightly aquiline—of yellow hair and brown and black—of a general flutter of chiffon and locks and laughter. They were deliciously regardless of any responsibility toward human life and they were wonderfully pretty. Just beyond a huge bulk loomed dimly ahead at a fork in the road where cottonwoods and walnuts made a screen; reaching it, the horse grew perverse. [illegible] ings had accustomed him to the automobile and the cyclone thrasher, but a full-grown house on wheels disturbed his nervous system.

"I'm looking for Mr. Doyle's farm," I said to the oldish man who was driving. "Can you direct me? They say it is the best, the most modern farmhouse in the county, and I want to see it."

The little man pointed to the house on trucks. "Here's what you're lookin' for then," he said. "I'm Doyle."

The House Without a Butler's Pantry

IT IS a trifle disconcerting to go to see a house and find that it is not staying at home to receive you, but I tried to inspect it. "So you decided that it was too fine a building for the farm," I said.

"Too fine!" exclaimed the little man. "It's a shack to the one I'm goin' to put up in its place. That'll be a house you can call a house, I'll tell you right now."

"But this is almost new."

"That's nothin'. I don't stop for a little thing like that when it comes to pleasin' the girls. Them was my girls in the car—you met 'em, didn't you? Ain't they all right? They want a reception hall now besides two parlors, an' they're goin' to have it."

His stained, knotty hands, which had toiled in the fields from the days of the cradle to the days of the binder, fumbled for the plans. He unrolled them. There were large rooms and small rooms, graceful stairways and verandas and minute conveniences, and as he pointed out each feature with a stubby, blackened finger his creased face warmed with pride.

"I'm fixin' up a butler's pantry here," he explained.



"We haven't got a butler, but the girls say it's convenient when they give a dinner party. They give course dinners, they call 'em—that means that the pie ain't put on in the beginnin', an' they take a new fork to it. An' sometimes it ain't pie at all. Seems queer, we used to think a dinner wasn't rightly finished any other way. But they're takin' domestic science, an' they come home an' empty out that ice house o' mine makin' things they call nougats and mousses and all such nonsense. I don't care, though—I'm willin' to eat all the ice in the creek if it'll only keep 'em at home."

He rolled up the plans with a look that was almost imploring.

"Seems like they might be contented in such a house, don't you think so?"

"I should say they might be contented in the one you're moving away."

"Well, I know, but it didn't have a butler's pantry and a reception hall. They kep' beggin' me all the time to move into town. I can't do that, but I can do everything else. Look here—I want to show you." He tied my horse and led the way to the creek, which sped lithely between walls of box-elder and ash and hackberry. "Let me tell you what I've thought of." He dropped his voice like a plotting Santa Claus. "You know those little la'nches—well, don't you think I could have one here for the girls?"

Trying to Stem the Tide

"IT WOULD be a delightful place for one," I assured him, but my voice lacked something. Somehow the picture that rose was not of pleasure parties on a Kansas creek, but of a little, oldish, worn man trying to stem a great tide. He looked at me appealingly. "Don't you think—if they have the house just to suit 'em, and the la'nch—they'll be glad not to leave the farm?" he asked earnestly.

He jogged on with the great, slow-moving house. The sound and dust and whirl of the red car had passed beyond, and only the slow trundling of the house was left to break the silence of the cottonwood road.

What the World Is Doing:



Houdon's "Washington" in Bronze

Virginia gives to Statuary Hall, in the National Capitol, a cast of George Washington, as one of her offerings for the two places allowed each of the States



To Catch Airships on the Wing

Just as aviation has reached a point where machines can sail impartially over land or sea, the armored automobile appears in Germany equipped with high speed and a vertical gun to bring them down. To be protected against the attack of the airship the vehicle is encased in a coat of nickel steel. On the roof is a turret with a single revolving gun with movable screens



Meat for the Sausage Mill

A procession of worn-out horses at Antwerp, exported from England, diseased and otherwise unfit for use, to be made into sausages. This trade has lately become extensive in proportion. The sea voyage through which the creatures had to pass caused great suffering, on account of their decrepit state, and landed them on the Continent in worse condition than when they left Great Britain



The Return of the "Fighting Tenth"

The regiment of colored troopers which saved the "Rough Riders" at San Juan Hill, after several years of Philippine service landed in New York on July 26 for the first time since the Spanish-American war. Their progress of eight miles through the city was marked by a continuous ovation. The horses of the regiment were left in the islands, so that the parade was made on foot. Mayor McClellan and President McGowan of the Board of Aldermen reviewed their march from the steps of the City Hall. They were met at the transport "Kilpatrick" by a demonstrative crowd of colored people

There and Back

OF OLD sat Freedom on the heights, the thunders breaking at her feet. To-day England believes that freedom is resident in ironclads, and in the roar of ten-inch guns she finds her peace. Forgetful of the sources of her power, the "Mother of Ships" drew up her *Dreadnoughts* and destroyers in the last of July, bade them salute the world, and dismissed them. Far-called the navies melt away, the captains and their crews depart. But there was a menace in the song on your bugles blown, "England, my England."

France, preferring change and motion to stability, has overturned its Ministry. Clemenceau lasted thirty-three months, which is a protracted term. They do those things quicker in Paris. The new Premier, M. Briand, is a sharply accented character, of radical ideas. The new Cabinet is said to be committed to an attempt to end the war between labor and capital. If so, it will accomplish what ten centuries have bungled.

The skirmishes between Spanish troops and Moorish tribesmen are unpopular with the Spanish populace.

Too lame to walk, Bleriot flew over the English Channel. In a monoplane on Sunday morning, July 25, he crossed from Calais to Dover, two hundred and sixty feet over the waves. He landed on the chalk cliffs in his tiny three-cylinder car. His flier is like a humming-bird or a dragon-fly, so small it is.

Our own home country is busy, though not overexcited, in following the baseball and tariff scores. It is the fatal ninth, and two strikes have been called on the stalwart Taft at the bat, but the bleachers, full of Plain Citizens and Ultimate Consumers, are still hoping for a Casey-at-the-bat hit.

Washington, loving the harvest of a quiet eye, has decreed that thus far and no further shall the bill-board nuisance proceed, and here shall its proud posters be stayed. No more fences are to be beautified with hair-tonic girls, no more barn doors to blossom in purple and red with the wonderful circus folk.

Unwearied by a non-conviction, the "Graft Prosecution" of San Francisco has again leveled guns at Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, charging him with bribing supervisors. Heney, a "spectacled man with a boyish grin and a peculiar nasal drawl," will soon return from Alaska to handle the prosecution. Turning from these troubled matters to the Portola rejoicing, the city hopes that Diaz of Mexico will help celebrate the festival.

New York and New Jersey are brought within three minutes of each other by the subriver tunnels. The steel tubes that bind the States in amity give the train-sick traveler a cool plunge down a long dark submarine cave that might be fitted up with stalactites and stalagmites. Then breathless and chilled, he is discharged into an underground City of Green, full of miniature stores, twinkling with electric bulbs. The cates and the candies glow with a light that never was on sea or land. It is like one of those mystical Coney Island shows—Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or a Trip to the Moon—and all for a nickel.

Breasting the ocean furrows, or with lazy sail a-swelling, men are taking their fun where they find it in the good old summer time. Now the incoming mails are heaped with the letters and tinted geographical post-cards from fortunate friends overseas, telling of hair-breadth motor 'scapes, purple adventures in Lake Country, and walks in the Alpine glow.

Merrily Live and Long

UNCONSCIOUSLY Theodore Roosevelt gives away his secret for a satisfying life in a private letter from his happy hunting grounds.

He says: "I am very much interested in all kinds of things which I see here, from white settlements to missionary work."

There you have the rule unfailing for keeping healthy and cheerful, with the young generations within hail. It is vivid interest in a world that is full of a number of things, with a swift change of focus to keep tuned to the rapid shifts of the outer scene.

One other way there is to give life a joyous stride, not specified by Mr. Roosevelt, and that is unwearied, zestful, passionate adherence to one pursuit, research, quest, activity, in the spirit of the scientist, the reformer, the scholar, the expert. That is just as sure as ceaseless change and the itch for universality.

The New Religion

Placard "Removed" and "To Let" on the rocks
of your snowy Parnassus.
Repeat at Jerusalem.

"LET loose the dogs of war; but gently, brother, gently, pray," is sometimes, at least, the motto of Charles William Eliot, one-time president of Harvard. He has a genius for awakening controversy, and he always does it calmly and graciously. What he said about the new religion to the Harvard Summer School of Theology on July 22 will reverberate for many a day. With tact and polite skepticism, but not the less definitely, he strikes at the underpinning of revealed religion and the Personal God. He said: "It is fair to assume that the progress of the twentieth century will bring about what I call the new religion.

"The new religion will not be based upon authority, either spiritual or temporal. In the new religion there will be no personification of natural objects; there will be no deification of remarkable human beings, and the faith will not be racial or tribal.

A Record of Current Events

"A new thought of God will be its characteristic. God will be so immanent that no intermediary will be needed. For every man God will be a multiplication of infinities. A humane and worthy idea of God then will be the central thought of the new religion."

It is fair to ask if that statement is not merely a phase of truth, held by one type of man, and familiar enough in history, rather than the gropings of humanity toward a new religion. Is not this new religion perhaps the reconstruction of the silvery twilight of faith which has glimmered in all ages? Ample and even homelike enough for the scholar and superman whose mind adds furniture of its own, but rather barren for the common people.

If the folks who are interested will turn to their Froude's "Cæsar," chapter 28 and page 434, they will find these words written of the great chieftain who was born in an age of doubt:

"From cant of all kinds he [Julius Cæsar] was totally free. As he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave he did not pretend to expect it. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labor and eat the fruit of their industry. Under a rule of this material kind there can be no enthusiasm, no chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotisms of the heroic type. It was not to last forever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry and faith and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity."

That bland unecstatic approach to the higher mysteries, to which the race has risen on wings of song and of prayer, is perhaps forgetful of some of the elements which go to the making of man. Religion has been for the people, and the people are poor, grief-stricken, heavy-laden. Not for them the calm voyage of the intellect on steady keel to the haven of its desire. They find life bleak, and yearn for comfort. Passionate and fierce and struggling, they would like to taste of the peace that the world can not give. The way is shadowy and doubtful, and they want assurance.

Quick-coming death and the pang of the first-born taken will not seem a little thing even in the world of a hundred years away. Masters of every trade, men may fill the sky with their ships, and tunnel the deep for a highway. But still the tale of their dead will go up, and scarcely will they banish fear and anguish. It will still be true that without a vision the people perish.

The Cubs, 4 to 1

IN ONE of his wilder lyrical moments Walt Whitman sang of "a good game of ball." The game of a cloudy Saturday afternoon, July 24, when Chicago trimmed New York by 4 to 1, was such a game. It does you good to see those big raugy men romping around on a beautiful green field, like the Polo Grounds, New York.

Like a lily in the mouth of Tartarus, flowers fringe the perilous regions just back of the catcher. A foul from off a Cub bat beheaded a geranium nodding in the breeze. But mostly they escape and lift their red and yellow heads to the end of the year.

It is the height of the long summer season of balls and strikes, and these three have met again for a neck-and-neck finish—Pittsburg, Chicago, New York. If Chicago emerges for this third year triumphant, it will be right to say of them that they are the best baseball players in all the world. Full of tricks, secret signals, pieces of thought, is the game to-day as it is played by such a team of lightning thinkers.

The crowd did several of those foolish, pleasant things which we are too ashamed to do in real life. At the last half of the seventh, all the spectators rose in hope of a lucky inning. On a bad decision twenty thousand persons let out a jungle roar. Four hundred straw hats rocked like a wind-swept field of wheat when a foul fly plumped into the grand-stand.

"Ster-rike!" bellowed the umpire, whose fog-horn voice reached from the grand-stand to the 155th Street elevated station.

"Robber!" yelled the crowd, none of whom could see whether or no the ball had cut the plate. Toward the end of the game the grand-stand and bleachers began to curse their hired men, swinking down below.

"Wanamaker's could beat 'em."

"Get a team!"

It is almost a national defect—that trick of worshiping success, and then the swift relapse into cynicism when luck ebbs.

The audience was made up of politicians, theatrical folk, stock-brokers, floorwalkers, solid Americans for the most part, with a sprinkling of the *demi-monde* and of the fat-checked sport with a mint julep floating on the breath. Inspector McCafferty, head of the Detective Bureau, beamed rosily at the players from a dollar upper-tier seat. Tammany election district captains and faithful workers in the ranks were here and there in the crowd. The captain of the Twenty-fifth Assembly District sat opposite first base, friendly and warm-hearted in manner, alert and keen in his talk, as are most of his profession.

The Woes of the Lords

LIKE the Egyptians despoiled by the Lord's chosen, the wail of the peers goes up as the day of their ravishment draws near. The land taxes and motor-car and champagne duties are to impoverish the nobility, who will no longer give largess to the deserving



The First Man to Fly Over the British Channel

The monoplane of Louis Bleriot, a pioneer of French aviation, on July 25 achieved a flight from France to England in thirty-seven minutes, and won the prize of £1,000 offered for this feat by the London "Daily Mail." His arrival in London on the following day was the occasion of a triumphal reception. A luncheon was given in his honor by Lord Northcliffe, owner of the "Daily Mail," at which the prize was given to him enclosed in a silver cup. This is the thirteenth machine of M. Bleriot, and during the last eight years he has spent approximately $2,000,000 in experiments



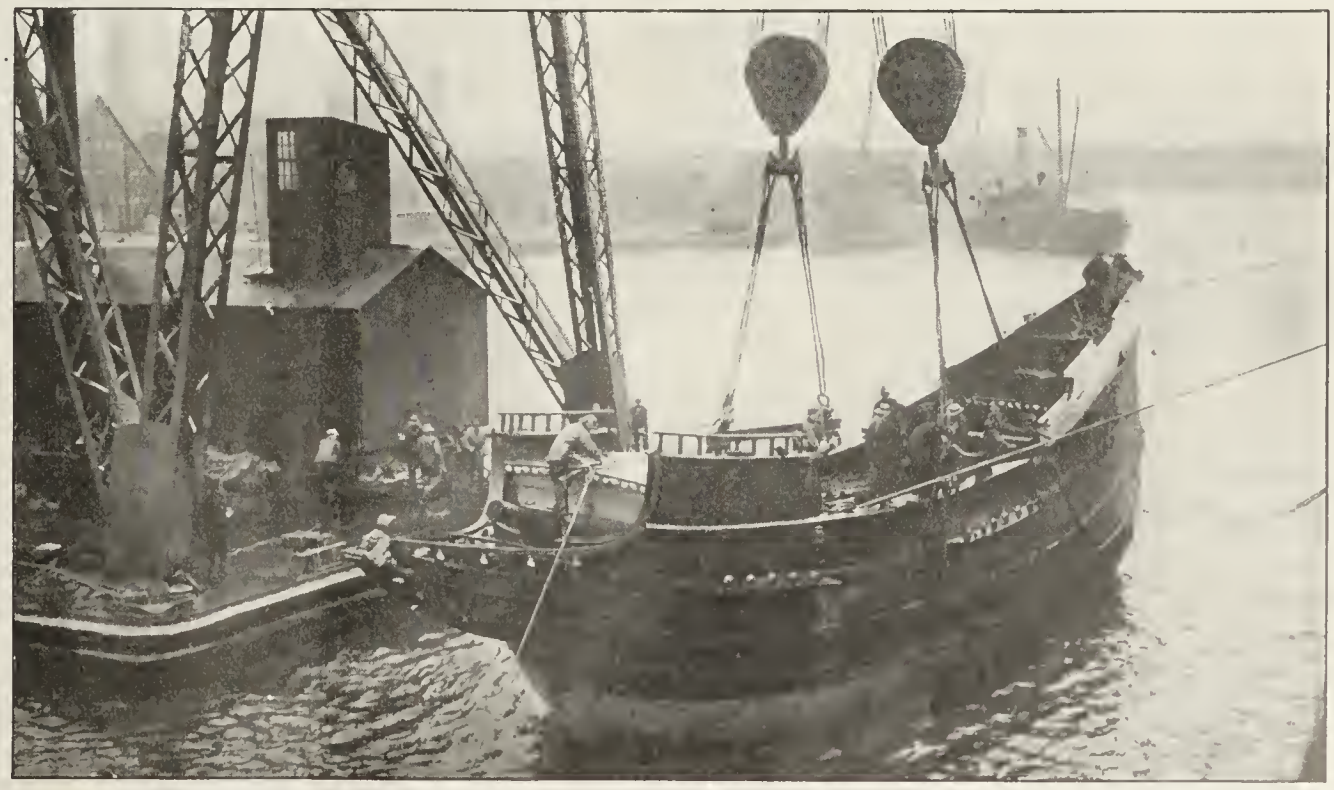
Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall

Chosen by Virginia as one of her two favorite sons to stand in the National Capitol, thereby erasing the last line of the Civil War



San Antonio's Gift to the Soldiers

A library building and chapel, which has been erected by private subscription at Fort Sam Houston, will provide the men of the post with a place for reading, recreation, and devotional services. President Taft, upon its completion, will accept the edifice from the city in behalf of the regular army

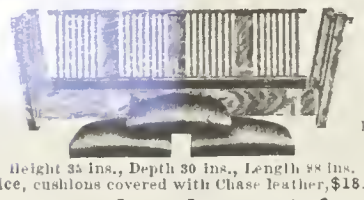


The "Half Moon" Again Drops into New York Harbor

A large crane at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on July 23 lifted from the deck of the steamship "Soestdyke" into American waters the duplicate of Henry Hudson's vessel which had been built in Holland for the Hudson-Fulton celebration—September 25-October 9. Her voyage was made in twelve days, cutting down the record of the original "Halve Maen" by forty-seven days. When fully rigged out, the ship will be presented to the Hudson-Fulton Commission by the group of Dutch citizens who provided the funds to build her. Her crew will be made up from the Dutch warship "Utrecht," and will impersonate the old-time explorers in dress and manner

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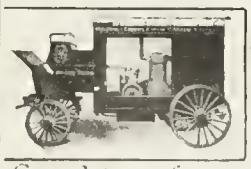
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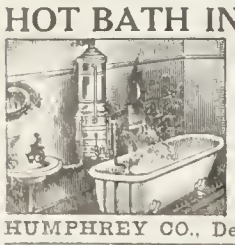
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poor. The well-springs of sweet charity will be dried at the sources.

But that isn't all. If the Lords let the Budget go through, not only will their own "dirty aeres" be taxed, but they will be damned by former friends. If they manhandle the Budget, they may be abolished by their enemies. In any case, they must rouse themselves from their distinguished inertia and vast hereditary calm. In the good old days of their plenitude of power, they used to laugh derisively and mirthfully when such plebeian measures as Gladstone's Home Rule bill were read to their renowned chamber.

They will not snieker when the Budget invades their presenee, for its clauses touch their peace and permanenee. They are hovering at their own exit, and tuning their lips for a swan-song.

The "Speetator" advises the Lords to split the Budget "into two parts, one of whieh will eontain the old forms of taxation merely increased in degree—possibly to a dangerous degree, but still only in degree—and the other part, the new and revolutionary proposals, and if they then pass the first portion of the Budget and rejeet the seeond, they will be taking a wise and reasonable course." That means to edit out the land taxes. But the "Saturday Review" is eontent with no such self-restraint and winnowing process by the Lord's preferred. This intrepid weekly is all for smashing land taxes, license duties, and death duties in one splendid crash.

Libel

PAUL THOMAS was a God-fearing family man in the North of England. He pieked up his paper one morning and read that he had been misbehaving in Paris in primrose ways of dallianee. He sued for libel and won his ease.

The odd thing in the matter was that the journalist had never heard of the sober Yorkshire citizen, and had used the name as that of a purely fietitions personage for a one-column skit. But the eourt held he had damaged an innoeent man.

There is just one safe way to deal with the situation. Establish a dead-line of names. Deeree a set of fifty-seven eombinations which no true mother will give her offspring. Let "John Smith" be agreed upon among writers and parents as exclusively the property of literature, and to be used for the evil dark eharaeter who makes away with the trust finds. Who but Reginald Ronalds will be the gay blade, full of wit and the lovelight in his eyes, but dangerous, very dangerous, to women? Barney Barnato and Hilary Bell are the adventurers who will kill a man or kiss a woman, without a seeond thought.

Let contemporaneons and snecessive novelists nse these same few stoek names. Soon we shall be saying: "Mrs. Humphry Ward has given us the best John Smith in years—more mellow in evil, keener in repartee, than the Lake Sehool." "Note the infinite vivacity of the Henry Jones whieh Shaw has eomposed. How mueh livelier a Henry Jones than Mr. Chesterton's bungle!"

Ladies and Washerwomen

AN APPEAL is being made in England for a fund "to supply holidays for neeessitous ladies." Clearly shine out the class distinctions in the appeal:

"Many ladies, without means to provide themselves with a rest and change, but who need it most sorely, will be left forgotten in the eity, while women of the laboring class, for whom so mueh is done through other sources, will be enjoying themselves by the sea and countryside. I plead, then, very earnestly for the necessitous ladies, secretaries, musicians, nurses, governesses, typewriters, out of health and out of work and discouraged."

What the appeal says, then, is this:

"Will you let that ungrammatical washerwoman and her ten children go to the mountains when this ladylike stenographer is sweltering at the keys?"

No such ery for help would win a moment's hearing or a dollar's dole in our land, which, with a thousand faults upon its head of graft and materialism, does not yet recognize distinetions of suffering on social lines, and has not so far graded its agony as to differentiate between the prostration of tradespeople and gentry.

A Threnody on Abdul

WILL no one write the drama of Abdul the Damned, that Sultan to the realm of death addressed? A fatigued old man, querulous in the Villa Allatini, he sits waiting for the end of it all, and none so poor to do him reverenee who was onee Dominant Sovereign in Arabia Felix, Iran the blessed, the Greeian isles, Invincible and ever Victorious. *(Concluded on page 21)*

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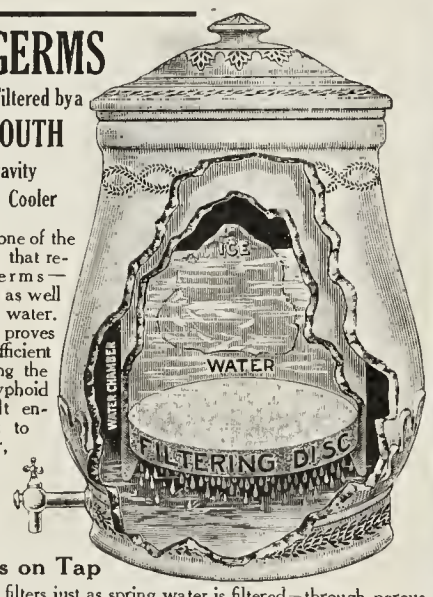
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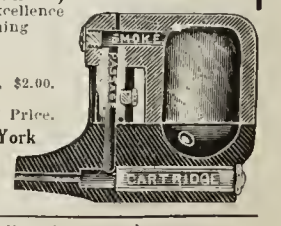
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You know that it isn't. You know that home-baked beans are hard to digest—that they ferment and form gas.

It requires a fierce heat, applied for hours, to break up the bean granules so the digestive juices can act.

In our steam ovens we apply 245 degrees. And, by baking in small parcels, we apply that heat to each individual bean.

So Van Camp's don't ferment, don't form gas, don't form a tax on the stomach.

The baking is done by live steam. So the beans are not crisped, and the skins are not broken. Van Camp's always come to you—as all people like them—nutty, mealy and whole.

The tomato sauce is baked with them—baked into them. Thus you get a delicious blend.

If you have ever served a single can of Van Camp's, you know how your people like them.

And you know they digest—by the after-effects. There is no fermentation or gas.

Such beans form Nature's choicest food. They are 23 per cent nitrogenous—84 per cent nutriment.

They contain more food value than the choicest beef, yet they cost not a third as much.

Beans are our premier food, and our cheapest food, when baked so they all digest.

Then why not encourage your people to eat them—by serving the beans that they like?

And why not have them convenient—a dozen cans on hand—a dozen delicious meals ready to serve?

Every housewife living is bound to do this when she learns how much Van Camp's mean.

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And we use none but whole, vine-ripened tomatoes—picked when the juice fairly sparkles.

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WANTED—A FEW HIGH-GRADE NOVELTY salesmen to sell an exceptional meritorious advertising novelty to dealers. Profit of $7.50 upwards to salesmen on each order. Side line salesmen making profitable income by working between trains. Give full particulars first letter. Novelty Department, 503 Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago.

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ORANGE, ALFALFA, VINEYARD AND fruit lands in the San Joaquin Valley, California. Unequalled soil, abundant water. $60 an acre and up. Make you independent in a few years. Booklet "The San Joaquin Valley" and six months' subscription to our journal "The Earth," free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1172C, Railway Exchange, Chicago.

ORANGE LAND $3 PER ACRE MONTHLY, in Southern California's sunniest climate. Your first opportunity to purchase a small piece of choice frostless fruitland in beautiful El Cajon Valley on long-time terms. Near schools. A good living in five acres. Special introductory prices. Write today for illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, Cal.

ISLE OF PINES

SEND A POSTAL FOR BOOK AND MAP OF Isle of Pines; you will not be sorry; I can prove it. The Best Place for Profits. Investigate it anyway. W. D. Middleton, 413 Ft. Dearborn Bldg., Chicago.

MAINE

MAINE COAST REAL ESTATE. CLIFFORD Pemberton, Jr., Salem, Massachusetts.

TEXAS

WE WANT ONE HUNDRED AAA-1 LOT Salesmen. Best proposition in State for the money. This property sells anywhere. Write us. Mutual Realty Co., Ltd., Weatherford, Texas.

VIRGINIA

FOR SALE. FARM OF 375 ACRES 2½ MILES from Appomattox, Appomattox Co., Va.; fine agricultural land, near scene of Gen. Lee's surrender in 1865. C. Wiley Ely, Brooklyn, Indiana.

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SOUTHERN STAMPING AND MFG. CO. Manufacturers of special and patented articles. R. C., Nashville, Tenn.

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GET BETTER NEGATIVES. BY MY PROCess of developing I will develop one 6 exposure film, any size, free. Booklet "Film Faults," price list and sample Velox print free. Send 2c postage. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

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AGENTS WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS WANTED IN every town to sell the wonderful Triplex Handbag for women. By mere twist of the wrist it becomes a purse, music portfolio, smell satchel or shopping bag. Four separate bags for four separate purposes all in one. You enlarge bag to meet your needs as you go along. Write for other new pat'd articles. S. A. Diamond & Bro., 35 W. 21st St., N. Y.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phœnix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

PATENTED KEROSENE INCANDESCENT Burner. Attachable to any lamp. Produces 70 candle-power light, saves 50% kerosene; reedy seller everywhere; agents protected. F. W. Gottschalk, 99 Chambers St., N.Y.

WONDERFUL INVENTION; AGENTS COIN money selling Canchester Incandescent Kerosene Lamp—burns with or without mantle—10 times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene, at 1/10 cost. Burner fits all standard lamps. Saves 75% oil. No trimming wicks. Outfit furnished to workers. Canchester Light Co., 28 State, Chicago.

TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED TO TAKE orders for our Guaranteed Made to Order Clothes. Suits—$10 up. No capital required. Write today for Territory and Complete equipment. Address Warrington W. & W. Mills, 173 Adams St., Department 222, Chicago, Ill.

BIG MONEY CAN BE MADE BY MEN AND women selling our Hold Fast Paper Clips to Offices, Banks, etc. Send $1.00 for 15 boxes. Retail them for 15 cents per box, a gilt edge profit of $1.25 on the fifteen boxes, or over 8⅓ cents per box. Money refunded if you do not make good. These Paper Clips are the best made. Once tried always used. Sell the same customers again and again. Cutter Tower Co., 307 Hathaway Bldg., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

MANAGERS MAKE BIG MONEY MONTHLY. We want Managers for each county; must have some money; A1 opportunity for right person. Downs Mfg. Co., 307 Hyde Blk., Spokane, Wash.

AGENTS, 135% PROFIT SELLING OUR HANDY Tool, 12 articles in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Thomas Manufacturing Company, 236 Barney Block, Dayton Ohio.

NEW INVENTIONS FROM GERMANY. Wonderful newly patented specialties. No dead ones. Also Krops Improved Positive Tension Shears. Solid Steel Combination Kitchen Sets. Every article absolutely guaranteed. Enormous profits. We are mfrs. Free samples and Catalogs. Edgren Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Milwaukee, Wis.

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AGENTS WANTED FOR ALCATRAZ FIRE extinguisher. 500% profit. Ten other specialties. Easy and big money. Write for proposition and territory. Dept. C, The Alcatraz Co., Richmond, Va.

WANTED—ORGANIZERS; GOOD COMMISsions; Fraternal Social Order of Owls, John Talbot, Supreme President, South Bend, Indiana.

AGENTS WANTED TO HANDLE THE MOST satisfactory water filter; modern design; one minute convinces; big profits; reserved territory; sample Fibre Disk free. Jones Mfg. Co., 243A6 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT WILL WRITE TEN articles about his African trip for Scribner's Magazine. Great chance for agents—liberal cash commissions and additional prizes. For particulars, write at once. Address Desk 8, Scribner's Magazine, 155 5th Avenue, New York City.

100% AGENTS EVERYWHERE TO SELL OUR Ladies' folding hand-bags, 3 in 1 genuine leather. Hustlers write for territory. N. E. Sales Co., Sole Agents, 85 State St., Boston, Mass.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

YOUR OLD SAFETY RAZOR BLADES REsharpened, 30c a dozen; double-edge blades especially. 47,000 pleased customers. Send address for convenient mailing package. Keenedge Co., 239 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago.

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1909 LIGHT MODEL "A" MOTORCYCLE, 2½, 2¾ Thor Motor. Latest design loop frame with double top bar, Spring Forks, double grip control. Finish and workmanship of the highest. The greatest value ever offered. Special introductory price wherever we are not represented. Write for Catalog. Merkel-Light Motor Co., Pottstown, Pa.

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SUCCESSFUL GASOLINE LIGHT SALESMEN to handle the only instantaneous lighting system known to science; no alcohol, step ladders, torches, matches or time wasted; pull the chain and they light instantly; for home and commercial lighting. Write for territory. Small capital required. Gloria Light Co., 399 Washington-Blvd., Chicago.

A BIG MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITY FOR agents. The Wm. S. Devery (New York's Famous ex-Police Chief) Burglar Alarm scares off burglars; simple, sure, durable; allows ventilation; small cost; send for prtclrs, territory. Nat'l Burglar Alarm Co., Inc., 402 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

AGENTS—MY "KEY TO SUCCESS" FREE. A complete course in Agency Salesmanship. It teaches you the business from A to Z. Send me your name and address for this book. (A postal will do.) Whether you are an old agent or new one, this book will tell you just how to make the most sales with the least effort. Remember, it is absolutely free; no money required. Send for it today. S. G. Lewis, 19 S. 3d St., Dept. 27, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—FASTEST SELLING NOVELTY yet; explains itself; day's supply carried in side-pocket; everybody—old or young—buys on sight; 200% profit; sample free. Davisco, A., Battle Creek, Mich.

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INCREASE YOUR INCOME BY SELLING self-sharpening shears. Big profits. Household necessity. Best on the market. Appeals to every woman. Send for particulars to-day. Dept. Z. Rockland Supply Co., Phila., Pa.

WANTED—LIVE AGENTS TO SELL THE Idea Sanitary Brushes. Excellent territory now open; unlimited territory; permanent position; write for terms. D. L. Silver & Co., Clayton, N. J.

HORSES INSURED; SOMETHING NEW: every horse owner wants it; big field; quick money; permanent. For full particulars write to Atlantic Horse Insurance Co., 90 Weybosset Street, Providence, R. I.

WANTED, AGENTS TO TAKE ORDERS FOR our men's and women's guaranteed hosiery. Easy seller, big profit. Textile Mfg. Co., 47 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES BY SELLing Vanco Hand Soap in shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large can and particulars 10c. The J. T. Robertson Co., Box C, Manchester, Conn.

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LARGE WHOLESALE TAILORING HOUSE wants general and local agents. No experience or capital necessary. We carry the burden. We send you complete outfit, costing us $12, absolutely free—with no after charges. J. Solomon & Co., 272 Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS TO SELL HIGH GRADE ARTICLE to business and professional men. Exceptionally liberal commissions; every sale leads to others. Students and specialty salesmen make big money. Oliver, Philadelphia, Pa., 1020 Walnut Street.

YOU CAN MAKE EXCELLENT PAY AS OUR gen. or local agent. Household necessity saves 80%. Good territory open. Permanent bus. in your home town. Write. J. M. Pitkin & Co., 3 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—TO sell Men's Clothing on credit, by largest credit clothing house in the world. No capital required. Write for plan. Menter & Rosenbloom Co., 604 Cox Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

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FOR THE HOME

NEW PICTURE PUZZLES FOR OLD. YOUR puzzle exchanged for another, sterilized, same size or larger. Fees moderate. Write for illustrated list of subjects and unlimited exchange plan so popular in New York. New York Picture Puzzle Exchange, Room 501, 154 E. 23rd St., New York.

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IVERS & POND PIANOS—SMALL GRANDS, Pronounced by critical musicians to be unequaled in tone, touch and wearing qualities. Send for our new catalogue, showing half-tone pictures of our latest designs. Where we have no dealer, we ship direct from Boston on approval. Our Easy Payment System is available anywhere in the United States. Write to-day for full information. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 137 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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MUSIC LOVERS, ATTENTION! COLONIAL music portfolio keeps music flat; never crumples. Handy to carry. Genuine morocco. Your name on same. Send for Bklet. Colonial Bindery, Staunton, Va.

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FREE SAMPLE COPY OF BONDS AND Mortgages Magazine telling all about Real Estate Mortgages, net 5% to 7%. $500 up. Absolutely safe, steadily increasing in value, not affected by trusts, panics. Better than savings banks. Investigate. Monadnock Building, Chicago.

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"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

AVOID BAD DEBTS. COLLECT YOUR OLD accounts yourself. Write for free sample sheets of notices and letters that will collect most any slow account. Sayers Mercantile Agency Co., 404 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.



SURPRISE YOUR GUESTS

Cut slender slices of crustless bread. Spread thin with Underwood Deviled Ham. If you wish, add onions and peppers chopped fine and mayonnaise.

Or, scoop out the centers of six tomatoes. Mix centers with a small can of Underwood Deviled Ham, half cup bread crumbs, teaspoonful onion juice, parsley. Put back in tomatoes. Bake thirty minutes.

Or, add small can of Underwood Deviled Ham to your regular chicken dressing.

Then have your guests or your husband

TASTE THE TASTE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Surprised? They'll ask you if you've hired a French chef.

Send for our free booklet "Taste the Taste," and you can keep guests and husband surprised with new, rare, delicate and delicious tastes for a long time.

Underwood Deviled Ham is ham boiled *en casserole*, ground fine, and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of 42 spices—a delicious taste of salt and sugar and hickory smoke and spiciness.

No adulteration. No preservatives. Clean. Economical—15-cent can makes twenty-four small, or twelve large, sandwiches.

Great for picnics, camping, all outdooring,—greater for teas, luncheons, all indooring.

Try it before you forget it. If your grocer doesn't keep it, send his name and 15 cents to The Wm. Underwood Co., Department 81, 52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass., and receive by return mail a 15-cent can of

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

What the World Is Doing

(Concluded from page 18)

When that great kings return to dust, there is no degradation in the secular process. But when you strip a Sultan of power, rob him of money, and sue him at law, and feeding him meanwhile and keeping him alive, you add humiliation to tragedy.

Instead of stepping off at tiptoe, he suggests the ebb tide, and the minor key and a dying fall. After reigning to mope—where is now your Willie Shakespeare to sing us a song of the shame and make us a play of the same? If some one could have mercifully murdered the tired old potentate, or if he could have greatly disappeared, like John Davidson, it had been well with him. But to shuffle off into a corner like a sick beggar—there is stuff here for the master-hand, a flash of the finger that can.

No Discharge in This War

TO FIGHT the fight for good roads and keep it merrily maintained for all the years of the future, the American Congress of Road Builders, sitting at Seattle in the middle of July, has resolved itself into a permanent national organization.

A Hebrew of the Hebrews

JACOB H. SCHIFF is a banker, philanthropist, and Hebrew of the Hebrews. He has many times showed wise and sincere qualities of citizenship. By his own race he is regarded as a leader. A section of the East Side in New York venerate him as little short of a prophet.

He spoke words the other day—July 18—at the Jewish Chautauqua Society which touch our future. The massing of the very poor in great cities is the keenest modern problem. He has a solution.

With an admirable broad-mindedness he says of the incoming of his own people that it is "an immigration that has brought problems to the people of New York in particular, and to the North Atlantic seaboard towns in general, which are becoming well-nigh impossible of solution.

"If we want to keep open the opportunity for many more of our coreligionists to come into this blessed land," better distribution must be found, so that the Jew will go direct to sections of the country where opportunities of livelihood, low cost of living, and good health are to be found. Mr. Schiff then told how immigration could be directed to Galveston instead of New York, where, with the aid of a special committee, employment may be found in the territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast.

With the help of the Special Emigration Department of the Jewish Territorial Organization in Europe, it is purposed to plant twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand immigrants in that territory in the next ten years, as heralds and demonstrators of a wisely distributed immigration.

"Nor will the mortifying cry that we need return to the Orient in order to fulfil our destiny thereafter continue to be heard. A well-distributed population of some millions of our coreligionists, brought up under Anglo-Saxon influences, imbued with the Americanism of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt, will form the best and most efficient center our people can desire."

A phrase is running through the Eastern States with the speed of fire in dry bushes and with the stealth of a snake in the grass. "The day of the Jew is ended at Ellis Island." It is believed by the well-informed that William Williams, the new Commissioner of Immigration, makes war on disease and pauperism, but not on a race.

Commissioner Williams is quoted by the New York "Times" as saying:

"I believe that at least twenty-five per cent of the immigrants now necessarily admitted, although they may be able to earn a living, yet are not wanted and are of no benefit to the country."

Where the Sacred River Ran

THE Hindu laborers of Sacramento, California, placed the body of a comrade on a funeral raft to which they were about to set fire and let go blazing down the Sacramento River, when the coroner intervened. It was their purpose to treat the Sacramento as if it were the Ganges, sacred for the last voyage of the dead.

PURITY ESSENTIAL

In no other form of food is Purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, as without richness, milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the embodiment of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal.—*Adv.*



You see, it follows the water all the way.

ALONG the Hudson River, through the Mohawk Valley and by the shores of the Great Lakes, the famous

20th Century Limited

makes its one-night run between New York and Chicago over the smooth, easy-riding "Water Level Route."

"It saves a business day," and in addition its luxurious appointments appeal to ladies as well as business men.

Leave New York 3:30 P.M. | *Leave Chicago 2:30 P.M.*
Arrive Chicago 8:30 A.M. | *Arrive New York 9:30 A.M.*

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Railroad and Pullman tickets delivered by special representative on request from our offices: 1216 Broadway, New York, 'Phone 6310 Madison; 185 Clark Street, Chicago, 'Phone 1661 Harrison.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

"America's Greatest Railway System"

The 1909 Catalogue of COLLIER ART PRINTS contains 132 illustrations of the works of Maxfield Parrish, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Jessie Willcox Smith and other foremost American artists. A feature of the book this year is a series of full-page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves.

For 15 cents we will send you this Book prepaid and Rebate the 15 cents with your first purchase of $1.00 or more

This book is a thing of beauty and of educational value—too valuable to send free—but when you realize that it contains 20 Gibson reproductions, 25 Remingtons, and Maxfield Parrish's beautiful Arabian Nights and Wonder Tales Prints, Edward Penfield's Animal Pictures for the Nursery, Jessie Willcox Smith's Pictures of Children—132 in all—it is certain you will want the book and some of the pictures as well. Mail 15 cents in stamps. Address

PRINT DEPT., P. F. COLLIER & SON, 413 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK



Your Complexion



DOES IT NEED A "COLD CREAM" OR A MASSAGE CREAM?

Today one doesn't have to argue the necessity of using *some* face cream. Well-groomed people confess the necessity of *some* face cream for preserving *skin health* just as they confess the necessity of umbrellas or rubbers or raincoats for preserving *general health*.

It is today rather a question of "*Which face cream*," or better still, "*Does my skin need a cold cream* or a *MASSAGE cream in order that I may always appear good-looking, clean-looking, wholesome and, yes, young-looking?*"

"Cold" or "grease" creams have their uses, but are not sufficient for the face any more than one kind of food is sufficient for the stomach, or one kind of medicine to cure any disease. Use cold or grease creams, if you will—there are *hundreds* of brands. But *no matter how many you use* you should always have a place on your dresser for a massage cream, and there is *only one with a national reputation*, namely, POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM.

Now for the *difference* between an ordinary cold cream and a real massage cream like Pompeian. Cold creams are merely rubbed into the pores—*and stay there*. This may feel good, but not really improve the looks. Pompeian Massage Cream is rubbed into the pores *and then out again*, bringing with it all the pore-clogging impurities—soap particles, dust, soot, etc. It is this foreign matter in the pores which causes muddy complexions, blackheads, face "shine" and similar disfigurements.

The pores *must* be cleansed before the *rosy* blood can get the circulation it seeks. When you massage with Pompeian Massage Cream you'll be astonished at the results.

"Your Pompeian Massage Cream *positively insulls* me every time I use it," a man recently wrote us. "I had no idea so much dirt could get in the pores and stay there, despite soap and water."

"When first I used Pompeian," wrote a woman, "I was as astonished as at my first Turkish bath."

You see the point. Pompeian being a "rolling" massage cream (that is, it rolls out the dirt), gets at the root of facial troubles, namely, clogged pores. "Grease" or "cold" creams do not—can not—roll out the dirt, and in fact merely rub it in. And *it is the dirt that is in*—not the dirt that is on—that retards circulation, and makes people's faces sallow and muddy instead of being clear and fresh and smooth. For a soft, clear, clean skin use POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM.

Get a Trial Jar

You have been reading and hearing about Pompeian for years. You know it is the most popular face cream made, 10,000 jars being sold daily. You have meant to try it, but have not done so. This is your chance to discover what a vast difference there is between an ordinary "cold" cream and a scientifically made Massage Cream like Pompeian. Fill out the coupon today and prepare for a delightful surprise when you receive our quarter-ounce trial jar. A 16-page booklet on the care of the face sent with each jar. When writing enclose 6 cents in coin or United States stamps.

All dealers, 50c, 75c and $1. Cream sent to all parts of the world, postage paid, if dealer cannot supply you.

The Pompeian Mfg. Company
3 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Library slips saved (one in every package) means magazines and books earned.

POMPEIAN Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers 25c a cake; box of three cakes, 60c.

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Cleveland, Ohio

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We are the largest sellers of Irrigation Bonds. And these bonds are, by far, our most popular securities with investors who know them.

Our experience with Reclamation Bonds covers 15 years. It covers the sale of many entire issues from 11 separate states. So we know the facts.

These bonds are farm liens of the most conservative class. Some are Municipal obligations. The interest rate—six per cent—is larger than one can now obtain on any large class of equal security. The bonds are issued in serial maturities, and in denominations as low as $100.

For the information of our customers—present and prospective—we have issued a book called "The World's Greatest Industry." It is interesting, unbiased, clear and illustrated. It tells the facts about this most attractive form of investment. Please write us a postal or send us this coupon for it:

Troubridge & Niver Co.
(Established 1893)
Municipal and Corporation Bonds
First National Bank Bldg. CHICAGO — 50 Congress Street BOSTON

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name _____
Town _____
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127

Investing Under Expert Direction at 6½ to 7 Per Cent

LET us send you our circular telling just what the above means and describing the methods that have made us one of the most reliable investment houses in America.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY

News and Comment for Investors

PARAGRAPH one of this department should give the editor's idea of investment; no other use of the average man's money is of great importance to him. A reasonable hope of a fair return on surplus money—here is a usable definition of investment. It means putting money into business (to work as a junior clerk—and there are plenty of junior clerks to be had at a low cost. Money is, usually, plentiful. Therefore, usually, it does not yield large returns when it is the only capital contributed. Investment bankers of reputation and experience, and the men who handle estate funds and savings bank money, will not consider for a moment a proposition promising big returns. The average man's surplus piles up slowly—fortunately, he is not a speculator. In putting his earnings into concerns which are run by the brains and energy of other men, the investor must not expect to get the larger share of profits. Conservative investment is not alluring—neither are the exercises required to keep the normal man in good physical condition. But it is sure; and speculation is the only alternative for the man who wants to put his money to work. In this department it must be assumed that the average man is not a speculator.

Is This Speculation?

MARGIN buying is gambling, surely. But is it always? Here is the story of a transaction, on margin, that seems to raise a question:

After the panic, United States Steel preferred was selling in the eighties. A man who owned 100 shares of a 4-per-cent industrial stock sold it for $50 a share. Then he bought 250 shares of Steel preferred at 86, putting up a margin of $20 a share. He figured that it was absurd to suppose that the stock would go below 66, and that it was bound to go above 86 if he held on. This he could afford to do, for the stock paid 7 per cent, and the brokers were willing to advance the $16,500 required to complete the purchase at 6 per cent interest. From 86, Steel preferred rose in five months to 121, and the man sold his 250 shares. His profits are easily figured. Before he considered the deal closed, however, he bought back his original 100 shares of the 4-per-cent industrial, paying $55 a share for it.

"I've noticed," said this investor (a speculator?), "that there are bear markets and bull markets, and that one succeeds the other. I figure that in ordinary times I should keep my money in a safe security—some of the good railroad 5-per-cent bonds are excellent. In a bear market, when stocks are cheap, it will pay me to sell my fairly rigid, inactive security to secure a bargain in a fluctuating stock. Personally, I don't consider dealing on a 20-per-cent margin with Steel preferred down to 86 a *speculation*."

Values

WALL STREET is the one big investment market in this country, and, aside from its momentary shudderings due to the flying rumor, it is the one place where real values are studied with exhaustive care. Into the good banking-houses and the offices of all the safe brokers come, literally, tons of information concerning the properties whose shares are traded in. Experts in figures and historians of the Street sift this mass of material as it comes in, and the dependable adviser to the prospective investor has a broad knowledge of the physical worth of the railroad or steel plant or copper mine into which he advises his customer to put money. This and this and this being so, says your sound adviser, B stock has an intrinsic value of 110; it is selling now at 95; it may or may not go lower; later, under normal conditions, it is bound to go to 110; bought now, it will yield better than 6 per cent. Therefore, buy. Or, the facts do not justify the present price of 150 for C railroad stock. Therefore, sell. To realize that Wall Street is not only brilliant, but studious and long-memoried, would help many a man with money to invest and a deadly fear of the stock market. And having made a sound investment, why isn't it the duty of the average man to find out from time to time the condition of the property that stands behind it? People spend money to prevent their teeth from decaying or their suburban house from falling into disrepair; why shouldn't the man with a few thousand dollars tied up in stocks or bonds keep in touch with the conditions that affect his security? It is perfectly feasible and not expensive.

Illustration

A Bishop's Investments

THROUGH a long and active life the late Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York kept sane and level outlook. After his death, a few months ago, a list of securities in which he had invested was published. Title, par value, and appraised value at the time of his death, of some of these securities were:

$21,000 New York Gas, Electric Light 4% bonds, at 86, $18,060.

$10,000 Kings County Electric Light and Power Company 6% bonds, at 110, $11,000.

$6,000 Chesapeake and Ohio, Warm Springs Valley Branch, first 5% bonds, at 105, $6,300.

$10,000 Compania Metalurgica Mexicana 5% 30-year gold sinking-fund first mortgage bonds, at 85, $8,500.

$10,000 Mexican Northern Railway first mortgage 6% bonds, at 95, $9,500.

$10,000 Missouri Pacific first 6% consolidated bonds, at 108, $10,800.

$5,000 St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern consolidated railway and land grant 5% bonds, at 108, $5,400.

$10,000 Central of Georgia consolidated 5% bonds, at 107, $10,700.

$11,000 Northern Pacific general lien 3% bonds, at 72, $8,280.

$30,000 St. Louis Southwestern Railway consolidated mortgage 4% bonds, at 67, $20,100.

$28,000 St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company 4% refunding mortgage bonds, at 66½, $18,620.

$10,000 St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company general mortgage 6% bonds, at 114, $11,400.

$10,000 Mexican Coal and Coke Company 5% sinking-fund first mortgage bonds, at 75, $7,500.

$10,000 Southern Pacific Company, Central Pacific stock collateral 4% bonds, at 86½, $8,650.

$5,000 Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad Company consolidated first mortgage, 6% bonds, at 118, $5,900

$5,000 Erie Railway Company consolidated mortgage 7% bonds, at 120, $6,000.

$10,000 New York, New Haven and Hartford 6½ debentures, at 125¾, $12,575.

Stocks included in the estate were standard five and six per cent dividend payers—the sort that would be recommended to anybody by good banking-houses. Bishop Potter was one of the trusted leaders, not only in the church, but also in the material affairs of his city. In the matter of investments, also, he was wise.

An Answer Wanted

WHO will point a way to this man? He has written to COLLIER'S in these words:

"I desire to secure funds to operate a wheat ranch in Alberta, Canada, and . . . I desire to get some pointers from you. The proposition I have in option is so good and fair in promise of results, both for myself and those who furnish the capital, there surely should be some way to raise funds. If you have any good suggestion which it is convenient for you to hand out, I should be pleased to get it."

The letter comes from a town of 10,000 in Ohio. It is to be supposed that local capital can't be had for the Alberta venture. If the inquirer is capable and his proposition is sound, how can he get money? This department will be glad to receive answers and suggestions.

Watch for our prize contest offer

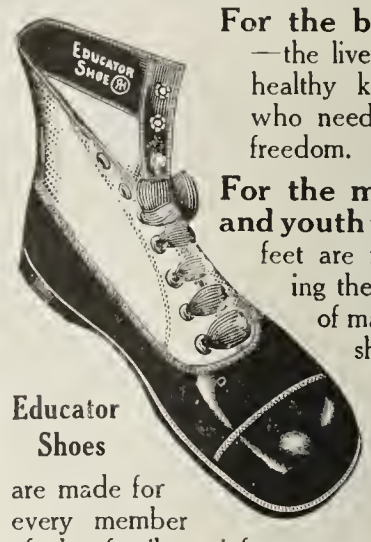
EDUCATOR SHOE (RH)
Registered trade-mark stamped on the soles.

Summer Comfort

FOR ALL

who suffer with tender feet — who would seek real relief.

For the child whose feet will grow right if given a chance.

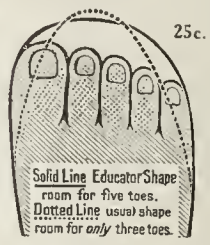


For the boy — the lively and healthy kind — who needs foot freedom.

For the misses and youth whose feet are reaching the stage of matured shape.

Educator Shoes are made for every member of the family — infants to parents.

Prices according to size:
First Steps, 2 to 6, $1.25 and $1.35.
Infants', 5 to 8, $1.50 and $1.75.
Child's, 8½ to 11, $1.75 and $2.00.
Misses', 11½ to 2, $2.25.
Girls', 2½ to 6, $2.50 and $2.75.
Women's, 2½ to 7, $4.00. Oxfords, $3.50.
Boys', 1 to 5½, $2.50 and $2.75.
Men's, 6 to 11, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00.



25c. extra when ordered by mail.

Sold generally by best dealers. Made by

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THE KADY SUSPENDER



is made primarily for comfort and wear.

The Double Crown Roller
found only on "THE KADY," makes it possible for the wearer to stoop, lounge, recline, kneel or assume any position without feeling the slightest strain anywhere.

Made from finest quality elastic webbing in many tasteful designs. No uncomfortable straps or cords.

50c and 75c a pair

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You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital.

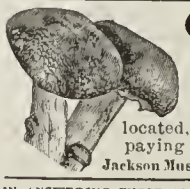
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For Big and Quick Profits

I can give practical instructions worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where located, get a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Particulars free.

Jackson Mushroom Farm, 3209 N. Western Ave., Chicago

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

FRANKLIN 1910 AUTOMOBILES

Franklin automobiles with their present tire equipment will average 2500 miles without a puncture.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile do not puncture easily and blow outs are almost unheard of. Our tire equipment is so generous that it is not necessary to carry extra tires on any 1910 Franklin.

On Model H the rear tires are 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4 1-2 inches; on Model D, rear 36 x 4 1-2 inches, front 36 x 4 inches; on Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3 1-2 inches.

The Franklin air-cooling system for 1910 has been proved to cool so perfectly and positively that no one but a trade rival would dispute its success. It also dispenses with the fan and other complications necessary in water-cooling systems.

Surrounding each cylinder close to the vertical cooling flanges is a sheet metal casing open at the top and bottom, with a diaphragm connecting the casings and forming with the engine boot an air-tight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is a powerful suction fly-wheel of new type. This fly-wheel draws the air down through the casings equally around the entire circumference of each cylinder.

The Franklin power plant is more economical, more efficient and more powerful than water-cooled power plants of the same weight.

The Bosch magneto high tension single ignition system used on our 1909 automobiles is continued on our 1910 models. In addition we have dispensed with the spark advance lever on all models. The time of the spark is not left to the judgment of the operator. Much better results are obtained at all speeds than by any other system. This was demonstrated on our 1909 Model G.

Cranking the motor on our magneto system is easier and safer than starting on batteries. The reason for the "double" ignition system commonly used is to provide batteries for starting, it not being practical to crank the ordinary motor on the ordinary magneto system. Anyone can see that one perfect ignition system is better and less complicated than two systems both of which lack some essential quality and which must be used together to get results.

A light-weight automobile with proper spring suspension gives the limit of riding comfort and touring ability. All Franklins have four full-elliptic springs and a laminated-wood chassis frame. Road shocks and vibration are absorbed—not transmitted as is the case with the steel frame and semi-elliptic springs commonly used.

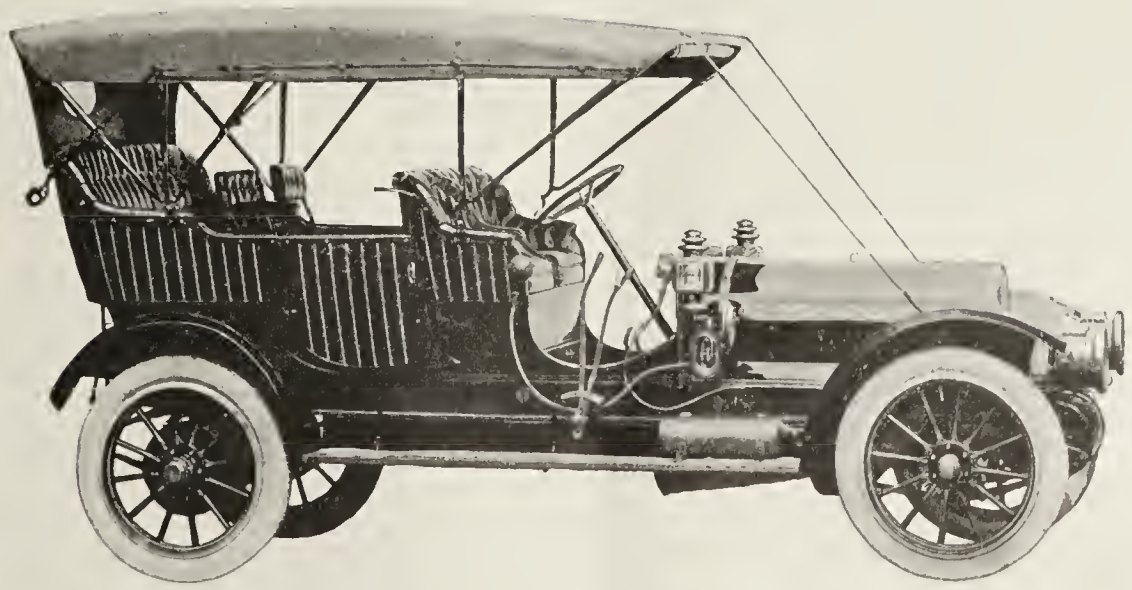
The Franklin is the easiest riding of all automobiles. It will also go the farthest in a day and is the fastest over American roads.

All efforts to break our transcontinental record which we have held for five years have resulted in failure. As recently as last June five different makes of automobiles tried for the Franklin record, but the best actual running time made was four days longer than our record. And in spite of the many attempts to lower it, our Chicago-New York record of 40 hours made in August, 1907, still stands.

The first 1910 Franklin to be entered in a public contest established a new world's record for economy. This was on July 7 in the Buffalo, N. Y., one-gallon mileage contest. There were 20 contestants. The Franklin, an easy winner, out-did its nearest competitor by 50 per cent and also beat the former world's record, made by a 1909 Franklin in New York on May 7, by 40 per cent.

Franklin closed cars are now being delivered. These models are not only luxurious in their equipment, but they have the Franklin easy-riding quality so essential to this type of automobile.

Write for 1910 catalogue of all models.



Franklin Model H, 42 horse-power six-cylinder chassis, is made with seven-passenger touring body, surrey body and limousine body.

Franklin Model D, 28 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with five-passenger touring body, close-coupled body, surrey body, limousine body and landaulet body.

Franklin Model G, 18 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with touring body, surrey body, single-rumble-seat body and runabout body with hamper.

Franklin Model K, 18 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with limousine body, town car body and taxicab body.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

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DU PONT

SMOKELESS

is the most popular powder in the world.

WHY?

Because it always does the work—

Breaks Old Records

Makes New Ones

It is the powder you should use for trap or field shooting.

Every dealer in the United States carries shells loaded with

DU PONT SMOKELESS

Send 12 cents in stamps for a set of six Pictures illustrating "A Day's Hunt." Address Dept W,

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.

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THROW THE OLD BATTERY AWAY

No use trying to get good ignition current out of an old, battered, corroded, worn out battery. Get a new one—one that will last this season, and many seasons to come. The

HUBLER-DAYTON STORAGE BATTERY

is unbreakable, and is proof against rust, corrosion, or deterioration, from jolting, jarring or rough treatment. It has greater capacity than any battery of its same rated capacity, as it has greater active plate surface. Why not be on the safe side? We make the famous Apple Ignition Dynamo, and other ignition specialties. You need our catalog; write for it today.

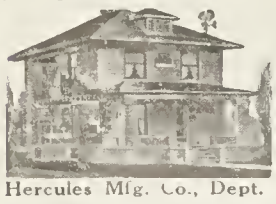
The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co., 121 St. Clair St., Dayton, Ohio

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A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY



Manufacture concrete building blocks and make money. Demand is practically unlimited. Big profits on small investment. Machines $16.25 up. Artistic face designs, face down. Free catalog.

Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Centerville, Iowa

Just Oil your sewing machine with "3-in-One;" then just watch it run! This wonderful, labor-saving oil makes machine sewing delightfully easy. It prevents rust, cleans out dirt and grease, keeps all parts in perfect order. Trial bottle sent FREE by

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Cut this out now, so you won't forget to write for it.

OUR BIG CATALOGUE FREE

UNITED BUILDING MATERIAL CO

CINCINNATI, O.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 16

THE NEWS VALUE OF ADVERTISING

TO that happy family looking forward to the building of their new home all advertisements of building improvements are news.

That family is not one whit more anxious to read a good story, a special article or an editorial than they are to read in fullest detail in the advertising columns a description of an efficient heating system, a metal weather strip which will exclude dust and save coal bills, or a new form of tile flooring for bathrooms, kitchens, etc., which is both baseboard and floor in one, thus doing away with the crack—unsightly and unsanitary—which the old-style construction inevitably brought.

Unless you have been reading the advertisements you are not likely to know that three or four reliable manufacturers can very easily make a beautiful opal glass porcelain lined refrigerator built to order for you and made to fit just the space you specify.

Neither will you know—unless you have been reading the advertisements—that two or three very large manufacturers will, *for the asking*, give you very complete color schemes for every room in your house.

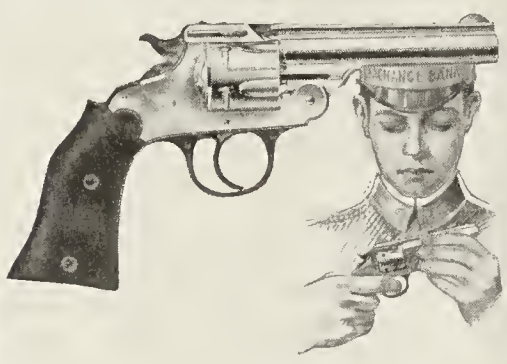
You can secure (also for the asking) very complete helpful information regarding bedroom furnishings from an advertiser of mattresses; a beautiful book from another advertiser which gives exceptionally good suggestions for the proper fitting of a bathroom and many interesting facts regarding the arrangement of your other rooms, can be secured for the mere trouble of writing the advertisers who have this information ready to give to you.

Because of this news value—this real value the advertising columns have for the interested reader—it is important that the news given is reliable.

Further than that it is part of the duty of Collier's Advertising Department to seek the advertising of those concerns only which, to the best of our knowledge, manufacture an efficient product—one which will more than fulfil what is claimed for it.

E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Color Printing"



Absolutely Nothing here to get out of Order. The

HOPKINS & ALLEN

Triple Action SAFETY POLICE Revolver

Is Safe because its Safety is In-built

When you own a Triple Action Safety Police you have a positively accident-proof revolver. You can see the perfect safety, you can feel it the minute you get this weapon in your hands. You can't help but know it's safe because the evidence is right before your eyes. The triple action is the safety action, and it's built right into the mechanism of the gun.

That's why the Triple Action Safety Police is safe, not once or first, but last and always. It can't go off until you deliberately pull the trigger.

The Triple Action just means Triple Safety. The instant you pull the trigger of this weapon the hammer cocks, then lets drive at the firing-pin straight and hard; the second it hits the firing-pin, the instant the shot is fired, the third movement then lifts the hammer up and above the firing-pin, away above it, out of all possible contact with the firing-pin. There it lodges—securely, safely—firm, fixed and immovable against a wall of solid steel. The weapon will not, cannot, fire again unless you actually pull the trigger all the way back.

32 and 38 calibre, 4 inch barrel, nickeled finish, $9.50; blued finish, $10.00. For sale at all good hardware and sporting goods stores, but if your dealer does not have it, we will send one to you post-paid on receipt of price. Send for our 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog, which illustrates, describes and prices the most extensive line of firearms made.

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A GIFT to Sportsmen

THE STEEL LINING OF

UMC

Arrow and Nitro Club SHOT SHELLS

About 12,000,000 men in the country love to hunt better than they love to eat.

Thousands of carloads of UMC shot shells each year contribute to their pleasure—heap up their enjoyment. Mark the attachment which this army of American Sportsmen must have for those sure-hitting UMC Shells of Quality.

The Steel Lining in UMC Arrow and Nitro Club smokeless powder shells is a valuable gift extended to every one of these sportsmen who want a stronger and better shell. There is no extra charge for the extra protection which this tough band of steel gives.

Shoot UMC shells—the only Steel Lined kind. They give best results in Remington and all other shotguns. They cost no more than the unlined kind.

1909 UMC Game Laws and Guide Directory Free

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Bridgeport, Conn.

Agency, 315 Broadway, New York City



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They are often a failure because the dressing lacks that piquancy given by

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.



Imitators have always failed to get the delightful flavor of Lea & Perrins Sauce.

See that **Lea & Perrins'** signature is on wrapper and label.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., New York.



"Out of a Job"

You don't have to be everlastingly watching the "want" columns if you have the knowledge that not only ***puts*** you in a good position, but that also ***keeps*** you there at a steadily increasing salary.

The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton deal in training and higher salaries. To learn how the I. C. S. can help you, mark the attached coupon and mail it to-day. ***No charge for the information and advice it brings.*** Besides putting you to no expense and under no obligation, marking the coupon entitles you to six months' free subscription to the I. C. S. illustrated monthly "Ambition."

On an average 300 students every month **voluntarily** report salaries increased and multiplied as the direct result of I. C. S. help. During June the number was 263.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked "X," and also send me, absolutely free, "Ambition" Magazine for six months.

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Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Build'g Contractor
Civil Service	Architec'l Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
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Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

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* **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

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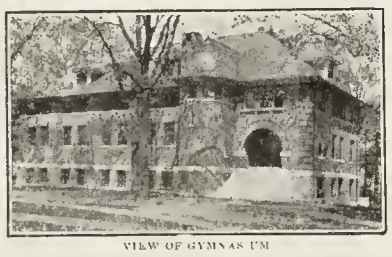
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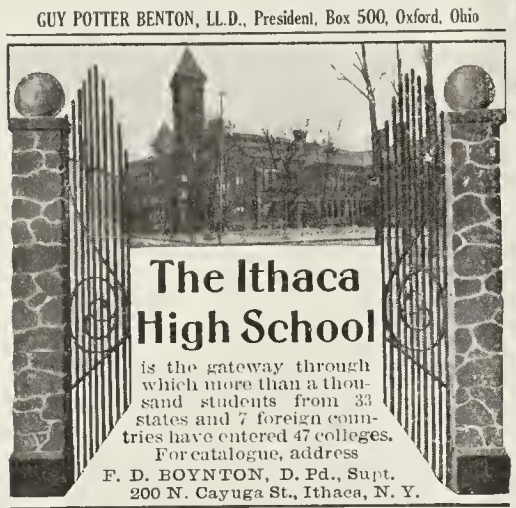
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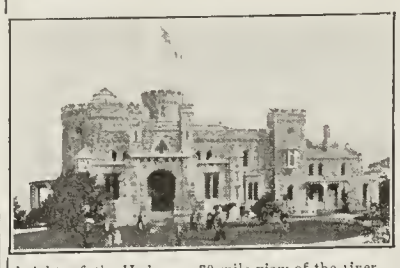
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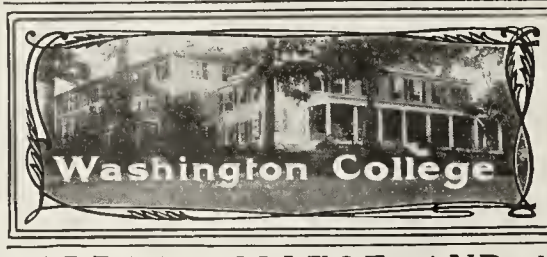
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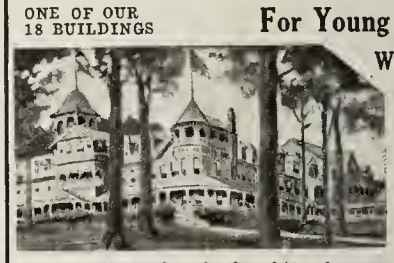
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NEW YORK

August 14, 1909

Celebrations

HISTORY IN AMERICA thus far has had its most romantic aspects in its beginnings; in those large, clear outlines, full of action, set in stream and forest, where a skirmish in the wilderness, or an exploration in a canoe, was related to the future destiny of a continent. Well may we celebrate HENRY HUDSON in September. An Englishman serving the Dutch, he recalls the CABOTS, who were Genoese serving England, and COLUMBUS, who was Italian serving Spain: men working for empire among strangers, because their services were refused at home; failing all to find the route of empire which they sought, but becoming instead the founders of claims in what was to become of even greater importance than the spice-bearing Indies. We have already celebrated this summer the story of CHAMPLAIN, one of that group of adventurous and able men who were unable to give to LOUIS XIV and LOUIS XV, and later France, a great realm over-seas, because of policies made by Mme. DE POMPADOUR, of victories won upon the Continent of Europe by MARLBOROUGH, of an idea of personal and arbitrary government of colonies ill-suited to make them grow. Englishmen came to America to live, to build homes for wives and children, and if they could not find a form of liberty suited to their taste in one colony they found it near by in another, while Frenchmen in Canada were being governed from across the sea as if they were little children, and therefore could not take root and grow. In Seattle we are noticing a later phase of the story of our continent, after Holland and Spain and France and England have ceased to occupy the leading rôles, and the descendants of these countries are working out their impulses for themselves. It is well, indeed, that our thoughts should be led to dwell upon these things. It makes a larger background, an ampler air, in which to consider the details of every day; why LORIMER is Senator from the rich and educated State of Illinois, what the ticker says to-day, how much more we must have of THAW, and whether Gumshoe BILL'S striking of the Pullman porter redounded to the credit of the statesman. Looking thus further afield, and studying what is meant by celebrations at Lake Champlain, Quebec, New York, New Rochelle, Seattle, we are led to reflect upon what geography does to history; upon useful labor in the fields as the strongest basis of empire; upon religion, race, and government in their relation to the happiness of man.

Once Before

THE PRESENT FEAR of invasion is, of course, not the first that has overtaken modern England. In one particularly like that now beginning to subside her present bugbear was her only ally. In 1757 the same ministry which executed Admiral BYNG to cover its own faults, and, as VOLTAIRE put it, "to encourage the others," brought over German troops to defend the soil of Great Britain against the Austrians, Russians, or French, who were leagued against FREDERICK the Great of Prussia. PITT, however, being soon after called to power, had other things to do than to worry about invasion, and that particular panic passed. No Englishman of to-day could be gloomier than leading citizens then were. "I am sure," wrote CHESTERFIELD, "we are undone both at home and abroad: at home by our increasing debt and expenses; abroad by our ill-luck and incapacity. We are no longer a nation." Yet England was then on the verge of a power greater than any she had ever known.

The Kaiser's Program

BETTER FOUNDED than England's panic has been the anxiety overhanging Holland. The birth of a daughter to the Queen, which much lessened it, by no means brought it entirely to an end. If the child should die, the next heir would still be an uncomfortably close relation of the German Emperor. With Germany's eyes fixed hungrily on her, Holland needs more children in the royal family. She needs also an explicit declaration that on any failure of the direct line no claimant can receive the throne except by vote of the States-General; and for her safety such a declaration ought to be made without delay. The one state in Europe whose determined policy makes the armament race inevitable is Germany. Certainly the Americans are as definitely concerned by the German naval expansion as any other people. Let us indulge in a war with Japan and see how long it takes Germany to gain a footing in South America. If we had our hands thus tied nothing can be foreseen which would be likely to prevent her seizing the opportunity except the possible intervention of England. It would be a singular sight, Great Britain executing the Monroe doctrine after the Venezuelan episode, but it is by no means inconceivable. Great Britain sees nothing but menace in Germany's naval expansion, and, on the other hand, she finds a valued guarantee for peace in the growing commercial power of the United States.

American Opera

THE COMPOSING OF OPERA—though not of musical comedy—finds so little encouragement in these States that our own writers of lyric drama apply to European theaters for performance of their works. Thus, at the Imperial Opera of Berlin ARTHUR NEVIN'S "Poia"—with a legend of the Blackfoot Indians as its subject—is to be given next winter, HENRY HADLEY'S "Safié" having been introduced to the burgesses of Mainz at their City Opera during last spring. The German operatic institutions are especially friendly to novelties from all lands—without showing hostility to Germany. But here, at the Metropolitan, only this past winter, the single American composer set down for a hearing received not one performance. This was FREDERICK CONVERSE, whose one-act fairy opera, "The Pipe of Desire," the management had announced for presentation—a composition, moreover, that had already been rendered with approval under semi-public auspices on a small scale in Boston. HAMMERSTEIN the Hardy—he who prodded up the sleepy Metropolitan—promises something by VICTOR HERBERT—"Natoma," dealing with an episode of Spanish mission life in the California of eighty years ago. "Natoma" will appear on the boards at the Manhattan in January next, it is announced.

Short Fiction

MR. ROWLAND THOMAS, well known to readers of this sheet, protests against certain phrases used by us in trying to analyze—that old and rather hopeless feat—the elements of short fiction. Speaking of "speed in construction," "vibrations of creative energy," and other phrases, equally futile, used by us, Mr. THOMAS observes that other editors talk of "rattling good yarns," as if rattling were in itself a merit. Even from a racing motor boat engineers wish the vibration could be taken out! And if we must cling to the nautical metaphor, is there nothing to be said for the canoe's glide or even for a catboat in a calm? And now, although unwillingly, being ourselves voluble to-day (some would say glib), we must allow our correspondent to use direct discourse, since he is, as it happens, writing better than we can write. Here goes:

> "Of course, if by 'speed in construction' you mean simply the conciseness of the craftsman, the saving of unnecessary labor, the elimination of befogging detail and of dragging episodes, I have no quarrel with you. That measure of intelligence is just as necessary in the writing of a technically good 'short story' as it is in any other sort of workmanlike writing—just as much and no more, so far as I can see. In that good sense even DICKENS was concise, and FIELDING.
>
> "But such intelligent directness is a very different thing from 'speed,' at least as the words have connotation in my mind. And what you seem to be yearning for in the editorial in question is an advanced spark, an open throttle, muffler cut-out, and the tearing of dusty air about your maddened head!
>
> "You ask, too: 'Is there a single leisurely short story that has gripped and held the public?'
>
> "What public? The one that buys Mr. MUNSEY'S admirable antidotes for mental exertion? Or a more sophisticated one? Of the latter, I venture to believe that there are a good many leisurely stories which make good. How about the 'Twice-Told Tales'? And 'The Fall of the House of Usher'? 'The Case of Mr. Valdemar'? 'They'? 'Brushwood Boy'? The cameo which Mr. NORTON considered the only perfect love-story in all literature—I mean the story of Paolo and Francesca as DANTE tells it in Canto V of the 'Inferno' in sixty-five lines? Not one of those stories is vibrant with anything, not one makes any blind and headlong dashes even in the right direction, and not one is memorable in one sense. Not one ever 'gripped the public.' Do you suppose their authors minded that? I doubt it."

Pretty good, is it not, O reader? Mr. THOMAS, from his quiet New England farm, calls us back from too ready acquiescence in the surest pathway toward success; and the voice in which he calls is so rational and pleasant that it is not easy to resist. He reads good books constantly, thinks always for himself, and therefore is able to put into his words that agreeable flavor given by range and consistency, two not unimportant elements of Truth.

The Lane of Many Windings

THE GREAT HIGHROAD along which the red-coated soldiers in the fairy tales, knapsack on back, come marching home after the war are meant for the usual wayfarer. The by-paths and crooked ways which branch off from the thoroughfare, like the brooklets which flow

into the river, are none the less alive. It is in the lanes that come blackberries and elderberries, and hazel-nuts in the autumn. Sometimes these "primrose paths" are flanked by zigzag rail fences, overgrown with ivy and woodbine, or they diverge into cow-paths, which, like will-o'-the-wisps, lead nowhere. There is no fixed purpose or direction to a by-way, and its mood is irresponsible. It takes delight in surprises. Without an object it disappears into the birch woods, or skirts an apple orchard where the fruit hangs ripening. Finally, however, it will straighten itself out at the crossroads, dignified by the red schoolhouse and country church, and emerge into the main highway. There is a metaphor in this paragraph, obvious enough to any who deem it worth the disentangling.

One Sort of Thing

IN FRENCH PUBLICATIONS of good standing may sometimes be read the advertisement of

"FLIRT"
PARFUM
ULTRA-PERSISTANT

Doubtless this idea of allurement is accurate for its special audience. Otherwise why should the owner of the perfume pay the newspaper to praise it in just that way?

In Mexico

ONE WHO GOES to northern Mexico will find much of interest among the common people of the back country. They are good material, with a fine future, if they ever receive educational opportunities and escape from bondage. It is the general testimony that these people are not at all lazy and are most willing and efficient workmen, but lacking entirely in power of initiative. People who see them sitting around in the sun take it for granted that they will not work, whereas when the work is set before them they are faithful and diligent. Their present condition of ignorance and superstition makes it impossible for them to unite for any reforms in government. Perhaps the American influx and the payment of better wages and the raising of the standard of living above a point of chronic freezing and starvation are to effect a quiet revolution. The people are high-strung and sensitive, both from their Indian ancestry and Spanish training, accepting, however, an unreasonable amount of brutal treatment from those they consider their overlords. In the back country no church is regarded with any great amount of affection, and religious views are merely fragmentary superstitions.

Illustrations

ONE TERAZZAS acquired some twelve million acres of land in Chihuahua by letting the Apaches kill off his neighbors at a time when he was Governor, and then foreclosing his loans on the abandoned estates. His system of renting and peonage carries one back to the feudal system. For instance, an American tried to secure the services for a few days of one of his tenants who he had every reason to believe was independent as long as he paid his rent, but when he reported to headquarters permission to accept the work was refused. The local "gratters" of that region also furnish an interesting study. They seem to be prospering greatly and are frequently related to and intermixed with the Terazzas family. The present Governor, CREEL, had a Scotch grandfather, and is a big banker in Chihuahua. The alliance of this aggregation for offensive and defensive purposes is very close and effective. The one thing they are afraid of is the United States. A study of this country also gives one much to think of in regard to land-owning privileges. On the Terazzas ranch are thousands of people who have nowhere else to go and who have to live there under the terms dictated by the owner. Their wages, when they are employed at all, are too low to permit them to have enough to eat or enough clothing and shoes, and when they raise crops they do it on shares, turning over to the ranch half of the crop. On one of the ranches sheep herders were paid as low as eight dollars per month Mexican money. The regular rates for vaqueros is fifteen dollars a month Mexican. When it is considered that shoes are more expensive than in the United States, and that overalls and cotton shirts are also more expensive, there is not much to be expended on luxuries or education.

Brave Words

THE BELASCO THEATER of New York carries at the head of its program certain lines, reading thus:

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

It is a just and interesting quotation, but we fail to remember any theater run on that principle. One theater is by no means like another in virtue, but none could get along very satisfactorily with the approval of but two or three. For that especial degree of independence it would be necessary to look in other walks of life.

All Men, Etc.

THIS MONTH WILL WITNESS the national gatherings of many fraternal organizations. Thousands take their vacations in participating in these meetings and their incidental festivities. The last twenty years have brought about a phenomenal growth in such fraternal societies. They enable the average man to widen his acquaintance. They draw divergent personalities into closer companionship. They are clearing-houses for that free intercourse which is a part of our national life. The fraternal organization revives the spirit of life for thousands. The West, where these organizations have had their largest growth, is the home of the spirit of equality. Young men of merit rise the more readily in a social atmosphere which is indifferent to the influences of lineage or the ratings of Dun; and these fraternal organizations are often miniature types of that wider democratic structure upon which is founded the political, business, and professional life of the West.

Prophecy

WHO DOES NOT REMEMBER the desolate picture which WEBSTER drew of the Rocky Mountain region? Years ago a writer in a famous review said that Colorado was not a State of homes and never would be a populous State. "Like Nevada," said this writer, "it is a district of miners' cabins and of cowboy huts." Instead of WEBSTER'S regions of perpetual snow, we speak now of the Golden West. One needs only to walk among the homes which fresco the streets of Denver and of Colorado City to wonder if WILHELM GRIMM'S fairy tales ever found their way into the pages of the old "North American Review." Yet these slips of prophecy and of judgment were but natural. California was bathed in summer haze while WEBSTER uttered his distorted picture in the Senate, and Colorado glistened under the warm winter's sun. But how should the untraveled statesman know? Our knowledge of distant lands too often bags at the knees even now. "It is difficult to be accurate in an account of anything, however simple," wrote RUSKIN. The pen pictures of strange countries take on new meanings and unexpected shadings in personal contact. Colorado's agriculture now excels in wealth the output of its mines. Even Nevada, under the magic of irrigation, will in places turn desolate waste into fruitful soil.

Breaker of the Ground

THE FAR WESTERN PIONEER drove the golden spike of that history which had its beginnings at Concord and Lexington. He faced the rigors of unknown climates. He corduroyed the western half of the continent. He joined the oceans. With a courage unsurpassed, he braved sickness and death in a hundred lonely forms. He forewent the nursery of gentle hands. He left behind everything that makes life tolerable to most men to cast his lot among primitive savages that he might subdue them and their wilderness. He it was who discovered the golden treasures of the Pacific Coast. He leveled hindering forests and erected cities and States. He laid the foundations of law and hewed out the last cornerstones of a nation. On the friezes that ornament the better class of our public buildings sculptors have chiseled the figure of his prototype, the pioneer of the Middle West, but the imagination of the poet, the pen of the writer, have not done as much for this last grim figure that looms large in the rounded story of the nation.

Degenerate Days

CONSIDER THE DIFFERENCE between the state of the world now and half a century ago. Then, if you cared for fiction, no one insisted on your reading MEREDITH or TURGENEF or TOLSTOY. SARGENT and RODIN made no trouble then. As for music, the composer of "La Bohême" was scarcely born, TSCHAIKOWSKY a mere youngster, and WAGNER an upstart. One didn't have to listen to MELBA or CARUSO or PADEREWSKI. COQUELIN, SONNENTHAL, IRVING, BERNHARDT, DUSE, MODJESKA—well, the universe did not ring with their names. One rode behind horses on the highways, and there was no talk of flying over the tops of houses, or of getting in a week from Vienna to New York. Neither the telephone nor the phonograph had been discussed, much less the wireless telegraph. EDISON was a child, KOCH and PASTEUR were youths. Radium, the X-ray, typewriting machines, and fountain pens mankind had contrived to do without, and the present methods of street-lighting and harvesting would have caused profound astonishment. Factories and tenements and hospitals and public asylums—how all is changed, and still is changing! Every one worries now about typhoid and consumption, and therefore about water and milk. Look at the mortality rate, especially among babies. There were other questions to be debated in the fifties and sixties; for example, whether it was right or not to make men work without paying them; in Russia and the United States that subject was all the talk. One would hardly recognize this world. Now everybody learns to read and write. There are plenty of free schools, and laws compelling children to attend. Good old times! Degenerate days! As one hears these phrases, he smiles and passes on.

Finis

IF YOU HAVE READ down to here you may have wondered why you found no editorial on the tariff situation, since that is the news topic, par excellence, of the day. The reason lies in the virtues of one MARK SULLIVAN. His "Comment on Congress" is the best writing of its kind now being produced in the United States. He has knowledge, and, what is rarer, wisdom; he is bound by no considerations except the welfare of the ordinary man and woman; and as a writer he has that rare and prime merit of controversy and exposition, the ability to select the crucial points, to clear away the rubbish, and to press the essential things with mastery. We look upon Mr. SULLIVAN as one of the most valuable citizens which the United States possesses, in this year of grace 1909; and his tariff discussions are the most interesting which have been printed since the long comedy began in March.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

"Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled, in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering public."—GROVER CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE CONCERNING THE TARIFF OF 1893

IN that final clash Mr. Taft gained something for the people and gained it, after everything else failed, only through resolute courage. We still think he didn't gain enough; more regrettably, we think he didn't gain enough to meet, in fair good faith, the reasonable expectations of those to whom, a year ago, he promised "substantial revision downward." For that we are as sorry for his sake as for those who are deprived of the fruits of their faith. But there is some compensation if he has learned that Cannon and Aldrich are not to be trusted, that between them and him there can be no such thing as a gentleman's understanding, that they are the enemies of that great body of the people who want to look upon him as their friend, that they serve organized wealth, and that if they can not have their way through force, they will get it through deceit and trickery. There are three and a half more years of Taft; through this lesson, if he has learned it, the country may profit much. There is good reason to believe that Mr. Taft has an enlightened economic policy concerning the control and capitalization of corporations, which he will outline when Congress assembles in regular session.



Aldrich—"Aw, Hang the Consumer!"

This is a good cartoon. The paper which printed it is the "Philadelphia North American," and the artist who drew it is Herbert Johnson. The mark of a good cartoonist is his ability to tell the largest possible amount of contemporary history with the smallest possible number of pencil strokes. Here, in the facial expressions and physical attitudes of three men, more is told than could be explained in many pages of this newspaper

Now for the Income Tax

THE income tax is now before the people. To bring it about, the legislatures of three-fourths of all the States must ratify it. There are forty-six States. The necessary number is thirty-four; defeat in twelve States would make the income tax forever impossible. A good many of the Senators who discussed it so thoughtfully during the recent session believe that the interests represented by Aldrich will control twelve States. They have in mind, among others, such States as New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island (of course), New Jersey, and probably West Virginia. We have more faith in the people. We don't even believe that all the New England States will reject the income tax. In any event, during the next two years, *the position of every candidate for every State Legislature should be known.* No citizen of any State ought to vote for any candidate without knowing whether he stands squarely for the income tax or against it.

Comment on Collier's

THREE weeks ago we published a record of the votes in the Senate up to that time. It showed, among many other interesting facts, that Senator Samuel Douglas McEnery of Louisiana, although nominally a Democrat, had voted *with* Aldrich 38 times and *against* him only 7 times. Now comes Senator McEnery's reply to our logic. We find it in the New Orleans "Item" for July 29. That we may suffer no charge of suppressing or garbling the Senator's arguments, we print what he said in full:

"'Now, who the devil cares a d—n for what that d—d yellow publication has to say about me anyhow?' indignantly inquired Senator McEnery when asked for a reply to an article in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of July 24. . . .

"Senator McEnery was seen in the private study of his residence, 1233 St. Mary Street. The Senator is of medium height, slightly stooped by the weight of seventy-two years. His scant hair is pure white, like his mustache and goatee, which just covers his chin. His eyes peer out, half hidden by wrinkled pouches, beneath a broad, furrowed brow. The whole head, fairly large, is set upon shoulders broad, though bent, the general outline of his features being aquiline. When Senator McEnery speaks it is in a querulous tone, but the voice has little or no inflection, and his face was absolutely expressionless.

"He motioned the reporter to a nearby chair.

"'Now, who cares a d—n what a yellow publication like this says? I have nothing at all to say about it,' stated Senator McEnery. The Senator is somewhat deaf, and as he talks he habitually holds a hand behind his ear as a trumpet.

"'Had you already seen the article?' he was asked.

"'Seen it? Yes, I've seen it.

"'I would not have seen it, though,' he added, with some asperity, 'for I never look at those Northern yellow journals; but a friend of mine stopped me on the street and insisted on reading it to me. I pay absolutely no attention to such things anyhow—all of these Munsey papers are owned by that fellow Spreckels.'

"The Senator was told that COLLIER'S was not a Munsey publication.

"'Do you mean the man who is agitating things in San Francisco?' he was also asked.

"'Yes, that's the d—d fellow I mean. He owns all of these Northern yellow journals. I have nothing to say in reply to that infamous article. I have always been a Democrat—a protection Democrat. My position has always been stated clearly. When I was Governor and during my terms as United States Senator I have always openly expressed my convictions. Look at that last speech of mine—there it is on the table by you. No, not that one—the one underneath that book. Now you have it. Take it with you and read it.

"'Nobody cares a d—n what these yellow Northern papers say anyhow,' said the Senator, as the interview came to an end. 'I am a protection Democrat.

"'I am responsible to the people of this section. I am responsible for my actions to them alone. As for these infernal yellow journals—it is none of their d—d business what I do.'"

And further than this, Mr. McEnery said nothing.

The Complete Record

NEXT week we shall publish a record of *all* the votes in the Senate during the session—117 of them. The record will show how often each Senator voted *with* Aldrich, how often *against* Aldrich, and how often he didn't vote at all. A complete expansion of this record, constituting a simplified digest of the work of the Senate for the session, is too large to publish in COLLIER'S, but we are eager to get it as widely distributed as possible, in accordance with the announcement below. We wish especially to get it into newspaper offices,

How Your Senator Voted

Collier's has prepared a simplified digest of the votes of the Senate on the various schedules of the tariff. It tells how each Senator voted *on every one of the* 117 ballots *which were taken during the special session beginning March 15. It gives the subject of the vote—"to put lumber on the free list," "to put hides on the free list," "to adopt the income tax," etc.; it tells whether the motion was carried or lost, gives the total vote, tells how many Democrats voted "nay" and how many voted "yea"; how many Republicans voted "yea" and how many "nay." Finally, it tells how, in each case, Senator Aldrich voted. This digest, filled in with the record of the votes of any one Senator, will be forwarded to any person for fifty cents. It is our object to get these records before the public as widely as possible, and the charge is much less than the clerical work involved. If ordered in quantities, the charge will be made as low as possible. A similar record for members of the Lower House of Congress is being prepared and will be ready for distribution when this issue of Collier's reaches its readers. Address: Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.*

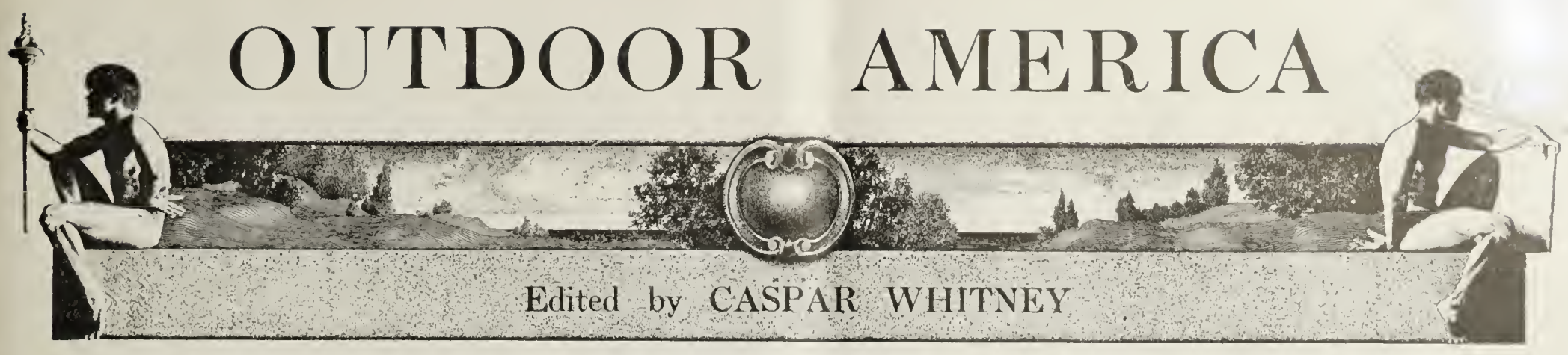
N. B.—Ordinary questions about the work of Congress or the Government will always be answered by Collier's Congressional Record, free of any charge



The Mountain Peril—An Ice Crevasse, Mount Baker, Washington

Mountain climbing is fast becoming one of the most popular and daring sports in the Northwestern States. In the snow-capped ranges of Washington and British Columbia a difficult and adventurous ascent is offered by every important peak. Societies organized for climbing and magazines fostering interest in this pursuit are bringing out a great number of scalers for Mounts Tacoma, Hood, St. Helen's, or, as in this instance, Mount Baker. The last is 10,827 feet high, and very hazardous in approach. It is a volcano, generally regarded as extinct, but it frequently gives slight indications of activity

OUTDOOR AMERICA



Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

Keeping Cool

WHEN it's hot everywhere you needn't expect to be the one cool exception to the perspiring community: but by using a little sense you can keep a lot cooler than your neighbor who uses none, and it's surprising how many such neighbors there are. Eating has the most potent influence of any on this subject; not so much what you eat as how. If you are the average normal person, there is no reason why you should not eat whatever kind of food your palate craves. Of course this does not mean yielding to impulse and putting all manner of disturbing combinations into your stomach. I must assume even the unintelligent neighbor to have some wit. But the point is to avoid heating foods, and to eat sparingly. Eat only so much as your appetite demands; don't eat everything that is put before you; don't go through a course dinner from soup to nuts simply because it's provided. If you are exhausted by the heat, don't eat at all; drink a glass of cold milk or milk and vichy, half and half, every couple of hours or so until the exhaustion passes.

Avoid fish and shellfish unless you know it is literally fresh. Eat meat not oftener than once a day; during spells of extreme heat I do not eat meat at all, relying on milk and eggs and on the various dishes of which they are the component parts. Fresh green vegetables in plenty, as usual or as salads, absolutely ripe fruits, and toast or stale bread (always avoid fresh, doughy bread and pastry) will give abundant nourishment. Tea and coffee, iced or hot, as you prefer, and in moderation. Of course, no alcohol.

In a word, eat simply; avoid rich dishes; don't deluge your insides with soda-fountain refreshments, and don't hustle around. Violent fanning is more heating than cooling. It's important to get your sleep. Take a cold bath before retiring, or, if impossible, refresh your wrists and the back of your neck with cold water; and lie on your stomach. These are homely suggestions, some of them trite; all, however, very simple and of assured benefit, as I know, for I've tried them many times under severe and varying conditions of climate and occupation.

Give Common Intelligence a Hearing

OF the making of laws to regulate the speed of automobiles there seems to be no end—and, more's the pity, no sane beginning. The controversy waging between the two groups of irreconcilables—the one classing the automobiles as an invention of the devil, and all drivers of criminal instinct; the other viewing the earth and the fulness thereof as existing chiefly for its benefit—has achieved no result less confusing than to spread on record the most extraordinary job-lot of laws any civilized people ever beheld. To take one State alone, by way of illustration—in a drive of forty-five miles straight out of New York you will go through spheres of local jurisdiction prescribing speeds of four miles, of six miles, of eight miles, and of ten miles, respectively. In a single county of a State will be found several varying legal speeds. Now, it is practically impossible, mechanically, to drive the average high-class car at a four or six mile gait without the risk of doing it harm; and the legislators knew perfectly well when making such regulations that they would not, could not, be obeyed. The entirely natural consequence is that when an automobilist runs upon such a peevish exhibition of legislative stupidity it serves to arouse disrespect for all the speed laws, without distinction, which happen not to coincide with his own ideas of legitimate pace.

The situation is most unfortunate; worse—it is clearly discreditable to the ordinary intelligence of the people. More sense—just common, ordinary barn-yard sense—is needed. If there were more of this kind of sense injected into this rule-making there would be more respect for the law. The one remedy likely to correct the riot of lawless spirit in the United States, and at the same time establish the rights of the community, is to make reasonable laws and to enforce them, subject to heavy penalty for infraction.

The Twentieth-Century Wonder Wagon

EACH side has its grievance and its rights. There is no denying that residents of the country from California to Maine are put to great annoyance by inconsiderate brutes who drive, unmindful of the rights, not to say comforts, of others. Small wonder a hate for the automobile should grow apace—and little less wonder that it should find expression in stringent and impracticable laws. But this does not correct the abuse, while it does strengthen the antipathy and lengthen the period of misunderstanding between the two elements. The country is full of common intelligence—why not give it a hearing? The automobile is no "devil wagon," and only a small proportion of owners are not desirous of of cooperating with the local authorities to make fair laws and to exact respect for them. The automobile is in reality the twentieth-century wonder wagon, and it has come not only to say, but to extend its help to the industrial and the pleasure-seeking fields of America. Therefore to "hate it" and to make laws to unfairly restrict its activities is merely to fly in the face of fate. It must have its way, but that way must be a fair one, respecting the rights of all the people—and automobilists are of the people.

Therefore, good folk of the roadside and the town, get together; both of you are the loser in discord.

Bars and Stripes for Him

BUT there is the reckless driver, common foe of both parties to the speed-law discussion and the prime cause indeed of the controversy. 'Tis a pity we can not hark back to early days when the strong right arm of the backwoodsman served to adequately prescribe and to administer the law—for no man born of woman ever so really needed that kind of discipline.

This is the culprit who has set us all by the ears. With recollection of his unceasing offense, the mere mention of automobile to the countryman is as a red rag to the militant bull; and because of him have we the varied and conflicting and absurd speed laws, which work a hardship on the law-abiding citizen as well as put him out of patience.

And also because of this selfish creature both sides "get mad"—and confusion reigns.

It is not too much to say that the "hatred of the countryside" for the automobile and all the resultant, unfairly discriminating speed regulation, is due to the affronts put upon it by that creature, who may appropriately, if inelegantly, be labeled "speed-hog." It is to the suitable punishment and suppression of this species that attention must be directed before one can hope for fair road speed laws. And the only way to suppress him is to put him in jail. There is a class of men who can only be reached by such means—nor are they all reckoned among the drivers of automobiles. Fines will not avail after the first or a slight offense; repeated reckless, unlawful driving should be punished heavily by imprisonment—no less. That's the first "uniform legislation" which should be undertaken by all the States in the Union.

Let There Be Safety First

I NOTE that the Automobile Club of America is moving officially for uniform speed laws, and has appointed a distinguished committee to that end. Uniformity in speed regulation is, of course, an essential to enjoyable driving; but one thing else is more important, is imperative in fact, and that is safety—safety for pedestrians and drivers of horses; safety for the automobilists themselves; that safety which is now menaced by the reckless and unjailed speeder. Therefore let us hear nothing of uniform road laws until a suit of stripes has been provided for this trouble-maker.

We certainly want a sane and universal speed law; but before it we want chauffeur licenses revoked for cause, jail sentences for the swine, and manslaughter verdicts for those who kill by reckless driving. These would do much toward correcting the present spirit of lawlessness, as well as adjusting the well-established and honest differences between those who use automobiles and those who do not.

Here is worthy work for an organization such as the Automobile Club.

Where the Sailormen Come From

IT MAY be true the sailboat is being hard pressed by the motor craft, but at least the former is making a splendid run of it, for in no season has there been such evidence of real yachting spirit as in this present one. For example, there were—the race to Bermuda (and this is not forgetting the power-boat race to the same port, won by *Heather*, which certainly required pluck and skill and gained our admiration); the race around Long Island for fifty-footers, and the poorly supported New York Yacht Club race to Newport—a gratifying breaking away from the uninspiring cruising of placid waters in favor of offshore yachting, too long neglected.

But the most stirring—shall I say yachtsmanly?—event of the year will be the Navigation Race of the Atlantic Club, scheduled for next month. It is not exaggeration, I think, to class this as next in importance after the international struggles for the *America's* Cup and the transatlantic race for the Emperor's Cup. Personally, I regard it as likely to be of more value to American yachting than either of those cup races: first, because it is confined strictly to amateurs, and, second, because it makes for seamanship.

Apart from its sailor-making, the most pleasing expression of this offshore racing is its indicated revulsion from the racing-machine type toward a healthful cruising model. Certainly it will be well for yachting if the power-boat absorbs the racing-mad element that has supported the freak type of racer.

Rocking the Yachting Cradle

THE Atlantic Club is to be commended for its initiative, and I hope others will help by like example at this point of the yachting game where encouragement is required. When out of a fleet of six hundred the New York Yacht Club can muster but a paltry sixteen for its sporting to-Newport race, or the Atlantic Club secure only eighteen entries for the around-Long Island cruise, while the Larchmont Club gathers entries by the score for its around-the-ring-inshore racing, it is evident that stimulation to real yachting is required. The proportion of yachtsmen to yacht owners is small, and we must needs depend on the sailboat and its youthful helmsmen to displace the rotund members of the rocking-chair fleet. That is why the little sailboat ought to be given every incentive by yacht clubs of both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, as well as on the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico; for this same small boat is the cradle of American seamanship. It is here the Corinthian is developed, and from this school must come the captains of future defenders of the *America's* Cup—the blue ribbon of the yachting world—in defense of which every American should be interested, whether he live in Oklahoma or in Maine.

At all events it seems to be an inspiring fact that, though the power craft is winning recruits from the sailboat, it is also bringing the cream of the sailormen to the fore. Thus it appears that the motor boat is actually rocking the yacht cradle while growing lustily itself.

Wanted—A Lawn Tennis First-Class

IN THE development of high-grade exponents of the game the lawn tennis world appears to be standing still, which is somewhat noteworthy viewed beside the general athletic progress. In England the Dohertys have retired, temporarily at least, and none better than A. W. Gore was left to capture first honors last month. Brooke and his helpmate Wilding in winning the Davis Cup, continue in a class by themselves and much above the rest of Australia. In the United States the current season has shown plainly that we have no really first-class player outside of champion W. A. Larned, even performing with an injured knee. Perhaps Beals Wright has it in him, but he must show us, while W. J. Clothier and R. D. Little remain what they always have been, viz., first-grade second-class men, which is also about the ranking of Gore, the British champion; Edgar Larned, brother of the champion, gives promise. We do not get any more Larneds and R. W. Wrenns and Ollie Campbells and Hoveys; apparently we have run out of high-class material; but my own explanation is the hit-or-miss, short-cut-to-success superficial trend of the day, coupled with the strangely near-sighted policy of the National Association, which gives no adequate encouragement to sectional tournaments and local talent.

Among the women more general improvement seems making, and while none yet has succeeded in taking the measure of Miss Sutton, several players give promise of doing so, especially in Canada, where the Misses Lois Moyes, Hazel Keith, Rhea Fairbairn, and Mrs. Hannam have carried off about all the home honors and are threatening to cross the border. Mrs. Hannam is the present woman champion of Canada. An opportunity of comparing the form of these first flight Canadians with that of the corresponding class in the States will produce interesting matches and results.

The loss to England in the Dohertys' withdrawal will be America's gain when it comes to play for the Davis Cup, which still rests in Australia, where Brooke and Wilding took it from England, and where they successfully defended it last year against American challenge. Gore and M. J. G. Ritchie will constitute the bulwark of the English team that will play the Americans in New York next month for the right to challenge the Australians, and the home team, even without W. A. Larned, ought to win hands down—for the so-called first-class players of both England and the United States are of about the same actual grade, the latter having an advantage in being the more brilliant and aggressive.

Unless the national championship at Newport, being decided as we go to press, uncovers some star, the lawn tennis firmament for 1909 seems likely to continue largely unillumined.

IF YOU are skeptical as to the wonderful tonic effect of fresh air, visit the Sea Breeze Children's Hospital at Coney Island and compare those rosy [illegible] paratively bright-eyed, youngsters with the [illegible] ated, and dull-orbed child patients of the [illegible]

The People at Play:



Fresh Air, Exercise, and Health May Easily Be Gained by

By ERNEST RUSSELL



IT CAN be nothing less than the abounding vitality of our race which makes "something to do" the prime quest of the weekday park-frequenter of Boston. Perhaps the invigorating air of a seacoast city has much to do with it; but, at all events, follow where you will, by far the greater number of those you see will be absorbed in activities which recreate minds while they develop bodies and make unerringly for the upbuilding of a great national asset the play instinct of a people. The great "utility park" of Boston, to employ a convenient distinction between the resort of people who "do things" and that where rest and quiet are chiefly sought, is Franklin Park. Here, on any summer's day, if use be the measure of appreciation, do the people of Boston demonstrate their gratitude to the fathers of the playground idea. Upon its nearly six hundred acres twenty games of baseball are in full swing on as many "diamonds"; tennis is going on in a dozen different courts; the familiar warning cry of "Fore!" carries to one's ear from various points on the far-reaching green of the golf links. Thousands of people—the good-natured, pleasure-loving people of a great republic—are here entering into sport, the very intensity and eagerness of their cries, laughter, and gestures testifying to the grasp it has upon them. Not all are in the strenuous mood however; among the shrubbery of many a wooded slope and in the cool shade of little dells between the hills are scattered countless little groups—a mother and her children, a trio of telephone girls, a lover and his lass—in the enjoyment of personal liberty, pure air, and the nearness of birds and trees and flowers.

Over in Franklin Field, the seventy-seven-acre annex to the Park, are more games of baseball, with like crowds of enthusiastic onlookers and supporters cheering the teams of their choice. The "national game" does not, however, attract all the plaudits of the throng nor monopolize their attention. Two "elevens" of cricketers, West Indian darkies all, relieved of their duties as Pullman porters and dressed in purest white, are playing "the Englishman's game" with all the fervor and all the adjuncts of shin-guards and cockney accent which are necessary to the sport. "Clean bowled!" roars a great fat-paunched, ebony fellow at my elbow, and a chuckling, white-toothed, black-faced "side" goes "in" as another similarly characterized side goes out.

On a little terrace overlooking the cricket field another game, also an importation, draws its own little knot of participants and observers. Here a score of bowling enthusiasts—gray-bearded Scots with their black pipes and the real old-country burr in their speech, and native-born Yankees, too—are rolling the lignum-vitæ balls across the close-shaven sod at the little white object-ball on the further side. To be sure, their forebears have been doing this in the old country for a dozen centuries, but it has the charm of novelty here, and everybody is interested. All about—and the perspective is a broad one—youth and middle age alike are "playing the game," no matter what the game may be, with a spontaneity and a zest that are refreshing to witness. You somehow carry away the firm conviction that it is a mighty good use of their time, these hours of spirited, care-free activity spent in Franklin Park—and a mighty good use of money that makes it possible.





IT IS but a matter of twenty minutes' time and a five-cent fare—the miracle of modern transportation facilities in a big city—when another phase of the playground idea is before us—Marine Park in South Boston. Here, where the outlook is upon the harbor and the passing ships, where a cool sea-breeze continually stirs the leaves of the trees, a large playground has been wrested from what was once a line of busy wharfs. Any summer afternoon, and especially on Sundays, one can see great throngs of the many-nationed South Boston populace, either at play or seated in the shade of the pavilion on their pier, idly gazing seaward. As evening draws on, a continuous stream of humanity passes to and fro over the long bridge which connects the mainland with Castle Island. A short distance along the water front stand three large bath-houses—the famous L Street baths of Boston—the only enterprise of its kind in all America. Here, in carefully maintained and separate enclosures, the poor of the city—men, women, and children—may leave their dirty and ill-ventilated homes and bathe in the ocean without the expenditure of a penny, bathing suits being here counted a superfluity and their use an affectation.



I AM told that the prudish element of Boston clamors for the abolition of the L Street bath, that the mere idea of nude bathing shocks their tender sensibilities. To me the sight of hundreds of naked boys and men joyously entering the water, with no more consciousness of immodesty than the country lad feels at the river-bank "after the chores are done," was one of the most inspiring evidences of a rational spirit of charity seen in Boston. The day draws to a close, but it is well worth while to ride on the trolley through the hot city to Charlesbank, where the first outdoor gymnasium for women and children in the world was established. Ten years ago this was the resort of the Irish; five years hence, so rapid are the changes in racial settlement, it may be the Italian or the Greek who seeks the spot, but now hardly a person is visible who fails to answer to the type characteristics of the Hebrew race. If elsewhere they have earned the title of "the sad-faced people," here it is indeed a misnomer. Lolling upon the grass under the willows, or chatting busily together, seated on the benches along the river wall, with the breeze from the Charles River Basin cooling their hot foreheads, or entering in crowds the bath-houses moored along the river, the concourse which peoples the hot alleys and brick walls of the West End sweat-shops receives its daily baptism of freedom and exercise in the open air.

No one who writes of Boston under the heading adopted for this article would dare omit the Public Garden and the historic Common from her breathing spots. No one would wish to. In the way of daily use and in the matter of attractive surroundings, this large tract of land, with its flowered walks and its fountains and its ponds overhung by majestic trees, has long and well fulfilled its mission. Inseparable from New England's history as it is, and stored with traditions of men and times forever memorable, it should figure hardly less importantly as the recreation spot, not only of the tired worker in the city, but the equally tired visitor, far spent from the activities of "a day in town." Surrounded on all sides by the heat, hurry, and turmoil of the city, it daily offers shade and quiet to thousands who can spare but an hour from the day's work.

There is only one sensible way, after all, to end a summer's day in Boston—the evening trip down the harbor to Nantasket. Board any one of half a dozen steamers, and, just at dusk, leave the noise of the Elevated, the heat of Atlantic Avenue, and bear out among the grassy slopes of the islands and the gray walls of



Revere Beach, near Boston

One of the most famous bathing resorts in America. Over two miles of shops and shows stretch along the beach and frequently a crowd of sixty thousand people, [illegible]t-seeing and bathing, appear upon the shore. As a public venture its management resembles the pleasure resorts of such continental cities as Munich

Holidays by Land and Sea

the Shut-in Multitudes of Cities East and West



the harbor fortifications, to meet the cool breath of the sea. Five minutes after you have left the wharf the fifty cents invested in a round-trip ticket have yielded undreamed-of dividends in the way of physical comfort and a cheerful attitude toward life; the faces of those about you — merchants, students, brokers, clerks, and their wives and sweethearts—lose their apathetic, too-much-of-the-city expression, conversation hums to a livelier measure, laughter ripples over the boat. It matters little, on landing at Nantasket, whether you enter with the throng the great incandescent theater of Midway attractions or stroll out upon the famous beach to listen to the whisper of the ocean and glory in the stars, by the time you have returned to Boston you have had two or three hours of wholesome sea air, your mental equilibrium is restored, and you are fitted for a normal night's rest.



IT IS Sunday; however, not the Puritan Sunday of Boston's infancy, but the Sunday conceived of and made use of as a day of rest and regeneration in the widest and truest sense, that witnesses Boston's remarkable diversity of park area at the fullest measure of its value to the people. It is surprising how early the cars are crowded with people who, not only in congenial twos and threes, but in whole family groups of parents and half a dozen children, burdened with lunch-baskets and cameras and hammocks, and manifestly "out for the day," commence their weekly quest of the outdoor panacea.

While the gymnasia and play centers are now deserted, another phase of the same general idea of recreative pleasure receives its tribute; the Arnold Arboretum, Olmstead Park, the Middlesex Fells, the great five-thousand-acre tract of the Blue Hills, the Charles River, Wood Island Park, and Revere, Nahant, and Winthrop Beaches welcome their vast concourses of humanity, and send them home at night, tired, it is true, yet refreshed and strengthened for their week of toil.

The Blue Hills Reservation, though the largest civic park in America, is perhaps the least spectacular in outward appearance of all the breathing spots about Boston. It requires time to "cover" it—a good lot of it, too—and a love of nature to become really intimate with its brooks and ponds, its magnificent oak and chestnut forests, its granite hills and the charming open country between them. But the people have come to know it pretty well and to know what it holds for them. On a fair day car after car mounts the long up-grade from Mattapan, unloads its freight of eager souls, and rattles away again for more. The forest swallows up the newcomers as fast as they arrive, and the only hint of their presence are the cries and laughter and song which filter down through the trees from above. All day the human procession mounts the spiral pathway to the summit of "Big Blue," lingers for a space over one of the most attractive views in all New England—and vanishes into the woodland. One little group seeks out the particular nook that has come to be a favorite through long acquaintance and idles away the day in true picnic fashion: another, more adventurous, sets out on an all-day tramp in the effort to "cover ground" and "see the country"; while another lays its course along Monatiquot Stream for a boating trip on Hoosicwhisick Pond and a dip in its clear waters.

Had Boston no other claim to prominence in the field of outdoor recreation, the Charles River would be glory enough for her. The upper river, or that part between Waltham and Newton Lower Falls, is so distinctive—as much so indeed as the Thames at Staines'—that it can not be omitted from mention here. It is heartening indeed to see how "the common people"—not only the Americans, but the near-Americans, the Syrians and the Italians, even the Chinese—come out on Sunday afternoons and, standing in line, besiege the boat liveries for an opportunity to get out upon the water. Nearly four thousand of canoes alone are for hire in a space not over eight miles in length, yet, on a pleasant day, the supply seldom equals the demand. And what a display of color they make of it! Canoes of every imagininable color, Japanese parasols, dresses of white and of the latest cerulean tint, flags and pennants and cushions of a hundred hues; overhead the bluest of skies, on either shore a mass of foliage in its June prime—a spectacle to be seen nowhere else. All day long, up and down the tortuous river, they paddle—there are three miles of canoeing for every mile of straight-line progress on the Charles—congregating perhaps at Fox Island for a band concert, pausing for an hour's stroll among the attractions of Norumbega, or landing for a picnic lunch under the elms of the river's upper reaches.



BUT of Boston's more than threescore open-air pleasure grounds it has remained for a single one —Revere Beach—to be heralded abroad as "the Wonderful Union of Nature's Happiest Gifts and Man's Most Entertaining Inventions." There may be a touch of the side-show barker's plethora of superlatives in the description, but, even reduced to its lowest terms, it can not be gainsaid that in the great white scimitar of the famous beach, the "two miles of attractions" which line the beach-side walk, and the five-cent fare which literally "admits to all" are comprised about everything that is necessary to bring the people—not infreqnently a hundred thousand of them in a day—to share in the wonder and the pleasure that await them.

There was a day when matters wore a different aspect at Revere. Fifteen years ago, before the Metropolitan Commission entered upon its great undertaking, the place was a low-class resort of "wide-open" dives, the worst possible gathering place for a defenseless and ever-gullible public. It required big men, men with ideals and the force to stand by them, to cope with the conditions—but Boston had them, and out of the ruins of "a house of thieves" has risen a clean and wholesome pleasure resort of the people.



AN ENTIRE page of this magazine might be filled with impressive statistics in an endeavor to show just what it is that Boston has accomplished, to demonstrate how fully the need of city-dwelling people has been met, how heartily it has been accepted, and how great has been the benefit. It is not through statistics, however, that this affair of a single city's accomplishment takes on its true significance and impresses us most deeply. It is only when it is translated into human elements, when we stop to consider that in every instance a human mind had to grasp the city's need, had to convince others and win their support, had to combat inertia and opposition to carry through, in the highest conception of civic duty, a great undertaking, that we thoroughly appreciate its meaning.

STICK a pin in the map at Peoria, Illinois, measure off 400 miles in any direction, and draw a circle. The line passes near Cleveland, north of St. Paul, and some way west of Omaha and Topeka. Discard the lower segment as belonging to the South, and you have within your circle the great Middle West, embracing ten States wholly or in part. The area of these States is 617,410 square miles and their population, in round numbers, 30,000,000.

Until recently these millions were intensely busy making money. They are making it still, but it comes so easily now they have time for other things. Mechanic and millionaire has what each considers the luxuries of life, from talking machines to limousines. When a stream of gold is produced by crops, mines, and factories, it is easy to obtain such trifles. But having

(*Continued on page 29*)



A Summer Camp in the Woods

The Chautauqua meeting began as a summer school, but has in the Middle West developed into a great camping-out party, with an educational feature added. A million and a half is the estimated number of Chautauquans in this section for the summer of 1909, and the system is gaining continually in popularity

Lion Hunting by Flashlight

By
A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

Collier's Special Photographer, on the Trail of Nature Pictures in the Heart of British East Africa, Describes Some Nocturnal Encounters with the King of Beasts

OUR first night at Simba Camp was made interesting by the continued roar of lions, so we determined to have a try at them next day. Accordingly we built a thorn boma about twelve yards from a freshly killed zebra, and placed two cameras near it. The first night passed off quietly, but the second proved very exciting. It was a very dark, moonless night, heavy clouds hung low in the sky, just the sort of night, in fact, for lions to be prowling about. My companion was asleep while I took the first watch. As I lay with my head on the ground, in the hope that I would be able to see any approaching animal against the indistinct sky-line, at a few minutes after nine a dark form appeared as though from nowhere. It was so sudden that I could scarcely believe my eyes, but it really was a lion, and a big one too. He stood alongside the zebra as motionless as a statue, and I can scarcely describe my feelings as I watched the king of beasts—perhaps the most feared animal in Africa—as he stood watching us only twelve yards away. Had he decided to spring, it is doubtful whether we would have had any chance of escape, but fortunately, in the excitement, the thought of danger never entered my head. Trembling with excitement, I gently touched my sleeping companion, and whispered: "Lion!" He was awake in an instant, and straining his eyes to see the beast. The next moment I pressed the electric button. The scene was lighted as though by magic. Two photographs were made simultaneously, then darkness more intense than ever after the blinding flash. The lion had gone, but he only went a short distance away, and, as we heard him roar, we wondered whether he was meditating an attack. We heard the blood-curdling roar of another one in a different direction. We took our rifles and a lantern, and we went out of the boma into the darkness, refilled the flashlights, changed the plates in the cameras, set the shutters, tested the electric connections, and with positive pleasure and relief crawled into the little boma as fast as we could. It had seemed as though the four or five minutes had been as many hours while we were outside. We were disturbed no more that night, save that we heard in every direction the continual roar of lions.

Firing Into the Dark

ABOUT nine o'clock the next evening some jackals drew near our boma, then, without any apparent reason, the scavengers suddenly sneaked away as silently as they had come, and while I was wondering why they had gone, a dark, blurred mass broke the sky-line, and with a muffled thud two lions landed on the carcass of the zebra. How quietly they had stalked their prey, dead though it was! Not a sound had I been able to detect. They had probably crawled so close to the ground that they had shown against the sky-line, and so I had failed to see them. To think that such big animals could come through sun-parched grass without making a sound made us realize very fully how easily they could stalk us, however alert we might be, and our respect and fear of the dreaded creatures increased tenfold. Almost as soon as they had landed on the zebra they began tearing at it, ripping the tough skin as though it were paper and pulling the heavy carcass about regardless of its great weight. We both had our rifles ready, and agreed that we should fire as I pressed the button for the flashlight. We both wanted to shoot a lion, and it seems to be a common craving, a sort of natural way of satisfying one's conceit or vanity. To have killed a lion makes a man puff his chest up and say to himself and his friends: "I did it!" My disgust can perhaps be imagined when I say that the flash failed to go off. I had so fully counted on a photograph of the two big animals that it seemed very hard to lose such an unusual chance. We tried to console ourselves by firing, and both of us missed. I was just about to light the lantern, preparatory to going out to investigate the cause of the flashlight trouble, when my companion caught sight of one of the lions about twenty-five yards away. My enthusiasm for camera investigation suddenly vanished, and I decided equally suddenly that the boma was, after all, an extremely comfortable place and the one place on earth that I could thoroughly enjoy. To our great satisfaction the lion slowly walked toward the zebra, and, as we could not photograph him, we determined to shoot, for we did not know what his intentions toward us might be. Both of us fired, the shots rang out almost simultaneously, then there was absolute discouraging silence. Had we hit the lion fatally we would certainly have heard some sound of the death struggle. Had we missed, surely there would have been a sound of his going away, so we wondered and peered fruitlessly into the darkness. I was very anxious to know about the cameras, so, notwithstanding my companion's advice, I ventured forth with him close beside me. We soon found the cause of the flashlight failure—the wire had been disconnected, and as soon as this was arranged we, with pardonable desire to be back in the boma, were about to seek its safety when it occurred to us that we might as well look at the ground and see if the lion's tracks were visible. To our astonishment we found not the tracks, but the lion himself lying stone dead on the side of the zebra. I had shot him directly between the eyes, and he had been killed instantly by the little .275 bullet. The roaring of a lion not far away warned us of the advantage of the boma, and so we quickly retreated. It had all been very exciting, and even though I had failed to get the desired photographs, I had at least got a splendid lion skin.



One of the jackals and a hyena, scavengers of the wilderness, caught by the flash-light, sneaking toward the place where Mr. Dugmore was concealed, near which lay the carcass of a freshly killed zebra



"He stood alongside the zebra as motionless as a statue, and I can scarcely describe my feelings as I watched the king of beasts—perhaps the most feared animal in Africa—as he stood watching us"



The lion which a defective flash-light failed to take; the animal was later shot in the darkness directly between the eyes by our photographer—who is seen looking out from the "boma," a thorn-brush protection such as the party always built for safety when waiting for the prowlers of the night

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE . . . COPYRIGHT 1909 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

Riding the Surf in Hawaii

The Daring Sport of the Pacific Islands, in Which Both Natives and Whites Become Adepts at Triumphing Over the Beach-Combers, Kept Afloat by Skill and Speed

By
ALEXANDER HUME FORD



Beginners practising in the small surf, a few hundred yards from the beach, where one may stand waist-deep in the water, and start his board with a strong shove, while throwing himself flat upon it



Surfboards, usually made of native mahogany and pointed at one end, will hold up the heaviest man with the force of a wave behind him, but in quiet waters they will sink with the weight of a child



The most critical instant of all comes when catching the wave on its crest and working the board down the slope—the feet must tilt the plank obliquely so that it will skim on the surface and not drop with a thud into the bottom of the hollow, which would send the swimmer and his vehicle flying apart

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR . . . COPYRIGHT 1909 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

THERE are long rolling billows on both of our coasts where surfboard-riding may be indulged in. It has been done at Atlantic City, and is being taught by a Hawaiian youth in southern California, but it is in Hawaii that the waves run best and longest and where the enthusiast may indulge both summer and winter.

At Waikiki the great waves begin to form a mile out at sea beyond the outer reef. It is just before they break for their long foaming run that the expert seeks to catch the billow. If successful he gently slides down the foaming hill of water until near its base, and here he keeps the bit of board, to be carried at express speed toward the beach. The wave dies, but always another forms, and the trick is to carry the board over from one to another; this requires much practise, but there are those who, when there is a half storm brewing, catch the first wave far out, pass over to the next, and sometimes guide the board safely before the third or inner line of breakers to land high and dry upon the beach.

The surfboard of the old Hawaiian was usually of native mahogany, twelve feet long perhaps, for often two stood upon the one board. The surfboard of to-day seldom exceeds eight feet in length and is more often nearer six. On the smallest of these boards—*i. e.*, one six feet long and eighteen inches wide—the heaviest man may stand, if he knows how, while the force of the wave is behind him; but in quiet waters a child may sink it.

Before the big waves can be taught—the water where they form is twelve feet deep—it is necessary to develop muscles in the arms and shoulders that will propel the board at a speed, for a second at least, equal to that of the forward motion at the base of the advancing billow; if this is accomplished, the board is lifted up and carried forward at a blinding speed, and it then becomes a matter of strength in holding on and skill in balancing the frail plank, for even the most expert may slip.

If the rider is confident enough, he may start his own board by standing beside it and giving it a forward shove, at the right moment, just as the wave is upon him. Many, many times probably he will roll over, but at last the knack of balancing comes to him, and he is ready to try to stand upon his board while it is in full forward motion, not such a difficult feat after all, in the small surf where the waves are not more than two or three feet high at most. His real trials commence when he deserts the shallows and strikes out for the deep.

The Supreme Moment

IT TAKES muscle and endurance, lying upon a bit of planking with only an inch or two of the bow above water, to paddle a mile out to where the waves form. There is half a minute of violent, then several seconds of supreme, effort, the board begins to rise upon the wall of water, and then comes the fight to keep it from floating above the crest and sinking back in the rear—of a lost wave. Even on the summit of the billow all is not lost; a few powerful strokes you give with your face flat on the board, then as you feel your feet slightly tilt upward, down come the arms in a twinkling until the hands grasp the board amidship in a grip of iron, the feet are drawn up to the center of the board with a quick convulsive motion and you leap to your feet, erect and balanced—if you fail, the board flies from under you and is tossed in air. But if the wave is yours, there is a thrill like none other in all the world as you stand upon its crest, and look down into the hollow green valley before you. As the wave curls and is about to break, the strongest foot is put forward to beat the bow down in a slanting direction and a quick turn given to the whole body, so that the board swerves and descends the hill of green on the bias.

To-day Judges of the Supreme Court in Hawaii, with their wives and daughters, ex-Governors and their families, and the greater portion of the prominent business men are surfboard enthusiasts, while the schoolboys and girls of Honolulu, now that they have spacious grounds near the beach for their separate bath-houses, canoe-sheds, and surfboard racks, spend much time in the water, and at the recent surfing carnivals in honor of the visits of the American battleship and later of the cruiser fleets, practically every prize offered for those most expert in Hawaiian water sports were won by white boys and girls, who have only recently mastered the art that was for so long believed to be possible of acquirement only by the native-born, dark-skinned Hawaiian.

At the Christmas contest, for the third time a white boy now fourteen years of age won the medal given to the most expert surfboarder; he came in a hundred yards before a monster roller standing on his head.

The white man and boy are doing much in Hawaii to develop the art of surf-riding. Games and feats never dreamed of by the native are being tried. Nowadays the small white boy anchors an inflated bladder where the waves roll by at their best, invites his companions to take out sharpened reed spears and contest with him in puncturing the target, the rule of the game being that the spear must be thrown while the spearsman is actually standing on his board. At night acetyline lamps are strapped to the bow of the boards, and the small boys and even men go out to ride the breakers, only their white-suited bodies being seen as they stand on the waves in a circle of light. This was one of the features of a recent night-water carnival at Waikiki. And again a white American boy came in standing on his hands in the glow of a red signal light [illegible] his board. He had carried matches out in his [illegible] lighted his torch just before he caught the wave [illegible]



An old fashioned round-up of cattle on a Canadian ranch, where they still range by thousands winter and summer over the prairies

The Passing of the Ranch

Like Other Pioneers in America it is Foredoomed to Go, Yielding Place to the Dairy-Farm

By AGNES C. LAUT

THE last ten years have witnessed pretty nearly the end of the old-time big ranch, where the cattle upon a thousand hills were the property of one man. The cattle king, who counted his acres in millions and his herds in hundreds of thousands, is passing into a misty realm of legend and fiction as the fur-trader has passed before him. Instead of the fenceless ranchlands in the South to-day are the checker-board patches of irrigated farms; and in the North, far as Saskatchewan River, the new settler's homestead has carved the ranch country into squares of 160 acres bounded by barb-wire fences. The day of raising cattle "on air" has pretty nearly forever passed in America.

With the two exceptions of Texas as to cattle and Montana as to sheep, there is not a patch in America, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, or the Athabasca to Mexico, which you can describe as entirely a ranch country. Twenty years ago the big ranches strung out in one continuous long trail from Mexico to Athabasca. Even ten years ago you could have found herds by the hundreds of thousands in Texas, in the Indian Territory, in Wyoming, in Montana, in Southern Alberta, in the valleys that lie like pockets in the mountains of British Columbia. To-day you will have difficulty in finding such herds.

Dairy Cows *versus* Ranch Cattle

IT IS a curious fact that the entrance of the dairy herd is the signal for the exit of the long horn. Farmers and ranchers are as antagonistic as ranchers and fur-traders. The rancher proceeded on the assumption that the dry sage-brush lands were not good for anything but to support roving herds of cattle at the rate of twenty acres to a long horn. The farmer acts on the principle that twenty acres must support, not one long horn, but twenty; and a whole family of humans besides. If the land will not live up to those expectations, then the farmer is going to change his *modus operandi*, banish the long horn, turn on the irrigation ditch, and grow fruit or vegetables. In fact, wherever you find ranch cattle, you don't find milk-cows. Wherever you find milk-cows, the ranch cattle are vanishing. Take Texas, for instance, the only remaining ranch-cattle country north of Mexico! In 1907 Texas numbered its ranch cattle at eight millions and its milk-cows at only a tenth that number. At the present rate of transition, in another ten years the cow census will probably be reversed with eight million dairy cows and eight hundred thousand ranch cattle. New York, Pennsylvania, and the big Middle States come next in cow population; but it is a cow country of stock-farms and corn-cribs and silos, not of ranches and sage grass and free air. Texas, Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas stand highest in horse population; but of these States only one—Texas—can be called a ranch country in the old "fenceless, free air" sense of the word. Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico, Idaho and Utah still have vast sheep runs; but already the fenced fields of the sheep pasturages in the Middle States are pushing up the numbers of their sheep almost equal to the special sheep countries; and another ten years will probably witness a transition in the sheep country, too, from ranch to fruit, and mutton to sugar.

The ranch is foredoomed to go the way of all other pioneers in America, foredoomed to go except in one section of the United States—namely, in the national forests. The national forests cover an area that is not farmable by any method; and on the ranges of national forests pasture some seven million ranch horses, cattle, and sheep.

The fundamental cause beneath the passing of the ranch is, of course, the passing of free land. The best of the free land is already all picked out and homesteaded in the United States; and it is held at values of from $14 an acre for arid lands to $200 and $300 for irrigated. When twenty acres can be made to support from five to ten people, your land-seeker is not going to leave those twenty acres as roving ground for a solitary long horn. That is where irrigation has played the mischief with ranching on the arid lands of the South. The Irrigation Department of the Federal Government plans to place (and is now placing) fifteen million families on the arid lands of the South and Middle West. That puts an end to your old-time rancher homesteading 160 acres, then running a barb-wire fence round 160,000 acres more. It also puts an end to the old-time rancher's gentle method of persuading a settler or "nester" to move off the free lands. To be sure, your "nester" could homestead his 160 acres too, and put up *his* barb-wire fence, but mysterious hands cut the barb-wire fence at night, and unseen causes sent the cattle man's big herds stampeding across the young wheat till your new homesteader was glad to sell for any figure offered him.

To all those gentle arts of the old-time rancher, irrigation has put an end. Instead of the 160-acre ranch are 40-acre irrigation farms—fruit ranches, truck gardens, sugar-beet fields—with little colony villages as a nucleus in the middle, whence workers radiate by day and so enjoy all the social advantages of the city and the independent life of the country. Some of the Government irrigation works supply cheap water power; and where the long horn once claimed sole possession in the Southwest are dotted irrigation colonies with electric power for light, heat, and industries. So successful have the Government irrigation colonies been that many big land corporations have bought up arid tracts and gone into the enterprise of similar colonies. These corporations go one farther than the Government. They build the houses in village colonies of eight thousand or ten thousand people with an acre or two round each house; and they run roads like the spokes of a wheel out to the farms of each land-owner, permitting payment for all by instalments. In Texas are dozens of little towns of from two thousand to ten thousand people literally shot up in a night like a mushroom, where ten years ago roamed not a living creature but the long horn and the sagebrush hen. Had any one predicted such a change to the cowboy, the prophet would probably have been shot into the next world as an undesirable "pilgrim" in the cow country.

Irrigation Undermines the Ranch

THE ranch lands of the Middle West have undergone similar translation without the influence of irrigation, though irrigation projects now extend as far north as Alberta, Canada; and still bigger private projects for irrigation are under way. In the Middle West the increase of land values cut the ranches into stock farms. Long as land could be bought for $2 and $3 an acre from "grub-stake" homesteaders, ranchers could afford pasture ground for the long horn; but when values in the semi-arid country jumped to $14 and $17 an acre—as in South Dakota and Wyoming and Montana—no rancher could afford twenty acres for a long horn. No long horn could pay interest on that kind of an investment, so the rancher turned stock farmer, ran the barb-wire fence round his section, drilled for water, got up his wind-mill like a flag on the prairie sea, and began raising corn to fatten his stock.

Where big ranches still exist in the Middle West, it is usually because the ranch owner has access to the national forest ranges, but even there he may no longer range his cattle on free air. For the privilege of pasturing stock on the national range, stock men pay into the Forestry Department a million dollars a year. The *big* cattle men can no longer fence off sections of the national range and run the *little* men off the ground. Permits to pasture the national range are granted only

in order of application and subject to the approval of the forester. Stock is not allowed where it will trample out young trees; nor are sheep permitted in the mountain bunch-grass country at the special season when the trampling of millions of little feet sharp as knives would cut the young grass out by the roots. There is plenty of other grazing ground in the national ranges during the maturing of the young grass. There is the grass of the valleys while the pasturage is in tender blade on mid-slope, and there is the grass above timber line when mid-slope has been grazed down. In fact, before the Forestry Department took hold of the national ranges, much of the bunch-grass had been grazed out and replaced by worthless sedge. This was particularly true of the Wallowa Forest of Oregon, where half a million sheep yearly graze. In return for the fee charged the rancher, the Forestry Department reserves watering-places, so avoiding the old fights for the water hole, poisons wolves that war on stock, kills off poisonous plants, and either reseeds or permits regrowth by natural process by keeping the sheep off the grazed-out areas.

Receding Before Fruit Farms

COME north of the Middle West, and the same passing of the ranch is in process. Less than five years ago the last of the big herds was broken up in British Columbia—herds of two and three hundred thousands in the Nicola Valley—to make room for fruit farms. Land, which the rancher bought there twenty-five years ago at twenty-five cents an acre, has sold to the fruit farmer at $25 an acre. Less than six years ago the big ranches of Southern Alberta began to break up in the same way. The Mormon had come in, proving these russet semi-arid foothills grew good sugar beets. Then the railroads and the Government took hold with huge irrigation schemes. Land that had sold at $4 to the rancher, jumped to $15 and $30 to the small farmer. Fence-posts and barb-wire began to stretch across the range, and the big ranches split up in smaller and smaller holdings.

The long trail that began in Mexico is ending up on Peace River; that is as far as it can ever go, for that is the end of the ranch grass country. The long horn that came wild from Mexico, all bone and muscle, has been moving north for a century with a shortening of his clicking horns and a taming of his wild nature as his blood mingled with the Eastern cattle. You will still see the long horn of Texas in Dakota and Montana. You don't see many in Alberta. As the horns have shortened, the sides have filled out. The change from gray grass to the luscious deep grasses of the far north has put beef on the long horn instead of muscle, so that he is pretty nearly not recognizable as a long horn at all. As the cattle have come north over the long trail, so have the cowpunchers. There are frontiersmen on Peace River who began life as cowboys in Texas.

It would be a mistake to think because the ranch is passing that the cattle are passing too. There never were more ranch animals in the United States than to-day, nor more people making a living from [illegible] based on cattle. Where horses numbered under twenty million in 1907, cattle numbered seventy-two million, and sheep fifty-three million, an increase of nearly five hundred per cent in forty years. The change from ranch to stock farm has increased the number of cattle supported by each acre of land.

When did the strange pastoral migration over the long trail begin from South to North. Emerson Hough says in the forties, but I think it was earlier. Blackfeet and Snake Indians used to raid the Spanish settlements for cattle early as 1817. The animals that survived the cruel drive back north were turned over to the fur-traders for consideration of ammunition and firewater. Certainly the four-footed migration from the Red River of the South to the Red River of the North began long before the forties, for the first settlers of Manitoba and Minnesota brought stock back from the Lower Mississippi before 1824.

An Indian Raid

IT WOULD be difficult for fiction to outdo fact as to the dangers of that winding four-footed trail. Nighttime at some ford or in some narrow pass was the favorite occasion for the Indian raiders. The cowboys would have hobbled their ponies with raw-hide thongs, and rounding their herd up in some sort of natural *k'ral*, would be sound asleep with saddles for pillows, when a wild whoop would give first intimation of danger. While the cowboys fought for their lives behind shelter of ponies, it was easy for the raiders to ride

(Concluded on page 28)

The Farm of Hope

A Place of Training and Uplift, Where Worn-Out and Discouraged Things Are Made to Look Like New

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

I FIRST saw the Discouraged Man when he was tried in the Municipal Court of Kansas City, Missouri, on a charge of vagraney. The patrolman who made the arrest said that the prisoner had not worked more than three days in two months, and that when the arrest was made he had resisted the officers and made such a disturbance that they had to call a patrol-wagon.

The vagrant stood before the judge with drooping eyelids, sullen and indifferent. A patch of court-plaster on the top of his head substantiated the story of the police that he had resisted arrest. The city attorney read his name and the charge, and tossed a folded paper to the judge. After administering to him a hasty oath to tell the truth, the judge began to scribble the prisoner's name in the court record-book.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" the judge asked.

"Nothin' much," the man answered. "I've worked a lot more'n the officer says, but I guess I'm guilty."

"And you've been here before?"

"Four times."

The judge finished writing in the book and looked up.

"Tell the truth," he said, "and I'll make it easier for you. What's the trouble?"

"Ain't much use to talk about it," the man replied. "I'm just down on my luck—discouraged—that's all. Ain't got my health now. Been drinkin'. Don't feel like I had any friends. Don't know no trade. . . . But it ain't goin' to do me no good, nor you no good, to send me back to that castle, judge."

"I'm not going to send you to the castle this time. I know a better place," the judge said. "Your fine is $15. That's thirty days. I'm going to make a special order to send you to the Leeds Farm. Maybe it will be the best thing that ever happened to you."



The superintendent's bungalow, on which all the work was done by the prisoners

The prisoner slowly walked back into the mouth of the black tunnel that leads to the holdover. Dejection showed in every line of his face and in every movement.

At one o'clock that afternoon he was loaded into a cage on wheels and driven through the city. That had happened before, so the edge of humiliation was dulled. But if shame was less, discouragement was deeper.

The wagon stopped at the workhouse and some of the prisoners were unloaded there. The workhouse is built in the shape of a medieval castle, acknowledging in its appearance that the institution for which it stands is a relic of the Middle Ages. The prisoners within its walls wear leg-irons, which jingle as they walk. They are guarded by men who carry repeating rifles, and they do no useful labor but a little drilling and stone-breaking in a nearby quarry. In summer they sometimes vary this with weed-cutting on vacant city lots.

The Discouraged Man in the cage on wheels found much to be thankful for in the fact that he was not to be returned to the castle. In half an hour the wagon was out of the city and rolling along a smooth, well-oiled pike through a land of truck-gardens. Along the side of the road was a little stream, like a natural canal. Soon the wagon rumbled over a bridge. The Discouraged Man looked out and saw a small coffee-colored river shaded with great trees whose trunks bent inward across the water-course, and whose leaves and branches almost made an arch. One of the negro prisoners in the wagon remarked that the water was up and just right for trot line-fishing. "Knead two cupsfull of cornmeal with one of flour in cold water," he said. "Then roll the dough into little balls the size of marbles." He began to show the whites of his eyes and grin. The Discouraged Man could not keep from smiling in sympathy.

"Havin' pereeeded to this, you takes th' balls an' draps 'em in a kittle of boilin' water," the negro said. "Quick as they starts a-rollin' 'roun' on th' bottom, they's done. Spoon 'em out and squeeze 'em. Bounce 'em on th' floor like rubbah balls. That's th' bait that hooks th' bullheads."

The Discouraged Man laughed. After that he began almost to *enjoy* that ride and to notice the scenery. The wagon passed through a suburban town called Leeds; then past some more truck-gardens. Six miles southeast of Kansas City's City Hall it turned onto a dirt road, and climbed a steep and rocky hill. It stopped at last on a ridge from which could be seen farms and orchards in billows for miles around, with the smoke of the city far away to the northwest.

"Pile out, you boys," the driver ordered. "Here's where you spend the hot spell."

The way the driver said it was hardly as unkind as the speech may appear to sound.

Surrounded with Cheerful Ideas

A LARGE white farmhouse in the center of 135 acres of orchard land, hillside, and garden was the wagon's destination. In the nearby fields little groups of men in blue overalls and slouch hats were grubbing and plowing. The striking feature of the scene, to the mind of the man who had just arrived there, was that none of the men wore leg-irons and that there appeared to be no armed guards. Some barb-wire across the windows of the house and a barb-wire barricade around the yard were the only suggestions of a prison. The wagon rumbled away and the prisoners went into the yard, then into the house. It was simply a plain, old-fashioned farmhouse. Two women spoke kindly to the Discouraged Man. In the front room, where they took him to show him the bookcase, he grinned at two happy children, who were playing there. There was something so human and decent about the place that he was touched. A pleasant young fellow, who did not appear to be more than thirty years old, introduced himself as the superintendent. He asked the Discouraged Man some questions, slapped him on the back, and set him to work weeding in the potato-patch.

There was a guard in the field with the new prisoner. The guard was as cheerful as a minstrel and did more work than any of the men of whom he was the boss. He used to be a farmer, he said, and this was living again! Some of the men sang as they worked. None appeared to be unhappy. When the weeding was finished, they did some work with a cross-cut saw on a tree trunk. The saw went back and forth with all the spirit of well-paid labor. A little Austrian boy, who in the city had been so incorrigible that he was given a five-hundred-dollar fine, was the happiest of all. Like the guard, he said he had at last found the work he liked. It happened that he had never been on a farm before. This was a new and wonderful world. The questions he asked were as numerous as those of the small boy of the comic weekly.

A large addition was being built to the farmhouse. The superintendent of the farm took the Discouraged Man to where the carpenters were pounding, and introduced him. The carpenters, with one exception, were all prisoners. In the chicken-yard, where the superintendent led him next, the Discouraged Man watched 125 chickens called into one bunch and fed. He learned that the chicken-house, the store-room, the pig-pens, and the blacksmith shop all were built by the prisoners.

"Here is a buggy that we're as proud of as of the house," the superintendent said. "When we got it, it was such a ramshackle thing you could have bought it for two bits. A man gave it to us half as a joke. But the boys in the blacksmith shop worked up a new body, scraped and sandpapered and filled the whole thing, and gave it seven coats of paint. We had a carpenter and an upholsterer and a blacksmith on the farm. There's the buggy now, almost as good as new, to show what sort of work we can turn out."

By this time the Discouraged Man was catching the idea. This was a place not of punishment, but of training and reform—where worn out, discarded things are made to look like new. Vaguely, he had been wishing for such a place for a year or more—ever since the bottom dropped out of life.

The superintendent and the farmer-guard took the new prisoner and the enthusiastic little Austrian boy and went into the orchard to milk the cows. The Austrian boy sang and skipped like a child. He called the cows in a dozen different intonations, and laughed and whistled for joy. The orchard had been in full bloom, and the white petals now were beginning to drop off. The sight of the flakes fluttering downward [illegible]

with an odd gladness. He was on the point of speaking of it, but felt ashamed.

The guard and the superintendent said they were hungry and this was a mighty fine season for fruit.

The cowyard was not yet finished. So the Austrian boy and the guard milked the three cows in a corner of the pasture on the crest of a hill.

Then the four men strolled back to supper. It was a good farm meal and every one ate ravenously. After that some of the men played catch in the yard and some of them smoked or read books in the front room where the new prisoner saw the two children playing. Then every one went to bed early in the upper room of the farmhouse. Every man had a cot of his own, and there was plenty of fresh air.

In the morning the prisoner awoke to see green leaves and branches waving beside his window. He spent another day working in the open air, with a growing appetite both for food and for asking questions.

The end of a week found him with a changed viewpoint. On Saturday afternoon the superintendent called him and told the Discouraged Man that he was about to ask a favor of him. Would the prisoner go on an errand to Leeds? Hitch up the single wagon. And here was ten dollars.

The man looked at the superintendent half stunned. Then he reached out his arm and silently shook hands.

He hitched the horse and drove down a rocky hill-slope. At the foot of this he forded a little creek, halting to listen to the gurgle of the water around the stepping-stones. The stones made him think of the days when he was a "kid" and spent vacations on his uncle's farm.

That ride to Leeds was an epoch in the Discouraged Man's life. He came back from it with straighter shoulders and a new fire in his eyes. Men still trusted him. Life was worth while after all!

When he had served out his sentence on the farm he felt half-homesick and choked a little when he gave the superintendent good-by. The day after his discharge he found work in the city at good wages as a teamster. He had taken hold on life again with new determination.

This is a typical case that shows the sort of crop that is being cultivated on the workhouse experimental farm. It is not a place of punishment, but of cure. Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, has pointed out that none but the poor are ever confined in a city workhouse. The rich can escape by paying their fines or by bribing their guards to look at the skies a few minutes. The poverty-stricken and discouraged are punished not only with imprisonment, but also with humiliations, leg-irons, and enforced idleness. They leave jail in a worse temper with the world than when they were first arrested. But the municipal farm encourages its men to work at useful trades and reaches the manhood in them.



Where work goes on with spirit, unhampered by leg-irons, unguarded by a rifle

As a money-maker, the farm may fall short of success, for its superintendent would rather cultivate men than raise a bumper crop of parsley. The indications at this writing are that the farm will hardly meet expenses, but will furnish a large supply of vegetables for the use of the general hospital and the city workhouse and feed its own force. When the addition to the farmhouse is completed, this force will be about fifty men.

The visitor to the farm can not help but be impressed, most of all, with the dramatic way in which useless, disheartened men are transformed here to useful, happy laborers. The superintendent's own versatility, which includes everything from shoeing a horse to drawing specifications and making blue-prints, is shared by the men whom he calls "his help." His bungalow furnishes a good example of what the men can do. Carpenters worked a few weeks to erect the building. Plasterers and paperhangers finished the interior. The bungalow is now ready for the painters. Every piece of the work was done by prisoners.

The expense of opening and maintaining the farm for three months is estimated as about $3,000. That much money can be—and has been—collected in one morning by the judge of the municipal court from gamblers, law-violating saloon-keepers, and bootlegging druggists who can well afford to contribute such a compulsory charity to the men they have helped to ruin. The experimental farm is ceasing to be considered "experimental." The Board of Pardons and Paroles is losing some of its conservatism and is relating stories of Discouraged Men who have found heart there or who, by hard work in the open air, have cured themselves there of drink and drug habits. And one member of the Board, who used to be a farmer boy (and says he is going to become a farmer again), sees a deeper significance in the experimental farm as part of the great movement landward from the cities, which has for its slogan: "Back to the Soil!"

The Subsidized Gardener

Supplying the Suburban Table with the Choicest Issue of the Soil, in Place of the Wilted Wares of the City Markets

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

THE growing army of commuters and summer residents needs to learn a lesson from other and more hostile invading armies—namely, to "live on the country." That is to say, to make the country supply its needs edible. Doubtless that is exactly the thing which at least half those who go countryward picture themselves beforehand as doing. Such prevision is commonly contradicted baldly by experience. Suburban living, indeed, largely involves the paradox, that to get country things, as fruits, vegetables, eggs, butter, poultry, really fresh, you must bring them out from town.

Hence the heavy-laden who throng the evening trains: hence, also, that autocrat, the huckster, whose supply, rather than your demands, so often determines dinner. Hence, still further, the supremacy of the can. Small blame to the house mother if, with only the average village markets and marketmen, she chooses canned stuff as the lesser of two evils.

This is all as it should not be. Everything sold in the city markets comes to them from the country. It pays freight and charges—middleman's charges no less than the profits of the actual vender. All of these might be saved, to the manifest betterment of all concerned, by a concerted forethought and foreaction on the part of intending consumers. There may be sands so sandy they will sprout nothing but suburban homes; rocks so rocky they will support nothing more substantial than a real-estate boom, yet always within hailing distance there is sure to be arable land, ready to laugh into market harvests at the tickling of the gardener's hoe.

A Special Boon to Summer People

THE summer people, if only there are enough of them, ought to have their own special gardener to supply their special needs. By getting together they can have him—he will plant for them in quick successions the whole roster of summer vegetables. But he must know what to plant several months beforehand. In fact, he ought to be a fixture—something to be relied on as much as the procession of the seasons. It will help him to that estate to give him charge of deserted lawns and orphan shrubbery. Trimming hedges, rolling turf, stopping washes before they grow deep, spraying vines and woody things, especially fruit trees, either dwarf or standard, may well fill in time for him betwixt growing seasons. He should be so well paid as to make his services cheap. Only good pay will command work of the first class, which is always cheap at twice or thrice the price of bungling.

The agreed dispensation would be a special boon to summer people—those who go to their own houses or hired ones around the opening of spring to stay until late fall. Even more than the hardened suburbanites, they miss the fulness, the ready convenience, of the city market and the corner grocery. Dependence on the huckster with his limp greens, peas beginning to yellow, bruised beets, carrots past all freshness, and radishes wilted beyond hope of crispness, is to them a sort of [illegible]rdom. Moreover, there is often such scant choice in the huckster's wares. Year-round residents naturally get the best of them—the stranger within the gates must accept thankfully such things as he can get.

Here is a point to be considered beyond individual thrift or convenience. In the village, or the suburb, or the country place, even more than the city, no man liveth or dieth unto himself, neither any plant. Insect pests abound—some, like the San José scale, so deadly hope flies when they enter. Eternal vigilance against them, eternal warfare against them, is the price of flowers and fruit and turf and healthy shrubs. A single neglected lawn, even one sucked and starveling tree, may infect the healthy green things of a whole community. Not at once to be sure, but with insidious swiftness. The multiplication of blights, of pests, is inconceivably rapid. The green aphis, for example, is asexual, yet reproduces so swiftly that a single insect within a week's time may be ancestor to above five billions of its kind. It is among places left to take care of themselves, or most casually looked after through the winter, that all manner of plant pests find their breeding ground and special harborage. To fight them requires special equipment—force-pumps, sprayers, insecticides in powder and in solution. Mighty costly if each individual owner had to supply himself, but the gardener, having them in constant use, could afford the outlay, yet make moderate prices to his customers.

It is a marvel that the livery dairy has not yet come to pass. It would deal, not in milk, but in milk-cows, supplying fresh ones at a monthly or weekly hire, taking them back at need and substituting another. The most part of householders are nice, even finicky in their minds, over the milk supply—they have heard and read so much of the dangers that lurk in tainted milk, no less tainted money. But when they go away from the beaten track of things ordered, their scruples do not dissolve in the difficulties they find themselves facing—they are the rather overborne by imperious necessity. Milk there must be—for the children, the cook, the morning coffee, the evening ice-cream. So they take what is offered, often in fear and trembling, or scant themselves to tinned milk—in the heart of the green country. Knowing nothing of cows, how shall they buy? Moreover, the cost of purchase outright is something to shy at. But a warranted cow, gentle, healthy, in full milk—who would not willingly pay for her use and her keep? The livery dairyman might well keep a pasture, and take his hired-out cows to and from it for a small consideration. He might likewise do a thriving business in feed stuffs, to say nothing of profit on the calves raised to the age of veal. He could keep stock of all sorts—Jerseys for uppish folk who like the look of one on the lawn; big, deep-uddered Holsteins for big families, pert small Kerry cows for customers with tiny places, and merely cows for the general customer in want of milk. Milk, indeed, must be the great thing—and often the scrub beats her pedigreed sister at the pail. Nobody would very much mind keeping a cow if she could be got rid of thus handily without recourse to the butcher.

Orders in advance, provided there are enough of them, will insure full supplies of fresh eggs and poultry. If the orders run year round, there may be a sensible saving to the consumer, and the same margin of profit to the producer. The henwife escapes the risk of glutted markets, the housewife equally that of soaring famine prices. Poultry and egg raising have come to be almost exact sciences. There are those still who work at haphazard, by rule o' thumb, but they commonly lose out. An ideal situation would be to have at least half a dozen poultry yards, as much scattered as possible, so far apart indeed that contagion would be out of the question. It would be well, too, to have the egg-raising quite apart from the yards for broilers and roasters—capons require such special knowledge they may be left out of account. Ducks should be sole masters and mistresses in the yard they quack over. As for turkeys, only folk with plenty of range should undertake raising them for market, hence they had better be set out beyond the market gardens.

As to butcher's meat—there is much to be said on both sides. Where neighboring farms supply fine fat animals in prime condition, the local butcher is the man for your money. Otherwise club orders to the nearest wholesale market are preferable. Plenty of reputable market men make such orders a specialty, are careful to fill them with only the best and freshest in market, which, packed in hampers, well iced, and sent by express, can go safely any distance under a hundred miles. But in the matter of hams and bacon, it is a sin against light and leading not to try and try till you find a brand genuinely good—and when found make a note of it.

Elastic Cooperation

THE basic idea of things here indicated is cooperation—elastic and so loosely woven it hampers nobody. What has been set forth is the merest sketching of surface potentialities, but if put in practise it may help to solve the problem of how to be happy though a suburbanite. Man does not live by bread alone, neither by fresh vegetables, nor strawberries still wet with morning dew. Neither does he live—very long—if he makes himself wholly altruistic. It is unquestionable though that in the give-and-take of making up one mind to fit the kinks of another mind, there is some part of a liberal education. It helps to an understanding of many things. The chiefest of them is the solidarity of humanity. It is no bad experience for a man, at whose word "the Street" sits up and takes notice, to find himself no match for an artless horticulturist, grieved, yet strong in the possession of a contract which calls for beets from May till November. Maybe the gentleman don't like 'em constant—he'd oughter thought o' that at the first off—as the gentleman himself after awhile recognizes. He has his reward in a new emphasis on forethought. In next year's contract he will certainly go short of beets.

Amazons of Peace and War



England's Soldier Women

More than fifty members of the "First Aid Yeomanry Corps" encamped not far from London for several days this summer and underwent the most rigid military routine. They held hospital drills, performed camp labor, and groomed their own horses like regular troopers. One of the more vigorous exercises was the jumping practise on horseback. In each tent—which the women themselves set up—three members of the corps were quartered. The only place in which the camp departed from severe masculine methods was the canteen, where cut glass and silver, chairs and a piano, gave to it a homelike and feminine touch





Tennis Experts

The play of the Canadian young women in the last international tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake so impressed the Ohio delegation that they promised to insert a ladies' open single event in their State program for this year. As a result, the Toronto players entered the Cleveland tournament held on August 2. From top to bottom of the page the photographs show Mrs. Hannam, Canadian champion, Miss Lois Moyes, Miss Rhea Fairbairn, and Miss Hazel Keith







St. Louis to Boston on Foot

Mrs. H. C. Schneider and her husband leaving St. Louis on July 28 for a jaunt to the Massachusetts capital. The couple expect to complete the trip within forty-five days. Mrs. Schneider was aroused to the undertaking by the statement of Weston, the aged pedestrian who recently strode across the continent, and declares that women are not able to walk. She intends by this journey to prove that at least one woman can—even if her husband does carry her satchel

What the World Is Doing:



The Wright Brothers' Final Government Test

On July 30 Orville Wright met the Government conditions with a flight of ten miles, averaging forty-two miles an hour. The picture shows the aeroplane rounding the balloon which formed the stake. As he carried one passenger, Lieutenant Foulois of the army, the trip was pronounced by experts to be the greatest cross-country flight ever made. From Fort Myer the machine flew to Shooter's Hill and back. Every mile over forty miles an hour won a bonus of $2,500, with $25,000 for the aeroplane itself



The Fight for Land

Crowds at Spokane, Washington, scrambling aboard an electric train bound for Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, where they will file their applications for the Flathead, Spokane, and Cœur d'Alene Indian lands, to be opened up by a public drawing on August 9. On July 27 the total number of applications which had been officially registered reached 148,955—the record land rush in the United States

This Busy World

SPAIN, beset at home and in the field, is in the position of a man with a stomach-ache fighting a duel. The internal disturbance is centered at Barcelona, where mob rule took over the city on the very day when Spanish troops were beaten back by Kabyle tribesmen. Spanish history for four hundred years has been interweaved with that of the Moors in a blood-red thread.

Like Portia, wounded in the thigh, Old England punishes herself with bitter self-inflicted blows. Here is the cry of the London "Standard":

"There are unmistakable signs of deterioration in the race; self-indulgence is the rule, self-denial the exception; every class of society contains a rapidly increasing contingent of irresponsible loafers—at the bottom, the tramp and the beggar; at the top, the bridge player and the idle rich."

It is as hard "to tax and be popular as to love and be wise," and with throes and groanings the Budget is fighting its way through a busy but fatigued Commons. The debate is enlivened though not dignified by a noble lord telling a labor member he was drunk, and then apologizing for the lie. The Budget will continue to fill the fag of the summer with voices and the strife of tongues. In late September, pounded by hostile ministers, edited and mangled, it will be passed up to the somnolent lords.

Headed by Talaat Bey, vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies, some Turkish Parliamentary delegates have been visiting Paris and London. Their purpose has been to say Thank You for French and English "moral support" during the enforced removal of Abdul, and to make friends for the new régime.

Attended by 200 spies and fenced in by 150 ironclads, the Russian Czar found it safe to visit Cowes, shake hands with the King of England, and felicitate him on his "arc of ironclads," more beautiful than "a crescent of Nelson's ships."

Earthquake shocks leveled buildings, stopped clocks, and terrified the inhabitants in Mexico City and several smaller towns of Mexico.

The Senate and House have held a sewing bee, and hemmed, stitched, and filled in a crazy quilt, called a Revised Tariff, as gift present for the American people. It will take some scrutiny and figuring with a lead pencil to know just how grateful the Ultimate Consumer ought to feel toward his Washington friends.

Harry Thaw, murderer of Stanford White, struggling to be freed from the insane asylum, has recalled to the public mind the noisome details of that degrading episode, and has added a few vicious items heretofore unheard of. "A plague on both your houses."

Tom Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, is talking over the traction muddle with his constituents in a series of public debates to fifteen thousand people at a time. Meanwhile the street-car lines are in chaos.

It has been a week brimful of event all the way from the home town to the boreal pole. With gossip of kings, plunder of merchants, the odd ways of statesmen, and murders and suicides of the love-sick, the world has been busy through the seven days. Japan's city Osaka was flame-swept and a noble temple destroyed. A Chinese vice-consul in New York was shot down by a deranged fellow countryman. Famous ball players were injured, batted out of the box, and signed away to alien teams. Two prize-fighters, after insulting each other for weeks in long-distance talk, decided to fight. So the play is played on, while the stars burn, the moons increase, and the great ages onward roll.

The lovely autumn days are close, with the mellow corn and ruddy fruit and the long light of the afternoon lying richly on the crops. Vacations are ending and harvests are ripening under the sun. There is a sense of something flowing by, a river of change, in the rapid light and rustling grass and wayward airs of the days as they go.

Good-by to the Wrights

IN THE final test days, when even their friends were worried, the Wright brothers soared and glided and dipped and won their tests, with wide margins of clear air to spare. In money they pocket $30,000. In fame they date a new era in a department which owns the future.

It was Orville, coached by Wilbur, the elder and more terrible, who cracked all American records for flight on July 20 with an eighty-minute twilight trip. He circled the Fort Myer drill ground like a monster top, staggering to its rest.

Then came the Government test that the aeroplane carry two persons for one hour. Orville elevated Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm of the Signal Corps, chugged through the firmament with his sacred freight, crossing the one-hour line, then nine minutes later smashing Wilbur's record, and from then on leading the world, with a flight of one hour twelve minutes and forty seconds.

Over trees, ridges, hummocks, Orville flew down and back again at sunset, July 30. It was the test for a ten-mile, cross-country flight over ragged territory with two persons in the machine. This time he used Lieutenant B. D. Foulois as baggage, and sped from the drill ground to Shooter's Hill and back at the rate of forty-two miles an hour.

So ends a hot and weary six weeks for the Wright brothers and the city of Washington. Washington, which has survived four wars and the Roosevelt régime, is not easily stirred by the lust of a new thing. And a trifle, like corrupting the law of gravitation and piercing the sky with a misshapen wood and metal hulk,

A Record of Current Events

heavier than the air it displaces, only suffices to call out a regular audience of three thousand, mainly tourists.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of a former President, steamed up in a fairly obedient black runabout, No. 1510. She was a faithful attendant for many afternoons, fetching a hamper of tea and sweets for such friends as braved the heat and believed in the Wrights.

Through the crowd wandered a gray-haired, gentle-faced man, full of words. He was a prophet. He quoted from many books of the Old Testament prophecies which told of the aeroplane. He foretold disaster for the Wright machine, because the planes sloped up instead of down.

Such lawn-makers as visited the drill ground were able to impart the sense of a brief respite from great affairs. They strode through the lowly, curious herd of common folk, patronized the machine, and went home to Washington, North West, peevish.

"I don't see that there's so very much wind," said Senator Stone, as a twenty-mile-an-hour breeze, gusty and a little treacherous, roused the dust of the drill ground.

The gossip factory was as busy at the flight grounds as it is in city offices and Government departments and wherever else jealous men and women are gathered together. "Orville's lost his nerve," was the cry. "The accident last year was too much for him. He'll never meet his tests." So they clouded counsel with their forebodings.

But Orville and Brother Wilbur, Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor, are the captains of their soul and quite at home on the heavenly ferry. So ends the testing of the Wright brothers, publicity haters. This is their positively last appearance in this country for a twelvemonth. Soon they sail for Europe to deal, man-fashion, with the principalities and powers.

Their final triumph was witnessed by the loyal sister who has stood by them with money and faith for many years. She could say with truth to-day: "I backed my brothers, believing them to have genius. They have surpassed my wildest dreams."

Outwitting Coyotes

THE murderous activities of coyotes on herds of sheep have made business bad for ranchmen. Here follows a year of history at Billy Meadows on the Wallowa National Forest in Oregon. The people set to on this—can coyotes be kept away from the sheep? If so, are the sheep healthier, heavier, and more profitable? Does the added profit in the sheep pay for the cost of shooing away the coyotes?

Coyote-proof fence, fifty-nine inches high and eight miles long, was used to fence in 2,560 acres. In three months 136 coyotes came to the fence and not one got through. They were on hand for seventy-two out of the ninety-five days. Seven grizzly bears and eight brown bears got through the fence. Black bears, bobcats, lynx, badgers, and elks also came nosing around the barriers. The grizzly bears passed in by going through the six-inch space between the woven wire and the first barbed wire above, or through the eight-inch space between the two top barbed wires. The claws of the hind feet were hooked into the meshes of the woven wire, giving the bear a pull to force his body through.

The band of sheep consisted of 1,200 ewes and their increase, 1,009 lambs. At the season's end, September 25, the sheep, experimented on, were turned back to the owner. The count gave a total of 2,194, a loss of fifteen since June 21, when the animals were turned into the pasture. The coyote-proof fence gave them free, unmolested grazing, and they began to outgrow their herding methods. There was less massing, less trailing, less close-bunched grazing. This change is good for the range and good for the sheep.

The age of the two bands at the time of final weighing was approximately the same, yet the average weight showed an advantage of 8.7 pounds in favor of the animals from the coyote-proof pasture. After being handled under the pasturage system for three months, between the ages of three and six months, lambs weighed eight pounds more than the best lambs of the same class that has been herded.

The chief drawback to the system at the experimental pasturage was the excessive cost of the fence, which on most grazing lands will approach closely to $400 a mile.

Among the advantages of the pasturage system that justify this expenditure for fence construction are:

1. Increased carrying capacity of fifty per cent over the customary herding system.
2. Heavier sheep.
3. Decrease from 3 per cent to one-half of 1 per cent in the loss.
4. Less expense for handling.
5. An increase in the lamb crop.
6. Heavier and cleaner wool crop.

The experiments were closely watched by James T. Jardine of the Forest Service, who will shortly publish the results. The coyote is the one great menace to the sheep industry, and in excluding him the fence has served its purpose.

San Francisco's Trial

SAN FRANCISCO is having much trouble in selecting the jury in the second trial of Patrick Calhoun, indicted for attempt to bribe a supervisor. The so-called "Graft Prosecution," headed by Rudolph Spreckels, will thus make its second attempt to jail the president of the United Railways.

Calhoun has circularized the United States of America with a pamphlet making charges against Francis J. Heney of improperly receiving funds from the United



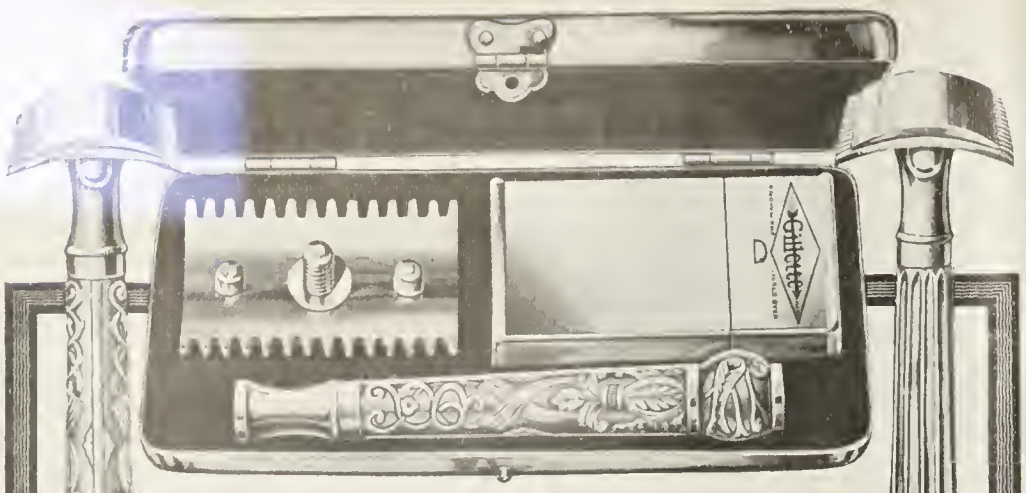
Bleriot Above the English Channel

The monoplane of M. Bleriot, in which he achieved his epoch-making flight from France to Great Britain, was purchased for $2,000—the bare cost of construction—by a French newspaper and presented to the Government for a permanent exhibit in a national museum. The aviator has accepted an offer from the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle to race with the Wright Brothers for a $25,000 prize, but it is probable that the match will not be considered by either of the Americans



Latham Falls into the Sea

Hubert Latham, who has made two attempts to fly across the English Channel in his monoplane "Antoinette" ended both trips by plunging into the water—the last time on July 27, when within two miles of Dover where the population was giving vent to a noisy welcome at his apparent success. The buoyancy of the aeroplane was such that the aeronaut kept afloat until picked up by a destroyer



Gillette Safety Razor

A LARGE number of Gillette Safety Razors are bought by women who give them to their husbands or brothers.

Men are amusingly conservative about new devices for personal use. A man will try a Gillette if somebody gives him one—and immediately become a Gillette enthusiast. Perhaps the most frequent occurrence is that of his purchasing a Gillette after having tried one that belonged to a friend with whom he was visiting, or camping or motoring.

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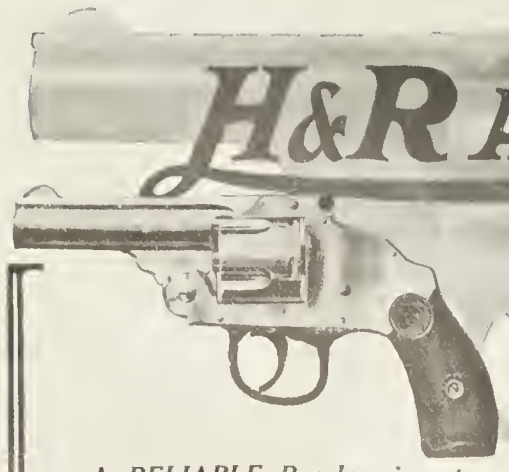


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States Government for prosecuting land fraud cases while he was serving as Assistant District Attorney in San Francisco. Both sides are making a nation-wide appeal to public opinion. The "Argonaut" has called the squadron of Spreckles "creatures," nor have the character summaries of opponents by Heney been precisely balmy and full of loving kindness. Whether it is at all times possible to conduct a fight to a finish and include the gentler amenities is an undecided question. It is certain that Heney has lashed out with a two-edged tongue, and extemporized character sketches and word pictures in vitriol. Moving in the sense of imminent peril, which he does not fear, but of which he is always aware, he speaks and acts in a strain of exaltation. The vocabulary and mood are sublimated, like those of one under sentence of death.

Be they right or wrong, friends, society, newspapers, and courts have fallen away from the prosecutors.

One side states: "If the prosecution had stopped after punishing Ruef and Schmitz, it would have been the greatest investigation ever conducted in America; but when they went after the bribe-givers it became persecution."

Those opposed to the present reiterated prosecution of Calhoun state that it is revenge on the part of Spreckles for business rivalry.

The fight is on, soon to be complicated by a municipal campaign in which Heney, whose prosecution in the recent Calhoun trial was vigorous and bitter, will run for District Attorney.

The Place of Delight

FOR years and even centuries the outer world has been fondly dreaming of the intimate pleasurings of the Sultan and his harem. A journalist on the London "Standard" unveils the Yildiz in the following fashion:

"Over against the harem is the artificial lake, or, rather, canal, which runs for about half a mile through the park. It is marked off by various landing-stages named after the villages in the Bosporus touched at by the daily steamers. It was here that the fair prisoners, who could not enjoy the real thing, were wont, accompanied sometimes by the Sultan himself, to make imaginary trips to Therapia or Beïcos on an ungainly and hideous water-bicycle to hold about half a dozen passengers."

Any overworked little shop-girl can have more fun than that at Coney Island.

A Wise Old Man

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER gave a talk to his Cleveland Sunday-school on the last Sabbath of July. It was full of naïve expressions, a philosophy of life, complete and commonplace, the plaintive appeal to his friends, the audience, as of a gentle-souled, wistful, elderly person who bathes life in rosy kindliness. He said:

"Dr. Bustard and I are attending a little school of our own. We are taking lessons in golf. And every day we promise our teacher that we will be good boys, that this time we won't forget. The teacher warns us continually to keep an eye on the ball, a keen, ready eye on the ball. And we continually say we will; over and over again we promise to keep an eye on the ball. And then, before we realize our blunder, we have forgotten all about our teacher and his warning.

"But notice what a little thing it is to which our teacher draws our attention. Believe me, it is the little things that count.

"I am studying you now. I have studied you for a long time past. How much you have meant to me, how much you have helped me I can not express. For this untold good you have done me and still are doing me I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have conferred upon me blessings you never suspected, happiness of which you knew nothing.

"In life, as in golf, it is the little things that count, things so small that we hardly realize their existence. The little good thing counts. So does the little bad thing count. But let us learn to overlook the little bad thing, since each of us every day must make some small mistake.

"Do the thing which is right," Mr. Rockefeller continued, "and do it cheerfully. Nothing thereby is wasted. We lose thereby not a thing. For, in truth, it all comes back to us, it all comes back."

His Masters' Voice

THE August magazines are suffering from the silly season, and two of them at least are the vehicles of special-plea articles. By a wordy drive against prohibition, Rev. William A. Wasson, the Riverhead (Long Island) dupe of the brewers, enriches the August "Pear-

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(*Other Girls' Schools Announcements on page 6*)



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The Somes School

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Lancaster Pa. Founded 1787. Healthful location. Enters about 40 boys to Colleges each year. No smoking. Library, 55,000 volumes. New $100,000 building. Ample grounds, gymnasium, athletic field. Terms $300 to $350 a year. Catalogue.

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A PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS WHO WANT AN EDUCATION. ADDRESS,

Edwin DeMeritte, 815 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

What the World Is Doing

(Concluded from page 24)

son's." He calls his output: "Prohibition, the Obstacle of Real Reform." He is laughed at behind his back by the very men whom he serves with such pathetic and servile zeal.

He says: "If all saloons were made decent and orderly, the bottom would soon drop out of the prohibition movement."

Why don't the brewers take that clever and novel method of knocking the bottom out of the prohibition movement which for years has racked their nerves and troubled their dreams?

He speaks of prohibition as a record of "failure, folly, faree." He revels, glories, and chortles over the recent victories for booze in the eastern end of Long Island.

"Many experienced physicians believe that tea and coffee cause quite as much trouble in the world as alcohol."

"What blessing does prohibition furnish as a substitute for the saloon? Absolutely none, unless it be the W. C. T. U. mothers' meeting and the weekly prayer meeting."

"A lot of hysterical women and meddlesome men."

Those nimble paragraphs make fairly lively reading, more because of their holy source than from any real deftness. Mr. Wasson is misinformed when he says that the number of saloon dealers, associated with evil conditions, is "comparatively small." And he omits the heart of the problem. The brewers have so overstocked the market with their helpless pawns, the saloon dealers, that in too many instances the saloon dealer has to run an evil business in order to make profits.

Wanted—A Million Warriors

BEFORE red ruin overtakes England, some of her sons are suggesting a cure. Compulsory military service, conscription, is the remedy suggested by Lord Roberts. He says:

"The country is not properly bulwarked by soldiery and will not be till we have a million armed men equipped to resist the invader."

The British journalists describe him in the act of warning: "So said the gallant little fighter, speaking straight, bluntly, and without oratory to a well-filled chamber. So fervently, eagerly, all the fibers of his frame at tension, he preached the need of a Citizen Army of one million men."

Tess in Music

HARDY'S piteous novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented," has been set to music and made into Italian opera. Lately it has been produced at Covent Garden, London. The music is useful for rendering the "great talking voice of Destiny muttering its majestic monologue throughout the drama," but it omits the "drip and gurgle of the milk-pail."

Whitewashing Tammany

NEW YORK'S Tammany Hall is feebly defended in a publication calling itself "The Editorial Review." Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany, Chief of Chiefs, has said of the Apology for Graft, named a "History of Tammany Hall," that he considers it the best written of all articles which have dealt with Tammany.

The writer's defense in part consists in proving that Tammany's motto is "Freedom Our Rock." His references to Tweed are in a lovely spirit of tolerance. He says: "Tweed's connection with the organization was most unfortunate."

"Under Tweed's leadership Tammany was committed to a policy of extravagant expenditures." So would the pickpocket describe himself as careless with his fingers.

"After Tweed's enforced retirement"—which is refined language for a thief who fled to the Continent.

"Of course, here and there in the conduct of business of this great metropolis irregularities exist." And, again, this is a kindly way of referring to the numerous city officials who take graft.

"It seems superfluous to defend the character of Charles F. Murphy, whose integrity, steadfastness of principle, and opposition to evil are so well known." Not only superfluous, but supererogatory.

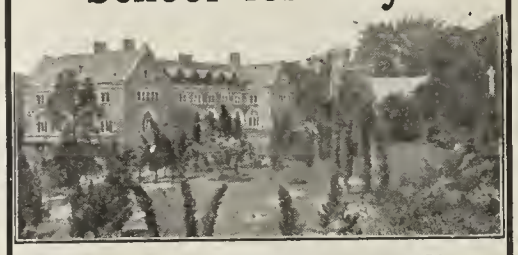
And, finally, "there is no proven corruption in New York City greater than has been alleged and proved as existing in Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and San Francisco!" The point? Why, Republicans are mainly responsible in those cities.

Bernard Shaw on the Czar

"THE Englishman who neglects this opportunity of throwing a brick at him (metaphorically, of course) is utterly unworthy of his country and its traditions."

BOYS

The National Cathedral School for Boys



The Lane-Johnston Building
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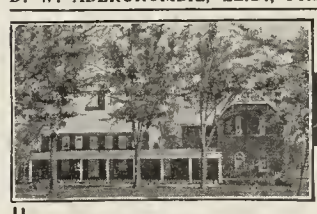
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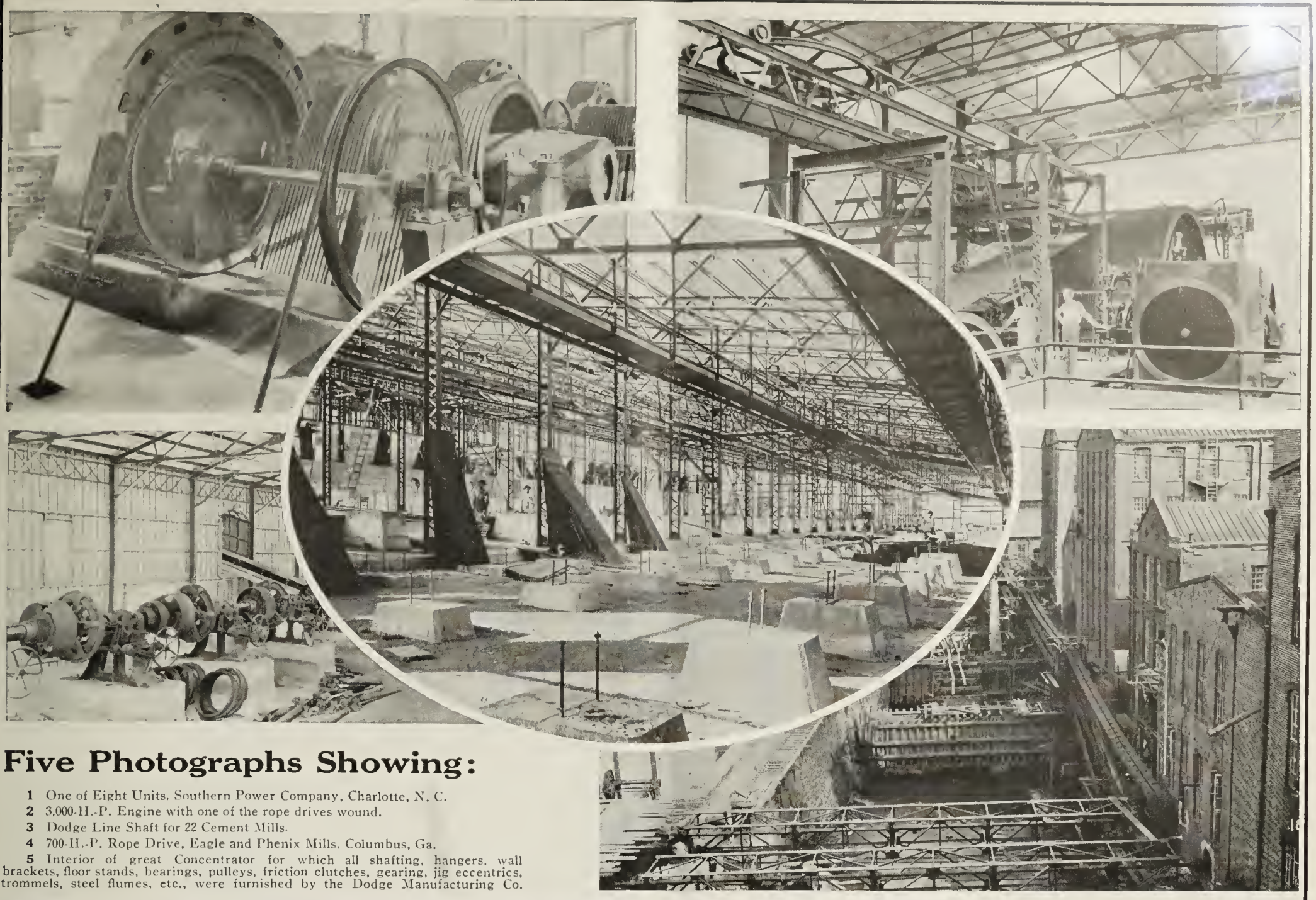
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HOW to Lessen Cost of Production is the eternal question that confronts the manufacturer and mill owner today. No factor of this problem is so vitally important as the elimination of Power-Loss.

Leading Power-Users who have gone deeply into this problem of cutting out Power-Loss have standardized their entire equipment of Power-Transmission Machinery. Misfit equipment has given way to the standard Dodge Line of interchangeable, quickly-adjustable transmission machinery.

The unapproachable Dodge Line has not only shown thoughtful Power-Users the way out of Power-Loss difficulties, but has given them at the same time the immense advantages of **standardized Power-Transmission Machinery.**

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SOME schools appeal only to the boy. Others aim only to please the parents. St. Paul's is a school which appeals to the boy and pleases the parents. To such parents and boys as desire a school with the fullest equipment, where special attention is given to the happiness and comfort of the boys, but which is managed for the boys and not by them, we commend our catalogue dealing in detail with the school. Sent on request.



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Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

gives a thorough training to a limited number of boys of high character for the leading Universities. For Catalogue, references, and information, address Headmaster.

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Located one hour from Chicago and 1000 feet above the sea, in the "hill country" of Illinois. Mrs. Eugene Field says, "I am for Todd now, Tomorrow and FOREVER." Another patron says, "My boy's hours at Todd are Golden." To learn what other patrons think address NOBLE HILL, Woodstock, Ill.

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John G. MacVicar, A. M., 21 Walden Place, Montclair, N. J.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Passing of the Ranch

(Concluded from page 19)

off with the herds. This sort of thing was a regular occurrence on the Long Trail.

Indian raiders were not the greatest dangers on the long trail. The bitterest war of all was the one waged against the elements; and that war has come down to the present day. Cold in the North, drought in the South—these two enemies the cowboy must always face unflinchingly. Wherever there are droughts at one season, there are torrential floods at another. These floods carve the arid lands in great trenches deep as a wall. You can't go up and down these entways without breaking your herd's neck. Get a herd scattered over that kind of ground, and your cowboy may search from dawn till dark without finding his cattle! And when water is scarce the herds are restless and rove continually.

In the North the peril of cold falls heavier on beast than on man. A lowering autumn sky is suddenly disturbed by a vague restlessness. Gaunt gray wolf clouds scud across the sky. The cattle begin to rove restlessly; the wind moans as if conscious of impending disaster. There is the long voiceless wail—the rise and fall, rise and fall of the wind voice—then the ear is stabbed with the scream of the storm; and a blizzard is blowing over the prairie in a winding death-sheet! At first sign of storm the cowboys head the herds for home, or, if home be too far, for the shelter of some ravine; but as the storm grows the cattle become confused. They drift before the wind, blinded in the snow with their own frost breath. Singing and shooting off revolvers to keep tally of whereabouts in the white waste, the cowboys try to direct the herd; but the drift may lead over the edge of a ravine, or up against a barb-wire fence. It is on record that a spring thaw has uncovered the bleaching skeletons of as many as seven thousand cattle lost from one herd in a bad blizzard.

The Worst Foe of the Herd

THE blizzard is not the worst foe that comes to the cattle in the North. The worst foe is a hard frost following a slight thaw. Food is locked beneath the ice glaze and the ravines are a glare slippery as glass. Until ten years ago ranchers scorned the precaution of putting up hay against such an emergency as frost after thaw; but two years taught them terrible lessons. After sleet came continuous hard frost for weeks. Thousands of ranches in the Northwest were without a ton of hay. The price jumped from $3 a ton to $32; and there was no hay to be sought. The ravening cattle roamed the hills bellowing with hunger. Gaunt and starving, they came into the towns—to Calgary and Medicine Hat and Macleod—with hoofs worn to flesh, and perished within sight of their thoughtless owners. The ranchers didn't require such a lesson a third time.

Up from Mexico, over the long trail, the cowboy has brought many Spanish customs. He uses the descendant of a Spanish horse, either the bronco or the cayuse, inured to long rides and hardships. He uses the Mexican saddle, which acts like a rocking-chair in the choppy trot of the cow pony. He uses the Mexican "*chaps*," or leather leggings, to protect from the wet and the brushwood. Like the Mexican, he rides straight-legged from the stirrups and never leaves the leather, so that he receives no jar. In the African war all the Westerners rode cowboy fashion. It was found they could do ninety miles a day without fatigue, where the English mounts, men and horses, were exhausted from the same distance.

There are two or three points in Western stories that rouse the cowboy's ire. First of all, he has never milked and *never will* milk a cow. Second, he never speaks of a *lariat* or a *lasso*. It is a *rope*. He doesn't *lasso* things; he *ropes them*. He doesn't say "*cor-rall*," but "*k'ral*," the shortest you can sound it. And he does not talk in dialect. He does not say "his'n" and "your'n" and "plum." When he needs it, he can use a hot one; but it is the same hot one that men in New York use, though ripped out with a good deal more emphasis.

Is there still any "rustling" in the cow country? Does the unbranded stray find a new owner without a bill of sale? If a magazine writer said that rustling still existed in the cow country, the stock men would howl at him as a tenderfoot. Yet last year, when I was driving across the cow country with a missionary, we met a young fellow who had lost twenty of his best long horns amid the cutways of the Missouri.

"If that boy doesn't find the bunch soon," said the missionary, "he will lose them."

"Why, is there rustling in this country?"

"Theoretically, no: but if a man doesn't take good enough care of his stock to know where they are, you can't blame some enterprising stockman for rounding up and branding cattle that don't belong to anybody: can you?"

MILITARY



Saint John's School
Verbeck Hall

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Handsome catalogue free. Address,

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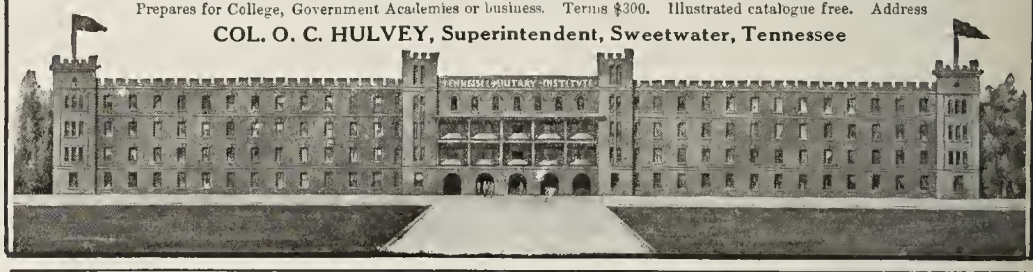
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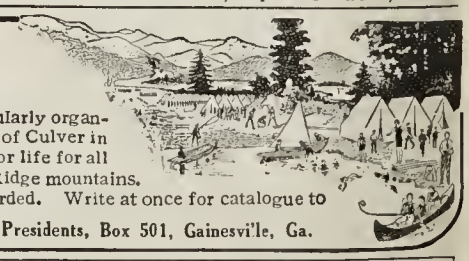
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The People at Play

(Continued from page 15)

them suggests something more—the things that money alone won't buy—the enjoyment of the leisure it brings, rather than of the playthings it purchases.

So the Middle West is busy finding out how best to employ its leisure. New parks, country clubs, roads, yacht clubs, golf courses, and summer-cottage colonies show what is being done to this end. The rich have learned it is not necessary to go abroad or to the seashore or mountains in summer to have a holiday. The involuntary stay-at-homes are having fun, lots of good, wholesome fun, in ways they never dreamed of a few years ago.

Parks Beautiful Which the People Use

THE case of Detroit is typical. The city's principal park is on Belle Isle, which lies in the Detroit River. Until comparatively recent years this island was a wild place of woods and swamps. The swamps have been dredged and made into winding lagoons, that are frequented by hundreds of canoeists every summer day. The native forest had been judiciously cleared. Fine macadam roads afford a seven-mile drive under the trees around the island's shores, where a cool breeze from the river is always blowing. There are picnic grounds in the woods, boat clubs and a bathing beach, a zoo, a casino, a "garage" where one may hire canoes, a dining hall, and a bandstand on a Venetian bridge. When a band concert is being given here, thousands gather in canoes on the lagoon, or in automobiles, carriages, or on foot on the shores, and one may see in the crowd citizens of every degree of prosperity in Detroit, with their families. A park more frequented by all classes of society probably does not exist.

Park development in the Middle West is as yet young, but the cities are going in for parks with a free hand. Detroit and Peoria may serve as examples of what different types of cities are doing. These figures show the park acreage of each:

Detroit—Population (last census). 287,104; 32 parks and boulevards, totaling 1,200 acres. Largest, Belle Isle Park, 700 acres; cost of upkeep, $500,000 a year.

Peoria—Population, 56,100; 5 parks and boulevards, totaling 390 acres; total cost of upkeep, $100,000 a year.

Farmers Camping Out

THE chautauqua is the greatest feature of the outdoor play of the masses in the Middle West to-day. Not less than a million and a half people will attend chautauquas in this section this summer.

Primarily, it is educational, a survival of the old New England lyceum lecture, transferred to out of doors and expanded a thousandfold. In the big tent, or the permanent auditorium, that forms the center of the grounds, there are lectures every day by big guns, some of whom make a lot of noise. But they couldn't draw their daily audiences of thousands without the tent life of the chautauqua.

The farmer, while his crops are growing, comes to the chautauqua grove with his family in a wagon. At the grounds he hires a tent at $7 for ten days. The tent is 14 by 25 feet, with a board floor, a sleeping space at each end, and a "living-room," open at the sides, in the center. Cots, a few chairs, an oil-stove, a box of dishes, and a supply of food, all brought from home, furnish the tent.

Every hour of the chautauqua day is taken up per program. In the morning the children have a play hour with the other children in the grove, and are taught outdoor games by a grown-up. There are also physical-culture exercises for both children and adults. After the meetings the farmer sits before his outdoor home of a week, with his family about him, and revels in the luxury of camping out. One would think he gets enough outdoor life at his daily occupation. Not so. That is work. This is play. Therein is the distinction that has made the chautauqua the great psychologic movement of the day in the Middle West.

Milwaukee's Happy Sunday

IN MILWAUKEE Sunday is the great play day of the people, when picnics, trolley rides, excursions, and fishing parties delight the week-day toiler. After church the Milwaukeean takes his family and their lunch-basket and goes to a resort.

On the lake front of Milwaukee the breakwater on a Sunday morning is black with fishermen. Young men sail canoes in the harbor. At the yacht club the members tinker on boats and engines. From the jetties great excursion steamers emerge, loaded with holiday-makers.

At night the streets are filled with promenaders. The restaurants are crowded, and there is music in them. The theaters do the best business of the week. The

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people are using the city for their pleasure. Theirs is the freest Sabbath observance in the country, yet they are sedately gay, and at eleven o'clock at night one might fire a Gatling gun up Grand Avenue without hitting any one.

In the wheat and corn country you see a survival of the old-time amusements of the farmer before the days of the trolley, the chautauqua, and the new out-of-door life. It is "the show," presented under canvas. Sometimes it is a small circus; sometimes a juggler and his meager family company of "artists," but more often the drama itself. There is still a kind of holiday on the prairie farm when "the show" pitches its tent in the neighborhood, the canvas house of the players loom dun-brown on the edge of the green cornfields.

New York's Breathing Spots

IT WAS a hot Sunday after a sweltering week which had filled the fire-escapes and roofs of the tenement houses and had peopled the parks at night with thousands trying to get a breath of fresh air. In consequence the day of respite from the factory and the office brought out the hundreds of thousands to try to get a change from the glaring brick walls and the pavements which had collected and sent out the sun's rays for so long that they had become soft and exhausted from the task. The subway trains were full, the elevated structure almost bent beneath its human weight, the steamers which go up and down the two rivers and down the harbor were crowded to the rails.

Down at Coney Island and the other beaches the turnstiles were clicking as regularly as clocks. In Van Cortland Park hundreds of golf balls were barely escaping doing murder every minute. There were twenty baseball teams, each with its own crowd of spectators, intent on their own particular game and oblivious to anything else. There were several games of different kinds of football in progress. The teams of the crews of an English and an American liner were playing "soccer" for the ocean championship. Nearby two teams of Irishmen in their underclothes were playing hurley with a soft ball, and on the next lot two teams of West Indian negroes in white flannels and blazers were playing cricket. The lawn of Central Park was dotted thick with children, the crowd had already begun to collect around the grand-stand for the concert, while in front of the little booths beside the lake where boats are rented, there were long lines waiting for a chance to get out on to the water. The little parks scattered throughout the city, the recreation piers, and the public baths, each had its crowd. New York, after a sodden week, was out getting its breath again, laughing as it did it, and collecting, besides fresh air, sunburn and freckles.

Sixty-Five Parks in New York

CROWDED as it is on a narrow island, so full that it pops over the rivers on either side, New York needs parks, needs more than any other city in America, if its people are not to forget what green grass looks and smells and feels like. And luckily for New York, it has sixty-five places which the city keeps, and has given between five thousand and six thousand acres of its land up to breathing spaces. Luckily, too, for New York, it is not dependent on the parks alone, for on one side it has Long Island with two wonderful shores and New Jersey with its Palisades on the other. Below is the ocean, lying alongside its Jersey shore.

New York supports three fine public golf courses, numberless tennis courts, baseball diamonds, cricket grounds, and football gridirons. Of the parks, Van Cortland is next to the largest, covering 1,132 acres at the northern limit of the city. Besides an eighteen-hole golf course, it contains a number of tennis courts, baseball diamonds, cricket fields, football gridirons, and polo grounds, besides a large area of meadow and woodland. The city also provides free golf courses at Pelham Bay Park and in Forest Park in Brooklyn. In Prospect Park, in Brooklyn too, there are tennis courts and baseball and cricket grounds, and there are free tennis courts. Pelham Park, the city's largest, contains 1,756 acres. Central Park, perhaps the most famous of the New York parks, has an acreage of 834 acres, 185 of which are in lakes and reservoirs. More than half a million trees and shrubs have been planted in it, and it contains nine miles of roads and more than five miles of bridle paths. Besides the parks and playgrounds, the city supports a large number of recreation piers and public baths.

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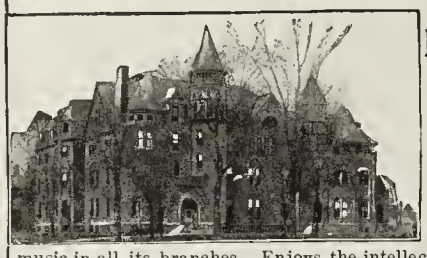
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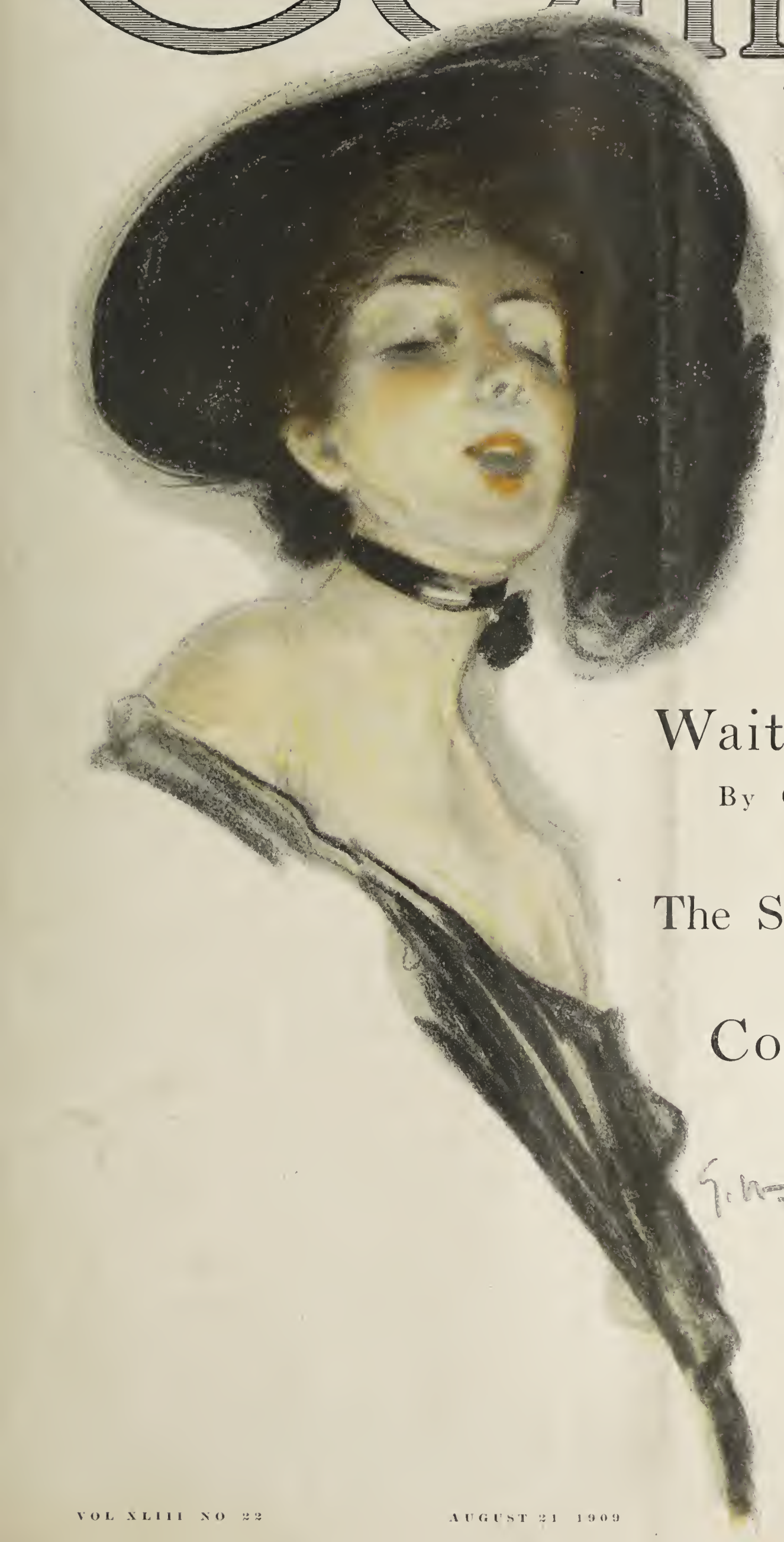
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(One page of our School Directory will be found on page 6)

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Containing:

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By ANNE ELIOT

Waiting for Her Answer

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

and

The Suppressed Correspondence *of* Congressman Jones

By WALLACE IRWIN

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VOL XLIII NO 22 AUGUST 21 1909

Great Medical Associations Condemn Benzoate of Soda in Food

The American Medical Association has passed the following resolution concerning the drugging of foods with Benzoate of Soda or other chemical preservatives:

> ***"Resolved,*** *That the American Medical Association respectfully urges upon Congress the necessity of amending the national pure food and drugs act in the following particulars, viz:*
>
> *"(1) To prohibit absolutely and unqualifiedly the use of Benzoate of Soda and similar preserbatives in the preparation and preserbation of foods destined for interstate commerce.*
>
> *"(2)* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
> *(c), the prebention of the utilization of unclean and offensive waste productions, which now, by the use of such preserbatibes, are branded as foodstuffs and sent through the channels of commerce."*

Resolutions of similar import have also just been passed in the great conventions of the American Institute of Homeopathy, the Medical Society of New Jersey, and the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Association.

These resolutions constitute an unanswerable endorsement of the stand taken by H. J. Heinz Company, and other reputable manufacturers, for strict purity, sound materials, and sanitation in the manufacture of food products.

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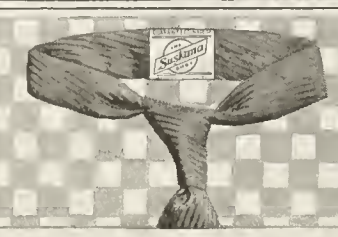
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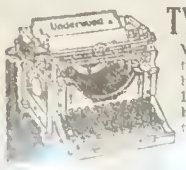
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, August 21, 1909

¶ Next week's Collier's will be the FICTION NUMBER for September, and will contain three stories of different type, but of equal interest:

¶ "The Broken Wing," by Frederick Palmer, invades the air. It lifts the reader away over cities and lakes and wrinkles of hills.

Alice Adamson, whose languid, acquiescent life is drifting her into an unhappy dilemma, and Appleton, the limpid aristocrat, meet with a violent interruption to their automobile ride. This by chance brings down the aeroplane of Rodney Sharp—remembered as the son of the village blacksmith, but whose bronzed and aquiline countenance now is known around the world. She enters "The Bolt" in order to reach the railroad station where a party is waiting; but learning that the aeroplane will telescope the time from Indiana to New York, Alice remains aboard.

The machine wings on to an adventure above the clouds. In response to the call for exceptional heroism, the woman finds herself.

¶ Perceval Gibbon, in "The Mate of the Gatwick," gives a tale of the sea—the North Sea—where, through the winter winds, the old tramp "Gatwick" flounders. On the lookout bridge Captain Leigh is fixed—bushy, stocky, with a skin of brine. The first mate, with his baffling courtesy, and the second mate, "with no palate for life," are characters whose dispositions will not fuse.

The surprise of Captain Leigh when first summoned to the "Gatwick" sifts into foreboding as the petulant steamer sets off. The faultless first mate perturbs him, while the language of the Scotch engineer about the wretched voyage further ignites his humor. But the great wave which smashes across the forward deck, in its choice of a victim, solves the situation.

¶ Mr. Frederick Upham Adams, Booster for Bill Simms's International Circus, furnishes another report of its spangled achievements. In "The Tame Man of Borneo" he relates how the migratory Mr. Simms and his elephant chum, John L., are found by Captain Blout and the convenient stranger, who have been piloted to their island by the fleet of circus posters. The toothless lion and the battered "Daisy D." also share in the reunion. Incidents have been vigorous, and John L. has been called upon to turn the day upside down. Bill Simms introduces his cannibal constituency, and declares that he could vote them solid for the Republican ticket.

Finding himself in an Eden of show supplies, the manager has drafted an array of human curios. The "Borneo Head-Hunters' Horseback Act" is conceived for the wonderment of Oshkosh.

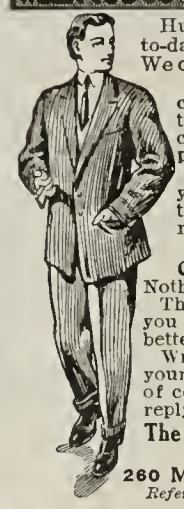
Captain Blout and the stranger witness unique and startling features.

Prizes for Vacation Stories

¶ It may be well to repeat for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen the prize offer in Collier's for July 10, that this weekly will pay one hundred dollars for the best 1,200-word account of a vacation received before October 1. For the second best article fifty dollars will be paid, and for all others that are accepted twenty-five dollars. The articles must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and must he signed on the first page with the name and address of the sender. Good photographs that illustrate and add interest to the account should be sent as a pictorial accompaniment to the article and will really count a great deal in its favor. On its back every photograph should be described, and the name and address of the sender should also be written. Be sure to send the article and photographs in the same envelope, and do not let your manuscript exceed 1,200 words. Manuscripts and photographs intended for this competition should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

As was the case last year, the present competition calls for specific stories of vacations, whether in the mountains, by the sea, on the lake, on the farm, afoot, awheel, in camp, on sailboats, in motor boats, or in automobiles—in fact, in whatever way the vacation was spent. Essays or fiction are not wanted; neither is it necessary for you to tell the whole story of your vacation. Use the twelve hundred words for a description of some part of your vacation, if this seems preferable. The more vividly you put on paper in words and in photographs the sense of joy of the summer's outing the more certainly will the story be of interest to others. Do not send sketches or drawings; these are usually unconvincing: photographs are almost always a reflection of real things.

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Collier's

Saturday, August 21, 1909

Cover Design . . . *Drawn by* GEORGE WRIGHT

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Volume XLIII Number 22

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 17

COLOR PRINTING

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Over the Sea in an Air-Line



Mme. Bleriot greeting her husband at Dover, after following his course on the French destroyer

THE upper picture shows Louis Bleriot being hauled in his monoplane out to his starting-point at Les Baraques, France, which he left at 4.33 on the morning of July 25, and thirty-seven minutes later alighted in England, two miles from Dover. With great speed he leaves the earth at Les Baraques, and finds himself, according to his own vivid description, "without sensation," high above the waves of the Channel. The French destroyer *Escopette,* as escort, has a lead of several miles over the monoplane, but in ten minutes M. Bleriot overtakes her. Through a break in the fog in which he becomes shrouded the aviator sees an opening in the cliff. Without knowing exactly where he is, he brings his machine down upon a greensward. The crowds which rush around him inform him that he has accomplished the flight—the first man to cross the English Channel by aviation. The passage was three times made by balloon over a century ago.

Hubert Latham's second plunge into the Channel July 27—he had come within two miles of Dover

M. Louis Bleriot, upon his arrival in Dover, greeted by the people who had been waiting on the cliffs and peering into the haze for signs of his machine

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

August 21, 1909

Education and Danger

THIS BUSINESS OF FLYING, especially across the Channel, has stirred the souls of men. Possibly it may have increased the steady sales of "The War in the Air," in which the resourceful WELLS pictured future science as so powerful in destruction that, as once the invasions of barbarians, it hurls the world back into darkness. Nothing so dire is likely to result from ingenuity. The intellectual and the moral man are nearly one. This is not a universe in which brain tightens its grasp on mechanics without at the same time more highly valuing peace, with humanity and friendliness to trade. The active, producing, advancing intellect is not a peril, although each new shift does mean an altered definition about what constitutes the fit. The youth, for example, who in this day fails to master the German language is decreasing his chance of being among the leaders. Mr. WELLS calculates that there are not more than fifty thousand serious readers in Great Britain, and therefore she can not remain in front with countries like Germany, France, and the United States, where education has ceased to be primarily genteel and has become vigorous, where imagination grows livelier, where science accomplishes the miraculous. Certainly the cerebration exhibited by the British in the Boer war compared absurdly with the intellectual devices with which Japan backed up her physical courage. The same thought that studies foreign affairs, flying machines, and the laws of trade also, because it is flourishing and real thought, invents field telephones and reflects on the military uses of barbed wire. The British universities must give more respect to physical science; the anti-vivisectionist sentimental ignorance, which is kindness without knowledge, must be bound in chains; in drama and fiction, as in business and politics, the mind of Great Britain must be spurred and freed, if the right little, tight little island is to continue—as presumably it will—its history of successful and stable government, longer now than any other since the end of that other island power which once reigned upon the Adriatic.

Reason and Unrest

THE WELL-TO-DO are howling lustily in Great Britain because the Government wishes to make wealth bear a larger share of taxation. The Swedes have been striking violently not so much against specific evils as in favor of doctrines of far-reaching change. France, who now has a mitigated Socialist for Prime Minister, a little while ago saw her postal service tied up by Government employees. Spain's unrest is apparently not part of the sure-footed conduct which seeks change only when it knows what it is seeking. There seems to be going about the earth something like an infection of upheaval. Does such a series of disturbances hint that the world, by too much democracy, is losing its steadiness; that it is starting toward demagogy and the instability which in other eras have destroyed governments and even nations? Peoples capable of governing themselves have not been those which sought convulsion for convulsion's sake. The man is not well who seeks ever stronger drugs to quiet his restlessness. The mind should see a goal before emotions are unchained. Clear-thinking in the people is needed to guide and limit the increasing sense of human inequality and of fate's unfathomable injustice. For this reason it is possible to question the wisdom of allowing Government employees to form unions, and thus by strikes to interfere with necessary services to the whole public. Such a course is too much like allowing the individual to take arms against the nation. Again, there may be found cause for regret in an alliance between Socialism and labor unions, such as has been seen in Sweden, for by such a cooperation the labor union is likely to lose the hard sense and coolly limited enterprise which have made it useful in the past. There will be no more French revolutions and no more Napoleons. If popular government fails hereafter, the aristocracy which succeeds it will not be despotism. Great, nevertheless, will be the disappointment if democracy should prove to be vitally weak, because its desires are stronger than its understanding and its self-control.

Guidance

IN THIS CONNECTION we would recommend to our readers a remarkable little book which can be procured from Grosset & Dunlop, New York, for fifty cents. It is a volume to steady the judgment and clear the mind. The author is FRANCIS G. PEABODY. The book is called "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." Religion and modern industry, ethics and labor—how are these subjects brought together in this day when poverty, family needs, and the relations between employer and employee are the questions of most vital interest? One of the clearest discussions known to us of the views of JESUS, as far as they can be applied to these present-day problems, is given in this book, which has not just been published, but which is not for that reason less worthy the attention of men and women who read in order to obtain information and ideas rather than in order to flock with the crowd. Although the author's own views are clear, he gives conflicting opinions with great fairness, and leaves the reader feeling at the end that he has the evidence on every side of every question that is discussed, so that he is in a position to judge for himself, and to disagree with the writer if his own bent is in another direction. It is the work of an open-minded scholar on a subject which can scarcely be without interest to any one interested in the controversies of his time.

Johnson in Eruption

NOW HERE is an old friend, the popular Governor of Minnesota, urging Western tracts of country to exert more influence in Congress, in proportion to the East. Good enough, Governor, if you know what you wish to have accomplished. You mention the tariff. We observe that most senators and representatives from the West, like those from East and South, favored protection for anything manufactured in their neighborhoods. Just what is it you wish to gain through sectional appeal? Not free silver, evidently. That was the last great sectional division, and Mr. BRYAN exerted as much influence as any one individual, East or West, in the solution. You complain that Eastern statesmen sometimes have undue weight; but how about that bearded Rhadamanthus who dwells not far from you, the Honorable, but not entirely accurate, JOSEPH CANNON? Western opinion found in THEODORE ROOSEVELT a most enthusiastic friend, who seldom entered into conflict with it, and then principally when it was flagrantly antinational, as in the forest policies of certain states. No, JOHNSON, there is nothing in this section talk. Seek popularity some other way. Defend sound causes, expose selfish or mistaken ones, but don't go about agitating for nothing whatever in a loud appeal to local pride.

P. S.—Read WALLACE IRWIN'S new series, which is beginning in this issue. It starts out as if it were to be decidedly amusing and at the same time somewhat instructive, in its light way, about American political conditions. Perhaps Congressman Jones and his constituents will take their place with TOGO.

Forests as Setting

LEGEND SEEMS to love the forest for its home. No other setting has so much fanciful association. It may be a Pan-haunted glade near Athens, the Forest of Arden, or the legendary Schwartzwald, with trolls and nixies. It is amid trees that Titania awakes to find herself enamored of a monster, that Rosalind wanders in hose and doublet, and that the Stauffenberg knight loses his heart to Undine. Here, under the mistletoe, also, the Druids held their solemn rites, to break into actual history for the moment. Here Robin Hood and his Merry Men, Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck drank their nut-brown ale. Here Goldilocks found the home of the Three Bears; Red Riding Hood encountered the fierce wolf, and the careful birds covered with leaves the soft forms of the Babes. Under this century-old beech Vivian tricked Merlin out of his secrets. In the shade of the spotted Jack-in-the-pulpit Robin Goodfellow lies asleep. In the tree trunks are imprisoned maidens awaiting the touch of magic wand. Here is the pious hermit, the peasant with a feather in his cap, the dwarf who offers to grant three wishes, the robber baron who despoils you of your purse, Poppele or the Wild Huntswoman. The bear who comes rolling out of the thicket, as when Snow-White and Rose-Red were admiring the dwarf's treasure, is a golden prince disguised. The little duck swimming in the woodland pond ferried Hänsel and Gretel, when they called. A snow-white bird flies away to the gingerbread cottage where the bad witch kept her jewel bags; a milk-white doe leads to the haunted lake where Waterrose, the Siren of the Wildsee, dabbles her feet in crystal water. Such dreams those blue-eyed Cimbri of the Schwartzwald had, and the woodland fancies are not yet ended, for the same imaginings are shared to-day somewhat by the forest people who make cuckoo clocks and name their sons after the good sylvan saint for luck. Dwellers in modern cities often fail to realize how much credulity is still alive.

Something Done

IN THIS PAPER, last January, Mr. PIERRE JAY, Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts, argued in favor of people's banks, which should make borrowing easier for men without much capital. The progressive Bay State is the first to take the step. An act, passed at the recent session of the Legislature, authorized the incorporation of "credit unions," or cooperative associations formed for the purpose of promoting thrift among its members. The board of bank incorporation is to allow such a company to be formed, and only when satisfied that the intended field of operation and the character of the incorporators promise success. The savings of the members may be received in payment for shares or on deposit; and members may borrow at reasonable rates when the credit committee of the institution approves of the application. The act is well drawn, the conduct of the institutions clearly outlined, and nobody except these corporations can hereafter transact business under any title containing the two words "credit" and "union." We prophesy usefulness and success to this new step, and if it does succeed, the example of Massachusetts will be followed in other States.

A Tale That Is Told

THE OPENING of three Indian reservations in the West and the parceling of their share of the public lands to the Indians marks almost the last milestone in the conquest of the savage. The Indian becomes a homesteader. He takes his place side by side with the white farmer and rancher. He has long since ceased to roam in the old nomadic way. He confines himself to periodical visits to the towns and cities of the whites, where he looks with curious eyes upon the puzzling novelties of civilization. He discards the blanket for trousers and galluses. His daughter, gowned in innocent white, marches under evening shadows, to the far-echoing toll of the vesper bell, a mingling figure in the silent vesper processional. His son is a cornetist in the reservation brass band. Thus the former warrior lives and dies, the last vestige of a dissolving race. Here and there throughout the West still remain remnants of tribal life, pitiful figures that lag superfluous upon a stage once swelling with the pomp of paint and feathers and nightmared with the holocaust of blood. It is not a far call from FENIMORE COOPER'S Chingachgook to CHARLOT, the chief of the Flatheads. One was the warrior of a dying race on Atlantic shores, the other is the aged patriarch of the last of the red man's power on the Pacific. CHARLOT has all the savage romanticism with which COOPER'S glowing pen endowed the character of his hero. He has always insisted that his name was forged to the treaty negotiated by JAMES A. GARFIELD, then chairman of an Indian Commission, whereby the Flatheads were dispossessed of their camping grounds in the Bitter Root Valley. Political injustice it was that fomented the war, culminating in the battle of the Big Hole, historically known as the march of Chief JOSEPH. The policy of the Government which turned these wards over to the care of political carpet-baggers reacted upon innocent heads and left a ghastly trail.

Imitation Trouble

"I AM NOT," said BURKE, "of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose." Nor are we, and, like BURKE, we "like a clamor where there is an abuse." Such things exist, however, as imitation evils, and they are lamentable things. A resident of San Francisco writes in protest against the pre-arranged exhibitions of Chinese depravity, which are prepared for the benefit of tourists, and are often all they see of the Chinese quarter. Stereotyped shamming goes on, by collusion between guides and a few Chinese, and the open-mouthed visitor, yearning for sin, beholds and comes away with the belief that he has been seeing life. For some reason, not altogether encouraging, brief sojourners in cities foreign to them seem to nibble at this interest more readily than at any other. "Seeing the town," means seeing something which is not only valueless to see, but which is essentially much alike from San Francisco to Vienna. Naturally, this form of curiosity being known, it is convenient for guides to have a few tasty exhibits arranged, like stage scenery, to give the stereotyped tourist what he wants.

Government Steamships

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES McLACHLAN of California introduced in the last session of Congress a bill providing for a Government steamship line between Panama, the Pacific terminus of the Panama Railroad, and the various ports of the Pacific Coast. The Government already owns the Panama Railroad, and is operating steamers between New York and Colon, the Atlantic terminus of the road. It is in possession of the facts relating to the transportation monopoly on the Pacific Coast, as set forth in the report of Senator JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, when acting as Special Panama Railroad Commissioner. The railroad situation has come to a crisis not altogether unlike that which confronted Germany in the latter seventies, when BISMARCK declared, in an address to the German Parliament, that the railroads of that country had suppressed every means of transportation but their own, and had then proceeded to exploit the country at their will. The railroads control some of the most influential newspapers on the Pacific Coast. They make and unmake Governors, Judges, Congressmen, and Senators. The people of the Pacific Coast have sought a remedy in the establishment of independent steamship lines, which have succumbed to the powerful influences behind the railroads. For the Government to subsidize a merchant marine, it is feared, would lead to abuses as bad as those which now mark our tariff schedules. Government ownership and operation of steamship lines seem to be a policy likely to develop.

As to Wildcats

NEVADA HAS NOW an anti-wildcat mining law. It compels publicity, and is intended to do away with the frauds which have afflicted that and other mining States and hindered the development of the West. Hedged about by good laws, infractions of which will be vigorously and in good faith prosecuted, mining in our Western States may in time be placed upon a basis of fair dealing. The wildcat mining promoter has hit hard the development of the West, and it is to be hoped his day has passed. One of the best provisions of the Nevada law is that which requires all shares sold by mining companies to show by a stamp across their face, in letters half an inch high, whether the stock is treasury or promotion stock. This will prevent the wildcatter from unloading his own shares on the market under the guise of development stock. Stringent laws, which will set legal thorns in the primrose path of the wildcatter, will enable the men who make a legitimate business of mining—and there are some—to regain the prestige lost in recent years.

In Toronto

"THE YEARLY RETURN in dividends of his entire investment is not an unreasonable expectation." Thus, ponderously, the promoters of a company for turning black sand into tool steel speak to prospective investors. Some of the other picturesque and alluring phrases that give distinction to the company's circular promise "an industrial revolution," "untold millions of value in the magnetic sand deposits of Ontario and Quebec," and declare "large dividends a certainty." If we take the Canadian Business Exchange of Toronto seriously, we must believe that when its "Shaw Magnetic Sand Steel Company" (authorized capital $120,000—stock $10 a share) gets under way the Steel Trust and others will surely have to go out of business. The friend who mailed us the circular wrote on it: "Can you beat this in the United States?" Surely. In the hands of Boston or Arizona geniuses, the capitalization of the Magnetic Sand Steel Company would be at least ten million.

The Pacific Hemisphere

JAMES J. HILL HAS SAID that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle manifestly differs from other fairs, in celebrating no event, commemorating nothing: that its single outlook is ahead. Yet this exposition does stand upon great events already lived through. No one can visit it and not be compelled to think much of nation-builders of the century just past. Mr. HILL, nevertheless, is mainly right; for the energetic people of the Northwest hardly pause upon this fact, and the atmosphere of the fair is charged with prophecy. The exhibits are intended less as objects upon which the Puget Sounders rest their case, than as samples of what they can do and intend to do, and also as bits of the fabric which is weaving around them. Ideas of the Orient are threaded with thoughts of the Occident. There are Asiatic conveniences, as the sandal, the kimono, the jacket of quilted silk. There are the radiant screen and the tinkle of little glass chimes. These trifles are indications of larger things. Japan and China, deeply imbibing American and European impulse, are burning spent traditions. A new era is here for both sides of the Pacific. Each must certainly influence the other. To what extent, and in what directions, are among the most important questions to be decided in the not far distant future.

The Desert Is Real

DID YOU EVER conduct a train of miniature pack-mules (punch a string of burros, to be exact) across fifteen miles of desert with the thermometer 107 in the shade (there wasn't any shade), then, at the top of a sun-seared rincon, come upon a tiny group of utterly ugly, weather-beaten shacks surrounding a head frame and stamp mill, the rough pine boarding-house offering twelve feet of shade, benches, a sight of its drill-steel triangle and beater hanging in front of the dining-room door, its suspended olla wrapped round with a wet sack, a taunt to thirst-parched throat, and proceed patiently to water and feed your pack-mules before coming into the boarding-house for water and food for yourself? It is a mining engineer in Arizona who sends the query. It was a question of getting from Yuma to Salome in the quickest possible time, and the stage ran only sixty miles of the way. By prospector's burro train was the last part of the journey made. One dry camp in the mountains, with the moonlight turned on full, a détour to Squaw Tanks, a slow descent into the Harqua Hala Desert, beginning at three o'clock of a grilling afternoon, a stop at Alamo for water and feed, a night trek down the sandy Alamo wash, then out into the malapai—stony, dead country—into the sandy desert again until two o'clock in the morning. At two o'clock the prospector pointed ahead to a shouldering hill. "The camp's eight miles beyond that, and that's seven miles from here." Too far without rest and some sleep. Then a breakfast of six sardines and a hunk of bread, one drink of water, and the long pull to the mine. At last the supreme luxury of food and cool drink and a shower bath with *cold* water pelting the skin. The desert is not a myth.



Illustrated by
ROLLIN KIRBY

Experiences of a Woman Reporter

By ANNE ELIOT

¶ "A Government by Newspapers" expresses what critics of the United States often charge against us. Then, if journalism governs, "What is it like?" they ask, and usually reply severely. This paper's principles, therefore, are of such importance that we plan a whole series of articles on American Journalism: its bright and dark sides, its injuries and its great services. This series will require a long time in preparation. Meantime, we offer to the public the experiences of an honest and clever woman on sensational newspapers—the so-called "Yellows." Many women, in this day of expanding opportunities, consider journalism as a profession. Some find it pleasant and stimulating in small towns; but perhaps an even larger number are revolted by what is demanded, and this is particularly true in great cities. This article tells much that is both dramatic and painful in the author's Chicago experience. The next article, by the same writer, to be published in an early issue, hardly softens the picture

I.— *The High School of Self-Humiliation*

IT IS impossible for a woman to make a success of yellow journalism and maintain her self-respect.

In this country to-day there are thousands of ambitious young women eager to take up newspaper work. This is equivalent to saying they are headed for the yellow journals, for it is mainly papers of this class that offer the big prizes for feminine talent.

The writer feels that it is not only advisable, but urgent, that these aspirants should know before they take the initial step just what it really means to be a woman reporter. For newspaper work, in its most usual application, means reporting.

Here are eight questions I wish to ask the girl candidate for journalistic honors:

Would you be willing to sacrifice a sister woman's reputation in order to gain a piece of news?

Would you be willing to hobnob with servants and bribe them, if necessary, to secure information for your paper?

Could you, after a man had refused to receive you at his office, follow him to his train, force yourself into his private car, and literally hold him up for an interview?

Could you follow a man about in a cab, striving to waylay him and compel an interview; and, as a final desperate move, deliberately block his automobile in order to force his attention?

Could you become sufficiently callous to play spy upon the wife of a bank defaulter, haunting her house, pursuing her to the train, traveling with her, and trapping her into an interview?

Could you bring yourself to "interview" a murderer's wife an hour before her husband was executed, and write of her sufferings and agonies?

Would you be willing to frequent police courts, jails, divorce courts, and murder trials, living in a perpetual atmosphere of crime and scandal?

Pushed Out of the Door

LASTLY, could you endure the personal humiliation of being bodily ejected from a private home—literally pushed out of the door by the head of the house?

These are perfectly fair test questions. They do not in the least exaggerate the nature of the work required of a live reporter by the enterprising newspaper of to-day. The writer, during her six years' newspaper experience, has faced every one of the exigencies mentioned and hundreds of others equally distressing.

For it is only by strenuous methods such as these that the news is obtained. Little does the reading public dream as it hastily devours the contents of the daily paper what labor and struggle are represented by the "interviews" so glibly given. Little does it know of the methods by which such news is obtained, and slight thought if any does it bestow upon the reporter whose loss of self-respect is only too often the price for information gained.

Shunned as a Dreaded Person

THERE is no use attempting to handle the subject with gloves. The only way to treat this question is with strict honesty. Therefore I ask the would-be newspaper woman, point-blank: Are you willing to take up a profession that requires you to do things a gentlewoman would shrink from doing?

It is almost incredible that a profession which is nominally so desirable should in its real nature be so debasing. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is any other calling open to woman which offers her such excellent rewards, and at the same time carries with it such bitter penalties and humiliations.

The newspaper girl should know at the outset that she belongs to a class as unwelcome as the book agent. The revelation of this fact is one of the great shocks that come to disillusionize the beginner.

No doubt the innocent candidate has imagined herself in quite a different rôle. Her fancy has painted the woman journalist as a picturesque and favored individual, with unlimited opportunities for "seeing the world" and coming into contact with its great people.

In mind she has doubtless pictured herself smartly gowned and groomed, going about to the homes of the rich and the studios of the famous, received on an equal footing with other workers who use their brains for a living.

Instead of this she finds that she is a shunned and dreaded person, the very mention of whose errand is the signal for emphatic rebuffs and closed doors. She discovers that her only hope of "seeing people" is by force, or persistence, or stratagem, or by wheedling and persuasion that involve personal humiliation. And that even when she does triumph in gaining an audience with one of the mighty, she is received, not as a woman of brains, but as a distinct inferior.

There are, of course, exceptions to this latter condition, as the writer's own experience bears witness. Nevertheless, these exceptions only emphasize the rule.

If the heckless reporter is quick to comprehend, she soon sees that the private citizen's dread of her is due to the modern methods of journalism, which hold no human being's personal affairs sacred. People run away from her because they are afraid of her. And they are afraid of her because they are afraid of the newspaper she represents. Her presence means publicity—horrible publicity—all the family affairs blazed broadcast for the public's delectation.

Rude, Impertinent, Callous

THEREFORE, in order to make any progress in her work, she must break over the barriers raised against one of her profession. This means that she must be aggressive instead of gentle, pushing herself where she is not wanted. That she must be rude, if necessary, persistent, impertinent, callous—anything to gain her point. In short, she must forget that she is a woman.

To be frank, the girl reporter must be a combination of several undesirable things. She must be detective, adventuress, errand boy, scout, scandal-monger, thief. For is it not thieving if one secures an interview by other than fair means?

None of this is the fault of any special individual or set of individuals. The editors themselves are not to blame. An editor may personally hold the highest ideals of honesty and may wholly disapprove of the methods he is pursuing. But he is helpless in the grip of the present newspaper system. He is a tool, just as the reporter is a tool, to serve the ends of that system. It is a perfectly cold-blooded proposition. His business is to get the news. How he gets it, who gets it, who suffers for it—these questions to him are not germane. The personal equation can not enter into his calculations.

If a woman has scruples against present-day journalistic methods, she should know it before she accepts a position on a newspaper. If she rebels when questionable assignments are given her, if she suffers compunctions and misgivings, it is her fault rather than the editor's. So long as she takes the position, it is presumed she is willing to conform to the conditions. If she can not do so, the only thing for her to do is to resign. The editor has neither time nor patience to listen to her complainings. He will not tolerate anything save cheerful, energetic, whole-hearted work.

The writer, however, has never yet been able to understand how it is possible for any woman to long remain cheerful, energetic, and enthusiastic in the chains of newspaper reporting. So far as my own experience is concerned, I do not hesitate to say that, although conscientiously performing the tasks assigned me during six years of such labor, I worked forever under protest. There was never a time when I was not opposed to the system whose tool I was.

Mine is a history of repeated attempts to break away from a profession which my best self did not approve, yet which necessity forced me to follow. These attempts always proved futile, and I was as repeatedly pulled back to the work I so thoroughly disliked.

Understand, my record is one of unusual honesty and straightforwardness. I can truthfully say that during my entire experience I never knowingly hurt a human being nor did I resort to fraud or trickery to secure what I wanted. I was scrupulously careful not to misquote or misrepresent the persons I interviewed. I was almost morbidly conscientious in my efforts to give every one of my victims a fair show. And yet I could never rid my mind of the realization that they were victims. They

was the whole hateful situation in a nutshell—these people were *victims*.

To begin with, just what do we mean by an "interview"? To the uninitiated the work suggests a conversation carried on between the reporter and the "interviewed" with the full consent of the latter. There is perhaps the atmosphere of a previous appointment or at least an agreement that puts the reporter at ease and justifies the publication of confidences given.

Nothing could be more remote from the truth, as regards the average news interview. I do not refer now to those special talks with noted persons—singers, actresses, speakers, and the like—who belong to the public and are not averse to discussing their views for publication. I mean conversations with private individuals—confidences that have a direct bearing upon the news.

Such an "interview" means, usually, the waylaying of a frowning and impatient personage who "never talks for the press" and extracting one or two words from him by sheer force of advantage. This person may be just leaving his club, or entering a café, or leaping into his motor car. Or he may be about to close the door in his questioner's face. Perhaps he does condescend to "talk"—that is, he utters half a dozen sentences in reply to a rapid fire of questions.

If the reporter is clever enough to take him off his guard, to startle from him remarks that suit the paper's purpose, so much the better for that reporter's "story."

Again, there is the "interview" that is still further removed from the genuine thing—the pilfered confidence obtained by diplomacy—or why not be honest and say deception? This means that the person enters into conversation without realizing that what he says is to appear in print.

This does not imply necessarily that the reporter prevaricates in so many words. It simply means that he leaves his victim in the dark as to his real purposes. He does not say: "This will not appear in print." Neither does he say: "This will appear in print." It is this tacit deception which is, perhaps, worse than any other method of stealing information.

Methods Persistent and Subtle

THE most difficult assignment that can be given to a woman reporter, or to any reporter, in fact, is that of securing interviews with the socially prominent and exclusive. The editor prizes as fine gold a genuine conversation with a real leader of society on some timely topic, or even a little chat with her on any personal theme.

It is practically impossible to obtain such interviews without the use of the subtlest methods or the most persistent. Without persistence the feat is rarely accomplished. Sometimes it happens that one can write an exceptionally persuasive or convincing note that wins the coveted hearing. This may occur half a dozen times in one's entire career.

If the girl reporter imagines for a moment that she can gain admission to the homes of the socially élite by simply sending up her card, or a mere note stating her errand, she is doomed to cruel disappointment. The butler will take her confident bit of pasteboard and noiselessly disappear, to return promptly with the superb announcement that Mrs. —— is "not at home."

What, then, is the snubbed interviewer to do? Report failure to her editor? Not if she seriously expects to hold her position. The rebuff given her is merely the signal that her *real work has just begun*. It is now "up to her" to prove that she is a live reporter and not a pretender. She knows, in every inch of her, that it is her sworn duty to *get that interview*. How she will get it she hasn't the faintest idea. She can only try and try and keep on trying.

So she hangs about the house, in the hope that in due time Milady will appear at the door or descend the steps and that there will be a chance to snatch a word with her. When the hoped-for event does occur at last, and the actual "word" is snatched, it is not at all likely to be the sort of adjective the ambitious one is seeking.

But she can not afford to accept even this curt rebuke as final. Smarting under her second rebuff, she seeks a secluded place where she may gather her scattered forces and quietly plan a third attack. She must still persist.

Later in the day she faces the butler with a carefully written note—earnest, almost ardent in its appeal—a note calculated to break the resistance of the haughtiest aristocrat that ever wielded a social scepter. And again the butler returns, with the still more superb announcement that there is "no awnsah."

What then? Must she give up—this ambitious seeker after journalistic laurels? By no means. There will be a to-morrow. She must try again.

And so next morning she marshals her wits to determine upon some plan whereby the unapproachable may be approached. Does Milady go to a neighbor's house to call? Very well. Thither also the girl reporter follows. If that fails, she is ready to pursue her victim to theater or reception—anywhere that she is likely to intercept her and force an interview.

Perhaps, at last, she faces madam on her own doorstep at night, where she has been lying in wait for her return from the opera. And then, perhaps, with beseechings, or tears, or some clever ruse, she startles the lady into uttering several definite statements.

The latter, however, probably does not in the least realize that she has "granted an interview." All she knows is that a very hysterical young woman stepped out of her vestibule at night and flung questions and beseechings at her, and that on the spur of the moment she gave excited, quick replies. Not until she reads the morning papers does she realize with horror that she has given her family affairs to the public press.

This is the sort of activity that is daily required of the woman reporter. Without such methods she could not succeed at all.

Success Does Not Compensate for the Price

AND so, although I am one who has achieved unusual success in this field, passing rapidly from one position of trust to another, with a steadily increasing income, I feel, in looking back over my career, that my success did not compensate for the distress of mind that paid the price.

As I review my experiences to-day, apart from the atmosphere and environment that produced them, the thing I marvel at is that I could ever have forced myself to acts which wholly contradicted my personal standards of justice—acts which were a menace to my womanliness.

It is this that urges me to warn ambitious girls against the danger of becoming self-deceived about journalism. It is so easy to lose one's own views in the great maelstrom of energy and enterprise that create the daily paper. It is so easy to get the newspaper viewpoint. The more receptive, ardent, and ambitious a girl is, the sooner is she won over.



Presents a note calculated to break the resistance of the haughtiest aristocrat

Under the pressure of an editor's expectation, with the sanction of an entire office to back her, the woman reporter throws herself, heart and soul, into an undertaking which in its real nature is unscrupulous. The newspaper viewpoint makes it seem perfectly legitimate. Even an act which is brazen takes on the color of a heroic performance when the girl journalist attempts it. Deeds of daring and impertinence which as an individual she would regard with horror she executes, in the service of her paper, with all the abandonment of a soldier fighting for his country. But if she is a girl with a conscience, the reaction is inevitable. Away from the office or from the scene of conquest these acts, which had seemed "perfectly legitimate," loom before her in their true light—large, hideous, and impossible.

I went into newspaper work, not from choice, but from necessity. I had always been ambitious to write, but had not thought of the daily paper as the medium of development. Circumstances definitely decided the channel for my efforts.

The Asset of Personal Appearance

TO BEGIN with, my experiences can hardly be cited as representative of the average girl's struggle for honors in newspaper work. I did not go through the weary apprenticeship which most women endure before they have the slightest opportunity to make a record. This was largely due to the fact that I was not afraid of the untried. Almost at the outset I launched boldly into undertakings which are usually given only to the experienced. By such deeds I was able to set aside precedent.

My next important asset was the willingness and the ability to work. I worked early and I worked late, and I worked with the whole of my capacities. I had daring, determination, and enthusiasm that recognized no damper.

I began work in Chicago. Lest this narrative fall short of being strictly honest, I think I should state here that I was considered very good-looking. My friends told me that my looks were a potent aid to me in my work. Be that as it may, I know I did not rely upon my personal appearance to create my success. I always resented bitterly any suggestion that looks had anything to do with my achievements.

It might as well be acknowledged, however, that personal attractiveness has its own value in the eyes of an editor seeking feminine talent to augment his forces. There are some editors who hold the opposite view, but they are in the minority.

It is advisable that the newspaper woman should have nothing about her appearance to betray her profession. She should dress with care and taste, and when she starts out on an assignment should look no different from women of leisure who sally forth for calls or shopping or the theater.

Time was when the mannish type of female reporter was in demand, but to-day the woman who makes the greatest success in reporting is the one who is most truly feminine. She must be the softest, sweetest, gentlest sort of person in appearance, and yet—such are the exactions and inconsistencies of her profession!—she must at the same time equal the strongest man in determination, force, persistence, and physical endurance.

The newspaper wants her tact and charm and poise, and her fetching appearance, but it also demands that she shall have pluck and fearlessness and an iron constitution.

Very early in my career I discovered that if I permitted feminine traits of sensitiveness or weakness to interfere with my tasks, I incurred the immediate displeasure of an editor. There are no special privileges for the woman who goes into newspaper work.

No editor wishes to be reminded that it is difficult to stand in a driving storm seeking to waylay some one for an interview. What he wants is the interview. He will not be bothered with the difficulties in the way.

To go back to my start in Chicago. I did not take up reporting at once. The opening wedge into journalism came for me through writing fiction. I supplied short stories for the editorial page of a leading Chicago daily, and so constant was the demand for them that I made a regular weekly income by that means.

My opportunity for larger work came most unexpectedly. One day the managing editor called me into his office and asked me abruptly: "How would you like to stop writing foolish love stories and really go to work?"

The First "Beat"

THEN he told me that the paper needed some one to undertake a very difficult and delicate assignment, and he was certain I could handle it. A woman who had figured prominently in a recent murder trial had eluded the press by fleeing to a distant city. He wanted me to pursue her and persuade her to tell her story.

I stood aghast, for I had never in my life interviewed any one and I knew nothing of newspaper methods. But I knew my chance had come and I could not refuse. I got the story—what in newspaper parlance is called a "beat." Contrary to the usual experience of that kind, I was not obliged to do the least thing that conflicted with my personal standards of honesty or kindness. It was one of those rare instances in which the "interviewed" is really willing to give her side of the case. Of course I had to convince her that such a step was wise, but I did not resort to any kind of trickery to do this.

After that success my path was clear. I was immediately put on the staff as a star reporter. At first I worked on space, which means that I was paid by the column instead of by the week. But my earnings mounted up so amazingly that the managing editor again had a conference with me, and laughingly suggested that, as I was making too much money, it might be wise for him to put me on a regular salary. He set my salary at thirty dollars a week.

For the benefit of the would-be journalist who would like to know just what kind of work I did and all the circumstances surrounding my daily tasks, let me say that I was sent everywhere that a "story" of real value was in progress. My specialty was to get what the editor calls the "human interest" side of life.

What a strange jumble of activities they were that made up my daily tasks, and what a wide range of subjects I had to cover, running the whole gamut of human experience—joys, sufferings, horrors, crimes, and scandals!

It meant plunging straight into the turmoil of Chicago life at its worst. It meant going into ill-smelling police stations, where tobacco smoke and the whisky-laden breaths of toughs and criminals stifled the lungs. It meant going into the reeking tenements of the poor, to the cells of thieves and murderers, to hospitals, jails, and morgues, and to courtrooms where the most shameless crimes and scandals were described in every detail.

In striking contrast were the assignments that took me to the palaces of the very rich; to operas, theaters, receptions, horse shows, and various brilliant social affairs.

Let not the aspirant for newspaper glory imagine for one instant that there was any glory in this. Indeed, it was assignments such as these that brought the keenest humiliations. Well do I remember the night I went to write up a great ball given by one of Chicago's social queens, and was obliged to stand aside meekly against the wall, like any menial. The society editress of my paper stood with me, and we commiserated with each other on our mutual discomfort and chagrin.

"The guests look upon us as housekeepers or servants!" exclaimed the young woman, with rising indignation. Even as she spoke one of the men guests came suddenly toward us.

"Won't you please get a glass of water for Mrs. A.?" he asked.

The united glance of fury we gave him sent him hurriedly away with a murmured apology.

But even such incidents were no more trying than those fearful occasions when I had to waylay people at opera or theater or horse show and beg them to give me their names and a description of their attire.

Yes, even a star reporter must occasionally descend to that. The exigencies of a great daily paper are such that superior workers are often called upon to perform the humble tasks. It is a tenet of the profession that an all-round reporter should be capable of all-round effort. No loyal journalist, therefore, is "above" any branch of labor, however mean.

The fact that my stories were signed in big black type and my picture frequently used to illustrate them did not give me the right to choose my assignments. I had to obey orders, just like any cub reporter. And so it frequently happened that I had to make myself a door mat for the whimsical rich to step on.

Even in the performance of star feats I was obliged to humiliate myself again and again, so there was really not much choice between the two kinds of work. I recall several instances when doors were closed in my face. On one occasion I barely snatched my hand from the door jamb in time to save it from being crushed. It was when I tried to secure an interview with the President's daughter, who was staying at the home of prominent Chicagoans. I had previously asked the man of the family to assist me, if possible, when the young lady should arrive. He promised to do what he could—probably did it to get rid of me. At any rate, when later I tried to see him at the house, the butler banged the door on me, and only my quick action saved my endangered hand.

One week of such experience is usually sufficient to dishearten any sensitive woman and send her back to her home thoroughly cured of her ambitions. I confess I did want to give up, but circumstances would not let me, so I pushed on.

There were always flashes of lightning to illuminate the gloom. Every now and then I achieved some startling triumph that almost seemed to compensate for the stings and struggles of daily drudgery. These victories had their price, but the reward was sweet when the whole office swarmed about me with congratulations.

I recall distinctly the thrill of the first brilliant achievement following the one that made my place for me on the paper. It was this assignment that impressed upon me fully the deception of the newspaper method in securing an interview. I was still green enough to feel a shock at the revelation—indeed, so very green that I did not realize I had won a victory until I was told.

The wife of a prominent State official had been slandered in a well-known scandal weekly, and her husband threatened to kill the editor of the publication. There was great commotion in social and political circles of the State, and the story made splendid copy for the papers.

No one, however, had been able to obtain a single word for publication from the official or his wife. The situation was maddening to an enterprising daily such as mine. My editor determined that he would not be balked.

Exposing a Woman's Heart

"I'LL wager Miss Eliot can get all the facts straight from the lady herself!" he declared. So he called me to his sanctum and issued the following mandate: "Jump over to Springfield on the next train, see Mrs. ——, and get her to tell you all about this affair. Get her to praise her husband and declare he did the only right and noble thing—that will make a bully yarn."

It was agreed that one of the most capable men on the staff should accompany me and arrange all the details. I was assured that none of the difficult work would fall to me. I was simply to listen when the lady told her story and record it.

Which all sounded beautiful enough. But the cold light of the following morning revealed the fact that the Springfield mansion was a closed castle to reporters. The situation was hopeless, from every angle, so far as my helper was concerned.

"I give it up," he said. "You'll have to make a try at it alone."

Impatient telegrams were coming in shoals from the editors, who wanted to know what all the delay was about. The pressure of the situation fired me to an almost supernaturally confident state of mi[illegible] I felt suddenly equal to the task. Never would I [illegible] down on an assignment as important as this!

Bravely I ascended the steps of the mansion though my heart thumped furiously against my ribs.

A white-capped maid answered my ring.

"Is Mrs. —— at home?" I asked naturally, as if I were a calling acquaintance.

The maid looked me over.

"Yes, miss, but she isn't up yet. She's not feeling very well this morning."

"I wish you would tell her I want to see her—I shall not detain her long."

The maid asked me to enter, and as I did so I gazed at her very earnestly. "I hope she will see me a moment," I said.

I sat in the reception-room, tense from head to foot. The maid returned in a moment. "She's not feeling well and is caring for her little girl, who has been quite ill. She begs to be excused."

I stood looking at her. "Please," I said, "won't you ask her again? I'm very sorry to trouble her just now, but this is most important."

When the white cap appeared again, my heart leaped with joy.

"Madam will see you just a moment," she announced.

I recall so well my excitement as I followed the maid upstairs. In a dainty room, pink shaded, the official's wife lay in bed with her little daughter. Both gazed at me curiously as I approached. Then the lady, from her rose-colored coverlet, smiled graciously upon me.

I did not deceive her. I told her, very early in the conversation, that I was a newspaper representative. She did not appear horrified or indignant, because my manner seemed to inspire trust. I said to her at once:

"Please do not think I intend to annoy you in any way. I can well imagine that you have been bothered to death with reporters, and I know just how you must feel about it. I am simply obeying instructions in coming here to ask if you have any statement to make."

"Statement? Oh, no, indeed—I have absolutely nothing to say for publication. All this notoriety is horri-

(Concluded on page 22)

The Suppressed Correspondence of Congressman Jones

I—Representing the Home Folks

The Secret Code That Tells How the Middletown Folk Grew Impatient to See Washington Capsized by Their Promising Statesman

Illustrated by F. T. RICHARDS

Divulged by WALLACE IRWIN

FROM *Luther C. White, Dry Goods, Groceries, and Hardware, Middletown, to Representative Daniel Webster Jones, Washington.*

"DEAR SIR:

"I DON'T think Congress is as bad as they say it is. There's a limit to the imagination. But us leading business men of Middletown are pretty well agreed that you'll bear watching. However well brought up a young man is to home, it don't follow that he's going to behave himself when he gets loose among a pack of skallywags and corporation boosters.

"The question being asked on every hand here is: What is Dan Jones doing for his constituents? You've got a good voice and a fine presence. Then why ain't none of your speeches and goings on reported in the daily papers alongside of Victor Murdock and others who have been making the halls of Congress ring with noble thoughts and sentiments? Can't you make them halls ring, too? As I recollect, you was quite a remarkable ringer yourself last election when you was stumping the State for Jones. What's happened since? Is the old bell cracked?

"I heard you speak here on that occasion, and I don't mind saying I was pretty favorable impressed by you. Everybody here—except Mr. and Mrs. Honeycutt—was real inspired and interested in your personality. You was about the grandest sight we ever seen and we was sure you would do credit to the town that born you. You reminded us of Abe Lincoln—only you seemed a lot more sincere. It looked as if Corruption wasn't going to last more'n half an hour after you got your hand in at Washington. J. C. Dawson said: 'What an ornament he'd be to the Supreme Bench!' But I said: 'No, siree! We ain't going to let 'em bury our Home Boy in no living tomb like that!' You see, we had you ticketed for the Presidency. And after you'd served for two terms you'd simply *have* to accept a third, even if a delegation from Middletown had to go up to Washington and *make* you stay on the job.

"Well, boy, you've been up there a powerful long time and all the folks is beginning to wonder what has become of the Trust Defier of Middletown. Where's the young feller that stood right up in meeting here and promised to coax the Demon of Corruption into the Arena of Eternal Truth, and, meeting him as man to man, to tie the fireworks of irrefutable logic to his tail, to light it with a morning star and send the Demon Tempter ki-yipping and skeedaddling into the stygian darkness of innocuous desuetude?

"According to newspaper reports, you ain't done nothing of the sort. Charley Kennedy, the feed and coal man, has been looking up the news about you in the Congressional Record. Charley has sent to the Librarian of Congress for the one copy he missed. He hoped maybe that might have something important about you. The others didn't. Your name was only mentioned six times in two years. If home folks don't get into the Middletown 'Gazette' oftener than that, it's a pretty sure sign they're either dead or moved away. Here's all we could find about you in the Congressional Record:

"'Representative Jones arose to speak, but was out of order.'

"'Representative Jones said he quite agreed with the Speaker.'

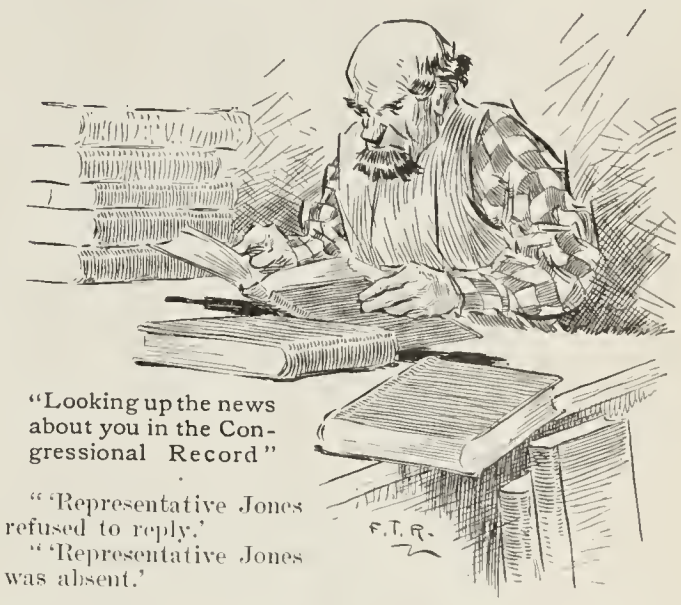
"'Representative Jones seconded the motion.'

"'Representative Jones did not vote.'

"'Representative Jones was not there.'



"Mrs. Dan entertained at croquet last Wednesday"



"Looking up the news about you in the Congressional Record"

"'Representative Jones refused to reply.'

"'Representative Jones was absent.'

"It looks to me as if you was either playing hookey or else behaving yourself so good that nobody knows you are there. Seems to me you could jump in once in a while and advertise Middletown. Even if you ain't got the grit to be a good Democrat, you might at least act like an Insurgent.

"Now look here. The Sovereign People of Middletown sent you to Congress with instructions to get a substantial revision downward. We want apples protected—we grow apples. But we don't intend to have our wives paying three cents a yard extra for calico for the benefit of the Cotton Combine.

"You're a bright young feller, Dan'l, and you got a good chance to make yourself and Middletown famous. But we ain't paying you a fancy Congressional salary of $7,500 a year just to keep your family in luxury like Grand Dukes.

"*Remember, the best interests of the community demands a reduced rate on cotton cloth.* Hoping you will get it. Yours truly, L. C. WHITE."

From Bolton Weaver, President Slopshop Milling Co.:

"DEAR MR. JONES—We note that your attitude toward the Cotton Schedules has not yet been made public. Will you have a talk with Senator Gibb before taking a definite stand? We feel sure that *the best interests of your community demand an increased rate on cotton cloth.* Very cordially yours, BOLTON WEAVER."

Paragraph from the Middletown "Gazette":

"Mrs. Congressman Dan'l Webster Jones is in our midst this summer visiting her folks, while Dan is up to Washington attending to what is generally supposed to be the best interests of the community. Mrs. Dan entertained at croquet last Wednesday and wore some New York clothes that made most of our local smart set wish that their husbands was earning $7,500 a year."

From Mrs. Daniel Webster Jones, Middletown:

"DEAR DAN—Can't you send me a little [illegible] for clothes? The children aren't fit to be seen and I've positively nothing to wear. The Hopkin[illegible] and the

[illegible] are here from the East and I look too dowdy to — Tell. Everything I have is at least two years old. I've got to keep up *some* kind of an appearance. I know, dear, it's hard for us to make both ends meet on that horrid little Congressional salary. But you *would* run — and I suppose your family has to bear the brunt of it. Lovingly,

"Emma."



"Take a letter of introduction to Uncle's private office"

From Alex. L. Bellows, Attorney at Law, Middletown:

"Dear Danny—Don't you think you'd better come home before you queer yourself? The old farm and the cows and the horses are still here, to say nothing of a small but dishonest legal practise with a fighting chance to be Governor some day, if you stand in with the Bunch. But what chance has a Democratic Congressman got in these parlous times of Tariff? Politically speaking, he's a sort of cross between a suffragette and a yellow dog. Old Cincinnatus Welch, the village cynic, asked me yesterday: 'What's the difference between a Republican Congressman and a Democratic Congressman?' 'Is there?' says I. 'There is,' says Cincinnatus. 'A Republican Congressman promises revision upward and votes for it; a Democratic Congressman promises revision downward and votes with the Republicans.'

"Take a tip from your old college chump, Danny. Give your constituents some action for their money, if nothing else. They're getting impatient. The Common People here are just as common as ever. If they can't get Justice they want a Circus. If you'll only kick the Octopus behind the gills in the broad glare of noonday, they'll forgive you for holding hands with the Monster at twilight when the gas is low. But, for heaven's sake, kick!

"Being human, the voters of this district can take a broad, patriotic interest only in the things they haven't any direct interest in. The local reformers are very stern about punching the coal-kings and the lumber-barons; but they're more lenient in the matter of coal-oil, because there's considerable petroleum in this district.

"And, by the way, they're speaking very harshly of you in reference to your long-continued silence on the question of cotton cloth. L. C. White, who runs everything here, says that if you don't reduce that cotton tariff he'll throw the Good Government League to the Saloon Push with the result that your political future will look like King Alfonso in a Socialist convention.

"Line 'er out, kid! Nervously, Aleck."



"The eyes of Uncle Joe were fixed on the ceiling looking for the spot where the ideal tariff ought to go"

From Citizens' Committee, Middletown, to Congressman Jones:

"Dear Sir—We, the Citizens' Committee of Middletown, hereby assembled and getting madder every minute, are anxious to know if—

"*Whereas*—We all voted for you and put more than [illegible] campaign fund; and,

"*Whereas*—You was sent up there to represent the home interests; also to get us a revision downward, an appropriation for the Philipsburg Canal, and a D. W. & C. extension to this place, instead of which you seem to be setting around Washington hobnobbing with the rich looters of the Commonwealth; and,

"*Whereas*—You have promised time and agin to call the attention of Hon. J. R. Cannon to tariff abuses which you ain't done yet; be it therefore

"*Resolved*—That you ain't doing your duty by your constituents; and furthermore

"*Resolved*—That you dassn't come home until you do.

"Signed,

"S. Honeycutt (Chairman),
Arthur Ferguson,
Lucas L. White,
Dr. J. Snyder."

From Representative Hardnutt, Washington, to Representative Jones, Washington:

"Dear Jones—For the past two or three weeks I have noticed you trying to get the attention of the Speaker. What result? There's another shapeless blob upon the people's forum. It was a beautiful and impressive sight to see you rise to your feet and bellow 'Mr. Speaker!' to the gentleman with the Lincoln whiskers and the Mark Hanna heart. Nothing doing. The great god Baal was asleep or gone a-fishing. The eyes of Uncle Joe were fixed on the ceiling—looking for the spot where the ideal tariff ought to go, I think. You cleared your throat and tried again. Did you ever see a horse-fly lift up his little trunk and trumpet at an elephant? That was you, trying to flag Uncle during one of his deaf spells. You stood right up and turned around and sat right down again.

"My dear fellow, why don't you learn to stay knocked out when you're hit? You're like Truth—crushed to earth you rise again. But mind you, even Truth will lose its bounce after it's been swatted often enough.

"If you really want to get a speech over to Uncle, cut out the Demosthenes act and take on a little of the Machiavelli. Mack was the smart Dago, after all; he knew the value of gum-shoes long before phonographs were invented.

"Get a letter of introduction from the Sugar Trust and take it around to Uncle's private office. Maybe he'll let you make your little speech there. Who knows? If he likes the speech, maybe he'll put you on the Ways and Means Committee where you can be of great service to your Country through the Corporations who rule it. That's the only practical way. I've tried 'em all. Cordially yours, John D. Hardnutt."



"Asa Bird introduced the distinguished guest with a few well-chosen remarks, and said that they would stand by their representative"

Item from the Middletown "Gazette":

"Banquet to Congressman Jones

"Last night at Odd Fellows' Hall a banquet was tendered our distinguished and once popular fellow citizen, Cong. Dan'l Webster Jones. Quite a concourse of prominent citizens turned out to greet our home boy, who is said to be quite a favorite with Speaker Cannon and Senators Hale and Aldrich, which is very nice for Dan, but kind of hard on the home folks.

"During the function Mrs. Congressman Jones was seen by our reporter sitting apart in the visitors' box with friends from the East and wearing one of the expensive toilettes which made her famous among the smart set of Washington and New York.

"Rev. Lucius Pratt spoke first with a short prayer in which he wished that some young warriors of the present day was like David of old who slew the giant Corruption with a small pebble and refused to loaf around with the dudes and boodlers. Asa Bird introduced the distinguished guest with a few well-chosen remarks, wherein he said that all could not succeed in the battle of life, but that the people of Middletown were willing to stand by their representative whether he stood by them or not. (Applause.) Hon. Dan'l Webster Jones next arose and made the speech of the evening. He praised our climate and our skies, not forgetting to touch lightly on the talents of our sons and daughters and our unequaled output of apples.

"He said further that the conditions of the Country were very bad. If we knew all, he said, our blood would boil in our veins. Not only were the Trusts, observed the speaker, like an Octopus reaching out over our broad land, but they were also employing legislators in the halls of Congress to represent their interests and not those of the people. (Applause.) Consequently, said Mr. Jones, the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer every day. When statesmen like Aldrich and Hale were making a patriotic show of revising the Tariff, who were they seeking to benefit? The People? No! Who, then? Need any one answer? (Cries of: 'They needn't!') But fortunately the American people would not be flim-flammed forever. They might swallow a gold-brick now and then, but they still knew the difference between Up and Down. The time was coming, and that soon, when the Tariff would be revised by the People. And on such a day laws would be made for the interests of the People and not for the people of the Interests.



"It don't do much good talking in Middletown after the damage is done in Washington"

"The speech was greeted with loud applause, and after listening to 'Violets' and 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark,' as rendered by our Volunteer Firemen's Band, all adjourned, voting the affair a great success.

"When interviewed by our reporter last night, Dr. J. Snyder, our popular painless dentist, said: 'It don't do much good talking in Middletown after the damage is done in Washington. If Dan Jones is such a fine rag-chewer, why didn't he bite off a little of that tariff on cotton cloth? Mr. and Mrs. Congressman Jones depart to-morrow for a short vacation at the seashore. Have a good time, Dan!"



"You was about the grandest sight we ever seen, and you done credit to the town that borned you"

This is the first of a new series of articles by Wallace Irwin, creator of Hashimura Togo, "The Japanese Schoolboy."

Stalked by an African Lion

An Experience of Collier's Photographer, in Which He Has Better Use for the Trigger Than the Camera-Shutter

HARTEBEESTS



By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR

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ANIMALS, though very plentiful near our camp, which was in the neighborhood of the Tana River, were so wild that stalking them was excessively difficult. They were constantly on the lookout for lions, and their alertness was truly surprising. I determined after watching their habits for several days to resort to lying in wait for them at a certain place where they were in the habit of passing each morning. Zebras, hartebeests, and impalas were the only kinds I expected to see, but of none of these had I as yet secured any satisfactory pictures; so one morning, after having spent the night watching for lions in a boma, I started off to the selected place and made a rough blind with leafy branches, and there alone with a camera—and by good luck a rifle—I made myself comfortable. After about an hour's waiting a small herd of hartebeests came out of the sugar-bush, and I wondered whether they would come within range, for they are wonderfully careful animals, and act as the sentries for most of the African game. Hitherto all my efforts to get within camera range of them had been unavailing. I got my camera ready as quietly as possible, and watched. Another small herd emerged from some scrubby woods about one hundred yards away. The two bands eyed each other suspiciously for some minutes, and then slowly came toward me. As soon as they were near enough I made two exposures; but the sound of the shutter frightened them away for good. It was not long before some zebras came walking cautiously along the same path. They stopped before they were near enough for anything but a telephoto picture, and they stood staring in my direction for many minutes. I was sure they could not see me, and wondered what it was that interested them. I was not long left in doubt: a wretched hartebeest was coming to warn them of my presence. For over an hour he had been standing in the open plain, about a quarter of a mile away, watching me, and had evidently made up his mind to keep all animals away from my blind. He passed close to me, and on getting near the zebras gave a snort of alarm, and off they all went together. The special friends of the hartebeests are, apparently, the zebras, and I have known them to go a long distance out of their way to warn these friends of theirs of impending danger. I thought of returning to camp for a sleep, as I was very tired after the long night's watch, but it was nearing lunch hour, so I decided to wait a little longer, and beguiled the time writing letters, keeping all the while a good look-out to windward, which is the direction from which the animals would naturally approach, as coming the other way they would, of course, get scent of me. For some reason or other, just as I was finishing a letter, I happened to glance down wind. It was the most fortunate thing that has ever happened to me, for there, not eighty yards away, were two immense lions stalking me across some open ground. The sudden sight of these two big tawny yellow brutes was enough to stagger any one. They had seen me move, and had stopped immediately, absolutely still, with their eyes fixed on me! My first impulse was to grab a camera and get a picture of them, but as I leaned forward to pick it up they both took a few long slow steps forward, and I decided that it was no time for camera work if I wished to take my own skin safely back to camp. I therefore took up the rifle instead, feeling that it was far more useful than the camera. In my excitement I forgot to look to the sights of my rifle, taking it for granted that they would be set for one hundred yards, as I always kept them. I aimed at the larger of the two lions: the shot struck high, just over his head. I attributed this miss to my own excitement, and, taking more careful aim, fired again, with exactly the same result. Then I looked at the sights, and found that my gun-bearer had set them for three hundred yards. About this time I realized with sudden feeling of horror that I had no ammunition with me except the six cartridges that had been in the magazine and chamber of the rifle. There were no trees near me in which I could have taken refuge. It is perhaps needless to say that the next shot was fired with the greatest possible care and deliberation, and, to my intense satisfaction, I saw the big brute roll over. I had still three cartridges left. All this time the second lion had stood absolutely immovable, staring at me. I fired as quickly as I could and knocked him over. The feeling of relief was greater than can be imagined, but I had another moment of anxiety as I saw that the first lion had not been fatally wounded! Curiously enough, instead of charging me, as a wounded lion might be expected to do, he got up and slowly moved away, going into some thick brush. I signaled to my camera-bearer, who was waiting between me and camp, and he came running toward me. His course led him about seventy yards from the second lion, which had its back broken, and as he rushed past the lion gave a frightful roar: the poor negro thought his last moment had come, and completely collapsed. I persuaded him that he was not in immediate danger, and that I wanted him to go for some more ammunition so that I could take after the wounded beast, and put the other one out of its misery. He went off gladly enough, and returned with the whole camp following. We searched the scrubby woods, only to find a blood-stained track of the wounded lion and tracks of another one close beside. So it was particularly fortunate that I had not followed with my scanty supply of cartridges, and I ceased regretting the loss of the fine skin which I should greatly have liked to keep as a souvenir of my fortunate escape. However, I have the other skin, to say nothing of my own, so it would be ungrateful to complain of my luck.

GIRAFFES





"The second lion, which had its back broken, gave a frightful roar, and my camera bearer completely collapsed"



STORKS



ZEBRAS

Two Strong Men of Colombia

The One Who Got Tired and the One Who Stayed,—What They Did in a National Crisis

By PERRY HAMILTON

ONE of the two real men the Republic of Colombia has developed has gone away. General Rafael Reyes, cattleman, President, and a slow-moving, tired mountain of personal force, has renounced his claim to the Presidency, and, in Europe, is seeking the rest and quiet he has not had for months in Colombia. The other is still in Bogota. He is the young, vigorous, and enthusiastic General Alfredo Vázquez Cobo, President of the National Assembly and, for thirty-six hours, Minister of War.

These two men have not been friends; they have not got on very well together. But both have shown rare qualities of courage and patriotism, and it may turn out that one will take the other's place at the helm. Both have played dramatic rôles in Colombia's history. Once, on a rather recent occasion, they came together to save the integrity of their country. It is not a long story, this narrative of how an excited people was brought back to sanity, but it is characteristic of the country which has represented such bitter hostility to the United States and the Panama Canal enterprise.

On the 9th of last January Dr. Enrique Cortés, Colombian Minister at Washington, and Mr. Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, signed a treaty to facilitate the settlement of questions pending between Colombia and Panama. At the same time a treaty was signed between Colombia and Panama recognizing the independence of the latter and making provision for the establishment of a boundary between the two. Both instruments were more generous with Colombia than circumstances required. Perhaps conscience whispered that Colombia, whether through her own fault or not, had not been well treated in the matter of the separation of Panama.

The American Minister to Colombia left Washington for Bogota to secure the ratification of the treaties. To this end also, General Reyes called a "National Assembly," its members practically nominated and, he had reason to suppose, controlled by him. Certainly they should have been. They were, for the most part, Bogota politicians making their living, one way or another, out of the Government, which was Reyes. It is true there were from the start certain constitutional objections to ratification by anything except an elected Congress. Dr. Nicolás Esguerra stated them in a memorial addressed to the National Assembly, but he overlooked the fact that almost all the late treaties with Colombia have been ratified by just such a body.

The Split Over Panama

THERE were also more serious popular objections to the admission that Panama had successfully seceded from her mother country. One does not care to accept this in Bogota. Bogota is very far away indeed from the world, and facts filter slowly into the Colombian mind. The real trouble was, however, that the politicians were tired of the amiable despot who ruled them, and the people of the country were vexed with him. Of course, if it were not Reyes, it would be some one else. But there have been four years of Reyes.

So, with very little warning, on the 8th of March trouble began. The special committee, appointed by the Assembly to consider the treaties, reported in favor of passage. But Dr. Antonio José Restrepo, who presented the report, was followed home by a howling mob of students who accused him of wishing to betray the honor of Colombia. The next day a crowd of students rushed into the American Legation to protest to the American Minister against the treaties. They were met with courtesy. Later a mob shrieked various unpleasant things about Americans under the windows of the legation.

General Reyes designated General Jorge Holguín to succeed to the Presidency in case of accident. General Vázquez Cobo was elected to supplant General Holguín as President of the Assembly.

On Saturday a crowd of students entered the Presidential palace and demanded to see General Reyes.

"We will not stand for these treaties," they cried.

"I have pledged myself to the treaties," replied the President. "If the people of Colombia will not uphold me, I must fall with the treaties. What do you want me to do?"

"We can not say what we want to say, because you are President," they answered.

"Speak to me, then, as Colombians to a Colombian, not as to a President. I shall submit my resignation to the National Assembly at once."

They did not need to be urged, these students. They said what was in their minds with more frankness than caution. The President was as good as his word. He listened to them and tried in vain to argue with them. Then he sent in his resignation to the Assembly, and General Holguín assumed the Presidency, naming a Cabinet in which the idol of the malcontents, Dr. Nicolás Esguerra, succeeded him as Minister of Finance. The latter was for breaking all relations with the United States at once. The treaties were withdrawn from consideration by the Assembly. Bogota went wild.

When the Mob Stormed General Cobo's House

THOUSANDS of people thronged the streets crying: "Down with Reyes! Death to the traitors!"—the last a gentle allusion to those who would admit the independence of Panama. All day a seething mob swept from one plaza to another; the police were helpless; Holguín made no attempt to control the crowd which overturned the city. The Minister of War, Carlos Cuervo Márquez, caught by the crowd while crossing the Plaza Bolivar, made a speech in which he said that it was a time for each man to be ruled by his own conscience, and to say and do what he chose. Speeches were delivered at every moment and some simultaneously. The news spread, firelike. In twelve hours there would have been civil war.

Then suddenly the mob made its fatal error. Crying "Down with the traitors!" they rushed to the house of General Vázquez Cobo. From the street before the house and from the Plaza Santander they stoned the house, breaking its windows and battering at its door, howling for the death of this man whom they believed ready to sell the honor of Colombia.



General Reyes reviewing his troops from the balcony of the Presidential palace, Bogota

Now, General Vázquez Cobo is not a politician. He is rather a business man, a husband, and a father—very recently the latter. His wife was yet ill and the twin babies still nursing. When the ruffians attacked the house, Señora Vázquez Cobo was thrown into a pitiable state. But the state of General Vázquez Cobo was anything but pitiable. The mob left at last. General Vázquez Cobo carried his wife to another house and left her with friends. Then he jammed his hat on his head and set off for the Presidential palace.

Before the palace the street was black with people, screaming: "Down with Reyes, the thief! Let the coward come out! Death to Reyes, the traitor!" Within, Acting President Holguín had called a Cabinet meeting of five badly frightened statesmen. Reyes, the dethroned, was closeted in his own room. Vázquez Cobo elbowed his way through the mob and mounted the stairs of the palace three steps at a time. He entered the council hall unannounced, marched straight to the huddled group of Ministers, and, leaning across the council table, pointed his finger at the idol of the hour, Dr. Nicolás Esguerra, and fairly barked at him: "*Canaille!* You are the only traitor in this country!" Then, with infinite contempt, he turned to the Minister of War. "*Coward!*" he said. "Get out of here!" Facing Holguín, he said: "Has this country a President or not? What are you doing here while a mob stones the houses of decent people? Is there a *man* in this country?" And just then General Reyes appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. President of the National Assembly," he said with quiet dignity, "you forget yourself and your high office."

"*I* forget my office!" shouted Vázquez Cobo. "It is these beings here who forget theirs! If that coward will not keep order in this city, I will go to the barracks and put myself at the head of the troops to guard the lives and property of your people!"

"Leave us, gentlemen," said General Reyes to the Ministers. "And you, sir," he thundered to Vázquez Cobo, "remember that you are speaking to the Chief Magistrate of the nation!"

"You are nothing! You have resigned under fire! You have deserted your trust! Come here!" He seized the arm of the General and dragged him toward the windows. "Do you hear what those beasts are shouting? 'Death to Reyes! Let the coward show himself!' If you allow that despicable mob to frighten you into laying down your authority and your responsibility, you are what they call you!"

There was a moment of silence. The cries of the mob rose through the windows. "*Muera Reyes! Muera el vendedor!*"

"By God," cried Reyes, "we shall see! I haven't had a man among all of these to help me, but you are a Man. I resume the Presideney and I make you Minister of War. Mr. Minister, I command you to order the troops to clear the streets, to place the city under martial law, to restore peace to Colombia!"

General Vázquez Cobo stepped out on the balcony. A roar broke from the mob; then there was silence.

"Cowards!" he shouted; "I will show you who is master here!"

He called an orderly and, in the hearing of the crowd, issued his commands: "Say to the commandant of the troops that Vázquez Cobo is Minister of War. Tell him to bring me a regiment and clear the streets of these swine. I shall wait here to see him do it."

The orderly saluted.

Calm After the Storm

IN TEN minutes there was not a man in the street before the palace. In fifteen minutes, with a great rattle, a company of cavalry escorted a machine gun through the crowd and unlimbered it on the terrace of the National Palace, where it could sweep the main square. In twenty minutes there were only soldiers in the plaza. An hour later, at two o'clock in the morning, a state of siege was declared, and General Nicolás Perdomo, whose reputation for mercilessness is second only to that of General Aristides Fernández, was placed in command of the city, and General Fernández himself, "the butcher," was made Chief of Staff. Reyes was again President. Peace was restored.

Monday was as if nothing had happened, save for a policeman armed with a Mauser at every corner. Business reopened. People in the streets, where most of the business of Bogota is transacted, talked of the rate of exchange and the expected arrival of the mail. The revolution was over. At noon General Vázquez Cobo resigned his post as Minister of War and returned to preside over the National Assembly.

General Reyes looms big in failure—the sentiment against ratification was so strong that a sick man could not combat it—and his country will remember him as a distinguished soldier, explorer (on one expedition he split the South American wilds from Panama to Patagonia), diplomat. For twenty-five years before 1904, when he was made President, he was a power. Now he is old and ill, and the weight of his years presses him heavily. His resignation has been accepted by the Colombian Congress, and General Jorge Holguín, whom he left in charge when he went to Europe, has been appointed to serve out the unexpired term. Another election will be held in a few months, and another President will be chosen. Will it be General Cobo? Perhaps—if he will accept. But, as I have tried to show, he is not a politician. He is a patriot.



The Closing Hour
Boys employed in a West Virginia glass factory. An alternate day and night shift

Midnight in an Indiana glass works. A good place for "intervention"

This lad, working in a Cincinnati box factory, had his right arm cut off by a saw

Boy drivers in a coal mine. Legislation, strictly enforced, is the remedy

This boy remains ten hours a day in a dark mine, most of the time sitting idle. The article tells of him

A boy making melon baskets in a factory of Indiana. These photographs are mostly of "Northern" scenes

The Child Workers

Who Get No Summer Vacation

HERE is a page full of children who work. They are mostly chosen from north of Mason and Dixon's line. They are under a proper legal age, which means that the work is too severe for their health, stunting their growth. The effect of child labor has been proved to be undersized men and women, oftentimes peculiarly susceptible to disease. The census of 1900 gives seven hundred thousand children in gainful pursuits other than agricultural.

Illiteracy goes hand in hand with child labor. Thus, in three States, the illiteracy of the children of the factory families from ten to fourteen years of age is from three to four times as great as the illiteracy of the white children of the same ages in these States at large, so that ignorance is added to ill-health.

The evil of child labor is not confined to any one section of the country. New England, the Middle West, Philadelphia and its environs, and the Piedmont region profit by it. The man who made the photographs on this page has met child-labor conditions in twenty States, and has registered what he has seen in one thousand photographs, distributed over many geographical sections.

The boy sitting at the door on which the cryptic notation has been revealed by the flashlight is a trapper boy, fifteen years old, who has "trapped" for several years in a West Virginia mine at seventy-five cents a day for ten hours work. All he does is to open and shut the door—most of the time sitting idle and waiting for the coal-cars to pass through. The writing on the door was not visible in the dark mine till the plate was developed.

The results of child labor in England were acutely seen in the physique of the men desiring to enlist for the regular army at the time of the Boer War. It was found that the average measurements of the men from certain factory sections were noticeably of a lower standard than those of previous generations.

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Collier's

The Menace of the Still-Devil

Obstacles Met in Following the Whisky Trail Through the Mountainous Regions of the Southern States

By MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

A COMPILATION of the records of the Revenue Service would prove the most thrilling chapter in the story of our civil government, for it is a service which demands absolute fearlessness and indifference to weather, bullets, or adverse criticism. If one glances over a newspaper's account of a successful raid, with a quantity of contraband stuff seized and a prisoner captured, the natural comment is: "Poor fellow!" The stir of sympathy is for the illiterate and impecunious lawbreaker; one pictures him at his lonely still, while the armed enforcer of the law creeps upon him unawares. There is the homely rime:

"I care not which dog may be in the wrong,
Nor which begun the fight,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight."

To make up for the lack of public sympathy between the deputies, there exists a loyalty, a comradeship, which seems to take the place of the wider sympathy they lose. This is especially the case where the collector is a man whose forceful personality arouses fealty to him and enthusiasm for the service. Those who war against "moonshine" must soberly realize that they will face the primitive emotions of hate, revenge, and treachery. Instead of the bluish-green stamp of the Government for tax-paid spirits, the find the red smear of blood.

Take the following cases:

Hunting "Moonshiners"

ON THE 23d of October, 1906, a deputy marshal named Jordan was shot at Youngsville, North Carolina, by a blockader named Robbins. His face was peppered with birdshot, of which he claims "nearly all have been extracted, not but nine left." The blockader was sentenced to the United States prison at Atlanta, and by the 23d of August, 1907, Mr. Jordan had forgotten all about the matter. The office had reports of a still five miles south of Chapel Hill. Jordan, Deputy Collector Hendrix, and posseman Banks drove from Raleigh direct to the spot, purposely avoiding going by Durham, and not knowing that a party had been sent from Greensboro with instructions to join them there. In the mean time, at Durham, a new informer told Deputy Henry, with his two possemen, that he had located a moonshine outfit to which he could lead them.

There was a full moon, but it had gone under a cloud and a light rain was falling when Jordan and his party stealthily approached the still. They advanced along the side of a creek, and presently Jordan stumbled over a box. Stooping down to examine it, he said to the others: "Here is the meal and malt!"

As he looked up, the barrel of a revolver was not a foot from his face. Jordan knocked it up with the muzzle of his rifle, and it fired. His pistol was in his pocket, or he would have killed the other man at once. In the flash of a moment there was repeated firing—indeed, Deputy Henry is positive that Jordan fired the first shot. Jordan, wounded, crouched back of the box of meal and malt, firing as well as he could. He could not see his adversary; all that was visible was the glint of his pistol among the elder-bushes. Shots were furiously exchanged, and then as the tardy moon came forth, Jordan saw Hendrix and Riggsbee scuffling in a hand-to-hand combat, suddenly recognized Riggsbee, and called out to him.

The two parties, each of whom had mistaken the other for blockaders, now had to reckon with the deadly consequences of their blunder. Poor Banks lay with a leg shattered; Henry was hit in the thigh; one of his possemen in the right arm, and Jordan was bleeding from three ghastly wounds, a bullet having passed through his left thigh, and another through his right knee. While the wounded men lay there, their comrades, though fearing their lives might flicker out before relief could reach them, did not forget the purpose for which they had come. The beer was poured on the ground, the still cut to pieces with the still-devils (picks made for the purpose), and they went about their work as if there had been no bloody prelude. It is an interesting point—but a moment's reflection will cause any one to see that the Government can not pay for mistakes. A deputy marshal is paid by fees, so during the time Jordan's condition fluctuated between life and death, and during the weeks of his slow convalescence, among other disadvantages, he had to suffer the loss of his income.

A similar mistake took place on the Virginia-Carolina line, and was as bloody an affray as the old "border battles" of hostile clans. The Internal Revenue office at Richmond had information of a still and sent out a party to capture it. In the mean time, North Carolina deputies had located it as being in their territory, and had gone to the still. They were preparing to demolish it, when they saw men approaching. Mistaking them for the owners making an attack, they called upon them to halt and to throw up their hands. Naturally, the Virginians thought they had to reckon with armed and intrenched blockaders, and they returned the demand for surrender by opening fire. Not until one party surrendered, after every man in it had been wounded and the young leader horribly shot, did they find out the grim truth. This man is now a prominent Presbyterian clergyman, and at the time was working in the revenue service to defray his expenses at the theological seminary.

One familiar with the disposition of the razor-back hog knows that he is but a foolish beast, and that whenever he is called, and from whatever direction, his sole impulse is to make straight to the place where he is habitually fed. For instance, a man in the back of the pasture or by the side of the road may call him, and he straightway rushes for the feed-trough behind the barn. A deputy in Randolph County, North Carolina, put his early training on the farm to good account. Seeing a drove of well-fed "pine rooters," he shouted the familiar, long-drawn summons, and followed them as fast as he could ride, until he came to the still where they were fed upon the spent beer, and there he caught their master red-handed in the act.



The officers leaving Smithtown, Tennessee, after finishing their raid of July 23–25, 1907, where they destroyed four distilleries—thirteen the month before

In Letcher County, Kentucky, Deputy H. B. Taylor was led to a still in the same way by a large white gander which fattened there.

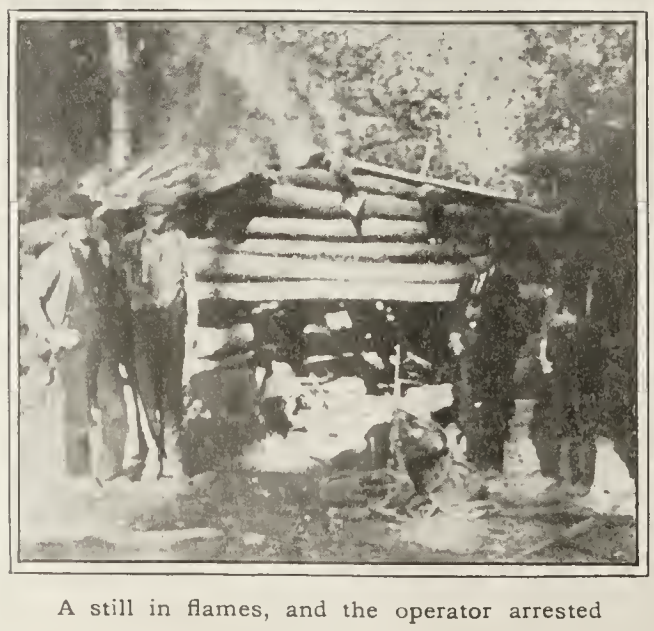
Two years and more have passed since the "ball-bearing raid," yet of all the deputies' many-fold experiences certain points of singularity seem to fix this raid in their memories more vividly than any other. The officers had captured a wily old offender, and he lay in jail and his confiscated whisky was in Uncle Sam's cellars. Yet they were not altogether elated. The captured still could not have furnished a tithe of the contraband spirits they had evidence had been sold in the county. There was a barroom in which whisky was retailed at an astonishingly low price, but a search could discover none that was not tax-paid, nor could they find any evidence to support their conviction that a large amount of "baldhead" (barrels without the stamp) was being shipped. One of the deputies, the Beau Brummell of the force, lingered in the peaceful village, where the fattest hogs he had ever seen strolled about casually by day, and every night at ten the curfew rang.

The "Ball-Bearing Raid"

IT WAS impossible to gain the slightest information, until one day he was surprised to receive a message from the prisoner, advising him to come to the jail, and charging him with strictest secrecy.

After exacting a promise that his information would be brought forward in his favor when his own case came to trial, the man sullenly gave details.

The still was located in a ravine near a saw-mill, the saw-mill being used as a blind to cover the noise of operating, and to account for the number of hands employed. No whisky was moved save at night, on Tuesdays and Fridays. A pair of fine Kentucky mules, rubber-shod, were hitched to the wagon, which had rubber tires, ball-bearing axles, chains covered with rubber, points of whiffle-trees rubber-tipped. So soundlessly it moved along the sawdust road that ten feet away you could not hear. A little in front of it, at intervals, walked armed men as scouts; behind it were two others. The barrels of whisky were covered with planks, so that to a chance observer it would look like a load of lumber. But there was no observer, and this was the main point of strength, for after curfew no man, woman, or child was allowed to appear on the streets. In silence, between one and three o'clock, the load of "baldhead" was moved down the deserted thoroughfare. Those who aided in the distillery by work or outrider duty received their whisky free and enough spent beer to fatten their hogs, as well as good wages.



A still in flames, and the operator arrested

The prisoner minutely described the way to the still, cautioning the deputies about wired communication which might give warning and defeat their plans. Of course the sawdust road was too well guarded to be a practicable avenue of approach, but the wood to the left was safeguarded only by wires. If a friend approached, he twanged it twice, sharp and quick, while the accidental stumbling against it made a jarring ring which showed that a stranger was in the vicinity. The moonshiner laid particular stress upon this.

A Courageous Feat

THE undertaking was one that required picked men, and the deputy wired for the best in the district. Beau Brummell himself was a natural leader, with muscles like steel, unflinching determination, and a flexible courtesy which could adjust itself to any situation. Once, when the wife of a captured moonshiner was shooting at him as fast as she could reload her gun, he did not fail to lift his hat as he made his exit from her gate—just a little hurriedly. There was the tall deputy, who happily combined courage and good-humor, another who had answered the summons in such a hurry that he was wearing his new Panama, and carrying an umbrella to protect it, and two deputy marshals. Then there was the deputy who had led the North Carolina officers in the border battle just referred to, of whom it was said that on every raid he managed "to get a still and a new joke." But he was not laughing now, as with the rain pouring down in steady sheets, the officers met at the appointed trysting-place, having come by different routes to avoid suspicion. Their horses were hitched to trees in the woods, and then Brummell made clear the plan of their expedition.

The men followed the footpath trail through the first wood, stumbling along in the thick darkness. Then they had to cross half a mile of plowed ground, sinking into the black, sticky soil ankle-deep at every stride. The last strip of wood was separated from the plowed acres by a barbed wire fence. Brummell tore his coat almost in two on it, but made no further comment than a quiet suggestion to the others to be more careful. The deputy with the umbrella stopped short.

"I am dead tired and my feet are like lead, and I don't believe we'll ever find a still a night like this, and I am going back."

"Very well," said Brummell, without turning his head.

"Who will turn back with me?" challenged the deputy with the umbrella.

But now the leader wheeled and faced the men, and his voice cut like a lash.

"You will find, sir, that not a man will follow you. Good night."

As the umbrella bobbed in and out of the furrows, the depleted crowd went on their way. As their informer had foretold, they were now obliged to go Indian fashion. Through tangled undergrowth, blackberry brambles, bamboo tangles, they wound their way. Suddenly the tall deputy whispered:

"I struck the wire! Did you hear it ring? I tripped right over it!"

They were afraid to make a light, and feeling for the wire on hands and knees, they could not locate it amid that jungle of vines. So creeping now, their faces torn by thorns, they made their painful progress to the cleared place on the very edge of the ravine.

No sound, no movement, only stillness and night! They made a cautious light with a lantern. The lair was exactly as described; but immediately their trained eyes knew that no still had ever been in that hollow.

In a moment Brummell saw the scheme of revenge. Most safely perpetrated it was, for no court has jurisdiction over a practical joke, and the sympathy is never with the victim.

How cozy, how warm, how homelike, did a bed in jail seem at that moment! They could fancy that their late prisoner, as he lay snug in his cot and pictured them in the plowed field, chuckled most diabolically.

This is as far as the story is given for publication.

"What *did* the deputies say?" Beau Brummell was asked by a persistent questioner.

"I am afraid I have forgotten," he replied blandly.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

DR. ALBERT SHAW records the progress of the world in the "Review of Reviews." In the current number he adverts to President Taft in these words:

"With all his experience as an executive officer and a statesman, Mr. Taft's greatest qualities are those of judge and umpire."

The conception of Mr. Taft as a great judge is widely and reasonably held. To his judicial mind we should like to put a problem involving intensive consideration of the words "thorough," "honest," and "substantial"—the terms used by Mr. Taft a year ago in promising tariff revision downward. We will consider the evidenee of the defendant only. Sereno Elisha Payne, author of the tariff bill, in the speech in which he begged his fellow-Congressman to accept the bill (July 30, page 4914 of the Congressional Record) used this language:

"Gentlemen, talk about equivalent *ad valorem*. The equivalent *ad valorem* for 1907 under the Dingley law was 42.55 per cent. Upon the same articles coming into the United States under this conference report the equivalent *ad valorem* will be 41.58 per cent, a decrease of equivalent *ad valorem* of 1 per cent."

Not quite one per cent—to be exact, ninety-seven one-hundredths of one per eent. Shorn of its technicalities, Mr. Payne's statement is that the tariff has been reduced ninety-seven one-hundredths of one per cent. Aecepting this view, for the moment, as eorrect—for it is denied by responsible men—the judieial question we should like to propound to Mr. Taft as a great umpire is this: Does ninety-seven one-hundredths of one per eent meet the definitions given in standard dietionaries for the words, "thorough," "honest," and "substantial"? Dr. Shaw says further in his analysis of Mr. Taft's qualities:

"He is conspicuous as an exponent of justiee, as a harmonizer, and as a finder of the reasonable middle course where compromise involves no sacrifice of principle."

Senator Bailey's Prophecy

SENATOR BAILEY was asserting that the Republicans in the Senate were revising the tariff upward rather than downward:

"You Republicans think you dare do anything now, beeause you think the country is afraid of the Democratie Party. I fear the country is afraid of us. If not, they would have turned you out long ago. [Laughter.] But mark my words: You ean proceed too far. You can multiply the burdens until the people will rise up in their righteous wrath and drive you from the high places whose powers you have abused. Even if they do not think we are as wise as we ought to be, they will after a while reach the conelusion that it is better to be governed by fools than it is to be governed by rascals." [Laughter.]

Many experieneed Republican politicians have predicted that as a result of the Senate's tariff performanees, the next Lower House of Congress will be Demoeratie.

Next, the Income Tax

THE income tax is now up to the States individually. In the following States the Legislatures will hold their next sessions the coming January:

New York	South Carolina	Virginia
Massachusetts	Maryland	Rhode Island
Kentucky	New Jersey	Mississippi

The men who will compose these nine State Legislatures will be elected in November. No citizen of any one of these nine States should cast his ballot at this election without knowing how each candidate for the Legislature stands on the ineome tax.

In May next year, the Legislature of Louisiana will meet, and in October, the Legislature of Vermont. The great bulk of the States have their next Legislative sessions in January, 1911. That is when the main fight on the income tax will eome.

234 Days

ILLINOIS is the only State in the Middle West which has no Insurgent representation in either the Senate or the Lower House of Congress. Is Illinois eompletely dominated by the eorrupt politics of Chicago? Is there in all Illinois none of the political sentiment that animates Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota? Illinois has twenty-five Congressmen; six of them are Demoerats. Of the nineteen Republieans not one is an Insurgent. All of these Illinois Congressmen must come before their constituents at the direet primaries the second Tuesday of next April—234 days from the date of this paper.

Will Ohio Remember This?

THE Legislature of Ohio sent a memorial to Congress demanding free lumber. The Republican State Convention in Ohio last year demanded free lumber. The entire Republican delegation at Washington had an opportunity to vote for free lumber—it was before both the Senate and the Lower House. In the Senate, Mr. Burton voted for free lumber and Mr. Dick did not. In the Lower House, some Ohio Congressmen voted for free lumber and some did not. Will Ohio bear this record in mind when it comes to electing a new Congressional delegation? At present, Ohio has no Insurgent Congressman. Yet the political sentiment of the people of Ohio must be much the same as in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota.

Michigan's Opportunity

THERE are no words too strong to describe how wide apart have been the public sentiment of many communities and the actions of the men who represent those communities in Washington. Michigan is a State whose population is much the same in eharacter as Wiseonsin, aeross the lake. From the newspapers of Michigan and from private expressions of opinion it is clear that the people of that State wanted revision downward and sympathized with the Insurgents in the Senate. Here is one from the Escanaba "Journal":

"The great mass of the people are convinced that there is something radically wrong with the tariff and the manner in which it is being tinkered. Just what it is the people do not know, but they do know that Aldrich and his followers are doing their best to fix it up to suit the great financial and industrial interests of the country . . . without doubt the ten 'insurgent' Senators are nearer aeting in harmony with public opinion than do those who are elinging so closely to Aldrieh. Every person who admires sturdy, true, and courageous American manhood can not but admit that Dolliver, Cummins, Beveridge, and other insurgents are worthy of respect. They have the eourage of their convietions, and that is the kind of men who are needed and who are lamentably too few in Congress."

And yet Michigan's two Senators were at Aldrieh's command on every vote where he wanted them. If Michigan publie opinion is sturdy enough to express itself in action, they will soon have the opportunity. Senator Burrows's term expires with this session. He must come before the next Michigan Legislature for reelection. Among the other States which will have the same early opportunity as Michigan to pass upon Senators who have voted uniformly with Aldrieh are Ohio, Montana, California, and Nevada. Senators Carter and Dixon of Montana both voted with Aldrieh uniformly. It is not to be doubted that Montana would scorn the thought of sending Aldrieh himself to the Senate.

From the Hardware Store

THERON THOMPSON is president of the Thompson Brothers Company. This firm is located in Museatine, Iowa, and they sell hardware, stoves, and farm and garden seeds. Mr. Thompson writes:

"I have not been able to find one man (Republican) who is with Aldrich and his erowd. For many years I have followed the praetise, when important publie questions are before the people, of asking from men who enter my store as to their views on the questions. Having no ax to grind and seeking no office, I have made up my mind there could be no better way to find the real sentiment of a eommunity. *The voters (Republican) are overwhelmingly with the Insurgents.* When one interviews them, some are vehement in their denmeiation of Aldrieh and his methods; others have a disgusted look, as much as to say, what else did you expect; others, who have their party more at heart, look blne and discouraged. This is no overdrawn statement. Politicians may try to bolster up their courage by statements to the eontrary. They don't feel the people direct. Let no one think the eommon people are not reading and thinking. They are awake and will keep awake until this question is settled to their liking. Actually we do not understand out here why things should go as Aldrich desires them. We try to grasp it, and wonder is it rotten polities or is it graft, or both. In my thirty-five years of business life I have never been more impressed than now with the deep-seated dissatisfaetion among the Republicans on this question alone of tariff revision. I believe Cummins would eome so near getting all the votes for any position in this State as against any candidate who has stood by Aldrich that it would hardly be worth while to count his opponent's votes. One is astonished at times at the expressions that come from unexpected sourees so much so that one is inelined to feel blue over the future of the Republiean Party. It must be that Aldrich and his cohorts believe that the people do not read or think.

THERON THOMPSON."

Next week there will be printed on this page a record which will show just who "has stood by Aldrich." That list of Senators who have voted with Aldrich uniformly will solve the perplexity of Mr. Thompson and many thousand others: "We do not understand out here why things should go as Aldrich desires them."

On this page last week it was announced that we would print this week a record of all the votes in the Senate, showing how often each Senator voted *with* Aldrich, how often he voted *against* Aldrich, and how often he did not vote at all. It has been impossible to complete the record in time—it involves the verification of 14,764 individual ballots. It will be published on this page next week, August 28

What the World Is Doing:



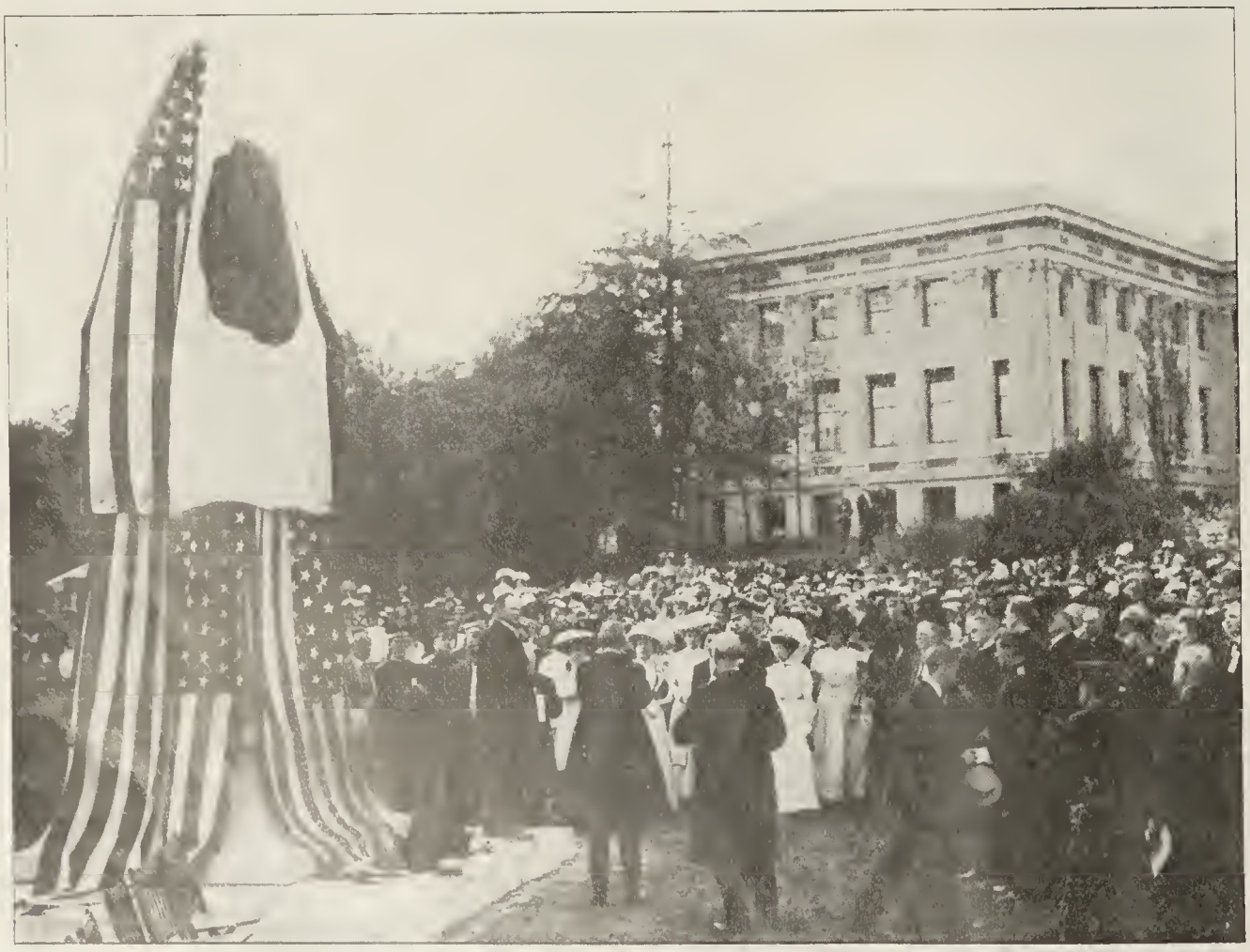
Cornering the Money Market

The line of newsboys and messengers in front of the United States Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, New York, August 4, waiting to obtain new Lincoln pennies. The coins were afterward bartered on the curb



A Diva Becomes a Bride

Madame Lillian Nordica, the famous singer, was married in London to Mr. George Washington Young of New York, on July 29. The ceremony took place in the King's Weigh House Chapel, Grosvenor Square



A Monument to the "Empire Builder"

Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota unveiled the colossal bust of James J. Hill—the largest of its kind ever cast—at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, on Minnesota Day, August 3

Seven Days

FINANCIERS are sensitive recorders. Spanish securities dropped only a couple of points while Barcelona rioted. This unworried money market meant that the strong men of the nation did not take the revolution seriously.

More frank than wise, the London newspapers bubble over with pride in the pageant of English battleships. "It is borne in upon even the most careless that this splendid body of men and these tremendous machines do not exist for fun. The purpose of the navy is war."

With that urbanity which is so much more bitter than a blow, the Duke of Westminster, stung by the phrases and taxes of Lloyd-George, says: "While in other circumstances I should be disposed to attach importance to every utterance coming from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the traditions of that great office have become so far submerged under the personal idiosyncrasies of the present occupant that a person attacked from that quarter should find all that is necessary in any defense in the fairness and sense of decency still inherent in the community."

Clearer yet, and clearer, it is seen that the British Budget is a revolution. If it is passed, social history will date from that day when the very rich were taxed in a way that hurt.

Very early in the morning, sailing by the light of the moon, Roger Sommer, over French soil, beat all records for a time flight with an aeroplane. He kept moving over the tops of things for 2 hours 27 minutes 15 seconds. This means that Wilbur Wright will have to take a day off, and lead the world again.

In a tone of apology, sincere but shaky, Mr. Taft explains his name signed to the Tariff bill. He says: "The bill is not a complete compliance with the promises made, strictly interpreted, *but*—"

Says the New York "Times": "The verdict must be, we think, that for the most part he was beaten."

The President's trip will consume two months and cover 13,000 miles. The Middle West, the Far West, and the South, the Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle, the New Orleans Convention of the Deep Waterways Association, are a few of the top notes which he will strike. But the picturesque incident of the trip will come when he meets the virile tyrant of Mexico. It is at El Paso that Diaz and Taft will exchange the rulers' grip.

While Seattle and her sister cities of the Pacific Coast greet the unseen with a cheer, the fisher folk of Gloucester and the inland residents of Old Hadley are indulging in birthday celebrations of their most ancient past. It was Hadley's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

In electing a woman Superintendent of Schools, Chicago has again shown that great cities are the home of radical thought.

The baseball race grows hotter as the summer goes. Greatest of the world's great hitters, Hans Wagner of Pittsburg, has been injured, and his team of "Pirates" begins to slump, while the deadly "Cubs" climb stealthily toward the top.

The American public, swift to rebuke a monkey dinner at Newport, are pleased to throng two summer shows revealing monkeys who can smoke and skate. Consul and Peter are the star performers during New York's hot and silly season.

Many men of diverse mind celebrated the centenary of Alfred Tennyson on August 6. He wrote in enough moods to reach boarding-school girls, and strong men in the dust and heat of the arena, and those men and women who have passed through the waters of incalculable pain. In person he made the perfect figure of a poet—reticent and prophetic, of noble bearing.

The summer wanes and the season of vivid color is at hand. There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield, and the ricks stand gray to the sun.

Mayor Tom

MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON of Cleveland has been pounded to his knees. A majority of 3,982 votes was rolled up on August 3 against one of his pet schemes. It is his fourth defeat in ten months. The vote this time was on the "Schmidt Traction Franchise." This was to be the start for extension grants to belt three-fourths of the city with three-cent fare lines. From the start Mayor Johnson's program and battle-cry have been the Three-Cent Fare and Universal Transfers.

Graft and faulty service have been the evils of public utilities, and, particularly, of street-car systems. The street-car lines of Cleveland became muddled, and Johnson sprang forward with a cure-all for traction ills. The Municipal Traction Company was to operate all the street-car lines of the city, and this holding company was to be run by trustees for the good and profit of the community. The scheme only increased the tangle of transfers and other troubles.

The "Outlook" says of Johnson and his works: "His record of disastrous failure as a reorganizer of the street railways of Cleveland is such that he ought to be decisively defeated."

The popular impression is that he has been honest and sincere in his plans, that he has lost much of his own money in trying to carry through these plans, and that he has shown poor judgment and deficient executive skill in his efforts.

Another and more subtle thing operated to defeat him. The American people are loth to have democracy handed out to them on a platter. They resent being hustled into righteousness. They want democracy to come in their own way, worked out by the mass all together, and not too swiftly. Dr. Parkhurst,

A Record of Current Events

Rudolph Spreckels, and Tom Johnson are three shining instances of militant and sincere reformers whose desires outran their public. Their idealism has been too naked, too stringent, and too rampant for the community which they tried to stir.

Arkansas Peonage

FOUR weeks ago we published a two-column item called "The Meaning of Peonage." It was the veracious personal history of one Joseph Callas. Since then letters have tumbled in with nearly every mail, some in praise and with additional details of man's inhumanity; but most in protest from troubled citizens of the State of Arkansas. About a dozen of the Arkansas newspapers have forcefully resented the article.

Here, for instance, is the virile comment of the Dardanelle "Post-Dispatch":

"Manifestly false, unfair, and 'yellow.' The case of Callas is founded upon, constructed of, and embellished with the rankest falsehood. If these things are true, then COLLIER'S is to be severely criticized for concealing the name of that particular locality in which they happened and throwing the whole libelous burden upon the State, and for not making an honest fight against them, in which fight the State of Arkansas would join to its utmost power. But if they are untrue—and we challenge authentic proof of their truth—then COLLIER'S, the National Weekly, has adopted the most dastardly method of a journalistic assassin."

Rather pathetically they add: "We recognize that the efforts of a country journal of local circulation, such as the 'Post-Dispatch,' will avail but little in controverting the effect of the article."

There is exactly one reason why we withheld the name of the village and of the labor camp owner who maltreated his white slaves. He is paying damage money for his cruelty, and, under the cool eye of the Federal authorities, he has promised to clean up the camp. If the program breaks at any point, we shall print his name in capitals, with additional sworn testimony of his methods.

As to the truth of the article. The owner of the labor camp is paying $5,000 to Callas for his illegal detention. John Clifton Elder is the lawyer who has handled the case for Callas. Members of the United States Commission of Immigration have followed the case.

Speed

"A RACE-AUTOMOBILE adorned with great pipes like serpents, with explosive breath—a race-automobile which seems to rush over exploding powder—is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace."

In this exalted strain the clever Marinetti of Milan, author and believer in the Future rather than in the moth-eaten Past and the boresome Present, hymns the throbbing motor.

Such things in speed they did at Brighton Beach, New York, on the last day of July as made the Winged Victory a feeble performer. The winning car circled the oval for 1,091 miles in the twenty-four hours. (The record is 1,177 miles, 86 miles better, and made last year.)

Both contests made better going than a thousand miles a day. It is only a hundred years ago that men were stumbling along on a maximum of fifty miles a day. It is to ask whether you change the man when you hurl him from point to point like a hand-guided cannon-ball?

The annual Glidden tour has just run its course and ceased to be. This is the endurance race, when that car wins which shows least wear and tear from all sorts of roads and hazards, after every part has been searchingly examined. Thirty cars started from Detroit on July 12. Twenty-four arrived at Kansas City on the last of July. One of them has emerged with a clean score. It is a queer technical test to which the cars were submitted, with penalties for such damaging items as leather-supporting mud-guards. But you could strap on a loose trunk-rack and not miss a point.

An Uproarious Millennium

YOU start a model town. You build nice buildings; throw in trim fences, and modern sanitation for good measure. You omit saloons, dens, and all vice-joints. You have a wonderful new town, which, if you are a great corporation, weary of being pounded by public opinion, you advertise in many magazines by pictorial articles. A model town, a millennium, is upon us, and you rouse the Philistines and unbelievers to witness the modern miracle.

Then, in a back alley, in a rear room, the same old performances start up again as made night hideous but vivid in unregenerate towns. Again the citizen reels, and groups of men whisper each other behind wet mustaches.

Gary was the model Indiana town built for employees by the United States Steel Corporation. It was to solve the age-long strife of capital and labor. It was to make "dear Mr. Workingman" happy and at peace with the lot in life to which it had pleased God to call him.

Gary was cut in a pattern a bit too icily regular, too uniform, for a community of living beings. And the break came after a few months. More than fifty "blind pigs," where lots of bad liquor could be bought, sprang up in the heart of the immaculate city after it voted itself "dry." Other tough joints kept step with the hilarious progress. Then, with the coming of August, reform set in, and the lid has been clamped down.



The Homecoming of the Channel-Flier

Louis Bleriot, who flew from France to England on July 25, upon his return to Paris was met by officials of the Government, and with a military escort through the streets was given practically royal honors



Reincarnating a Steamboat

The "Clermont," the replica of Robert Fulton's steamboat, launched on July 10, is rapidly being finished at Port Richmond for the Hudson-Fulton celebration at New York, September 25-October 9



A Flowery Tribute to Governor Hughes

The New York Executive on the steps of the Hawaiian Building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, August 2, where he and his party were hung with garlands, after the custom of the islands

Woman Reporter

(Concluded from page 11)

ble—I am ill over the whole affair. If the newspapers would just let me alone—if they only would!"

I could see how wrought up she was—on the verge of tears. So I said some soothing thing to her, and before I knew it she was opening her heart to me. But she did it believing I was there to sympathize with her, not to betray her.

While she wept and talked, I knew positively that she was appealing to me as one woman to another, and that she had no suspicion of my purpose.

In the midst of the conversation her husband suddenly appeared on the scene. He was furious at finding a reporter in the very presence of his wife.

"I know what I would do to you if you were a man!" he cried. "But I've got to treat you courteously, I suppose."

"I told the young lady I could not talk for the press," the wife assured her husband. "I have no statement to make."

"Certainly not!" he raged. "Statements for the press, indeed! This whole affair is preposterous."

I was in a tumult of consternation when I found the outer air at last. Across the street my assistant waited for me. He sprang forward, in hope and fear.

"Did you see her?" he demanded. "You've been gone a long time—did you see her?"

"Oh, I feel so dreadfully over it!" I wailed. "Because she wouldn't have talked so freely if she had supposed I would print it."

"What!" he almost shouted. "Do you mean to say she *did* talk?"

"Oh, yes—she said lots of things. But—"

"Look here, you come with me just as fast as you can come!" he exulted. "We'll beat it to a telegraph office and have that story on the wires for the noon edition. Hooray! This is bully!"

He had me by the arm, rushing me through the streets.

"But she doesn't know I'm going to print it—she doesn't know!" I kept protesting all the way.

He was an old-timer, was that newspaper man. He threw back his head and roared with the fun of it. In the telegraph office at last, he thrust paper and pencils before me.

"You little goose!" he said. "Just write exactly what happened and what was said, every word of it. We'll take care of the rest."

To this day I wonder just what that State official said when he saw the headlines in that afternoon's paper. Thus was I initiated.

The Eternal Rush

ONE of the first things that impressed me about newspaper work was the continual rush and strain of it. From morning till night I was forever "on the jump." The one precept that is dinned into the reporter's ears is that news is not news if it is an hour old, and that the main purpose of life is to "make the next edition." Editions, like time and tide, wait for no man.

"Jump over to the Harrison Street Police Station," commands the city editor, "and cover that case of shoplifting. There's a good story in it."

And the girl reporter goes on the run, gets her story, rushes back, and sits down to a typewriter. What then? Does the reader imagine that she has time to collect her thoughts for a neatly written, carefully worded article? That she has privacy in which to "get an inspiration"?

The editor calls out: "Rush copy—just twenty minutes, Miss H——; hurry!" And she bends to her task with every nerve strained to make the next edition. All about her there is commotion—typewriters rattling, telegraph instruments clicking, copy boys running hither and thither, editors giving commands.

But this is not the worst. At each elbow stands a copy boy ready to snatch the story from her page by page or paragraph by paragraph. Her thoughts are practically pulled from her brain before they are written. Men say they love this particular demand of journalistic work. The rush is stimulating, they contend. Maybe it is for the masculine brain. I don't believe many women could stand it very long.

Here is a typical day of newspaper work such as I found it on this Chicago daily:

I rose at six-thirty, dressed, breakfasted, read the papers, and was down at the office by eight o'clock. Usually the editor had some assignment that required me to do an hour's telephoning in a closed and suffocating booth. Perhaps some professor or clergyman had come out with startling statements on the woman question, and the paper wanted crisp comments from prominent women.

This task was in itself equal to a day's work. Nobody wants to give an interview over the telephone. When a reporter succeeds in making any mortal do it, he has put forth tons of mental force and nervous energy.

At ten o'clock the courts opened and there was nearly always some trial that had human-interest features. Divorce cases, murder cases, suits for the alienation of somebody's affections—all these afforded plenty of material for good stories. My duty was to interview the women connected with the case and get the "heart throbs."

Physical Comfort Ignored

IF THERE was an afternoon session of the trial, I had my hands full for the rest of the day. But if court adjourned early, I was obliged to return to the office and be on hand for other efforts.

This lengthened my day's duties to an exhausting degree, but I did not complain. It is a rule of journalism that one shall wholly ignore physical discomfort when the good of the paper is at stake. Well do I remember the look my city editor gave me when, in the early stages of my experience, I happened to mention that I had gone without lunch. Breakfasting at seven-thirty, by the way, is calculated to make an active person famished by two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I'm very hungry," I asserted.

"Hungry!" he repeated. He said not another word, but simply turned and looked at me. It was enough. Later I observed that he himself rarely had time for lunch, merely snatching a bite of apple or sandwich while still sitting at his desk amid the overwhelming rush.

In addition to my daily news reporting, I prepared every week a Saturday page feature story. This kept me busy during spare hours. One phase of my work, which resulted twice in nervous breakdown, was the extra effort of writing up evening events. Often, after a hard day's labor, I have gone out to theaters, social functions, or public affairs, not getting my story written until midnight. Oh, how terrible it was to force myself up next morning at six-thirty for another day's struggle!

Then there were the really startling stories—the big murders, disasters, and crimes—that required special application and extra effort. There was the car-barn bandit horror, which ended in the hanging of three youths for a diabolical crime. I talked with these boys through the bars of a cell while their heart-broken mothers and sisters wept beside me.

There was the great Iroquois holocaust, which sent a shudder of sorrow over the world. Reporters who worked on this story were ill for weeks afterward. Fortunately I was spared the ghastly part of the work, for my editors were too considerate to expect the impossible of a woman. But my part was sad enough, for I talked with the bereaved, visited morgues and hospitals, and recorded the heart-rending incidents occurring hourly before me.

The pathetic side of life was continually thrust upon me throughout my entire career. One of the hardest things I ever did was to interview a murderer's wife just before her husband was hanged. The woman had come to jail carrying her baby, in the vain hope that the jailer would permit her to see her husband before he left this life forever. Up to this point she had not been able to summon the courage, and now she was frantic at the thought that she had seemed unforgiving.

I felt like a vivisectionist as I drew from her the story of her heart anguish. I put in my plea to help her, but the prison rules could not be broken, and she had to go away, at last, with her prayer denied. Never shall I forget that woman's tears and entreaties.

The assignments from which I invariably shrank were those that required me to interview persons suffering bereavement or disgrace. It is no easy matter to approach a woman whose son has just committed suicide and ask her to tell why he did it. Neither is it pleasant to ask the wife of a criminal how she manages to endure the shame her husband has brought upon the family.

Yet the editor insists that these things shall be done, and there is no choice but to close one's eyes, harden one's heart, and ruthlessly force a way into the presence of the most sacred suffering.

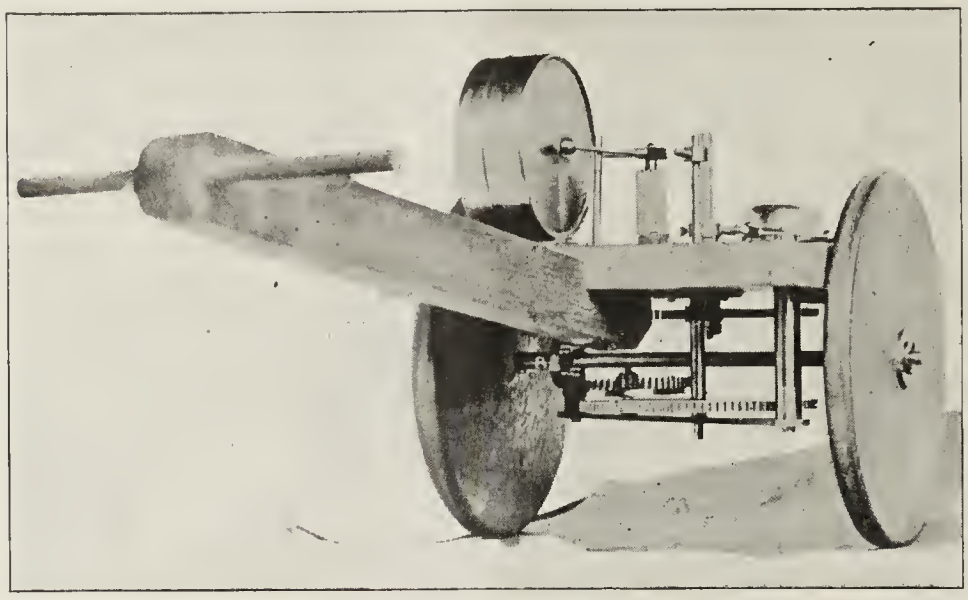
THE next instalment gives the writer's New York experiences; tells of daring acts required of her to satisfy the sensational demands of yellow journalism.

She narrates incidents of Newport struggles when she tried to get information about the Vanderbilt-Szechenyi engagement and wedding.



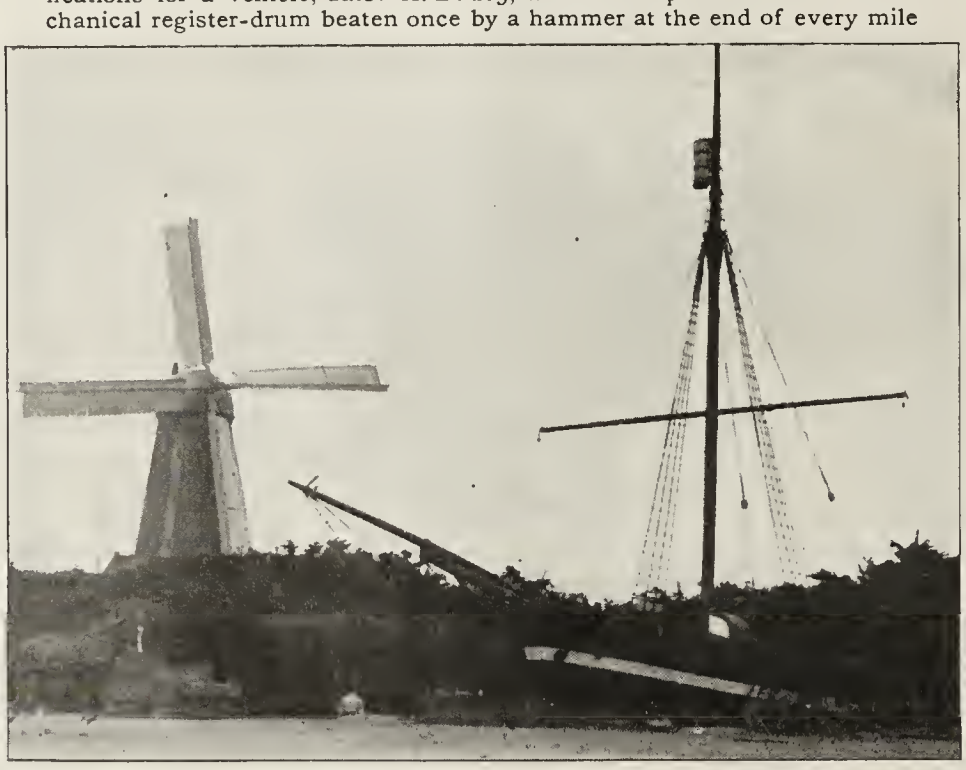
Victims of the Moorish Uprising

Carrying wounded soldiers and citizens to the emergency hospitals at Melilla during the revolt against the Spanish domination. This war was so unpopular in Spain that Barcelona rebelled against it



An Ancient Chinese Taxicab

Professor Giles of Cambridge has discovered in a history of China specifications for a vehicle, dated A. D. 265, which was provided with a mechanical register-drum beaten once by a hammer at the end of every mile



A Ship That Will Be Its Own Monument

The "Gjoa," the vessel in which Captain Roald Amundsen navigated the Northwest Passage and located the magnetic pole in 1905, hauled ashore at San Francisco to stand in a small pool at Golden Gate Park



Fencing Out Forest Fires

The first permanent fire-line in the United States is being cleared at Ray Brook, New York, in the Adirondacks, near the State Sanitarium for Tuberculosis. A ninety-foot roadway is being stripped out through the forest

The 1910 Elmore

Model 36

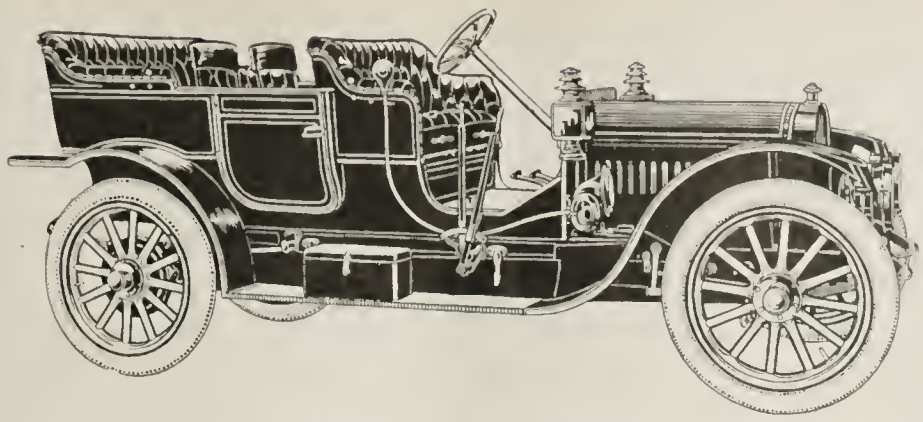
Supplied as

Five passenger, four cylinder Touring Car

Four passenger, four cylinder detachable Demi-Tonneau

Four cylinder Doctor's Coupe

Four cylinder Landaulet



MODEL 46—$2500

The 1910 Elmore

Model 46

Supplied as

Seven passenger, four cylinder Touring Car

Seven passenger, four cylinder Limousine

The two new Elmore models cost less to operate than any other cars in the world

We will justify, in every car delivered this season, the strong statement contained in the caption:—

That the two new valveless two cycle Elmore models cost less to operate than any other cars in the world.

In addition to this we believe that, from the standpoint of service and economy, the 1910 Elmore valveless two cycle engines are without a peer at any price.

The power-plant of the Model 46, by the incorporation of new features (covered by basic patents), realizes that final development of the valveless two cycle engine, which expert authorities have always predicted would constitute the most perfect engine in existence.

We verily believe this Model 46 engine with its revolutionary improvements to be the most efficient power-plant in the world; and, firm in that conviction, we contemplate with complacency competitive comparison with the finest four cycle cars built during the current season.

We do not exclude any single car—no matter what its price, horse power or the number of its cylinders—from this comparison; and we are serenely confident of the outcome.

No car, no matter how high its reputation, or how costly its construction, deserves to be called a good car if it assesses the owner a heavy tax for upkeep every month.

And if goodness consists in economy and efficiency, the Model 46 Elmore with its radical improvements will prove itself the best car in the world because it costs less to operate than any other car in the world.

The explanation of its economy is likewise the explanation of its efficiency. Its operative qualities are infinitely better because of the valveless two cycle engine—because the application of power is incessant and unhampered by valve uncertainty.

And it costs only a pittance for maintenance ($1.00 per month, perhaps, for every $5.00 the four cycle car costs you) for precisely the same reason—because there is no waste power; and not a single valve, cam, lift, spring or roller to make trouble and cause a money outlay.

Any 1910 Elmore will take a 6 to 8% grade at 35 to 40 miles an hour

Any 1910 Elmore will take a 9 to 10% grade at 25 to 30 miles an hour

Any 1910 Elmore will take a 15 to 16% grade at 23 to 26 miles an hour

The ability of the seven passenger 46 H. P. Model 46 to travel 60 miles an hour is not the true measure of its merit.

Nor does the capacity of the five passenger 36 H. P. Model for 50 miles an hour give an adequate gauge of its extraordinary value.

Almost any car can furnish you speed on the straightaway. It's the car that eats up the hills without slowing down—that shows its true mettle on the upgrade—that gives you your money's worth.

And no hill-climbing stunt—with a car stripped and tuned for the occasion—should be accepted as assurance of reliability.

That's why we say "any 1910 Elmore will take a 6 to 8% grade at 35 to 40 miles an hour."

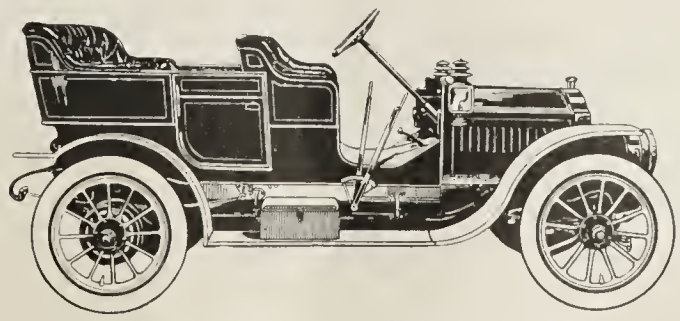
We do not, understand, cite this as an extraordinary performance. Racing cars and cars especially built for the occasion undoubtedly could make better speed, but there is no value in such performances; in fact, it has been demonstrated that they are detrimental to the majority of cars.

We say the Elmore is the only car built that can stand the strain to which such performances subject an automobile. The real test that proves a car's value is not what it can do once, or for a week; but what it can do after, say, a year's use.

The Elmore stands unapproached in this:—That it will maintain its power, and speed, and hill-climbing ability throughout the year; and even grow better and better and better.

It is this stability that counts—stability which no other car possesses—and not the record of a few performances.

Combine that capacity with the guarantee of a lower cost of maintenance than any other car in the world.



MODEL 36—$1750

Add to that the simplicity of just three moving parts on the engine—and then ask yourself if there's a four cylinder car on the market that compares in value-for-the-money with the Model 36 36 H.P. Elmore at $1750.00.

Four cylinders; 36 horse power; ample capacity for five passengers; a speed of 50 miles an hour; no valves; only three moving parts on the engine; power on the upgrade as described above; the continuous impulse of the two cycle engine and the superb smoothness known to no other type; luxurious appointments—doesn't this ideal car at $1750.00 shrivel into absurdity, by comparison, the average four cycle car of approximate price with its costly clutter of complicating parts and its stuttering application of power?

An intensely interesting study—these two Elmore power-plants. The repetition of the same magnificent sales success year after year has been justified. The cars are marvels. And the 1910 models go far beyond the previous cars.

If you are not advised concerning them, by all means send for the 1910 literature. If you are an Elmore enthusiast, send for it anyway and see how magnificently your favorite car has progressed.

THE ELMORE MFG. CO.
204 Amanda St.
Clyde, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Send me the advance literature describing the 36 H. P. 5 passenger Elmore valveless two cycle car at $1750; and the 46 H. P. 7 passenger Elmore at $2500.

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Address .....

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"Well, you see, this is one of these old London shops. They have been on that spot for 150 years; they expect to be on that spot 150 more; and they expect to see me again. The extra profit they'd get by cheating me on this particular transaction would fall far short of the value of their reputation in my estimation and that of my friends."

A Way to Market Cream

THE president of the New York Central Railroad, who is a farmer in his spare moments, has lately discovered that the automobile is getting popular with the real farmers. He was in Iowa—Clarinda, Iowa, to be exact—when he was told that in the Fourth of July parade a feature was to be a hundred farmers driving their own machines. This astonished Mr. Brown, and he began to ask questions. A farmer with two big cans of cream in the tonneau of his automobile explained that he used the car as a matter of economy.

"My place is thirteen miles out," he said. "I have to go to town every other day with cream and to do my trading. Before I bought an automobile it took a day for myself and a team of horses to make the trip. Now I am in town in forty-five minutes from the time I leave. I can get back in time to do a day's work and have a fresh team.

"Before the farmers began to use automobiles, there were bad places in the road between my place and town. In rainy weather a loaded wagon couldn't be hauled through them with a single team—it had to be dragged out by doubling up. Now, with automobiles in use, these bad places are fixed up as soon as they develop—even if they have to put plank bridges across. So heavy hauling has been made easier."

According to a fairly recent census, Clarinda, Iowa, is a town of 3,024 population. There are in use in the United States about 250,000 automobiles. Obviously, Clarinda has more than her share. Also, it seems obvious that other farming communities will discover their economic value.

Facts About One Good Man

MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY was once investigating working conditions in a glass factory town in New Jersey. She went about all one night and found the factories running full blast. Little children were at work busily carrying bottles back and forth. One factory was dark, and she supposed it was shut down. To make sure, she went back to it next morning. It was running full blast. The proprietor showed her through the plant. There were no children under age working there. General conditions were good. She asked before leaving:

"You do not run your plant at night?"

"No," he said.

"Do you let your fires go out?"

"Yes."

"That costs you money, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"The other bottle-makers say that they can't afford to close at night, and that competition compels them to use little children in their work."

"Yes, but I don't try to make as much money as my friends. I do not like to work at night, nor do my employees. I do not care to rob the schools to get my help. My business is profitable enough, and I am satisfied."

College Graduates and the Shop

HOW to get from college classroom to workshop is a seasonable problem. To-day it is not the hit or miss process that it was three college generations ago. Principally the change is due to the initiative of the big businesses into which college graduates usually go. An illustration is the Western Electric Company's method of securing college-trained apprentices.

Before the close of the college term arrangement is made with the dean of each of the important colleges for a convenient date on which a representative of the company may call and show the students what it has to offer. At the time of his visit it is the usual plan for the representative to address the students in a body and afterward discuss his proposition with each of them who may be interested. This enables him to "size up" each man and select those who appear to be promising.

Upon taking employment with the company, the student may choose between three courses of training: Telephony, power and lighting, and manufacturing. In the case of the telephone course, the student is first placed in some of the shop departments for a certain length of time, during which period he is under observation to determine if he is a suitable candidate for a three-year-contract course. If he is offered this course and accepts it he is then given an opportunity to work in all the important departments of the business. The courses in power and lighting, as well as in the manufacturing branches, do not provide for a preliminary short course.

During the student's progress through the factory, he is in the care of an officer, who sees him at frequent intervals and advises him in matters pertaining to his training. Some of the students show that they have inventive qualities; some exhibit faculties for salesmanship; some of them indicate that they will be good executives and others lean toward routine duties. At the completion of his course, each student is offered a position in a department of the business where the particular qualities which he has exhibited will be of the most value to him and to the company. This does not mean that he will remain indefinitely in the department in which he is placed, but he has before him the opportunity to progress to a position of large responsibility.

The Small and Shaky Corporation

HERE are some pointers to business men from a man who knows—Judge Hough of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York:

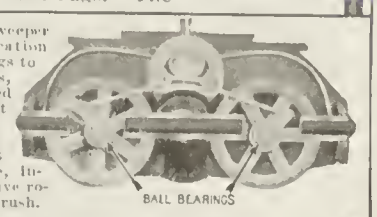
"Small business or trading corporations . . . are seldom carefully created, the law is rarely observed, and their bankruptcy or insolvency is usually more disastrous in money to creditors and in reputation to incorporators than are the failures of most merchants or traders privately dealing in the same line of business. Bearing this in mind would, I think, save business men much trouble and not a little loss. Trust these small companies, hastily organized under general laws, very little; watch them closely; limit their credit, and, when they seem to be getting into trouble, pursue them with the rigor of the law. The creditor's best chance of being paid is either an early attachment or a successful effort to hold some solvent officer for violation of the corporation statutes."

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This sweeper contains a brush propelling power not possible in any other construction, insuring the continuous rotation of the brush on all grades of carpets and rugs. The



End view of sweeper showing application of Ball Bearings to driving wheels, which are forced tightly against the brush pulley as slight pressure is put on the handle, insuring a positive rotation of the brush.

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121 Morgan Ave., Morgan Park, [illegible]



Second Article on The American Woman's League: Its Plan and Purpose

By E. G. LEWIS

President of The Lewis Publishing Company and Mayor of University City

IN the issue of Collier's Weekly for July 24th was given quite full particulars of the remarkable organization of women, founded and operated on a purely business basis, which has already spread throughout the nation with over seven hundred branch organizations and a membership of tens of thousands—The American Woman's League.

The signs of the times plainly indicate that the women of America will sooner or later demand the suffrage, and when American women demand it, they will get it.

From time immemorable man has impressed on woman that her sphere was in the home alone. While practically everything that affected the family life was produced in the home, this was largely true. In modern years a vast change has come about and practically everything entering into the home life is now a community interest. Clothing, education, water, light, food are no longer produced in the home, but by the community in the form of factories, industries, corporations, or government, local, state and national. The woman of to-day is vitally concerned in both municipal, state and national government, for their every function affects directly the home life. Government is no longer principally concerned with war, but with the regulation and control of vast industries, and the preservation and improvement of the home. Almost without exception these industries and all legislation and the honesty and fairness of their conduct directly affect the family life. In such states as have already given woman suffrage the result has been so beneficial as to make return to former conditions repugnant to men of intelligence. Yet woman in general in this great free nation has less to say in these matters than the most ignorant and vicious saloon loafer or negro. She is still held as being both incapable of and lacking the necessary qualities to entitle her to a voice in such matters, and the old cry that to vote would destroy her feminine and endearing qualities is still raised, while city, state or nation is largely governed by the vote of the lowest and most ignorant men. A few years ago a woman who entered the fields of business was looked upon in the same light; to-day woman is found side by side with man in the business world, more than successfully holding her own in a million positions of responsibility and business requirement, while the beauty and improvement of both the home and community are distinctly her field.

The right of the franchise in the hands of the women of this nation will do much to insure its future freedom, cleanse its city, state and national governments and restore it to the original principles on which it was founded. It is the rising sun of hope in a republic already rapidly advancing to a stage of luxury, bureaucracy and corruption scarcely equalled in history. To the Revolutionary mothers, wives and daughters we largely owe our national pristine freedom, and to their granddaughters we will yet look for its restoration. The corrupt and unsightly conditions known to exist in most communities, due to the franchise in the hands of irresponsible, ignorant and criminal classes, could not continue if the women had the right to vote. We can not much longer entrust the right to vote to an ignorant foreigner lately landed without knowledge or interest in American institutions or desire for honest, clean conditions, or to the negro, and refuse it to the wife, the mother, sister on the ground that they are less competent. It is not the spirit of this nation or the times. The only real reason why men in America hesitate to give American women the franchise is because *they fear the housecleaning, municipal, state and national, that would surely follow.* They dread any sort of housecleaning, and women know both the necessity of housecleaning and how to clean house. When American women once fully realize their responsibility in these matters, men will be made to more fully realize their own. There is but one answer, and that is that the right of the suffrage for women must come, and it will come in this country FIRST; much sooner than is now supposed. With it will come municipal beauty and the setting of refinement and education above the dollar mark.

The plan of The American Woman's League, while purely a BUSINESS plan, not concerning itself with politics, religion or legislation, or making any pretense of philanthropy, has back of its organization a deeper and more far-reaching thought and a purpose, if successfully carried out, that will do much to prepare the way for intelligent and high use of the suffrage when granted.

Appealing only to the desire for culture, education, cleanliness, the preservation and beauty of the home and municipality, with equal opportunity for women, it is gathering into its ranks the refined, educated and intellectual women in each community throughout the country at large, under a self-supporting, self-respecting, permanent business organization of national scope.

Its organization, deriving its revenue from 50% of the subscriptions to the great journals of national circulation co-operating under it, is divided into three general divisions: The Founders' Chapter, The Capital City and The Local Chapter.

In this article the two latter will be treated of more especially, leaving the particulars of the founders' chapter and The League's organization and work in the rural districts to the third article, which will appear next month.

THE CAPITAL CITY

The capital city of The American Woman's League is University City, a separate municipality from St. Louis, but embracing in its borders the most beautiful and desirable residence section of the larger city. The founders of the present League, some five years ago, selected a series of beautiful tracts of land in the West End of St. Louis, now its best residence section, purchased several hundred acres of what were then vacant fields, and later incorporated them, with some fifteen hundred acres of adjoining property, into a separate city from St. Louis. This was made possible by the curious fact that many years ago St. Louis had been separated from the county in which it lay and its boundaries fixed at what was then supposed to be the limits of its future growth, by a charter amendment of the state. St. Louis has long since outgrown these ancient boundaries, and, owing to its topography, being compelled to expand westward, its best residence section of recent years has grown up partly in and partly out of the city. Having no form of rapid transit, the growth has been solid block by block. Unable to expand its city limits, separate from the county, a new and separate city was made possible, but an imaginary line separating the two, streets, sewers, car lines, etc., passing without break from one to the other, yet each as independent of the other in government as though a hundred miles apart. There was a double purpose behind the incorporation of University City: first the preserving to St. Louis of the only remaining area for expansion of its best residence section, placing it under proper engineering and police control, so that its improvement and development would be forced along the highest lines of beauty and protection; and second the establishment, creation and erection of the most beautiful municipality in the world, to be the home of great national institutions for women, the capital city of The American Woman's League, a model in all that was most desirable in home building, municipal beauty, scientific development and artistic adornment.

The development along these lines has been rapid and remarkable. First were erected the great publishing plants of the Woman's Magazine, Beautiful Homes and the Woman's National Daily, structures which have few equals in their beauty and yet are the home of one of the largest publishing industries in the world. Miles of broad, paved boulevards were constructed with the highest type of sewer, water and landscape engineering. Superb entrance gates of stone and bronze surmounted by heroic figures by the famous sculptor Zolnay were erected. An army of gardeners kept at work for years until its open places blossomed in exquisite beauty.

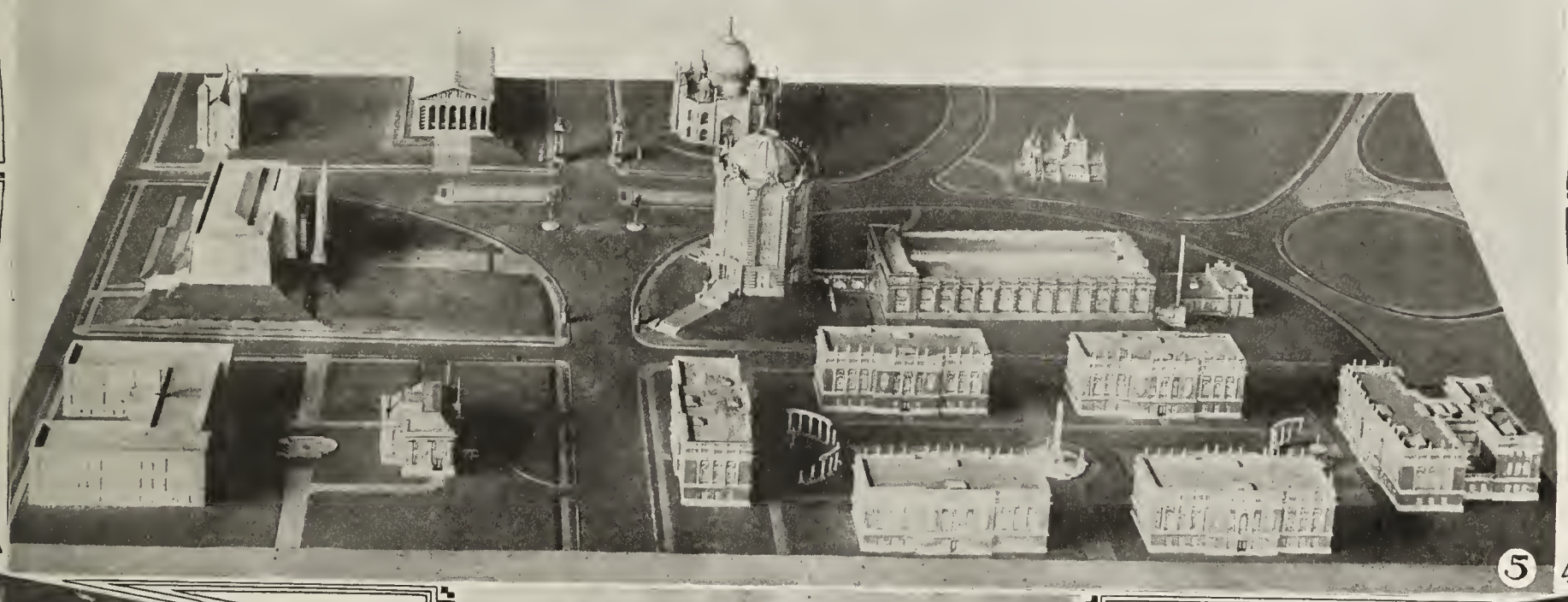
Much is yet to be done, but all that is being done is with the same purpose. This year the city itself, by unanimous vote, gave $65,000 for the erection of a superb, though small, City Hall of marble, while more than a quarter million dollars is being spent on additional street improvements; yet so rapid has been the corresponding increase in the value of its real estate that the tax rate is but 50 cents on the $100, as against $2.30 for St. Louis, an imaginary line and handsome entrance gates alone separating the two. Adjoining the great publishing institutions, erected at a cost of $1,500,000, is now nearing completion the first of a group of magnificent buildings, six in number, to be completed within a year at a cost of a million dollars; they are the buildings of the University of The American Woman's League, all of whose courses in the arts, professions, industries and instruction are free to every member. These six new structures will surround a great central court nearly 1,000 feet in length, at the extreme end of which stands the Art Institute, of imposing design, fireproof construction (as are all the buildings), and which will be completed in September of this year. In its rear will be erected next Spring the largest and finest art ceramic works in the world, at the head of which will preside Mr. Taxile Doat, late of the Sevres Works, Paris, France, the foremost ceramic artist of Europe, temporary quarters being provided in the Art Building. Here will be conceived and executed by the honor students of The League's Art Schools from year to year, under the











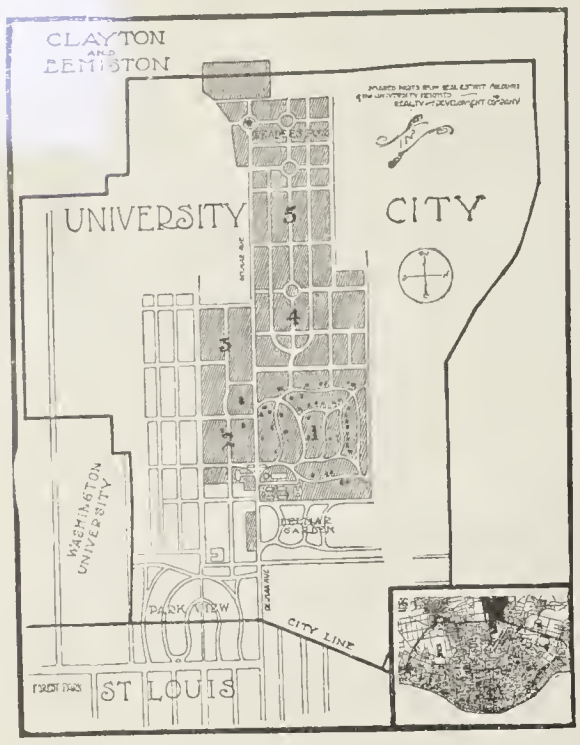








View of Parkview in University City, looking towards St. Louis. (2) A private bath in University City. (3) New City Hall of white marble to cost $65,000, voted by the city. (4) Entrance Gates to University Heights in University City. (5) Model of great central plaza of University City. In the foreground are the buildings of the League University now in course of erection; beyond, the buildings of the Lewis Publishing Co., and on the opposite corners the new buildings of People's Savings Trust Co. and Founders' Chapter of The League. (6) Employees. (7) Interior of Woman's National Daily, showing the largest and fastest printing press in the world, built by Goss Press Co. at a cost of $100,000, producing 5,000 copies of Woman's National Daily per minute. (8) New building of People's Savings Trust Co. (9) University City from St. Louis. In center distance are seen the buildings surrounding the great plaza



Map of University City, St. Louis. Shaded part shows the great private residence part of approximately 500 acres laid out by the University Heights Company, the finest residence place in America

direction of famous masters in sculpture, painting, decorating, architecture and ceramics, much of the ornamentation of University City, its buildings and parks, while its correspondence courses are open to all members in their own homes. Dividing University City from east to west runs Delmar Boulevard straight out through the center of the two cities. At its entrance to the great central plaza of University City stand the imposing marble building of the Woman's National Daily, 200 feet in length, and the exquisitely beautiful executive building of The Lewis Publishing Company, known as the Woman's Magazine Building, both decorated with superb mural paintings by Ott. On the opposite corners are shortly to be erected the building of the People's Savings Trust Company, trustee of The League, a reproduction in white marble of the Parthenon; and the head Chapter House or executive building of The League, a reproduction in colored marbles and faience of the Taj Mahal of India. Between them now stand the great entrance gates, 34 feet in height, of carved stone and bronze, while at the far western end of Delmar Boulevard (now rechristened Lewis Place) the Daughters of the Confederacy are preparing to erect one of the handsomest monuments in America, forming the western entrance gate to the city. For a mile and a quarter in length, by close to a mile in width, hundreds of acres, known as University Heights, have been permanently restricted to the exclusive erection of single private homes, costing not less than $4,000 to $75,000, according to location, already rapidly building up with the beautiful residences of St. Louis's leading citizens. Over $2,000,000 is estimated to have been expended during the past two years alone in the erection of handsome private residences in University City, while at the present rate of growth of St. Louis the population forced over into University City will exceed 12,000 to 15,000 within the next three years.

The government of University City is in the hands of a Mayor, Board of Aldermen and the usual officials. All but the police force serve without compensation and have been re-elected unanimously twice since its incorporation.

Such is the capital city of The American Woman's League, and, with the development of its engineering and decorative plan, no city in the world will equal it in beauty and ornamentation, becoming as it will a monument to the skill and genius of the Honor Students in the art classes, while at the same time affording them a practical experience not otherwise obtainable.

THE LOCAL CHAPTER ORGANIZATIONS

Throughout America, in more than 700 cities, towns and villages, are already located compact organizations or chapters of The League. For many of these, beautiful local buildings have already been erected, exquisite in design.

These local buildings range in cost from $1,200 to $25,000 (exclusive of the site, which must be donated), according to the membership of the local chapter and the population. Each of the more than 700 local chapters is rapidly completing the necessary requirement for the erection of its own permanent local building, and additional chapters are forming so rapidly that it is a reasonable estimate to place the number of these beautiful local buildings of The League that will be completed within the next twelve months at one thousand.

While University City is the headquarters of The League, the site of its great Art Schools, University, publishing and banking institutions, yet the local chapter house in each city, town and village is designed to become the local center and radiating point for the education, culture, art and opportunity of the whole, forming in each community a permanent rallying point and organization of its women of ability and intelligence, working in conjunction with the central force towards better conditions, the beauty and improvement of both the home, the individual and the community. The whole plan presents to women of ability unusual opportunity, and to all the best in education, art, culture and an open door to self-betterment.

Back of this organization stands the power of great journals, national in circulation, chief of which is the Woman's National Daily, at $1 per year, the only daily newspaper in America published for women, already having a daily circulation, through the fast night mails, in excess of 200,000 copies, produced on the largest and fastest printing press in the world.

This tremendous organization is independent in its income, and is rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the subscription business, the local chapter organizations each looking after the interests of the journals co-operating in its jurisdiction, half the revenue going to the publishers and half to The League. The single requirement for membership being that the applicant shall secure a total of $52 worth of subscriptions, which once accomplished the membership is for life and carries the free use and right of The League's Art Schools, chapter houses, University, Library, building and relief fund, and many other features, both for the member and minor children of her family. The renewal of these subscriptions is looked after by the paid secretary of each chapter, who is supplied with complete records of all subscription dates and expirations in the chapter's territory from headquarters for each publication, the local chapter receiving 25% of the local income for the maintenance of its chapter house, and 25% going to the central institutions of The League at University City.

WHETHER IT COME SOONER OR LATER, WITH THE GRANTING OF THE SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN, A PERMANENT NATIONAL ORGANIZATION, COMPOSED BY A SELECTIVE PROCESS OF THE WOMEN IN EACH COMMUNITY POSSESSED OF ABILITY AND INTELLIGENCE, WITH A CENTRAL ADMINISTRATIVE AND DIRECTING BODY, BACKED BY LARGE INCOME AND A NATIONAL FEARLESS PRESS, SUCH AS IS BEING DEVELOPED UNDER THE LEAGUE PLAN, WILL BE OF THE HIGHEST INFLUENCE AND IMPORTANCE TO THE NATION, although The League, as such, is purely a business plan of co-operation for mutual benefit and profit, and concerns itself with neither politics, religion, nor legislation.

The entire responsibility and direction of the organization rest for the present with The Lewis Publishing Company. The following publications, Collier's Weekly, Everybody's Magazine, Success, the Delineator, the Farm Journal, and the American Boy, permit The American Woman's League to solicit subscriptions for them, and they pay to The League 50% of the gross amount of such subscriptions. This constitutes The League's income. With the completion of the Founders' Chapter, a national convention will be held of the officers of all local chapters and the permanent trusteeship established under which The League will thereafter be governed, its national officers being elected at fixed periods by general vote of all members of the Founders' Chapter. It is probable that the plan will shortly be thrown open to all other high-class journals on an equitable basis, as many of the leading magazines have already applied for entry.

While every member of The League has an equal life right and privilege in all its institutions, advantages and opportunities, yet its governing body is composed of one member in ten of its membership, the first hundred thousand out of the proposed million members, who shall first comply with the single requirement of membership, the securing or payment for as gifts, of the required $52 in subscriptions. The whole plan of The League is founded upon and supported by a simple form of business co-operation and mutual organization between the several publications and the individual member. It is purely a business plan and makes no pretense of being anything else. The vast sums expended yearly by great journals, in securing separately new and renewal subscriptions, are, by this plan, paid instead into a national subscription organization and become the source of annual revenue of The League. It is estimated that the available income from subscriptions to journals of general circulation exceeds $60,000,000 per annum. With the spread and organization of The League it will acquire largely a monopoly of the subscription business throughout the country because of the operation of the same business principles which are taken advantage of by the great industrial organizations or trusts.

The organization of a local chapter creates a powerful local subscription force, because of the requirement for membership which each member must meet. The erection of the local chapter house establishes a permanent local renewal agency, while the general and rural memberships complete the national sales organization of both city and country.

Such an organization can more effectually and economically secure and maintain circulation for all journals co-operating with it than those journals can possibly do it for themselves separately. Each journal is required to pay to The League 50% of its subscription revenue, the subscriptions being first secured by the members and renewed thereafter by The League organization. The income therefore available to The League, as its organization is completed, would be between twenty and thirty millions of dollars per annum, with scarcely any expense of securing it, so that whatever its income, it is available for the benefit, service and advantage of the whole membership.

In the creation of any such organization the heaviest burden is in the beginning in the national campaign of education and enlistment of members necessary. Now that many local chapter houses are actually completed, or in course of erection throughout the country, the great University and Art Schools about to open their doors in another month and many other benefits and advantages already in full operation, the membership is spreading with increasing rapidity of its own force.

It is on those who take the lead in any new plan, the pioneers, that the burden falls.

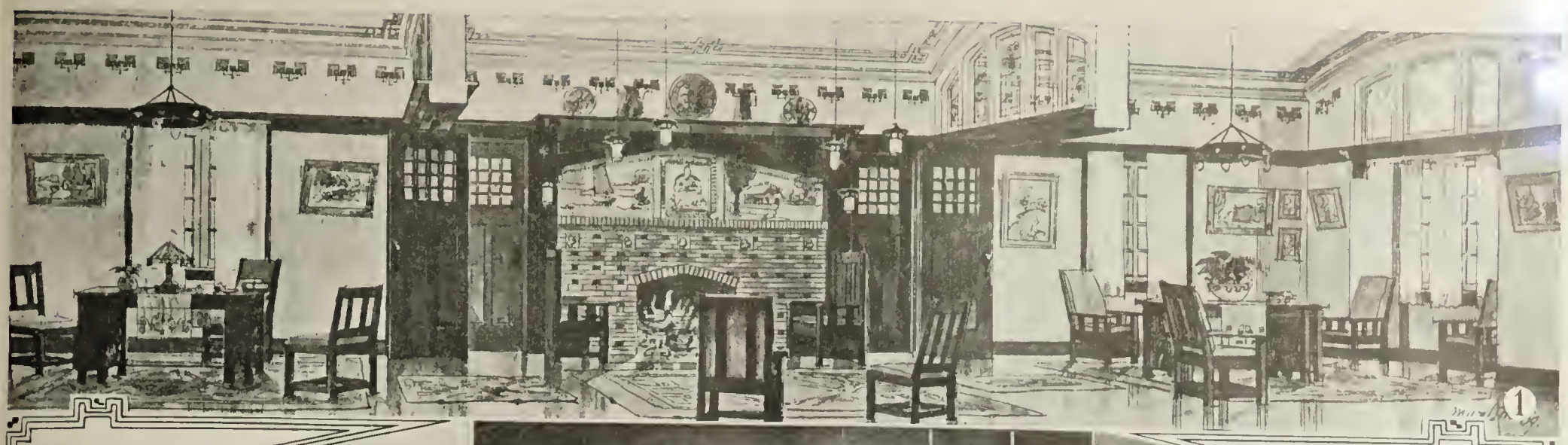
THE FOUNDERS' CHAPTER

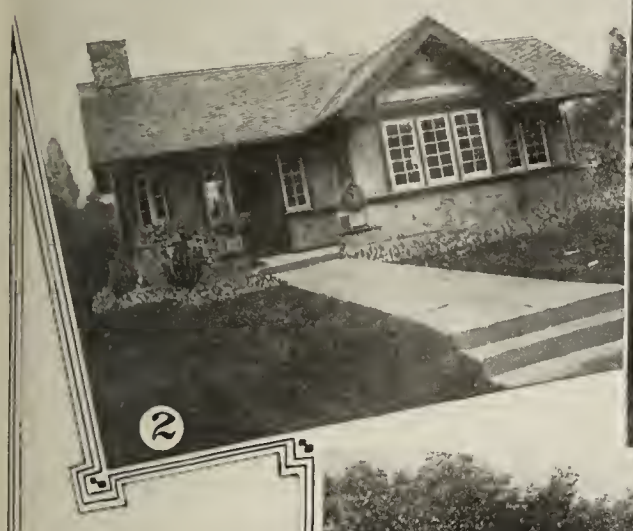
It is perfectly understood that no new idea and plan such as that of The League can be put forward without exciting ridicule, malice and unreasoning opposition; otherwise it would be for the first time in human history. This test of the right to live, the inertia and opposition of those who know and care to know little or nothing of any new idea, the fact that it is new being sufficient to excite their opposition, entitles those who take the lead to special privilege over those who follow.

With the rapid growth of The League, two institutions of an industrial character are automatically enriched to an extraordinary extent—The Lewis Publishing Company and the People's Savings Trust Company, the former not only because its publications receive the greater part of the subscriptions from the membership, but also on account of the vast amount of publishing and printing required for The League itself and its Correspondence University. The Trust Company, as the trustee and administrator of the endowment found of The League, will have a large and constantly increasing fund as a permanent deposit, and also enjoy a national savings patronage from the membership. It is a part of the plan that, in addition to its daily, weekly and monthly journals of general circulation, The Lewis Publishing Company will purchase from time to time, as opportunity offers, leading daily newspapers in the principal cities until a national, fearless, clean public press, covering cities and rural districts alike from coast to coast, has been established largely under the control of the women of the country. The first of these metropolitan newspapers to be purchased was the St. Louis Star. Several other leading newspapers are under negotiation in other pricipal cities. Such a power of both the public press and what will undoubtedly become one of the greatest banking institutions in the country means more to the women of the land than even the right to vote. The Publishing Company has approximately 20,000 stockholders, and the Trust Company will probably have a far greater number, as no one person is permitted to subscribe over ten shares of its capital. Realizing that those who FIRST displayed the independence, ability, foresight and energy to grasp the full effect and power of such a national institution as is being created in The League will mean more to its complete and quick success than those who follow after it has become firmly established—that the one in ten with the

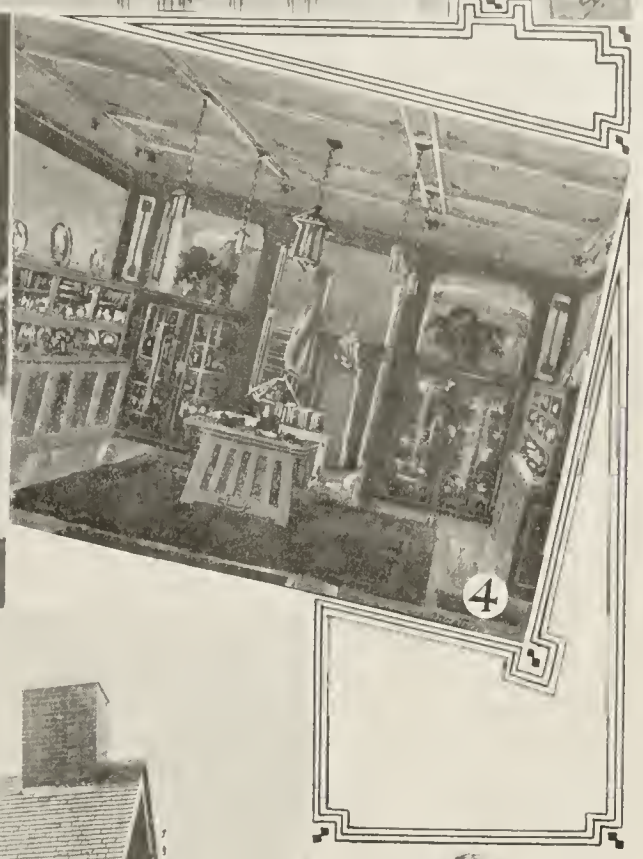


Map of St. Louis, showing location of University City

























) Interior of Class III Chapter House of American Woman's League, showing the three principal rooms in addition to which are the exchange, kitchen and toilet. (2) Class II Chapter House at Seattle, Wash. (3) Meeting in City Hall at Edwardsville, Ills., for Founders' address at dedication of Chapter House, July 20. (4) Woman's exchange room of chapter houses. (5) The Edwardsville (Ills.) Chapter House, Class II. (6) Class I Chapter House, Peck, Idaho. (7) Interior view of Edwardsville Chapter House. (8) Class V Chapter House. (9) Class IV. (10) Class III Chapter House

of leadership is more important to the organization than the nine [illegible] Now—and with a full appreciation of the vast power and scope of [illegible]ing that is being created, a special endowment is provided for a [illegible]' Chapter, to be composed of the first 100,000 members who completed [illegible]membership requirement (provided they did so within one year of sending [illegible] membership application), consisting of $1,000,000 of the capital stock of The Lewis Publishing Company and a like amount of the stock of the People's Savings Trust Company, the income of this $2,000,000 special endowment in the stock of these two institutions to be paid each year for life to the members of the Founders' Chapter as an annuity. The membership of the Founders' Chapter is rapidly filling up. Once completed, its members will occupy an unique position of special honor, privilege and income, as both institutions are steadily enriched by the development of The League organization. It is also to be provided that the members of the Founders' Chapter shall alone have the right to vote in the election of the president of The League, who will in turn vote these immense holdings in the Publishing Company and Trust Company, thereby placing the management of both the Publishing Company and banking institution perpetually in the hands of the Founders' Chapter through its power to elect the president, who would also become the president of both institutions.

While the income to the individual member of the Founders' Chapter will be small at first, it should rapidly increase with the growth of The League until it becomes a respectable annual source of income to each member. Membership in the Founders' Chapter is for life and not transferable. Vacancies in its ranks will be replenished from the regular membership.

"THE LEWIS PUBLISHING COMPANY"

The three-year battle of The Lewis Publishing Company and its journals with special interests, which had made of our national postal system largely a private cinch, has become a part of our national history. It has no parallel. Waged at a cost to it of over $2,000,000, yet such a public nation-wide support was given it that even when, in the desperate effort to silence its journals, they were arbitrarily suppressed for nine months, it came out of the ordeal stronger than at the start.

Publishing as it does to-day—a year after its final victory—approximately 10,000,000 copies per month of its several journals, with the largest and finest publishing plant and equipment in the world, yet it was in its darkest hours that the plan of the American Woman's League was conceived. The very conditions it was compelled to overcome in re-establishing its business, together with the national support and prestige it had gained, made possible and gave birth to The League plan. Having acquired a leadership, active and aggressive, in the battle for better conditions, honesty and lawfulness in the postal service, with victory came the necessity of putting its power, prestige and leadership to good and permanent use. During the midst of its battles more than 20,000 American families had come to its aid with $2,000,000, and with the re-establishment of its vast business they were made active stockholders in proportionate return for their contributions during its dark hours.

It was out of a great national struggle against arbitrary and unreviewable power, having no place in our form of government, that The League was first conceived and the tremendous potentialities of organized effort on the part of the WOMEN of this country fully realized.

The publishing plants and equipment of The Lewis Publishing Company alone represent an investment of $1,500,000, while its capital is $3,500,000, and its journals circulate through every post-office in America where at least 50 English-speaking families receive their mail. Its payroll is approximately $800,000 per annum, and it is a part of its fixed plan to acquire additional metropolitan newspaper properties until, under its organization and ownership has been brought a national, fearless, clean press covering both the principal cities and the country from coast to coast.

In September, 1908, the St. Louis Daily Star and Chronicle was purchased, and in eight months following was made the second in circulation and first in popular good will of the metropolitan daily newspapers of St. Louis, with the assistance of the local League organization.

The Lewis Publishing Company, as the founder and sponsor and principal factor in The League plan, retains in its hands not alone the full responsibility, but the entire direction, organization and control of The League plan until the completion of its organization and the formal ratification by The League membership of the final plans, charter and trust agreement, by which it will thereafter be governed. So rapid has the growth of The League become that it was found advisable early in 1909 to invite into the plan, so far as the subscription part was concerned, a number of other leading publications of classes not produced by it. The equipment, facilities and organization of such an institution are a prime factor to The League plan in the conduct of its great correspondence university and schools, and the production of the vast volume of printed matter, which must constantly increase, as well as of such special art and other journals as will be required. Manifestly, this Publishing Company, with its wide range and wonderful organization and equipment, offers in itself the highest opportunities in journalism to members taking those courses, as well as being a constant seeker after such ability.

Its journals are:

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY
THE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE
THE ST. LOUIS DAILY AND SUNDAY STAR
THE WOMAN'S FARM JOURNAL
THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
BEAUTIFUL HOMES

Of its $3,500,000 capital stock, $1,000,000 becomes a part of the special endowment of the Founders' Chapter through the Founders' gift, while the remainder of its stock is already held by some 20,000 stockholders, the great majority of whom have become members of the Founders' Chapter also; hence the control of this great publishing institution and its journals of national circulation may be said to rest permanently in the Founders' Chapter of The League. The League plan is rapidly making it the richest and most useful publishing concern in the world.

THE PEOPLE'S SAVINGS TRUST COMPANY

The People's Savings Trust Company was formally opened for business in all its departments January 2, 1909, with a preliminary authorized capital of $400,000, of which $300,000 is paid up, together with a surplus of $150,000, and which is to be further increased to a capital of $5,000,000 and a surplus of $3,000,000. Subscriptions to its capital being limited to ten shares to any one person. It already numbers its patrons in nearly every state in the Union and in several foreign countries. The long experience of its officers in dealing for many years with hundreds of thousands of people in every section of America by mail to the extent of many millions of dollars enables it to offer all the best features of a great metropolitan banking institution, especially organized and adapted to the requirements of those heretofore denied such facilities through the United States mails.

This institution accepts only accounts by mail and offers through the mails every safety, convenience and accommodation of conservative, careful banking to its customers, no matter how remotely located.

It is not a bank of ordinary commercial or discount business, being more a savings institution and central reserve bank of rediscount for other banks, yet its low expense rate, estimated at but 15% of that of other banking institutions doing the same volume of business over the counter, together with the long-time average of its deposits, gives it special advantages and safety from runs and panics, with the highest earning power consistent with conservative methods.

In addition to affording to members of The League a great mail central savings and trust institution, rendering valuable assistance in the building up of University City through its ability to provide first mortgage building loans on adequate security and good interest, The People's Savings Trust Company becomes under the trust agreement of The League the trustee for all its real property and its endowment or reserve. Pending the organization of The League, a detail statement and accounting of all disbursements and income on account of The League is rendered to the Board of Directors of the Trust Company at regular periods. With the accumulation of a reserve or surplus by The League, these funds become trust funds, to be administered and invested by the Board of Directors of the Trust Company as trustees for The League members, who become the beneficiaries under the terms of the trust agreement.

The Trust Company, as the central fiduciary institution, renders a wide service to members in many departments, constitutes a powerful monetary force, able to render to the whole organization the necessary financial machinery, and to return ample compensation in the form of deposits, rediscounts, and other services to local banking institutions which the local chapter membership may desire to favor. Its business is primarily as a savings institution, although its system of small universal exchange at par, payable at leading banks in the principal cities throughout the country, provides its customers and members of The League with special advantages, and enables it to make local banking institutions agents or issuing centers, to their profit and advantage. The necessity of such an institution, as well as the power, safety and profit of its position, all tend to make it one of the greatest banking concerns in America, a bank of and for the people and owned by them.



MRS. PEARL ADAMS SPAULDING
In charge of Pacific Coast Organization

As the organization of The League progresses, one-eighth of the Trust Company's capital and surplus becomes a part of the special endowment of the Founders' Chapter, the income thereof, as well as that from the $1,000,000 of stock in the Publishing Company, being paid annually to the members of the chapter.

Its Board of Directors are:

L. B. TEBBETS, Chairman
Director National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis
Vice-Pres. Commonwealth Trust Co., St. Louis
L. B. Tebbetts & Son Carriage Co., St., Louis

CAPT. JAS. F. COYLE
Coyle & Company, Silk Merchants
Director Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co., St. Louis

H. L. KRAMER
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr. Sterling Remedy Co.
Director Royal Trust Co., Chicago

EDWARD DICKINSON
First V. P. K. C., Mexico & Orient R. R. Co.

W. F. CARTER
President Missouri-Lincoln Trust Co., St. Louis
Carter, Collins & Jones, Attorneys

GOV. LON V. STEPHENS
Ex-Governor and Ex-Treas. State of Missouri
V. P. Central National Bank of Boonville, Mo.

THEO. F. MEYER
President Meyer Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis

E. G. LEWIS
President The Lewis Publishing Company
Mayor of University City

who, as Directors of the Trust Company, constitute also the first Board of Trustees of The American Woman's League.

Membership in The League can not be purchased and is only acquired by securing or paying for as gifts a total of $52 in subscriptions to the publications which, under the plan, permit The American Woman's League to solicit subscriptions for them. The subscriptions to these publications are in themselves a full return for every dollar paid, so that the membership may be said to cost nothing but a slight personal effort. This single requirement complied with, the membership is for life without dues or fees, the member becoming a life beneficiary under the trust created, and entitled to every right and benefit of the whole organization. Men may become Honorary Members, the requirement being $20 in subscriptions, which entitles the Honorary Member to the free use of all courses in the University, but not to vote or to the loan and relief fund. Membership in the Founders' Chapter has no different requirement from ordinary membership, excepting that the $52 in subscriptions shall be sent in within one year. Founders' Chapter members, in addition to all rights of membership in The League, share in the annual profits of both the publishing institution and the banking institution through the special endowment provided for the Founders' Chapter of $1,000,000 of the capital stock of each. In next month's Collier's The League's work in the rural districts will be gone into in detail.

The book of The League will be sent on request to any one desiring it, giving the full particulars of its many advantages and benefits, by addressing

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE
Department B, Care Lewis Publishing Co.
University City, St. Louis, Mo.



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oil many a linen collar, a serious annoy-nce to busy men who must travel to and om business every day. It is easy to oid all this discomfort by wearing our

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WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

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Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest, st up-to date models. They have the perfect dull finish and dressy look of the best linen lars our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, rrect adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely water-of, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap l water. You can't tell them from linen.

Ask your dealer for Challenge Brand Waterproof Collars and Cuffs and don't take a substitute. If he doesn't keep them in stock, write us at once, stating size and style you desire—send 25 cts. for collars, 50 cts. per pair for cuffs, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our latest style book contains many valuable hints—let us send it to you.

HE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "E"
725-727 Broadway, New York

Con, 65 Bedford St.; Philadelphia, 900 Chestnut St.;
cago, 161 Market St.; San Francisco, 718 Mission St.;
Louis, 505 North 7th St.; Detroit, 117 Jefferson Ave.;
Toronto, 58-64 Fraser Ave.

More than Merely "Guaranteed Hose"

True Everwear Hose are the guaranteed kind—six pairs are guaranteed to wear six months or new hose will be given free.

But Everwear Hose are made for more than merely long wear. Fit, style, and comfort are considered with just as much care.

Everwear Hose hug the ankle and foot snugly. They are light enough to be comfortable—the heel and toe are given extra strength but not extra thickness.

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In fact, Everwear Hose have just those little touches of superiority that make them the equal of the most expensive kinds.

And all this in addition to the long-wear guarantee. So there is really more satisfaction in Everwear than any other hose.

Order six pairs today and the hose will prove our every claim. Remember the name **EVERWEAR** and look for it on the hose and box. Write for free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."



If your dealer doesn't keep Everwear, write to us, stating size, color and kind desired and we will express them prepaid.

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box—Solid or Assorted Colors

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Men's—$3.00 a box; colors black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple and gun metal.

Ladies'—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

Men's $1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

Ladies'—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

Everwear Hosiery Company
Dept. 12, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Utmost in 6% Bonds

Irrigation Bonds, when properly issued, form ideal investments. No other large class of bonds, based on equal security, pays *six per cent.*

Irrigation Bonds are secured by first liens on the most fertile farm lands in America. The loan will not average one-fourth the land's value.

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These are serial bonds, so one may make short-time or long-time investments. And every bond paid off increases the security back of the rest.

The bonds are issued in denominations as low as $100, so they appeal to both small investors and large.

We are the largest dealers in Reclamation Bonds. During the past fifteen years we have sold seventy such issues. Not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

We have written a book based on all this experience—the best book of the kind ever published. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. Everyone in these days should know Irrigation Bonds. The book is free. Please send this coupon today for it.

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(Established 1893)
Municipal and Corporation Bonds
First National Bank Bldg. CHICAGO **50 Congress Street BOSTON**

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

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COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

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Delicious—Antiseptic

Combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste

42 inches of cream in trial tube sent for 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W, 55 John St.
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As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

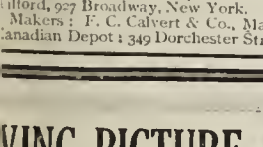
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Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
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The Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collar

Same Style, Same Dull Finish You've Always Worn

THAT'S the great charm about Litholin goods—no one notices any difference, except that you look neat when other men's linen is "under the weather," or, "the worse for wear." And so soon as you adopt "Litholin" you save *daily*. Nothing "shrinks in the wash," but the bill. You cut that down and can bank the savings. Four collars and two pairs of cuffs, costing $2.00, will carry you through the year. What you pay now is at least $16.00. Figure it out—cost and washing.

Collars 25c. **Cuffs 50c.**

Genuine Litholin Goods are *always* sold from a Red box

If not at your dealer's, send, giving size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

The Fiberloid Company **Dept. 3** **7 Waverly Place, New York**



10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days' free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 Ranger Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offers we will give on the first 1910 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS: you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalog* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. R-54, CHICAGO, ILL.

HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH



One box ball alley costing $150, took in $513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $365, took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $840, took in $1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than $900 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 309 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

NEW-SKIN
TRADE-MARK

Instead of Court Plaster



WHEN anything happens to damage your skin, the simplest way, the quickest way, the safest and most scientific way to treat it, is to "paint it with *New-Skin.*"

It is painted on in a second—no fuss *and it stays on.*

New-Skin dries immediately in a tough film. The film is transparent and almost invisible, so that it is not a blemish like court plaster.

New-Skin is waterproof and you can wash over it freely.

Court plaster won't do at all for a large scrape or a long scratch, and bandages are a nuisance for small wounds, but *New-Skin* can be used everywhere—every time.

Keep it around the house—the children need it constantly. Have it in the workshop—it saves time. By protecting a wound against infection it may save you from blood poisoning.



Be sure to get the genuine

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For sale by druggists everywhere, 10, 25 and 50 Cents, or sent by mail. Stamps taken.



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Eventually



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Address all correspondence to WASHBURN-CROSBY CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., U. S. A.

September
FICTION *Number*

Collier's



The Broken Wing
an Aeroplane Story
By FREDERICK PALMER

VOL XLIII NO 23

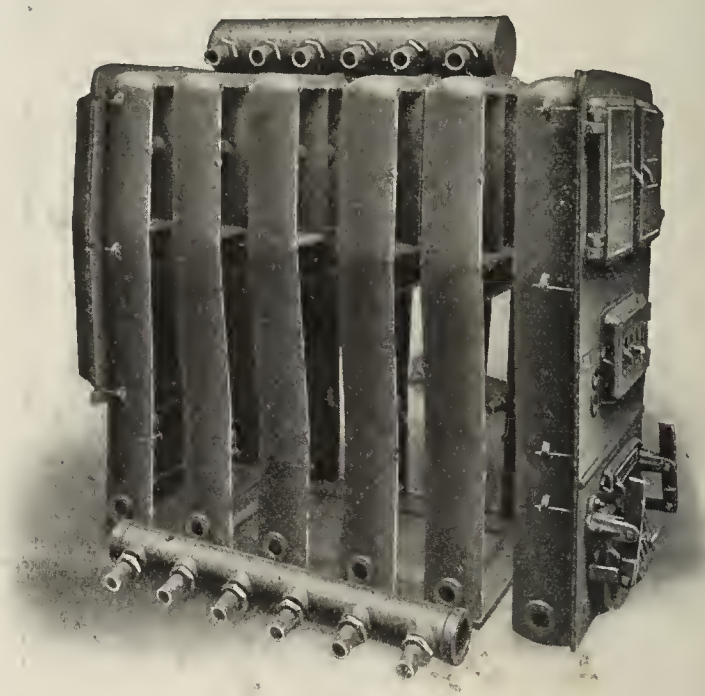
AUGUST 28 1909

The "Loose-Leaf" Principle Applied to Heating

"Sectional boilers" is merely a term of the heating trade. It means that boilers are *made* in sections; but as commonly used, it does not mean that you, the user, get the benefit of the sectional construction.

We have perfected a *truly sectional* boiler —as truly sectional as a loose-leaf ledger or a sectional bookcase.

A boiler so truly sectional that you can add sections and take away sections; you can cut out sections, without tearing down, without a day's delay or loss of heat.



"RICHMOND"

Boilers — Radiators

There are many reasons why other so-called sectional boilers are not truly "sectional."

In the first place, these so-called sectional boilers are sectional only *above* the ashpit. The sections are perched on a separate base, which is *not* sectional.

To add sections or to take them away, you must get a new base—you must rebuild the whole boiler from the ground up.

The "RICHMOND" boiler is sectional from bottom to top.

It needs no separate base, because each section extends clear to the ground.

You can add sections, replace sections, or take them away without tearing down the boiler or buying new base or ashpit parts.

The sections of a "RICHMOND" boiler are *screwed together*.

While the sections of so-called sectional boilers are joined with push nipples.

If a boiler with push nipple joints gives out you take out the fire and tear down the boiler.

There is no alternative. There can be no heat while new sections are being shipped.

Cutting Out Sections

But with the "RICHMOND" sectional boiler, you can plug up the damaged section—*and keep on heating.*

We know of many cases where sections of "RICHMOND" boilers have for one reason or another been "cut out" and plugged and the boiler made to give service, day and night, till the summer came.

The "RICHMOND" sectional boiler is stronger than other sectional boilers, without adding weight—just as a single casting must always be stronger, more rigid, than two castings joined together.

Yet the sectional feature is but one of countless superiorities which you will find embodied in the "RICHMOND" system.

Write for this Book

If you are interested in heating any building, large or small, write us. Ask for catalog 194. Learn for yourself about this perfect system which is so economical of fuel that it saves its own cost and pays its own maintenance.

Address in the West

Cameron Schroth Cameron Co.

Western Distributors for

"RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators

194 Michigan Street, Chicago, Ill.

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs—Lavatories—Sinks

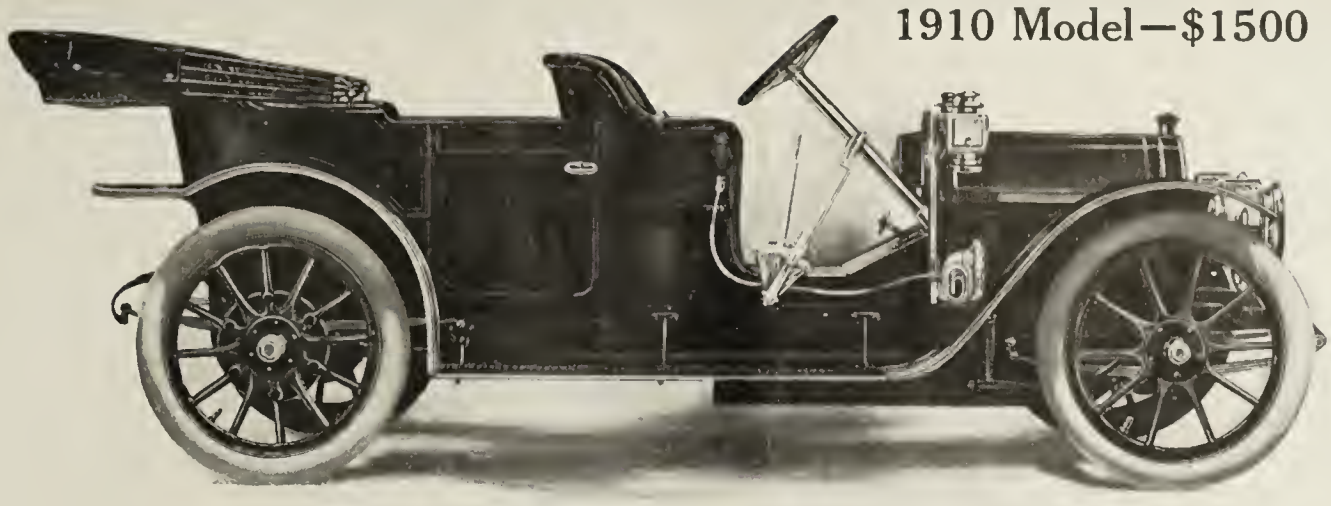
If you are about to build, investigate, too, the "RICHMOND" line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware, from kitchen sinks to bath tubs, which bears the name "RICHMOND" is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. 194 Terminal Building Park Ave. and 41st Street **New York**

Two factories at Uniontown, Pa.—One at Norwich, Conn.

Chalmers-Detroit "30"
1910 Model—$1500

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster
Limousine
Coupe (*Inside Drive*)
Landaulet



Dealers Bought Our Whole 1910 Output Before July 1, 1909

Last spring, 800 people who wanted the Chalmers-Detroit "30" had to be disappointed. We turned away orders to the extent of $1,200,000 after our output was sold.

Then we started building a new factory, increasing our capacity to 4,000 cars for next year. Yet, dealers had taken the entire output before the first car was delivered.

They were sold to dealers—to the men who know cars best. To the men whose whole business depends on getting what buyers want.

Such facts show how the automobile world has awakened to these amazing cars.

Our New $1500 Car

We show above one 1910 model of the Chalmers-Detroit "30." We call it new, yet the vital features have not been altered at all. The 2,500 cars in use have shown us no weakness whatever.

We have increased the wheel base to 115 inches and have added more power. The wheels are now 34 inches.

The tonneau has been made larger and roomier; and the hood, to correspond, has been made longer and higher. In style and beauty, the car now equals the costliest car that is made.

We have done all this out of the saving made by increasing our output. We are making 1,000 more cars this year, without adding to overhead expense. And without buying new tools, for the cars are not altered mechanically.

Every cent of this saving has gone into the car—into size and room and beauty. Our profit remains the same as last year—exactly nine per cent.

Last season you wondered how we gave so much for the money. Then what do you think of the car of this year?

Reductions on Extras

This "30" of ours, when fully equipped, will cost even less than last season. We are going to sell extras, as we sell the cars, on the lowest possible margin.

We will fit our $1,500 car with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank, and two new style gas lamps, all for $100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be $175.

We will fit our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for $75. This is the best top we can buy—the sort of top all should have; and the regular price is $125. Thus we give you the advantage of our quantity buying—buying for 4,000 cars.

That Indiana Trophy

All America wondered when this $1,500 car won the Indiana Trophy at Crown Point, June 18. Every car entered against it was a higher-priced car, save one, and all save one had bigger motors.

Yet the Chalmers-Detroit "30" out-classed and out-speeded them all. It made the 232 miles that day at an average speed of *51.5 miles per hour*. Next day, when the big cars raced—many with motors twice as powerful—the average speed of the winner was *49.6 miles per hour*.

That was a stock car race. The "30" that won it is exactly the same as the "30" we'll sell to you.

On July 10th, 100,000 people saw a "30" win the light car race over the Santa Monica, California, course and the average speed for 200 miles was 55.2 miles per hour.

One of these cars has made endurance records which no other car ever equaled. One of them, in an Economy Test, went 25.7 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

One of them made that remarkable path-finding trip between Denver and Mexico City, where the way lay through oceans of sand.

But another record is the best of all, for it proves our main claim—the low cost of upkeep. For the year ending June 1, owners paid us for repairs exactly $2.44 per car in use.

No Car Like This

Nearly everyone knows now that the Chalmers-Detroit "30" has no real competition—that it is the best car in the world at the price.

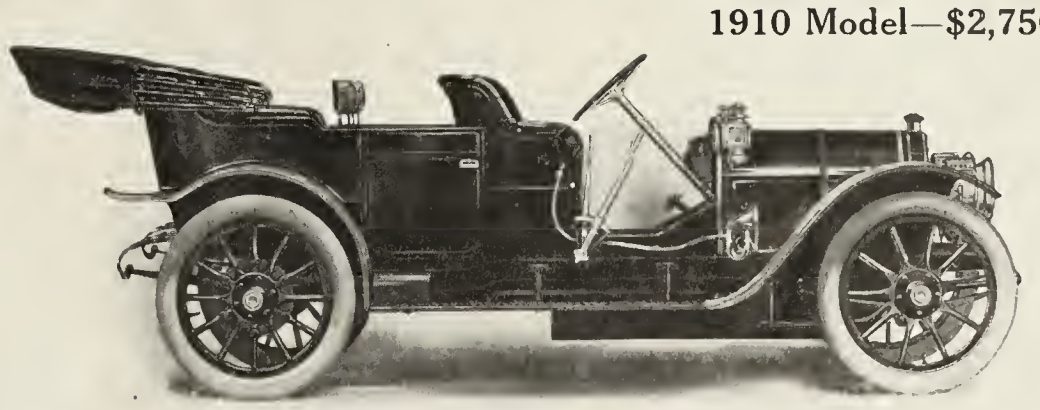
Scores of the best engineers in America have selected this car for their personal use. With hundreds our "30" has taken the place of other and costlier cars.

Now the new models are out—the large, roomy, luxurious cars of 1910—still $1,500. Dealers everywhere are making deliveries.

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1910 Model—$2,750

Touring Car
Pony Tonneau
Roadster



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Detroit, Mich.

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

*County*_____ *State*_____

Collier's, Aug. 28th

Send this for our 1910 catalog, showing all the new models with their improvements—both in our "30" and "Forty." Please do it now.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Members A. L. A. M. Detroit, Michigan

Aug. 28



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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 18

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The time came when a bright man worked out a practical washing-machine that could be run by a little motor attached to the faucet at the kitchen sink. Another man perfected a vacuum cleaner that would suck the dust and dirt from carpets, rugs, hangings, and pretty much everything it touched.

Those two devices alone have saved the time and lightened the labor of the world's housekeeping to an incalculable extent.

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In this week's, and every week's, issue of Collier's you will find scores of articles advertised, which have added incalculably to the world's sum of convenience, comfort and pleasure—and not one of which could have been brought to the general knowledge but for advertising.

E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The Time Element in Advertising"

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Bulletin

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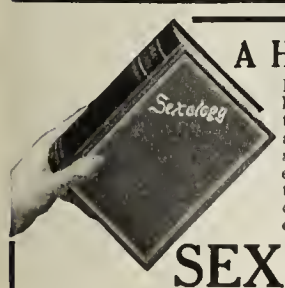
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Collier's

Saturday, August 28, 1909

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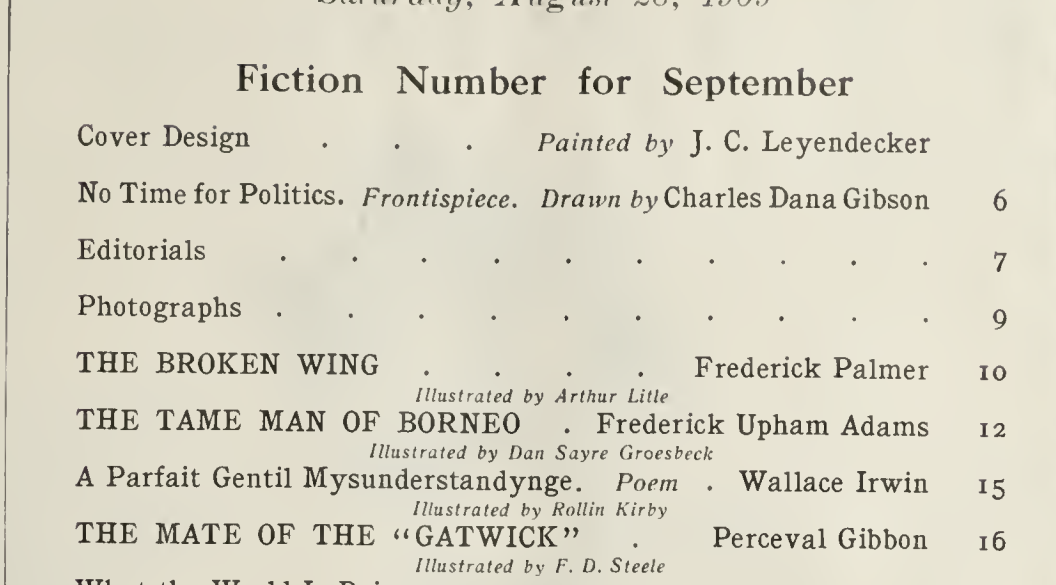
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Volume XLIII Number 23

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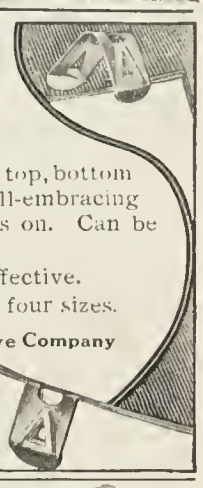
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Please send me, free, your book and trial package.
Name .....
Address .....



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No Time for Politics

Drawn by

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

August 28, 1909

Ballinger Should Go

DON'T MIX UP BALLINGER and the President. Many newspapers, statesmen, and others will assure you that those two gentlemen stand for law, whereas Mr. GIFFORD PINCHOT, Mr. NEWELL, Mr. GARFIELD and Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT represent lawless impatience. Mr. TAFT does in reality care for legal impartiality and calm. Mr. BALLINGER, wearing that cloak, cares somewhat too much for "business interests." The contest between him and Mr. PINCHOT should not be side-tracked on some irrelevant side issue. Mr. PINCHOT is not a master of safe legal statement, but everybody who desires to do so can readily understand his actual meaning. Nobody proposes to violate the law, even to benefit the public. The question is merely how to use the discretion which is left to men in power. Let us see how BALLINGER has used his.

Mr. BALLINGER makes a speech about not limiting private enterprise. If we pay any attention to what is really happening to power rights all over the United States, may we not omit anxiety about struggling private enterprise? Mr. BALLINGER declares at Seattle and Chicago that the Interior Department is not to be run by Mr. PINCHOT. We can well believe so much. Will the Secretary declare also that his department is not to be run by Senator HEYBURN? The alliance between BALLINGER and HEYBURN is an alliance for special interests, surely as the alliance between ROOSEVELT and PINCHOT and GARFIELD was an alliance for general interests. Not long ago a few constituents, giving no reason, asked HEYBURN to use his influence to have certain lands eliminated from a forest reserve in Idaho. HEYBURN hurried it to BALLINGER, with an urgent request for immediate action. About the same time HEYBURN received a very different petition from others of his constituents. These gentlemen asked for the *withdrawal* of lands, "because as home-makers we believe it necessary that this area be placed under national forest administration for the equitable distribution of grazing rights, protection of the timber and our watershed." What does HEYBURN now? This petition does *not* go to the department. The Senator replies: "I do not desire any more forest reserves in Idaho and shall not willingly consent to the creating of any more." He also says, "You could not live on it and it would be closed to settlement." Dear reader, if you will turn to your files of the Congressional Record for 1906, April, May, and June, you will observe Senator HEYBURN helping to pass the law which provides for settlement in forest reserves. Just what did he mean, therefore, by his threat to his constituents? A Senator and a Secretary of the Interior make a powerful working team. Officers of local land offices are appointed upon the nomination of Senators, so are Federal District-Attorneys. As a newer incident in this controversy, let us note that indications were to be seen in the recent extra session that Senator HEYBURN did not at all like the President's appointment of GEORGE W. WOODRUFF to a Federal Judgeship in Hawaii. It happens (perhaps it is a coincidence) that this WOODRUFF, once Assistant Attorney-General for the Interior Department under GARFIELD, rendered a legal decision which caused BALLINGER to resign from the land office, which he then decorated, but where, as far as the general public is concerned, he never, never would be missed. GARFIELD had been struggling to limit to reasonable proportions land and timber grabbing in the West. BALLINGER, soon after he became Commissioner of the general land office, executed radical changes among the special agents, sending men of experience and vigor to new and distant territories where they would be less destructive to private enterprise. ROOSEVELT came to the assistance of GARFIELD, directing the cooperation of the forest rangers with the officials of the land office. BALLINGER resigned and hied him away to Seattle, where the wood combine thriveth, and seems likely to thrive for a long time yet. One more remark about BALLINGER, showing him using the power of transfer in his present office, and we close. Just why did he recently send the man in charge of the land fraud investigations in Idaho to distant regions, replacing him with a mere youth, whose father is Federal office-holder and friend to BALLINGER? What does the Barber Lumber Company think of that? Why no tears?

Our appreciation of President TAFT reaches enthusiasm. His treatment of the Philippines, his administrative ability in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S Cabinet, his tact in foreign missions, some of his appointments, his endeavor to hold his party to its tariff pledges, his promise to help reform criminal procedure, his conspicuous honesty, all make us rank him high. The course against which he most needs to guard is pliant yielding to the soft conception of harmony; it is the acquisition of peace by wearily placating gray wolves; it is the policy of silencing their growls by throwing them an important office when they have been howling all the day and night.

Ready

AMONG THE LIVELY and important scrimmages of the autumn, one of the most significant promises to take place on our Western coast. FRANCIS J. HENEY is just now the object of a widespread newspaper attack. Its source is PATRICK CALHOUN'S literary bureau. An attempt is made to show something illegitimate in HENEY'S relations with the Federal Government. Should not CALHOUN avoid a comparison of past judicial records? The present campaign against HENEY is made, of course, for the purpose of distracting attention from CALHOUN and the question of his guilt or innocence. It is an old trick of defendants with means to create popular feeling. HENEY'S record is safe. Three years of bitter attack have failed to dislodge him from public confidence. He will probably be elected in the fall as District Attorney of San Francisco. On the result of his candidacy will to no small extent depend the level of esteem in which San Francisco will in the future be held by the country at large. Already CALHOUN'S prominent sympathizers are declaring in San Francisco that Eastern capitalists have announced they will avoid San Francisco so long as the prosecution of the "higher-ups" continues. Among all the silly arguments that a discredited cause puts forth, this is among the most familiar. If the various large cities of the country would look to the nomination and election of prosecuting attorneys of the uncompromising type of HENEY and LANGDON, we Americans should not be compelled to explain why municipal dishonesty has among us such an ascendancy as to require popular upheavals for its overthrow. HENEY has cleared the moral atmosphere of San Francisco. Before his advent petty corruption had so woven itself into the fabric of the body politic that it was scarcely possible to secure even a transcript of a public record without bribing an official. By the election of HENEY the Federal Government may be shown the way to better things. CHAMP CLARK recently denounced on the floor of the House of Representatives the appointment of incompetent district attorneys by the Government, necessitating in many cases the employment of special counsel. The minority leader said that if there had been a competent district attorney or two in the West there would not have been so much stealing of public lands.

A Problem for Britain

UNREST IN INDIA, such as threatens and disturbs the British, must, of course, always be a profoundly serious menace. None of the uneasiness which just now seems so widespread through Europe and Asia could have as immediate and far-reaching an effect as any real national movement in India. The rest of what England governs or controls either consists of essential and willing parts of the whole, like the colonies, or else is thoroughly in hand, like Egypt. Only one thing, however, has ever made it possible for a European nation to govern India, and that is the lack of unity in India herself. Should that heterogeneous collection of various races, languages, and religions, over a territory as large as Europe, ever experience a wave of feeling sufficient to make it a unit, the control of England could not last a week. She governs India by means of Indian troops and Indian money, and there is no other way in which she possibly could govern it. She obtained political possession, without design, because of her wars with France. She removed anarchy and the terrible rule of spoils. As HASTINGS fairly boasted, "the plowman is again in every quarter turning up a soil which had for many seasons never been stirred except by the hoofs of predatory cavalry." To what extent India could be conducted for the welfare of the millions, instead of for the spoils of the powerful, if British rule could

be shaken off, is a dark, unanswerable question. The loss to England would be almost entirely commercial, for, politically, that great and distant province weakens her. There are, of course, no signs of an immediately approaching unity of feeling that could result in shaking off the British rule, but there are signs that some such general spirit may be born sooner than thirty years ago seemed at all probable. Even now, there is plenty of nationality talk, but it is confined mostly to those who call themselves the "intellectuals," and it seeks and receives some foreign sympathy by assuming a similarity among the various populations living in what is called India, much closer than any which actually does exist. JOHN MORLEY, whom it is rather difficult to call Lord MORLEY, is an anti-imperialist of a species rapidly disappearing even among the Liberals. It is safe to say, therefore, that the selection of MORLEY for his present post is proof that England wishes to deal as liberally with India as the real facts about that region make reasonable and safe.

Facts

THE AMERICAN SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY, controlled by the GUGGENHEIMS, is the Lead Trust. One hundred and fifty millions of dollars is expended annually by consumers in the purchase of this metal. The GUGGENHEIMS control fully ninety per cent of the American lead supply. They are the direct and, practically, the only beneficiaries of the tariff on lead. Purchasers of pig lead, for instance, are compelled to buy of the trust; there is no other source of adequate supply. Prices have been arbitrarily raised or lowered without regard to trade conditions. Whenever a decline in price has been contemplated, the trust, through its agents, has induced buyers to stock up at the prevailing price. When this was done, the decline was announced, and the buyers were compelled to bear the loss. When an advance in price has been contemplated, on the other hand, the deliveries of orders have been withheld until the advance has been made public, when orders have been rushed and the buyers forced to bear the difference in the cost price between the advance and the price prevailing when their orders were sent in. The complete control of the market has enabled the GUGGENHEIMS to carry out these profitable trade maneuvers. Their exactions have caused universal complaint. In 1896, before the Guggenheim trust was formed, the average price of pig lead in New York was $2.99 a hundred pounds. The annual consumption was 167,859 tons. Ten years later the average price of pig lead in New York was $5.78 a hundred pounds, and the consumption was 285,000 tons. The duty on lead has been deflected from the object it was intended to serve into the treasury of the American Smelting and Refining Company. Like Standard Oil, the Sugar, and other trusts, the American Smelting and Refining Company has its representatives in Congress. SIMON GUGGENHEIM, himself one of the profit-sharers of the Lead Trust, spent a large sum of money to secure a seat in the Senate from the State of Colorado. The GUGGENHEIMS are given neither to poor investments nor to wasteful expenditures.

Crete

WHAT HAS MADE TURKEY so positive in her attitude regarding Crete is exactly what caused the Young Turk movement. The Young Turks came into being primarily not because they were concerned about internal reforms. What disturbed them was the rapid dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, and they became troubled over internal misgovernment mainly because it was what gave foreign powers the occasion to limit Turkey's outside rule. The situation in Crete will, presumably, for some time remain a delicate one, as the Powers prefer to dismember Turkey quietly, so far as they do it at all; and, as Crete certainly never will be satisfied until she is part of Greece, there must be some waiting before the equilibrium can be stable. When the time does come for Turkey to be further dismembered, the European Powers, free of the former Russian nightmare, will hardly exhibit another error similar to the Crimean War. That error grew out of ignorance of the facts. Had France and England at that time understood both Russia and Germany as well as they understand them now, they never would have taken up arms to support the Turk in Europe, whence, on every enlightened principle, he ought to have been driven long ago.

A Gathering of Interest

THE RÔLE PLAYED by trades unions in modern life has been of the first importance. Unionism has affected the condition of the laboring classes, not only directly, but also in an intricate manner, by altering, to a large extent, the whole public's point of view. It has been an extremely contributive element in modern thought. Women are now endeavoring to secure for themselves and their sisters the habit of similar organization. The National Women's Trade Union League will hold its second biennial convention at Chicago, beginning on the 27th of next month, with delegates from American points as far apart as Boston and San Francisco, and also from Germany and England. The women who attend the convention are compelled to lose a week's wages, but their enthusiasm for consultation and thought is such that they do not hesitate. The league pays the traveling expenses of those whose local unions are too impoverished by the recent panic to meet the cost. It is a new movement of much import, to which thought and sympathy will [illegible] out from every part of the country and from every class.

Remembrance

THE HABIT of having Old Home celebrations is increasing, and the habit is a good one. It lends permanency to feelings and ideals; it cultivates the imagination and the sentiments; it encourages an interest in the human realities of history. These celebrations differ in various places, but all live up to the name, and the differences are not in spirit. In every case the town is on its mettle to make its best appearance. In one small place, for instance, of a thousand souls, lying more than a dozen miles from a railroad, we notice among the events registered the reception of badges, sunrise salutes, band concerts, baseball games, automobile day, "hops," reunions, picnics, dramatic performances, gramophone entertainments, and as many items besides. Of course the son or daughter of the town who has come from afar to see "the old place" again can never see it entirely as it was. The garden has new-fangled leanings, the well-sweep has gone, the barn looks different, the clump of willows has grown. Much, however, comes back. Initials in the school-house desks may recreate the past. Near the school, also, is the little hollow where, one recess, you saw red, had your first fight, and gained a black eye. There is the old swimming hole, and, though the underbrush about has changed, the boys are going through the same motions on what looks like a smaller scale; and, likewise, the cave upon the hill, doubtless called the Devil's Den. An old flame is usually remembered. You go round to call upon her, you pat her four lusty youngsters upon the head, and tell the mother the while that she has discovered the fountain of eternal youth. Indeed, it might be pleasanter if there were not something "doing" every second. Games, concerts, speechifying one can find everywhere. The old home could be better seen with just a little more of naturalness and quiet.

Sarah

A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER—that is what Mme. BERNHARDT, with any luck, will be in a year or so; and yet who, following her career, has not felt her to be a better artist recently than she was at the height of the Sardou period, say fifteen years ago? SARAH BERNHARDT is a woman of talent, of intellect, of character, energy, and will: and such things count in preventing old age from being a time of lessened value. Now, as her granddaughter is about to marry, Mme. SARAH'S mind is as alert as it can ever have been, her interest as genuine, her strength not appreciably diminished. We can not all be Sarahs, but METCHNIKOFF would agree that the seeds of old age lie not only in the digestive apparatus; they lie partly in the nature of the mind, and the person whose interests are varied, strong, and constant is likely thereby to render life longer as well as more abundant. One way to increase the length of life is to increase its interest.

Dramatic Notes

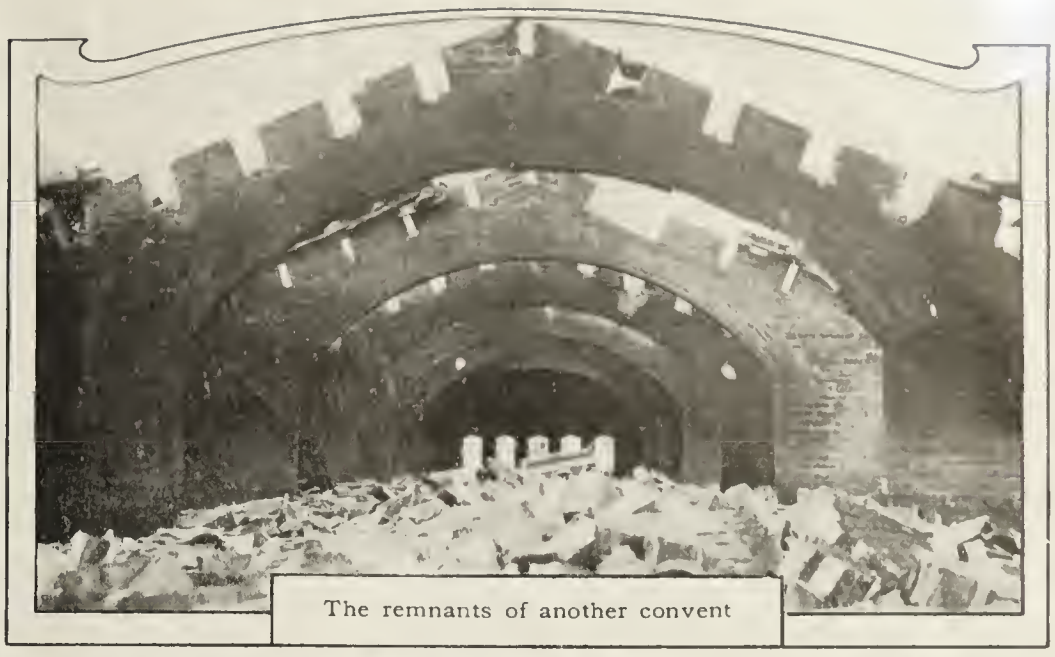
MAETERLINCK is about to have produced in St. Petersburg and Paris a play called "Mary Magdalen." Among the distinguishing marks of the higher dramatists is the choice of topics which the world has already proved to be of interest and importance. They do not seek oddities, but rather handle material sifted by history and experience. There is some interest, by the way, in the production this month, by MAETERLINCK'S wife, for a single performance, of SHAKESPEARE'S "Macbeth," in a castle at St. Mandville. The French have a habit of acting SHAKESPEARE without such comprehension as is shown by the Germans, but "Macbeth," in its material and its construction, ought to be one of the plays which they can handle best. Mrs. GEORGETTE LEBLANC MAETERLINCK'S idea of giving the performance in various parts of the abbey has at least freshness: Duncan's arrival in the courtyard, with attendants all on horseback, seen from the castle windows; the feast in a twelfth-century banquet hall; a cloister gallery, the scene of the long line of spectral kings. Tickets at $40 each, for those who have cornered or inherited a large amount of this world's substance, ought to be worth the price.

Holmes

AN AMERICAN, distinguished in himself and in his type, takes his place on August 29 in the chain of centenary figures of this year. Far beneath POE as a world-figure, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is of greater interest, at least, to the dwellers about Massachusetts Bay. It might have been of himself that one of his characters remarked: "Boston State-house is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." The Boston "type" has long served as a stock comic lay figure. Dr. HOLMES was no mere *littérateur*. The study and practise of medicine was his vocation; literature was an avocation; whatever the general rule, the result in his case was admirable extremely. He is almost the only American who has written spontaneous *vers de société*. In this he often touches the Calverley level. His "Breakfast Table" series comes as close to good talk set on paper as anything this country has produced. In himself he was known (and exhibited) as the best conversationalist Boston, in the height of her glory, could boast. For thirty-five years he taught as professor of anatomy and physiology. The secret of his stimulative power as an instructor lay in sympathy mingled with sense. As a writer those are his qualities, added to the greatest of them, which was wit.



A ruined convent guarded by the troops



The remnants of another convent



A thoroughfare after the artillery had shelled it



Soldiers resting in the streets



Children playing the game of revolution

THE campaign of King Alfonso, now being conducted to hold the Moorish city of Melilla, caused the important commercial metropolis of the Province of Catalonia to rise against the Spanish Government with an anti-war demonstration which began as a lawless riot on July 28, and developed into a formidable rebellion. Attacks were first made upon the tram-cars; they were derailed and burned. The telegraph wires were next pulled down and railway lines cut away sufficiently to stop all transportation. Streets were then torn up, and the paving-blocks were used as barricades behind which the insurrectionists took shelter, and from which they could not be dislodged until after several hours of vigorous shelling from the artillery. Twenty-three houses fortified by the revolutionists were destroyed. Their number amounted to 30,000, while it took 8,000 regulars, with the aid of their machine guns, to reduce them. The dead have been estimated to aggregate as many as 2,000, although this is not considered authentic. The final subjugation of the mob in the central plaza of the city practically put an end to the rebellious disturbances in Spain, although continued mutterings have required great vigilance on the part of the Government to suppress them. The other cities of the kingdom which fell in behind the lead of Barcelona in rioting against the policies of the present Ministry were effectually checked in their course by the severity of the lesson received by the latter.

One feature of the Barcelona rebellion which aroused the attention of the whole world was the attack made upon religious edifices, monasteries, and convents. The inmates were treated with great barbarity, and in some cases even nuns were stoned and killed. By August 2 thirty-eight churches had been consumed in flames—some of them fired by women and children. A plot was subsequently revealed which developed the fact that the uprising was caused by a group of Anarchists and extreme Socialists from all nations, including criminals, who were aiming for "Social Revolution."

The Shattered City of Barcelona

The Broken Wing

The Girl Whose Dull Career Is Vivified by an Adventure in the Sky

By FREDERICK PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LITLE

"IT'S a beautiful day," said Appleton—who always stated the obvious in a confidential way—after they were started for the station.

"Perceptibly so," Alice Adamson responded, absently.

She was convinced that if any one said again that it was a beautiful day she should scream. Of course it was. But June at its best in northern Indiana had no charm for one in her state of mind. She was praying for a downpour of pitchforks, an earthquake, anything which would mean missing the train; while vaguely through the whirl of her thoughts she heard him saying:

"We'll be away from New York just in time to escape the heat. Summer in Europe always, I should say, and fall and early winter on the Hudson, wouldn't you?"

It was talk quite characteristic of their world—a world gifted in the pleasant uses of wealth. Now, for reasons she could not explain to herself, she was rebelling against the diet of a lifetime. She wished that Mr. Edwin Shepperson Appleton—and she could think of him only by his full name that morning—had done something worth while. She wished, in her own words, that he were an italicized man, even at the expense of his delightfully languid manner.

His mother and her own father and mother had overplayed their parts in behalf of the future of an only son and an only daughter. Though she had known him for years, the effect of the last two weeks of constant association with him at the Adamson country place had had the result of a gradual awakening which had culminated in an inward tempest of rebellion. She saw herself enmeshed in a web which had been woven by her partial consent.

When the parental party went ahead in the tonneau and left the objects of their planning to follow in the runabout, this piece of characteristic strategy had revealed prophetically a line of torments yet to come. In prospect was a three months' tour, tied to a string of European hotels, under the chaperonage of three old conspirators. She was lost unless something happened to prevent their catching the Limited which connected with the steamer at New York. The flowing road seemed a ribbon of fate winding about her existence as a spool.

"Wouldn't you?" Appleton repeated his question.

She was about to make some irrelevant answer when the whir of a motor rising in cadence at double railroad speed attracted their attention. At the top of the hill which the runabout was ascending they recognized a sight not unfamiliar in the year 1912. An aeroplane, its great wings flashing a shadow over their faces, its propellers making a frothy swath of beaten light, swept by.

"I wish I were aboard!" Alice thought, wildly.

"Whew! Must be the *Bolt!*" said Appleton. "Going too fast to be any other."

The *Bolt* was Rodney Sharp's aeroplane; and she felt a peculiar interest in Rodney Sharp's career. It seemed to her that she knew him quite well. Looking over her shoulder, she saw the ship dipping as it approached Thomsonville. Then she was certain that it was the *Bolt*.

Often, she knew, in a New York-Chicago run Sharp made a detour over his home town. But he never stopped. His object seemed to be to satisfy an eagle's sentiment for soaring past the nest from which he had made his fledgling flights. It was twelve years now since they had met. From her carriage she had watched him, a youth of eighteen, take an ignominious tumble on the hillside back of the Methodist church to the gutfaws of the local population. She had spoken to him and he had smiled in answer to the little girl who was with her governess. The picture he made as, flushed and determined, he stood beside the wreck of his machine facing ridicule, had a romantic place in her memory. Soon afterward he had left Thomsonville. And now "that queer Sharp boy" had made the continents and the seas—for he was the first to cross the ocean—a moving picture under his feet.

From the *Bolt* she looked back at Appleton, who was about to take up the conversation where he had left it. It occurred to her that he was positively inane. Must she dine with him, walk with him, talk with him all her life? she asked herself. Good heavens! They might even live to celebrate a golden wedding!

The prospect of that golden wedding to her overwrought nerves played a controlling part in the events which followed. Ahead on the silent road a man on horseback was approaching. Evidently he was in a hurry and determined that the automobile should wait on him while he crossed the culvert over a small stream. As Appleton slowed down, Alice suddenly saw in the situation the means to miss the train: to a recess from his company which would give her time to consider her true feelings toward the man at her side. Her glimpse of aerial freedom had given her courage and imagination. Possibly, a little shaking might discover the latent [illegible] seemed lacking in Appleton's nature. With a quick movement, her hand slipped to the wheel, and under the spur of an opportunity so evident and appealing she gave it the turn that spelled the difference between security and catastrophe.

The road seemed to drop from under the car and the car from under her, while her first distinct impression was one of guilty fear. What if she were responsible for maiming, yes, even for killing, Appleton? The next that she knew she was on the grassy embankment facing the seat from which she had been precipitated. She looked for Appleton, who had gone in a different direction. He was rising from the water, dripping but uninjured. Assured of his safety, she pulled her skirt over her shoetops, made certain that she had not lost her hatpins, and viewed the situation blithely. Blinking and spluttering, her companion wiped his face with his handkerchief. People who were awakened out of a sound sleep by the San Francisco earthquake may understand his state of mind.





"How did it happen?" he gasped, as he glanced downward at his mud-drenched clothes

"How did it happen?" he gasped, as he glanced downward at his mud-drenched clothes.

If he did not know, it was far from any thought of hers to complicate matters by enlightening him.

"Extraordinary!" she murmured. "Wasn't it creditable of both of us not to scream?"

Edwin Shepperson Appleton was now sufficiently recovered to think of something besides himself.

"Look at the machine!" he exclaimed, with a grievous gesture toward the runabout, which lay on its side wedged into the bank. "How are we ever going to pull it out?"

But he had overlooked the farmhand, who had dismounted and was standing beside his horse, which was in its working harness. Appleton's face lighted at the offer of assistance, but a shadow crossed it after he had raised the crumpled hood and looked at the machinery, which was broken beyond immediate repair.

"It won't go!" he announced, blankly.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Alice, unconsciously giving voice to her feelings and further demoralizing Appleton.

He drew a long breath before he was able to utter a word.

"Splen—! Well, of all—it—it isn't a joke, Alice! Don't you see that if we miss the train we miss the steamer? And we've only fifteen minutes—and—"

He saw that he was wasting time. The shock had driven her silly, he concluded. Anyhow, he thought, this was better than if she had gone into hysterics; though the picture of her, serene, even gloating, as she surveyed her shoe-tips which she jiggled over the water, was exasperating.

"What are we to do?" he demanded, hopelessly, of the world in general.

"That is for you to say," she returned. Her glance swept past him to a speck in the sky seemingly growing larger. "Perhaps you might signal the aeroplane," she added.

"Signal an aeroplane!" exclaimed Appleton. He was fairly petulant. "Why will you talk nonsense, Alice?" Then he turned to the farmhand with something like a show of initiative for the first time. "Can't you, yes, can't you ride like—like mad"—this was exceptionally strong language for him—"to the next house and get a buggy?"

"The folks that live there ain't got but one buggy, an' they're in town with that," was the answer; 'an' you couldn't make it in less than half an hour, nohow, in a lumber wagon."

"Splen—!" began Alice, and hid her face in her hands for shame.

Appleton leaned against the machine in despair.

"Say," drawled the spectator, with a chuckle. He was surveying the situation through his eyebrows enjoyably, but at the same time he was sympathetic. "Say, why don't you both jump on the hoss an' when you get to Perkins's—that's the next house beyond—you can rush into his barn an' get another."

Alice forgot the aeroplane, now the size of an eagle and pointing directly for them, and gave the man a look that might well make an ogre pause.

"Never! Never! Two of us in that fashion? Never!" she said.

She was pained, not to say shocked; but less so than Appleton when he heard her answer. However, he tried to be diplomatic.

"Yes, do, Alice, do! It'll be a lark!" he pleaded. "Why, I thought you—you were just the girl to enjoy a little romance." For him the routine of the solar system was in danger.

"Never! Not that kind! I'll wait for you to bring a rig."

"But it makes such a mess all round! Can't you see that if we miss this steamer we may have to wait weeks—and it will be dreadfully hot in New York!"

She did not answer except to adjust her position and lean her head against the wall of the culvert. Apparently, all she needed was a novel to pass the rest of the day pleasantly. It was time for him to be firm, he thought; but firmness as exemplified by Edwin Shepperson was a most wavering exhibition.

"You must! You—I mean—" he stammered.

She wondered if he would pick her up and put her on the horse, willy-nilly. That would show he had some force of character. It would greatly improve, if not italicize, her opinion of him as a man. If they really had to go to Europe together she rather wished that he would. The best he could do, however, was to study his watch-face dismally. She looked back to the sky, and the swiftly increasing hum of a motor in their ears called the glance of the others after hers.

"By jing! It's that flyin' machine! She's a-comin' some! An', by jing!—yes, by jing! ef she ain't—a-goin' —to—stop!" exclaimed the farmhand, who was enjoying a most interesting forenoon.

The propeller was still. There was the dead silence of the countryside and of space as the *Bolt*, with the dipping swoop of a gull at sight of a piece of bread on the waters, hovered over them and lighted on the road a few yards away, with ease and precision. The driver, a supple, spare man, stepped from his seat to the ground. So familiar was the public with Rodney Sharp's face from the prints that he needed no introduction. His manner, as he lifted his cap, quite relieved any appearance of aerial patronage to the battered earthly cousin, with its radiator rammed into the earth. A faint tide of color rose in his cheeks at sight of Alice, and possibly also in hers. He had not seen her since, as a little girl, she had watched his first experiment. There was no other sign of recognition on the part of either as he asked, in the terms of the automobile fellowship of the road, if he could be of any assistance.

With an apology for interrupting Appleton's excited repetition of broken, hasty sentences about trains and steamers to Europe and ten minutes, he said, when he had grasped the situation:

"It's only three or four miles to the station, isn't it? That's easy in the time you have. In fact, I expect to be in New York at three this afternoon. But the *Bolt* is my racer, and while I can take one passenger easily, I can't quite manage two."

Appleton had never been in an aeroplane. He was a conservative, with a stage-coach preference for automobiles, who regarded Rodney Sharp as a gallery player. But he was ready to show that, in this terrible crisis, he was not afraid to do his duty.

"I'll go with him, Alice," he said, "and you can ride the horse, and I think I can hold the Limited for a few minutes. Anyway, your father can."

Here Alice missed her cue and probably forfeited all right to sympathy. What more could she ask than to be

left to herself to take her own time to catch the train? This new development had befogged the very object for which she had driven the runabout into the creek. The awkward country boy—the son of the village blacksmith in a community where she had known the isolation of the rich—was now a courteous man of the world, waiting with polite reserve on her wishes and piquing her curiosity as to how the transformation had been wrought. And she was going to fly, and in the *Bolt*, whose fame was linked with Sharp's. She signaled her decision to Appleton as she stepped past him.

"Alice! Consider the danger!" he protested.

"There is none for a flight like this," put in Sharp, politely but decidedly. He settled the matter masterfully for all by adding to Alice: "It's very simple, you see," illustrating, himself, the position she was to take, "if you just place yourself there—yes, just so, that's right—and keep quite still and take hold of that bar, so, and mind to keep your head behind the hood or it will be hard to get your breath in the rush of air."

His manner had the distinction of something better than positiveness. It radiated confidence. Quite as naturally as she would enter an automobile, Alice took her place. Sharp took his at the levers, while Appleton blinked over the discovery that he was not having his own way.

"No time to be lost! You had better mount your horse and start!" Alice called over her shoulder.

"Yes. We'll meet you at the station. Now, all ready!" said Sharp.

The churning whir of the cylinders drowned further remarks from Appleton. He stretched out his arms in appeal as fruitlessly as if he had tried to catch a wild bird sitting on a limb. With the quiver of a tuning-fork, the delicate frame of the *Bolt* settled into perfect rigidity as it rose.

"I was lead and now I am a feather!" Alice whispered, in delight.

At the end of the angle of ascent they were already over the first farmhouse. Fences, fields, and brooks flew by in a pattern, with the station rising, a red brick spot, out of the meadows.

"We made a spurt to get headway," said Sharp. "Now we'll soar in."

The sight of her father's automobile rounding the grass plat to the station door brought her back to a sense of the price she had paid for the wonder of two minutes' new and glorious experience. She was going to catch the train and the steamer, after all.

"You say you will be in New York this afternoon?" she asked.

"Easily and early. We have a favoring wind," Sharp answered, automatically, occupied with his levers.

He was a most matter-of-fact creature, this Rodney Sharp, she thought—a piece of machinery. There were a few seconds' silence, in which the *Bolt* flung a descending circle toward the tonneau, from which her father and mother and Mrs. Appleton were just alighting.

"Think of it! Think of it!" said Alice. "In New York this afternoon!"

"Yes," he returned, with a sidelong glance of inquiry. "It's not so dusty as the train ride, and"—he laughed softly, which made her think that he might have at least an aero-mechanical sense of humor—"I should be delighted to have you come along."

"It's very kind of you—and I don't like dust. I think I will."

"Shall I stop at the station? Do you wish to see anybody there?" he asked.

"No—oh, no, no!" she answered, most emphatically.

Fifty feet above the ground they swept over three uplifted faces, luminous with surprise, as they recognized the *Bolt's* passenger.

"I'll meet you at the Grand Central when your train comes in, mother!" she called. "I'm all right. I'm perfectly safe"—and the three faces were lost in the brick of the fading station.

Then, under her very chin, Alice saw Appleton hammering the flanks of his plodding horse with his boot-heels. She thought of him kindly, platonically, by his Christian name before he passed out of sight with the quickness of a marionette on a spinning wheel. But here a new question occurred to her, one whose immediate answer would spare her suspense. Her purpose was equally as well served by having Appleton miss the steamer as by missing it herself.

"Could you slow up?" she asked, abruptly. "I'd—I'd really like to see if Edwin caught the train." She hummed a bar of an air. "H-m-m, quite a lot depends on it."

"Why, certainly," Sharp answered.

They were far past the rider by this time, but the *Bolt*, retracing its course, soon brought him into view, and there was something sensibly mischievous in the way—a gull watching a snail—that the helmsman kept the shadow of the port planes, a pursuing specter, up and down hill and with the bends of the road, over that excited horseman who was in a race against time. Appleton won by a breath, leaping aboard the Pullman at the last second, to Alice's dismay. Everybody concerned would now catch the steamer; fate was only postponed. She had been a fool, she told herself, not to have refused Sharp's offer.

"You're quite sure you'll be in New York this afternoon?" she asked.

"Absolutely. Now for it!"

For a twinkling the *Bolt* hung over the sleepers like a ship's sails bent taut by a strong breeze over the hull, before it drew away from the Limited as rapidly as the Limited away from a buggy on the highway. It was a giant, supernatural plummet shot in undeviating flight, steady and firm, yet so light that Alice felt herself a loosed spirit, borne on by the will of another who had eliminated time and space from the universe.

She tried exposing her forehead to the rush of air. It cut her skin like alcohol from an atomizer on a raw surface. With her eyes behind the hood again and looking down, the *Bolt*, flying so softly and swiftly, seemed stationary and the landscape to march. They were watching the revolution of the earth with the eyes of the morning sun that brings the break of day to the world around. The shape of a celery dish, Lake Erie lay a welter of silver-bronze, now the bronze glowing deep, now the silver rising in shimmering swaths or quick, capricious beams.

"We might cross," said Sharp.

The soprano note of the propeller fell to a mezzo; he threw the rudder over, and out of the mist rose far shores, which the Bolt skirted with another turn.

"Howdy do, Canada, and good-by, Canada!" Alice called.

Niagara was the foamy tassel at the end of the river's silken string; while beyond, the cataracts made a writhing green and black and silver snake. Over Buffalo hung the misty exhalation of its activities; and the *Bolt* soaring in silence as they passed, the beating symphony of its traffic came to their ears. Then the cylinders began their knitting again, and Sharp set his course on a beeline across an aerial tableland for New York; and New York suddenly seemed very near. She no longer had any doubt that she would arrive in time.

Now, instead of the landscape, which made an ever-changing rug-maker's paradise to the eye, Alice studied the man and the machine which preoccupied him. His lean, clear-cut face, bronzed by the wind, had the rapturous intensity of a boy listening to a tale of adventure. She understood how to him taking a risk was only turning over a leaf to another chapter of happy experiment.

Did he remember what she had said after his tumble twelve years ago? Did he remember her at all? Hardly. He had dwelt in no human world, but one of risk and chance and endless battle with the laws of gravity. A twisted wrist, still supple in its leverage for the capable, long-fingered hand, was the mark of one of his many accidents. The principles of the theorists' essays he had seized as something to be incarnated in cloth, wood, and metal. He had lived on a pittance, building, remodeling, soaring, tumbling, until success had come. "The thing to do is to keep on trying to fly," she recalled as his maxim, which she had read somewhere. Undoubtedly he was a man unafraid; yes, an italicized *man*.



"By jing! It's that flyin' machine! She's a-comin' some!"

"What is our speed?" she asked, finally.

"About two hundred."

"Miles an hour?"

"Yes, it's a record—and only three years ago sixty was our best. We have mastered the currents, now, and we're being pushed by one in our favor."

By this time Alice was ready to believe in fairy tales; and had she felt any incredulity it would have passed with her awakening from the hypnotism of flight at the sight of the skyscrapers of Manhattan rising above the dark spot of Jersey City, steel-streaked with the switches of the railroad yards. She recognized at its slip the monster hull of the great liner which was to take her abroad, with the black, gaping mouths of its huge stacks. As the *Bolt* dipped and turned toward the Governor's Island landing-stage, the white stretch of the cabins and the domino spots of their ports blotted the rest of the city out of her mind.

"You'll be at your hotel by three," said Sharp, without looking up.

She was a passenger and this impersonal, concentrated human machine the conductor of the train—that was all. Yes, that was all of—everything. Nemesis had sent Rodney Sharp with the *Bolt* to make sure that she marry Edwin Shepperson Appleton, who now had his full name again. The mystery and joy of flight had awakened a strange, new, unsatisfied spirit. For another hour in the heavens before she returned to be a creature with leaden feet on the earth she would give a year of her life. She tossed a tentative, hinting question at Sharp.

"How high can you go?"

"It depends on conditions. Three or four miles," he answered, steadying the *Bolt* in the air current opposite her slip, where the figures of the attendants were seen running to their places.

"That must be glorious! Oh, I'd like that!"

"You would?" He looked around at her, smiling, while the *Bolt* was as still as if some Yogi had suspended it by an invisible wire.

He scanned the sky, now overspreading with fleecy clouds. His keen eye seemed to pierce their texture in a study of the atmospheric conditions beyond. She saw him shake his head and set the planes for descent, and then, impelled by an impulse as sudden as her own which had sent the runabout into the creek, he shot over the levers and the *Bolt* skimmed the top of Castle William.

"We'll try it," he said. "But we can't go up like an elevator. We have to climb a pyramidal, aerial staircase, as it were;" and already they were rising.

Broadway lay underneath their feet, a great gash in the masonry of the city from the Battery to the green plot of the park. . . . The top of the beehive was off; the workers could be seen at their tasks. A wedding was coming out of one church; a funeral procession out of another. A knot of which a blue speck was the center was explained by the arrival of a patrol-wagon; surface cars and elevated trains were the busy weavers of a web; a fire-engine was a drawn string of flashing brass and a stream of sparks, and its horses galloping mice. The moving pencil-points of the sidewalks in the busy streets were streams which became white-crested with the upturning of faces, as the people of a metropolis, one and all for the second forgetting their individual thoughts and activities, cried: "The *Bolt!*"

"It beats any relief maps on the schoolroom walls, doesn't it?" said Sharp. "Think of the day when we can take the kids out of the tenements for an aerial afternoon, really to see the town in which they live; see it plotted in its arteries of life like the veins of a frog's leg under a microscope!"

They passed over the Hudson, which was one side of a silver frame for the picture of Westchester's country estates, and in an ascending circle over the Jersey City ferry slips, with a near glimpse of the part in Miss Liberty's hair. Mr. Edwin Shepperson Appleton was in limbo. Alice was living for an hour, with no thought of her future.

"If I dropped it would be death, wouldn't it?" she whispered. "My reason tells me so, but not my feelings. It seems as if I could flutter down gently or soar to the top of the Custom House, as I chose. Do you ever feel that way?"

"Yes. That's the trick—confidence. A pitcher must never think he is not going to strike the batsman out; an aeroplanist must never think that he is going to fall. And if something breaks—that's the fight."

She thought of him as a D'Artagnan of the air. She wished that they might be in danger, so that she could watch him at war with the battalions of gravity.

"And the confidence that carried me through—" he turned to her with a smile that had the suggestion of the self-revelation which is the forerunner of inquiry—"yes, it came from what might seem a little thing." He paused, as if waiting for some word from her.

Afar out at sea was a liner coming and another going. Two others lay at Quarantine against the background of Wadsworth's gun positions revealed. Others at anchor, or waiting to be warped into their slips, were big seeds and the tugs little seeds on the water, gray-green under a cloud, into which melted the broadening swath of ferryboats. Brooklyn, caught to Manhattan by the ribbons of the bridges, was a plotted brown patch at the end of the long tongue of land, with the silver gray of the Sound cut by fretted shores on one side and on the other by the rising and falling white points of surf and by the lacework of the shallows of Jamaica Bay, which under a fleeting patch of sunlight were streams of molten lava invading the land.

"Wonderful!" Alice whispered.

Transcendent spirits of flight, they kept on, up and up and up, the mingled sounds of traffic growing dimmer and the map drawn together toward a central point, as if by the closing fingers of a giant hand.

"Wonderful!" she repeated; "very wonderful, and most wonderful of all is—" she was going to say "you," but she made it, "your mastery of the air."

This gave him courage to express his fast-developing idea. He was flushed, his eyes were beaming, as he turned to her now, seeking comprehension.

"No. If I am to be mentioned, it all goes back to—to Thomsonville. When I had spent my last cent on that poor, sorry experiment that cost me a year's labor and all the village was laughing, there was a girl in a carriage looking on with the rest. She said—but do you recall what she said?"

That was his test, justifying a new kind of flight by the pilot of the *Bolt*. If she did remember, he might have more to say. He still felt the diffidence, not to mention his pride, of the blacksmith's son toward the daughter of the rich man of the community.

"Yes," she answered. "I said: 'But you [illegible] little. You flew farther than you could jump [illegible]

than two big jumps'—yes, two big jumps, as a little girl would put it."

The words were as distinct in her mind as when she uttered them. They sounded the same to him, except that it was the voice of a woman who spoke them now. She was tingling all over in a way that would not let her raise her eyes. Suddenly a film blotted the city out of sight. They were alone in the heavens. The mist of the cloud grew denser.

"It was the only encouragement I had had," he proceeded. "It stopped the smarting of peeled shins and elbows and saved me from trying to thrash the village bully. That night I kept repeating 'two big jumps.' It really seemed a beginning, and I rose in the morning determined not to give up."

"Oh!" she whispered, with a suppression of breath; and all he could see of her bent head was the hair blown from under her hat and her ear and the curve of her cheek.

The mist which enveloped them grew luminous. They passed into a space of sunny ozone, the light of which was suddenly shut off by another rolling cloud into which they sped. This grew darker with their progress. The moist rush of its vapor on their cheeks ceasing, they entered another dark, open space and saw ahead a bank of dense, smoky purple, cut by sabre flashes, and heard the roar of thunder. Now Alice did look at Sharp's face. It was drawn taut as the cloth walls of the planes. The supreme thing for which she had wished had come. They were in danger.

"Through it! Through it—the quicker the better!" he assured her. "The harbor is on the other side."

A first few fugitive, big raindrops struck her face and then a gust of them, like the driven spray over a ship's bow. She was in the forge where the shafts that strike the earth come swift and glowing from the anvil. A cyclonic whirlwind racked the *Bolt*, playing with the ship of the air as a zephyr plays with a thistle-blow. It whistled blisteringly through the planes. Streaks of lightning ran along the frame and livid violet balls shot past. Alice saw Sharp, bent, intent, spectral, and cool, and she held fast and guessed the end as some inevitable decree of elemental chance with which a little human being might not quarrel.

Careening, the *Bolt* all but turned turtle as it emerged from the deluging drive of rain, the blackness and the flashes into the clear, sun-swept haven above the danger line, yet without regaining equilibrium. It rocked, plunged, trembled, and swayed, like a creature in its death throes.

Alice's blinded eyes accustoming themselves to the light, she saw what had happened. With his feet braced against the central structure, Sharp had made of his arm a rod to take the place of the shattered one that had held the guiding-planes in place.

But it was not this that turned his lips ashen. The ship had suffered a far more serious injury. The fraction of a second longer in the storm and there could have been no suspense before the end. One of the *Bolt's* great wings was broken. By a sliver, one of the two main rods of the port upper plane held the crumbling cloth from sinking altogether onto the lower plane. Every plunge threatened the other rod and broadened the split.

Now, indeed, was D'Artagnan against odds, with the gleam of steel reflected in his eyes. Steadying the *Bolt* with the throw of his body, Sharp was battling for life with a gymnast's skill on a teetering wire. Alice felt her uselessness, not daring to stir lest she should incline the wrong way.

Freeing his hand from the wheel for an instant, Sharp drew from the tool-box a spool of copper wire, and then looked past Alice to the break and unconsciously shook his head. She saw what was in his mind. To leave his position meant that the *Bolt* would capsize before he could reach the break. Their fighting hope hung on joining the split ends of the rod. Without immediate repair death was inevitable. A glance of understanding, without appeal or any outward show of emotion, passed between them. Then his lips moved in a smile—a wonderful smile, which was the inspiration of her idea.

"A woman may also have courage," she said.

Her tone, even and natural, surprised her own ears, and she was proud of this fact in his presence.

"Of course you have courage," he returned; "great courage. I know it."

"And I can wind wire," she added.

"Courage—and—" he paused—"and the thing which your encouragement taught me."

She could blush over this, there in the midst of danger.

"Confidence! Confidence!" she repeated, remembering the key to the mysteries. "Confidence!"

She exhibited it by disengaging one of her hands and taking the spool from him.

"Can you crawl out on to the lower plane and reach up to that rod?" he asked, in such a way that it seemed to her the worst coward could not have said no.

"Isn't that the only thing to do?" she asked.

"Yes, and you will do it. Remember—confidence!"

She made her first move away from the stability of her seat and from the proximity of his buoyant, pervasive personality and paused, trembling at the prospect.

"My weight—it will—it will break the balance," she said.

"No. I can throw mine against it. I can use the planes and the propeller to assist. Don't look down. You're only crawling along a pipe three feet above the ground!" He sent her another wonderful smile, which seemed to intoxicate her with strength.

Partly supporting herself on the rod and partly on the moist sheet, slippery and yielding, Alice crept out, inch by inch, pausing with each plunge of the planes and making another advance in a moment of steadiness, her hold on life the strength of her fingers' grip, till the first part was done. But the terrible part was to come. The break lay four feet over her head. How was she to support herself as she reached aloft?

For the first time she looked down. The dark cloud had emptied its cargo of water and despatched its lightnings. It was fleecy, gentle, welcoming. It called her with a fascination that relaxed her muscles and paralyzed her head and nerves.

"I can't! I can't!" she cried.

"Why, yes, you can!" said Sharp. "Of course you can!"

This woke her out of her spell. She looked up at the break determinedly, only to feel how futile was her mission. How could she ever draw the ends together? No man had strength enough for that.

"Now I am going to drive her hard at an angle which will straighten out the broken part by the force of flight," Sharp added. "Hold fast! It's all right!"

He was uncertain that he could do this, but it was the major operation which he had planned. He flung back the spark and opened the throttle wide. The *Bolt's* starboard planes rose suddenly, like the end of a teeter-board, and the port ones sank, while the rod to which she was clinging with a lurch took an abrupt incline. She was looking at the cloud once more, and it seemed as if she could never look away from it again.

"See! The parts are together! Quick, while they are!" Sharp called to her, and thought himself a brute for his command, a murderer for ever having brought her.

Alice answered mechanically, as if she were a puppet at the nerve-ends of his will. She threw herself across the space between the two planes to the broken rod and closed her eyes. But she opened them to find that she had bridged the gulf.

"Splendid! Splendid! Now, your arm around the inner section," he shouted, "just as if you were standing on a limb of a tree and steadying yourself by the one above while you picked a pear."

The cheeriness of his voice was a guide to make any path seem easy. Somewhere she had seen a workman on a girder of a high building doing the same thing, and it was surprisingly easy, she learned, if you did not look at the cloud or away from the break or think of the motion of the *Bolt* as it rocketed in a narrow circle. Every time around added one more strand to that copper bandage she was making. Fingers bleeding and aching, mechanically she kept on winding. When, with a master workman's pride, she had twisted the knot and let the empty spool fall, she realized that the *Bolt* was sailing steadily. The rod under her feet felt as solid as a steamer's deck; the cloud beneath was no more ominous than the turf under the legs of a lawn chair. But this was only a passing impression incidental to her great thought as she sank, relaxed, on to the lower plane. She cried aloud with the gratitude of one who has received a great gift, and in the light of her discovery she repeated:

"I did this! I—I did this! Yes, I could and I did! And"—this she added with a sudden, hysterical laugh, after a pause—"and Edwin must be about at Buffalo by this time."

She had found herself. She knew that she was not going to marry Appleton, though a parental convoy took her twice around the world in his company. Thus absorbed with the relation of her new self to the things of earth, she had not looked toward Sharp. Her last glimpse of him as she set out to mend the broken rod seemed to belong to another age. She was conscious of his nearness, even that his thoughts were of her; his confident calls above the surging of the air through the planes and the whir of the propeller were still eddying in her ears when he now spoke in a softer tone. She lifted her lashes and saw deep into his eyes and deep into the heart of the man—an italicized *man*.

"It was worth all the danger to have learned the greatness in you," he said, "and to have watched you. With each strand of the wire which you wound around the rod—ah, you must know what else you were winding!"

Having repaired the broken brace of the guiding plane, his hand was free to assist her back to her place. His grip was as strong as his will which he had projected into her being a few minutes before; but it was also velvet and warm with the flood of his feeling. There was no resisting his words or his smile or the desire for eternal fellowship with him in the skies as they swept downward through the mists, rosy with sprinkled sunlight, to the panorama of the city still glistening from the moisture of a summer shower.

"I can not believe that this morning was this morning or this afternoon is this afternoon," Alice said. "It seems as if I had lived a year."

"Then our courtship has been long enough to satisfy all conventions," Sharp returned.

The Tame Man of Borneo

Bill Simms' Sea-faring Circus Appears in Pastures New and Accidental



By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

THE tramp steamer *Minerva*, black of hull and dirty of deck, was churning her way through the placid waters of Macassar Strait, in that delectable section of the globe which lies midway between Borneo and Celebes. She may have been ten miles south or as many north of the equator—it was so hot that her stolid German captain neither knew nor cared.

A speck on the southwestern horizon attracted the notice of the lookout. Captain Stein, aroused at his call, mopped his brow and gazed long through the glasses.

"I never saw anyt'in' like dot," he growled. "Head her over dot vay," he ordered the wheelman.

The distant speck took on definite shape as the steamer logged the few intervening miles. The jangling of a bell was followed by a cessation of the thrust of the screw, the *Minerva* described a quarter circle, slowed down, and swung idly in the lazy heave of the sea. This was what Captain Stein discovered:

Mounted on a roughly constructed raft was a bamboo frame, and spread across this frame was what remained of a twelve-sheet circus poster, depicting an enormous lion jumping from the back of a galloping horse through a flaming hoop. Above this specimen of the lithographer's art was lettering which read:

"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

"SIMMS' INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE"

And tacked across the center of the poster there was a strip of cardboard on which was scrawled this inscription:

"Somewhere, August 16, 1908. I have been cast ashore on east coast of an island that looks to me like Borneo. Small river to north and big mountain to west. Am on wreck of the *Daisy D.* Please hunt me up.

(Signed) "WILLIAM SIMMS."

There was nothing on the raft to indicate that it had ever carried a human occupant.

"Dot vas written a month ago," mused Captain Stein, as he removed the inscription. "I remember dot *Daisy D.*, but who is dis Villum Simms?"

A few minutes later the *Minerva* continued her southwesterly course, leaving in her wake the tattered remnants of a gaudy poster which bobbed on the waves and proclaimed to the circling gulls that Simms' International Circus and Menagerie was the greatest show on earth. Two days later the steamer dropped anchor in Surabaya, and the Javanese harbor-master listened rather indifferently to the tale told by Captain Stein.

"You are the fourth to bring in that yarn," he said. "There must be a fleet of those circus posters drifting around Macassar Strait. Looks to me like a clever Yankee advertising scheme. This Simms circus was here about four months ago, but I've heard nothing about the wreck of the *Daisy D.*"

He heard all about it two days later. A steamer bound from Shanghai to Sydney made its regular stop at Surabaya, and one of its passengers was Jed Blout, owner and captain of the lost schooner *Daisy D.* He told this story:

"About six months ago I met this man Simms in Suva, Fiji. He owned a circus and menagerie, and was making a tour of the South Seas looking for excitement and adventures. He got the idea in his head that it would be a great stunt to charter the *Daisy D.* for his outfit, and I was fool enough to make a contract with him. We ran into typhoons, got mixed up with cannibals, and had a devil of a time generally, but the more trouble we had the more this crazy Simms was tickled.

"We were headed up Macassar Strait early last August when we struck that big blow. The *Daisy D.* was stripped of her masts and was in a sinking condition when we sighted the steamer *Sunda* bound north for Shanghai. She answered our distress signals and lowered boats to take us off. There were ten of us in the last boat, including Simms and myself. The old man hung back until the last minute. His circus stuff and animals were insured, but he hated to quit the beasts, especially a thumping big elephant he called 'John L.' He was a mighty intelligent beast, and had saved Simms' life, but there was no help for it—at least so I thought, and I owned the schooner.



"From the dressing-room rode King Swatasoki"

"The elephant and the rest of the animals were battened down in the second deck, and the broken masts and rigging were trailing over the starboard side. I never saw a more complete wreck afloat. Just as we were pushing away from the schooner that elephant, 'John L.,' let out a blast with his trunk that you could hear above the roar of the wind and waves. Old Bill Simms gave a groan, made a leap from the stern,

caught hold of a busted stay, and pulled himself aboard the deck of the schooner again.

"'I'm goin' tew let old 'John L.' out of that hole an' give him a chance fer his life!' he shouted. 'Wait fer me!'

"There was another squall coming and the officer yelled to Simms to get back into the boat. The old man refused, and asked them to come back after him. The officer shook his head.

"'Go ter hell, then!' shouted old Bill Simms. '"John L." allers stuck ter me, an' I'm blamed if I'm goin' ter leave him drown in this old hooker!'

"The squall struck us, the rain fell in sheets, and the wind was something awful. For ten minutes we had all we could do to keep afloat. The officer was only bluffing about leaving the old man on the deck of that sinking schooner, but darkness came on and we saw no more of the *Daisy D.* We finally got aboard the *Sunda*, and her captain lay to all night. The day broke clear with the gale over, but we saw no sign of the *Daisy D.* I took it for granted that she had sunk. We made no stops until we got to Shanghai. I rested up a bit and then came back here to see if there was any chance that either Bill Simms or the *Daisy D.* was saved."

Among the listeners to this tale was a prosperous-looking gentleman garbed in a handsome yaching suit. The harbor-master had bowed deferentially and addressed him as "Mr. Allison."

"Do you happen to know if this William Simms came from Salem, Massachusetts?" asked Mr. Allison.

"That's where he came from," promptly replied Captain Blout. "All of his insurance and other papers are made out to his wife, who lives there. I brought them off the schooner."

"Im here with my yacht, the *Iroquois*," said Mr. Allison. "Would you mind going aboard her, Captain Blout? I have something important to tell you."

An electric launch carried them swiftly to the magnificent private yacht, the cherished plaything of this multimillionaire who had the sense to retire at forty-five and enjoy the pleasures that the world offers to those who can command them.

"I lived in Salem when a youngster," began Mr. Allison, when they were seated in a corner of the superb cabin. "Our folks were very poor. My father worked in one of the mills, and married a girl who slaved in the same room with him. Children came fast, but I was the only boy. When I was about twelve years old the Simms Circus came to town. It was quite an event, since the Simms family lived in Salem and were neighbors of ours. I had never seen William Simms, but admired him because I had heard that he ran away from home when sixteen and joined the circus he then owned.

"At noon on the first day of the circus there came a sharp rap on the window. Mother opened the door, and there stood one of the handsomest men I ever saw. At first my mother didn't recognize him, then she blushed and exclaimed:

"'Well, if it isn't Billy Simms!'"

Mr. Allison smiled thoughtfully at this recollection, and filled Captain Blout's glass.

"Years afterward my mother told me that Billy Simms had been her boyish sweetheart," he continued. "He stayed to dinner, ate our poor fare, teased my mother, joked with my father, and left with us a big bunch of free tickets. He took a great fancy to me, let me ride on the elephant, and made me the happiest lad in Salem. Every time he returned he repeated this performance. He was my first ideal of a great man, and I have not outgrown it."

"He is a great man," solemnly agreed Captain Blout. "His sticking to 'John L.' proves it."

"We must rescue him, if alive," Mr. Allison said. "My yacht, my services, and my money are at your disposal, Captain Blout. We must search these coasts until we find him. When will you be ready to leave?"

"In an hour," instantly responded Captain Blout.

Late that afternoon the *Iroquois* glided swiftly out of Surabaya harbor, and ere dark her prow was cutting the Java Sea. Pilots more or less familiar with the coasts of Borneo were picked up in Banjarmassin, and the long quest began. Many times in the two weeks which followed it seemed that their search was hopeless. Islands, jutting capes, intricate sand-bars, deltas of rivers, winding bays, and other features of this uncharted and little-known coast made the task a difficult and dangerous one.



"The multitude of savage warriors fell on their respective faces"

Much of the exploration was made in the launch, the depth of water preventing the yacht from nearing the reef-protected beaches. They finally worked north until they came to a region where spurs of unnamed mountain ranges reach to the water's edge, ending in many places in high cliffs with the surf boiling at their feet. Early one morning, on the fiftieth day out of Benjarmassin, Captain Blout lowered his glasses and gave a deep roar of joy.

"Look! Look!" he shouted to Mr. Allison, gripping his arm and pointing ahead.

Less than a quarter of a mile to the north was a cliff, and on its crest was displayed a huge poster representing a many-colored hippopotamus with an agonized heathen about to be crushed in his wide-opened jaws. Above this work of art was the lettering:

"Wait for the Coming of

"Simms' International Circus and Menagerie

"The Greatest Show on Earth"

Never had Marshall Allison gazed on a painting which so thrilled him with rapture as did that riot of color depicting the mythical Simms hippopotamus.

For half a mile the launch ran at reduced speed, the occupants keeping a sharp lookout for any signs of the lost circus man. Then they entered the smooth waters of a sound formed by a ragged island which lay parallel to the shore. Mr. Allison was the one to discover the battered hull of the *Daisy D.*, lying at anchor in a perfectly sheltered cove protected from the sea by the island. They were almost upon the storm-beaten schooner before its outline was revealed beyond a jutting wall of rock.

Captain Blout lifted his voice in a shout which came back in crashing echoes. These had hardly died away when a tall figure appeared from back of the shattered cabin, and two minutes later the good captain scrambled to the deck of the *Daisy D.* and grasped the hands of Bill Simms.

"Glory be, Cap'a'n Blout!" the old man exclaimed. "I'm amazin' glad ter see ye. An' you too, stranger," helping Mr. Allison over the ship's side. "I don't know who ye air, but if ye don't look like little Marsh Allison from back in Salem, Massachusetts, I'm a coyote."

"You have called the turn, Mr. Simms," laughed the stalwart millionaire. "I'm proud and glad to be able to do this little in return for those circus tickets and those rides on the elephant in Salem."

"How is yer mother, Marsh?" eagerly asked the old man.

"In splendid health, and often speaks of you."

"Never was a finer woman than your mother," he declared, then turned to Captain Blout. "Cap'a'n, I began tew think you was never comin' after this here old hooker of a schooner. Dew I get anythin' fer salvage?" with a shrewd wink at Allison.

"Anything in reason," agreed Captain Blout.

"I won't charge ye a cent," grinned old Bill Simms. "I've had a million dollars' worth of fun aboard her since I saw ye last."

"Where's 'John L.'?" asked the captain, peering down the companionway.

"He's ashore," pointing to the west, "an' I must get a move on an' join him. I'll tell you what's happened on the way over. I'll hitch the dingey to that swell launch of yours, and we'll hit the beach in style."

During the three-mile run to their destination, old Bill Simms thus narrated a part of his strange adventures:

"As you will remember, Cap'a'n, a rippin' squall struck us a few seconds after I changed my mind an' clum erboard the *Daisy D.* I said a few hurried prayers an' erbout give it up. I also realized that it was all dummed nonsense tew try tew let 'John L.' up on deck. If I opened the hatch for'ard the first few waves would fill the schooner full of water, so I decided tew let bad enough alone. I tied myself to the stump of the mizzen-mast, thought over my past life, wondered what kind of an obituary I would get in the Salem papers, an' let it go at that.

"'Most every wave went plumb over her, but I reckon the trailin' wreckage sorter kept the *Daisy D.* from turnin' bottom up. The gale died down after a bit, it was darker than a mouse-hole in a vault, an' finally I fell asleep.

"When I woke up the sun was shinin' full in my face an' the sea wasn't bad at all. Thar I was all alone on the *Daisy D.*, an' some tickled tew be alive. I unlashed myself, found an ax an' busted a way intew the cabin. I got somethin' tew eat, then opened up the for'ard hatch an' greeted old 'John L.' The pleased twinkle in the eyes of that wonderful animal more'n paid me fer all my risk an' sufferin'. We was well loaded with grub fer man an' beast, an' I perked up a lot. I fed all the animals, lit my pipe, went on deck, an' let her drift.

"It breezed up some from the south durin' the day, an' long erbout noon I made out a range of mountains tew what I persume was the west. They was some nearer when the sun went down, an' we seemed tew be carried along by wind an' current. The next mornin' when I awoke we was driftin' along on water as smooth as a mill-pond, right in here between that high island an' the cove we're comin' tew. If there ever was a natural harbor this is it, so I let 'John L.' up on deck, an' he an' I dropped the anchor overboard. I don't reckon anybody else was ever saved from the sea in exactly that thar way; eh, Marsh Allison?

"The smell of the land kinder excited 'John L.,' so I sent him below fer fear he'd jump overboard an' desert me.

"I was cookin' breakfast an' wonderin' whar in thunder I was, when I heard the sound of paddles. I stuck my head up an' saw half a hundred canoes filled with the sorter people I uster admire in school geographies. I grabbed a gun an' beat it to 'John L.'s' apartments, turned him loose an' told him tew lie low an' await developments. I also let my toothless old lion outer his cage.

"Them savage heathen came over the sides of the *Daisy D.* like a pack er kids breakin' intew a baseball field when they have pried some boards loose. I reckon thar was five hundred of 'em, an' they was erbout as quiet as a wimmin's sewin' circle after the parson has eloped with the choir soprano. A bunch of 'em started down the companionway whar me an' 'John L.' was located. They was precipitate as a lot of German bowlers enterin' a rathskeller on a hot summer night.

"I didn't have tew tell that intelligent pachyderm his business or give him eny cue. He knew it. He squashed the front ones an' then started fer the deck, an' me after him. Some brave but foolish savage stuck a spear intew his flank, an' then old 'John L.' went intew action fer fair. He was mad clear through, an' the way he waded intew them benighted heathen was surely somethin' awful. That mangy old lion also came on deck, made a bluff of a roar, an' it went. The rest of 'em piled overboard an' beat it fer shore.

"I restrained 'John L.' from jumpin' in after 'em, then went below tew clean up. Thar I found a [illegible] who was very much alive, but plumb scared [illegible]. He had crawled under the tiger's cage an' [illegible] when he saw me. I'm some uster South Sea [illegible] ar



"Then followed a truly wonderful performance with 'John L.'"

[illegible] clap was one by his make-up. I dragged [illegible] stood him on his feet.

"*Rette mich!*" he finally gasped, throwing himself at my feet.

"Mebbe I wasn't some surprised. In purty good German he said: 'Save me!' I have tew know more er less of all lingoes in my business, so I assured this king that I would spare him fer a while, an' think it over afterward. It seems that his name was King Swatasoki, and that he was the ruler of this part of the earth. An' that reminds me, Cap'a'n Blout—is this here country Borneo, or what in thunder is it?"

"This is a part of the northeast coast of Borneo, Mr. Simms," volunteered Mr. Allison.

"I'm glad tew know that," declared the old man with much satisfaction. "I made up my mind that it was Borneo, an' so printed on them circus posters I later set adrift, but this here King Swatasoki said he was ruler of 'Branderhilo,' or some other sich outlandish name, an' said he had never heard of Borneo. However," mused the old circus man, "when you stop tew think that half of the inhabitants of New York City—so I reckon—don't know whether Omaha is a town, a lake, er the name of a brand of whisky, I take it there's nothin' strange that this King Swatasoki hadn't heard of Borneo. Just because we call it by that name means nothin' tew him. I don't reckon the folks on Mars calls it that, but, of course, I may be wrong.

"It seems that this savage king had slipped past 'John L.' in the first rush, an' then stayed whar he was rather then face the music on deck. I locked the tyrant up in a vacant cage an' then went on deck tew think it over. Later I had a long an' difficult talk with him. He explained that he had picked up a lot of German from a sailor who had been cast ashore. The king said this chap had finally sailed away in a boat he had built, but I kinder suspect somethin' else happened tew the poor Dutchman.

"I explained tew King Swatasoki that I was the ruler over man an' beasts, an' told him that I would spare him if he'd abdicate in my favor while I remained here. He jumped at the chance. He had gold ornaments all over him, an' a chunk of that desirable yellow stuff in a war-club that must er weighed ten pounds. He said his people had tons of it. That give me another idea.

"His subjects hung erbout the schooner day an' nights in canoes, but I wasn't afraid of their makin' an attack so long as old 'John L.' was on the job. On the third day I let King Swatasoki out of his cage an' brought him on deck. I also introduced him properly to 'John L.,' an' patched up a truce between him an' that big bundle of leather. Swatasoki signaled tew some of his chiefs an' they cautiously neared the schooner. I let ten of 'em on board after they had left their weapons behind. We had a big pow-wow, which the king translated the best he could. They agreed that for the ransom of Swatasoki I should have as much gold as I could lift from the ground."

Old Bill Simms rubbed his back tenderly.

"I reckon I strained myself a bit," he said, with a wry smile, "but I'll bet I hoisted five hundred pounds er more, an' that's not bad fer a man of my age; eh, Cap'a'n Blout?"

The attention of that gentleman was riveted by a sight so startling that he hardly heard this question. The launch had shot past a towering ledge of rock which stood guard at the southeast entrance to a cove, and the view of the distant shore unrolled like a panorama. Beyond the gleaming white of the beach, with a background of tropical green, there suddenly showed the gray of a huge circus tent, its ridges gay with fluttering flags, and above them all the stars and bars of the banner of the United States.

Across the mirror of the intervening waters lay the purple shadows of beetling crags. The tent stood on a small plateau, level as a billiard table. Back of it were ledges of rock festooned with vines. In the far distance reared the dome of a mountain, its slopes a mass of color in which the bronze-green of royal palms predominated.

"Did ye ever see a finer place fer a circus tent?" asked old Bill Simms, with proper professional pride.

"Do you mean to tell us that you are giving circus performances here?" gasped Mr. Allison. "How do you—?"

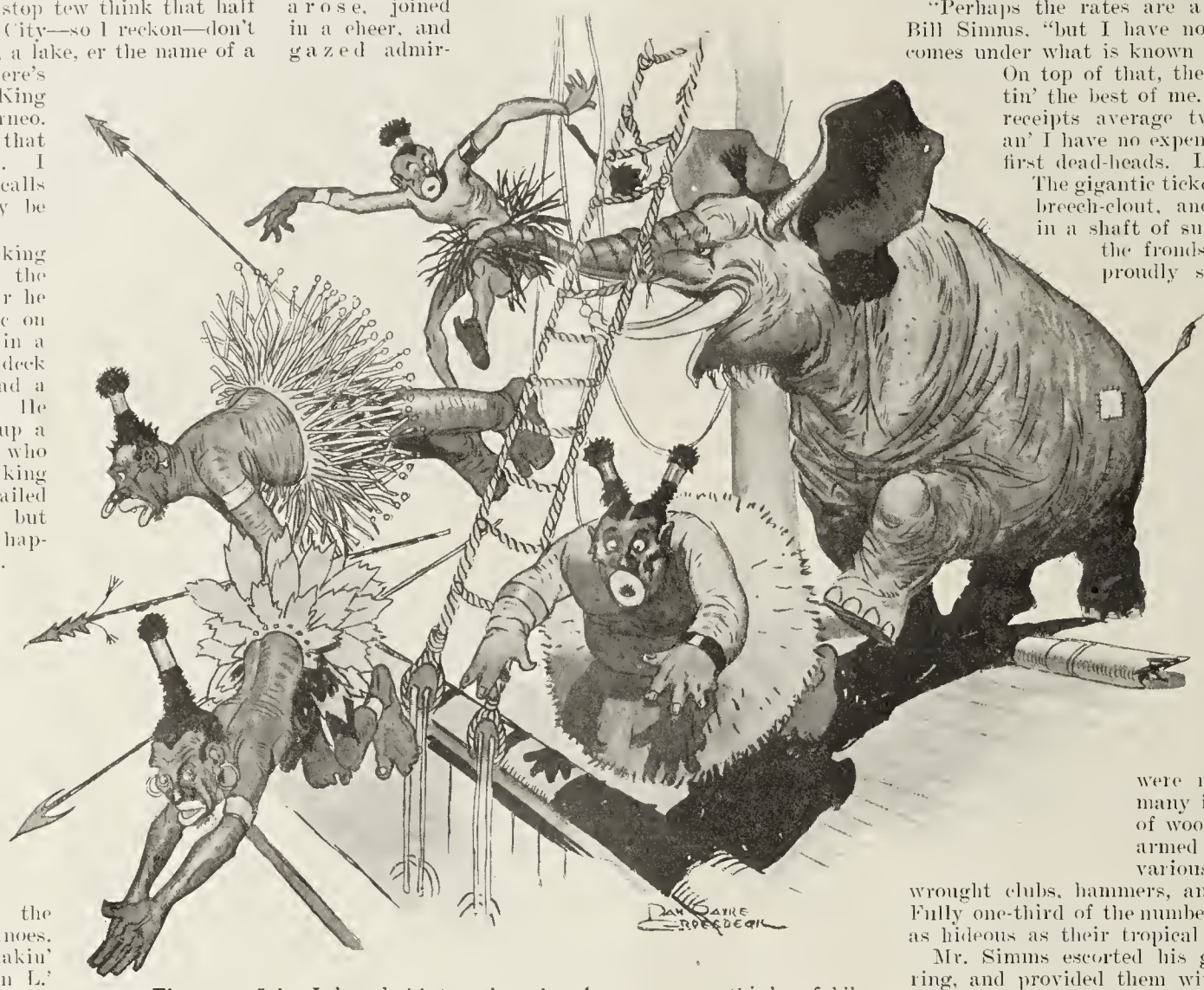
"I should say I was givin' performances here," replied the old man. "That is one of my perquisites as deputy king of this section of Borneo. Wait until you see. Thar's some of my subjects," pointing to the beach. "They seem tew be excited over somethin'. Slow up thar, Marsh Allison! Don't go in any nearer; I've just thought of somethin'. Shut her off, man; shut her off!"

The small throng of natives on the beach had speedily been augmented by hundreds. Allison dropped an anchor and brought the launch to a stop a few hundred yards from shore, then turned and surveyed a scene calculated to make a timid man nervous. A mob of hideous [illegible] savages were making a demonstration which savored little of welcome. All were armed with spears and other weapons which they brandished defiantly as they waded into the water or piled into canoes.

"It looks to me as if your subjects have revolted," said Captain Blout, reaching for a repeating rifle and inspecting it carefully. "I think we'd better keep out of their reach."

"Revolted nothing!" exclaimed old Bill Simms. "Stay right here; I'll fix 'em," and before Mr. Allison could interfere the old man leaped into his dingey and pulled stoutly for shore.

He rowed directly into the oncoming fleet of war canoes, stood erect as he neared them, and uttered words which had a magical effect. Spears were lowered, the yells of rage died away, old Bill Simms jammed the bow of his boat against the beach, sprang ashore with one of the oars in his hand, waved it over his head and shouted a few words, whereupon the multitude of savage warriors fell on their respective faces and humbled themselves before this strange old man. Again he spoke to them; they arose, joined in a cheer, and gazed admiringly at Simms, who patted a gigantic savage on the back, sprang into his dingey, and rowed back to the launch.



"The way 'John L.' waded intew them heathen was somethin' awful"

"They thought you had captured me," he exclaimed, "an' had arranged tew rescue me from yer clutches. I explained tew them that they was bettin' on the wrong hoss. Head in fer shore, Marsh; it's nearly time fer the regular mornin' performance."

The natives stood well back from the beach as the three white men landed from the launch. Simms motioned to a splendidly proportioned savage, who stepped forward and bent his knee to his conqueror.

"This is King Swatasoki," the circus man said, taking the hand of that deposed ruler and presenting him to Captain Blout and Marshall Allison. "He wishes me to say that his men are very sorry for raisin' sich a rumpus, an' that he'll give a banquet this evenin' tew square things. We'll see you later, Swat," dismissing the King with a wave of his hand. "Before the show starts I want tew give you a look at my new menagerie."

"Your new menagerie?" repeated the astounded captain.

"That's what I said," grinned old Bill Simms. "This part of Borneo was created fer a man in my business. When I showed King Swatasoki that poster of a hippopotamus he seemed much interested, an' wanted tew see the original. Of course, I never owned one of 'em beasts, but I told him I had, an' that I had killed the monster in a moment of rage. He asked me if I would like another, an' I told him yes.

"'What color?' asked this accommodatin' monarch.

"I was some surprised, but never batted an eye. I told the king I was sorter partial tew white hippos, but that I was not averse tew a collection includin' red, blue, an' other shades that would harmonize with my wagons. Inside of a month that grateful tyrant got so busy with his subjects that they turned over tew me six of the biggest hippos I ever heard on, includin' a pair of white ones that sweats pink blood. Here they are," pointing to a huge enclosure within which were two enormous beasts with hides of light gray.

In adjoining pens were four of the more common types, but all of great size.

"As further tokens of his affection tew me," continued old Bill Simms, "an' in appreciation of my efforts tew civilize an' uplift this benighted section of Borneo, King Swatasoki has also contributed these five massive but untamed elephants. In another corral, which I'll show ye later, I have four types of the Borneo tapir, or rhinoceros, half a hundred monkeys an' orang-outangs—some of 'em bigger an' stronger than Jim Jeffries—tew say nothin' of bears, strange kinds of big cats, wild pigs, deer, flyin' lemurs, snakes forty feet long, a bunch of whoppin' big crock-diles, an' a collection of birds that are beauts. I don't reckon, Marsh, that enybody since old Noah ever got so many kinds of livin' critters together, an' one of the first things you'll have tew do, Cap'a'n Blout, will be tew hike back tew civilization an' charter a ship twice as big as the *Daisy D.* tew carry the new Simms menagerie away from here."

"I wish I had your luck," growled Captain Blout.

"Without throwin' eny boquets at myself," grinned old Bill Simms, "I sets it down as a reasonable proposition that a man should show some sagacity in pickin' out a place tew be wrecked. Now we'll go an' see my reorganized Borneo circus."

In front of the main tent was a roughly constructed table, and back of it were three natives who presided over weighing scales adjusted for one ounce. Eager savages proffered gold dust and small nuggets of that metal, receiving in exchange for about twenty dollars' worth of it a pasteboard ticket granting admission to the tent.

"Perhaps the rates are a trifle high," admitted old Bill Simms, "but I have no competition; besides, this comes under what is known as a 'hazardous enterprise.' On top of that, these people think they're gettin' the best of me. Perhaps they are, but my receipts average twenty-five thousand a day, an' I have no expenses, an' you two will be the first dead-heads. Let's go in."

The gigantic ticket taker was naked, save for a breech-clout, and his bronze skin gleamed in a shaft of sunlight which sifted through the fronds of an adjacent palm. He proudly stood guard over a slotted box, but bowed low when old Bill Simms and his companions approached.

The amphitheater was already well filled with the strangest audience that ever witnessed a circus performance. They were members of a tribe of "head-hunters" of unknown ethnographical origin. Unlike most of the branches of this famous type of Malayan savage, these natives were large and well formed, but with cruel and repulsive features. Their enormous heads were crowned with bushy stacks of knotted hair; beneath wicked eyes were nostrils and lips pierced in many instances with barbed pieces of wood, ivory, or bone; they were armed with spears and shields of various designs, also with curiously wrought clubs, hammers, and other primitive weapons. Fully one-third of the number were females, and they were as hideous as their tropical environment was beautiful.

Mr. Simms escorted his guests to the center of the ring, and provided them with seats. He looked at his watch, then took a whistle from his pocket and sounded a peculiar succession of notes. At this signal an enormous elephant brushed through a canvas wall and lumberingly approached his master. Old Bill Simms grasped an American flag, spoke a word to the huge beast, who reached forward with his trunk and lifted his owner high in air. Simms glared at the assembled natives and waved the flag in a sweeping gesture.

"Up, ye consarned cannibals!" he shouted. "Up on yer feet an' give three cheers fer the United States an' the American flag!"

The seven hundred natives sprang to their feet and yelled with a vigor which was startling, nor did they quit until Simms ceased waving the flag and was lowered by "John L." to the ground.

"I'm trainin' 'em in patriotism," he explained to Mr. Allison and Captain Blout. "Most of 'em have been tew the show twenty er more times before, an' they know what tew dew when I flutters the grand old flag. I could vote 'em solid fer the Republican ticket if I had 'em back in Salem. Excuse me, gents, while I puts on my show clothes an' starts the real performance."

Simms disappeared through the canvas. A few minutes later the sound of the whistle was again heard, the jabbering audience stared at the canvas flap, and leaned forward with craned necks—then Mr. William Simms made his formal entrée.

He was clad in the conventional costume familiar to all who have studied the cartoons of "Uncle Sam." On his head was the white plug hat; his elongated figure was draped with the spike-tailed coat, the star-spangled vest, also the blue and white striped trousers with the traditional straps holding their lower edges to the tops of the long-toed shoes. Facially, Mr. Simms needed no disguise to enhance the likeness to the familiar and beloved type of the New England Yankee. He had the thin white hair, the shaggy eyelashes, the peaked nose, the shrewd mouth, and the flowing chin whiskers of the immortal Uncle Sam.

Four natives garbed in the costumes once worn by the clowns then appeared, one of them leading an elaborately spotted and broad-backed horse.

"Until this here Borneo engagement it's mighty near thirty years since I done a clown an' bareback act," the old man explained to his two guests; "but I think I pulls it off fairly well fer a man of my age. Here goes!"

He began a pantomime with the native clowns, belabored them with a slap-stick and a stuffed club, then jumped on the back of the patient horse and artistically fell off. The assembled savages howled with joy. Simms again gained a place astride the horse and rode backward half-way around the ring. In attempting to stand

he again fell. With a leap wonderfully agile for a man of sixty-five he vaulted once more to the back of the horse and gained a standing position.

A hideously painted and tattooed ring-master cracked a whip and slightly accelerated the speed of the lumbering steed. Simms removed the spike-tailed coat and tossed it to Captain Blont. The spangled vest and the old-fashioned trousers quickly were discarded, and the veteran circus man stood revealed in the close-fitting and tinseled garb of a barebacked rider. It was the familiar transformation from the clumsy clown to the trained and graceful athlete, but never before had it been done under such circumstances. For ten minutes old Bill Simms performed such conventional acts as riding on one foot, leaping through hoops, standing on his head, all of which were rewarded with continuous applause, in which Mr. Allison and Captain Blount heartily joined.

Then followed the truly wonderful performance of "John L.," unquestionably one of the most intelligent and best-trained elephants in the history of circusdom, assisted, of course, by Mr. William Simms. A perspiring native ground away at an antiquated orchestrion, and to its strain "John L." waltzed with his owner and friend, stood on his head, on one foot, walked over the prostrate body of Simms, bellowed a fair imitation of "Yankee Doodle," and executed other feats which aroused wild enthusiasm.

"It must be hard work giving the entire show," said Mr. Allison when this act was concluded.

"Lord bless ye, man; I don't give the whole show," declared old Bill Simms. "Not by a darned sight. If the next act don't make a hit with both of ye, I'll give ye the day's receipts. I wants yer opinion of the speech I'm goin' tew make right now. I've spent a heap of time an' thought on it. Here goes!"

Mr. Simms bowed to the four corners of the enclosure, smiled at the spectators, and waved his whip for silence.

"Ladies an' gentlemen!" he shouted, mopping his face with a red bandanna handkerchief. "I know blame' well ye don't understand a word I am sayin' tew ye, ye bloomin' heathen, but I'm practisin' this here speech on ye. The next act, ladies an' gentlemen, is the most wonderful one ever presented tew a civilized audience. Yer humble servant, Mister William Simms, at the risk of his life an' in the interests of science, explored the inmost wildernesses of Borneo—the most savage an' mysterious island on earth—an' after incredible adventures, includin' the slaughter of whole tribes an' the devastation of most of the east coast of Borneo, subjugated the Province of Branderhilo, an' made its king an' his royal cabinet his willin' an' obedient slaves. Cheer, darn ye, cheer!" shouted old Bill Simms, waving the flag.

The applause which followed was sufficient in volume to appease the most eloquent and sensitive of orators.

"That'll dew," cried the old man, lowering the flag. "I now have the pleasure of interjucing tew this here intelligent audience King Swatasoki, the hereditary monarch of the famous head-hunters, or Wild Men of Borneo. King Swatasoki is the champeen collector of heads in Borneo, or elsewhar. By hard an' patient work he has amassed a total of seven hundred an' twenty-three heads, the choicest of which will now be displayed tew yer gaze by King Swatasoki an' his retenue."

Mr. Simms blew the whistle and turned to Marshall Allison.

"This here act has got all them Salome stunts beat a thousand miles," he proudly said. "Here they come! Say, isn't this immense!"

From out the entrance to the dressing tent there emerged the huge form of King Swatasoki. Curved about his nearly naked body was a twelve-foot live snake, whose wicked head poised above the tangled shock of hair of the King. But it was not the snake that long held the attention of Mr. Allison and Captain Blount. Swatasoki bore in each hand what appeared to be a human head. These he held aloft, turning them deftly as he advanced so that all could see the ghastly features.

"Are they real heads?" almost gasped Mr. Allison.

"I should say they were," declared old Bill Simms. "Keep yer eyes on this parade an' let me know if ye think it'll make a hit in Oshkosh."

Following King Swatasoki were twenty Borneo warriors. Some carried long spears with human heads at their ends. Others bore huge trays made of rhinoceros hide, and these were burdened with circles of grinning heads which once adorned the shoulders of the enemies of King Swatasoki. In the rear were two misshapen dwarfs, each of whom bore in his arms five heads which seemed much the worse for wear. As this strange parade paced slowly around the ring its members joined in a weird chant, the refrain being broken by occasional staccato yells and accompanied with dancing steps and wild gestures.

"What dew ye think of 'em?" anxiously asked Mr. Simms.

"It strikes me as—as rather revolting," hesitated Mr. Allison.

"Exactly so," agreed the old circus man. "That's why it'll make a hit, 'specially in such refined centers as New York. Don't ye think so, Cap'a'n Blont?"

"Look at those dwarfs!" exclaimed the Captain.

The two stunted savages who brought up the rear of the procession had begun a juggling feat which held the spectators in a spell. With perfect skill they tossed the ten heads in air, each dried and wrinkled skull revolving as it described its arc. Three times they thus made the circuit of the ring, and Mr. Allison drew a long breath of relief when they disappeared from view.

"It is certainly realistic, Mr. Simms," he admitted.

"An' teaches a fine moral," insisted the circus man.

"I hardly grasp the moral," said Mr. Allison.

"'Don't lose yer head' is the moral," chuckled old Bill Simms. "The next act, an' the concludin' one, is more refined, but not so excitin'. I have taught six of these savages tew ride barebacked, an' none of 'em ever saw a horse until I landed here."

He gave a signal and six white horses cantered slowly out. Standing on their backs were six of the most forbidding humans possible to the imagination. Their normal ugliness was enhanced by smears of red and yellow paint. In their hands were short sections of bamboo cane.

"Ladies an' gentlemen!" shouted old Bill Simms. "Keep yer seats an' don't be alarmed. These here benighted heathen are my eringin' slaves. I wish you to observe the slender pieces of bamboo they have in their hands. These are the famous blow-guns with which they kill friend an' enemy when the lust fer addin' a few heads tew their collection is on 'em. In their native wilds in Borneo they use pizened arrers, the very whizz of which as they fly through the air is fatal to all that hears it. On this here occasion, however, they will not shoot these pizened arrers, but rather some samples of delicious lozengers, packages of which the gentlemanly attendants will pass 'round an' offer fer sale at the small price of ten cents a package. Buy one or more of these delightful confections fer the loved ones at home. Get a move on ye, Swatasoki, an' dew yer stunt. Bow tew the audience, ye confounded savages! Bow an' show yer beautiful teeth!"

Mr. Simms cracked his whip over the heads of the huddled horsemen, causing one of them to fall from his steed, but he sprang back with an agility which brought a smile of appreciation to the wrinkled face of old Bill Simms. Their salute to the audience was an unqualified success.

"Grind, darn ye! Grind, ye lazy Hottentot!" Simms yelled to the native who had charge of the orchestrion.

The instrument wheezed out the strains of a Sousa march, a snap of the whip under the belly of the horse occupied by King Swatasoki set the wierd cavalcade in motion, and the six broad-shouldered white horses ambled slowly about the ring, their ugly riders clinging with prehensile toes to their swaying perches.

Half-way around the circle King Swatasoki adjusted a blow-gun to his mouth and shot a lozenge with such accuracy that it hit one of his fat wives on her dusky cheek. She and her rivals made a wild scramble for it. Then followed a bombardment of disks of candy that set the amphitheater in a furor of excitement, clamor, and confusion. With a dexterity which was marvelous the savage horsemen shot these harmless missiles in steadily increasing volume, frequently into the wide-opened jaws of spectators in the upper tier of seats. Mr. Simms stood near his companions, his homely face mantled with a smile of artistic appreciation.

"On the level, gentlemen, did ye ever see enythin' in Madison Square Garden or elsewhere that could hold a candle tew this here act?" proudly asked old Bill Simms. "Honestly, Marsh Allison, isn't it great?"

"I never saw anything like it," truthfully asserted that millionaire.

"I'm goin' tew call it 'The Wild Borneo Head-Hunters' Horseback Act,'" declared the circus man, "an' you can bet the last dollar ye have that it will make a hit in the civilized belt. I'm mighty sorry I didn't discover this South Sea country before, an' 'specially Borneo," mused the old man. "After forty years of enervatin' career as animal trainer an' circus owner, I have finally struck a place whar excitin' things happen like they dew in books. If I ever get back tew Salem I'll have somethin' worth while tew tell tew my dad, who was beginnin' tew think nothin' worth while ever was goin' ter happen ter me."

"Is your father living, Mr. Simms?" asked Mr. Allison.

"You bet he is," declared the old man. "An' say, *he* has had some *real* adventures!"

A Parfait Gentil Mysunderstandynge

(From an Early Fragment Found on a Medieval Score-Card)

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by ROLLIN KIRBY

NOWE inne the rane of Olde Kynge Kole
Itte chanst onne summers daye
Nyne Snow Whyte Knytes from Barcerole
For Combatte came thatte waye.
("Odds pumpkins!" cryde the Courte Jes-ter,
"We'll have a bully fraye!")

"HOW shal we fite?" each Snow Whyte Knyte
Out-cryde with angry rore.
Somme cryde "With sordes," somme cryde "With clubbes,"
But goode the Kynge upswore,
"Nay by our sox, a game of Balle
Wil settle that Olde Score."

"WHO wil the Honest Umpyre be?"
The Nyne Knytes upward spoke.
"I'll stand for Itte," replyd the Kynge,
Whose word nunne mote revoke.
("My Liege," remarkt the Courte Jes-ter,
"I hope you maye notte choke!")



"The ball smote Thirdly too"

SOE to the dimond Balling Ground
They alle didde quicklie heele
& inne the boxe Sir Twirler stoode,
Hys helm brite-flashinge zeal,
& atte the plate Sir Thomasse Grabbe
Upraisd hys mytts of steele.

SIR GEOFREY KNOCCKYR came toe batte
And thryce didde vainlie cloute;
Agayn he swope - upcryd the Kynge,
"Odds Wilkins, ye are oute!"
& inne the Stand Sir Aubrey Fann
Lyke wilden-catt didde shoute.

ONCT moar out-fannd the Snow Whyte Knytes
Til sore and pale theye satte,
& onne the bench Lord Clarence Byffe
Cryde, "Wud ye looke atte thatte!"
Thenn sylence alle, as forwarde strod
Sir Casey to the batte.

HE raysd the stycke, he smole a smyle,
The balle came swyft & hotte
With helich hate acrost the Plate—
Goode Grasyus! whatte a swatte!
Itte seemd to scoot a thousand rood
Intoe the Cabbage Lotte.

DIDDE ever Knyte in hardware cladd
For First more swyftlie sneek,
Didde ever Knyte in pig-iron boots
For Second straighter streake?
What ho! he maketh a frisque for Third
And slideth on hys cheeke!

BUTTE as uponne hys cheeke he slode
The Balle was thither threw.
With mail-clad twist of mail-clad wrist
To Thirdly Bagge it flew,
& as Sir Casey's cheek smote Third
The Balle smote Thirdly too.

"NOWE saye, nowe saye, thou Umpyre greye,"
The courtlie Rooters shoute,
"Saye brieflie, pleese, if hee iss Inne,
Or haply down and Oute!"
And rounde Kynge Kole the Mobbe doth surge
Belike as if toe cloute.

WASSE ever Kynge inne such a plyte
As nobel Kole thatte daye!
Itte were notte safe for toe saye "Safe,"
And "Oute" 'twere deth toe saye—
Kynge Kole hee scratcht hys baldie-spot
And answerd thys-a-waye:

"SITH Casey slyde soe very welle,
This Judgemente doe notte doubt—
One half of hym wasse very Safe,
The other half wasse Oute!"
"Fake, fake!" hys loyalle subjeckts crye,
Betwixt a shreeke and shoute.

A BRYCK was threw til someonne cryde,
"Stay! would ye stryke your Kynge?"
"You bette we would!" theye maddlie yel,
& doe notte doe a thynge
Butte smyte hys crowne & throw hym downe,
With mannie a punch & swynge.

AND as theye rufflie thuss didde act
The Whyte Knytes (fie for shame!)
Made twentie-eight complete home runnes,
And thuslie wonne the game
And rode awaye as Champyons
("Such," sayth the Booke, "iss Fame.")

. . . . . .

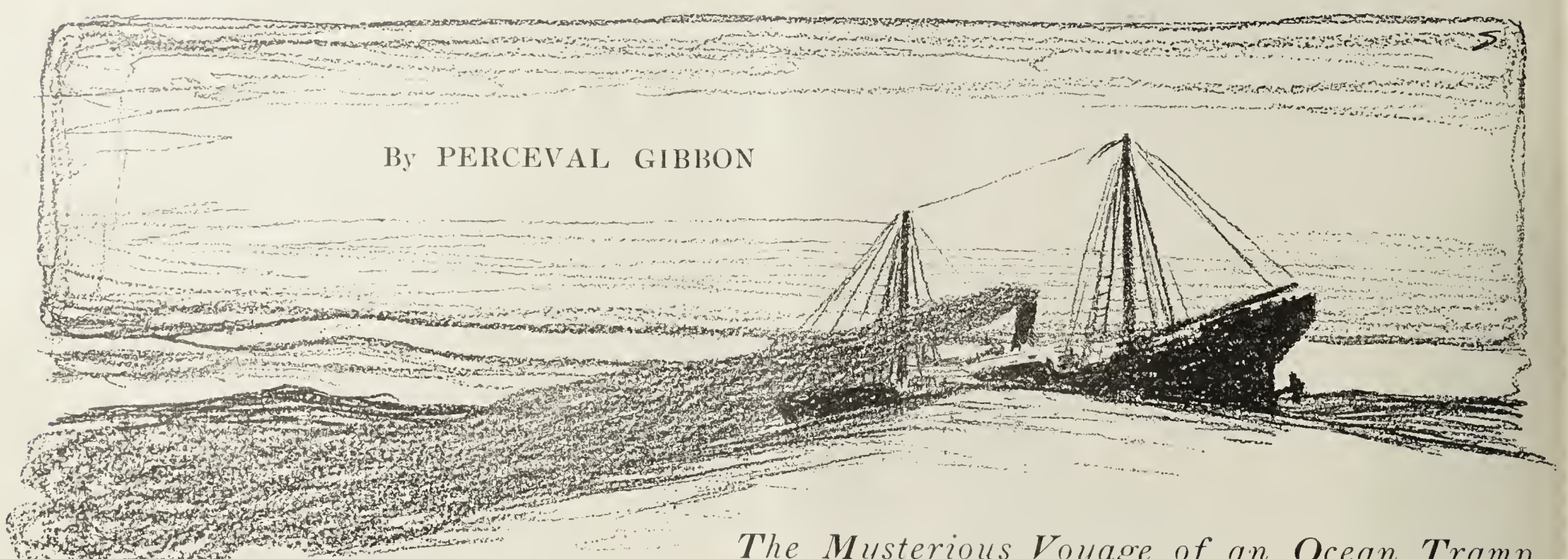
UPON hys bedde of Anthracite
Kynge Kole fulle feeblie sanke.
"O Sire," upspake the Courte Jes-ter,
"I speak the truth so franke;
As Kynge you are a kynglie thynge—
As Umpyre you are ranke!"

AND o'er the doore of Old Kynge Kole
The Crowe quothe "Nevermoar!"
(What sayth the auncient Chronikler
Whome we have heard before?
"Old Kole was every inch a Kynge—
And every inch wasse Sore.")



"As Umpyre you are ranke!"

The Mate of the "Gatwick"



By PERCEVAL GIBBON

The Mysterious Voyage of an Ocean Tramp

THERE was a quality in the chief mate of the *Gatwick* which distinguished him among his sea-faring brethren and made him a little noticeable about the decks of a steamship. The years of his service at sea had left no mark on him; through their stress and labor he had carried untouched a certain urbanity, something smooth and supple in his manner and address, which suggested the traffic of streets and houses rather than the windy solitude of the bridge and far sea-bitten horizons. Old Captain Leigh, alighting at the foot of the gangplank from the cab which had conveyed him from the station, looked at him sharply. A tall arc-lamp on the wharf spluttered over their heads and threw its convulsive light about them, and in its glare the chief mate looked even more foreign to the place than he did by daylight.

"So you're the mate," repeated the captain, still scanning him. "Well, I hope we'll get on together."

Behind them, the cabman, impassive upon his box, looked slowly from one to the other.

The mate smiled pleasantly. "I hope so, sir," he said, in his agreeably modulated voice which was so little like a sailor's. "I'll send the watchman up to bear a hand with your dunnage."

"Right," said the captain, shortly, and watched him drop back to the steamer's deck and go for'ard upon his errand to rouse the night-watchman from his beauty-sleep in the galley.

The cabman sighed and shifted in his seat. The captain turned to him, with a motion toward the luggage piled on the roof of the vehicle.

"You can get those things loose," he said. "There'll be a man up to fetch 'em aboard in a minute."

The cabman grunted and proceeded to unwind himself from the rug about his legs. "Takin' her over?" he asked, with a sidelong jerk of his head at the decks of the *Gatwick*.

The captain was sorting coins in his palm and looked up. "Yes," he said. "Been to sea yourself, eh?"

The cabman grunted again, fumbling with the knots that secured the captain's gear on the cab. "'Tisn't so long," he said, slowly, "since *I* was payin' off a cab on the wharf, and a hand was comin' ashore to fetch *my* dunnage."

"Eh?" The captain looked him over sharply; he was a shabby, stout man with a lean, unhappy face. "What were you, then? Steward?"

The cabman vented a short bark of laughter, as mirthless as a sob. "Steward!" he repeated, and paused.

"What, then?" demanded the captain.

"Master," replied the cabman. He looked down and met Captain Leigh's puzzled stare with an expressionless face. "I lost her," he added, and turned again to his work. It was a full explanation; it needed nothing further to make it clear how a man who had commanded a ship came to be driving a cab. The captain watched him with a sudden sinking of the spirits.

"It might happen to anybody," he said, hurriedly, as the mate came forth from the alleyway with the watchman at his heels. "Here's your money."

"Good luck," said the cabman, shortly, taking it.

His drooping, melancholy face remained in the captain's mind while his baggage was brought aboard and bestowed in his room; the conversation had come like an omen to stay his feet when he was about to set it for the first time on the deck of his ship. He felt vaguely saddened and cast down, and it was with a certain gravity of countenance that he faced the chief mate across the chart-house table when the latter handed over the papers in his keeping. Captain Leigh looked through them expertly while the mate, with a bottle of whisky ready at hand to do honor to the occasion, scrutinized him appraisingly. It was no uncommon type of man that he saw—just the elderly, sturdy shipmaster, brown-faced and white-bearded, with an elemental simplicity underlying all his quick adequacy of mind and body. The mate smiled to himself once or twice as he noted how the captain breathed hard while he read, or tracked figures to their total with the aid of a big spade-ended forefinger.

"Well, that's all right," said the captain at length, as he slipped the india-rubber bands on the documents. "We'll get out on the afternoon tide to-morrow. Everything's all right on board, I suppose?"

"Quite right, sir," replied the chief mate, deferentially.

The captain cocked a wise eye on him.

"You have been with her long?" he inquired.

"Six months, sir," answered the other.

He was brown-faced, brown-haired, and brown-eyed—all brown and smooth, but none of it was wind-tan or sunburn. Rather, it seemed that secret hue which goes sometimes with Southern blood. He met the captain's inquiring eye with easy composure.

"Not a relation of the owners, by any chance?" suggested the captain once more.

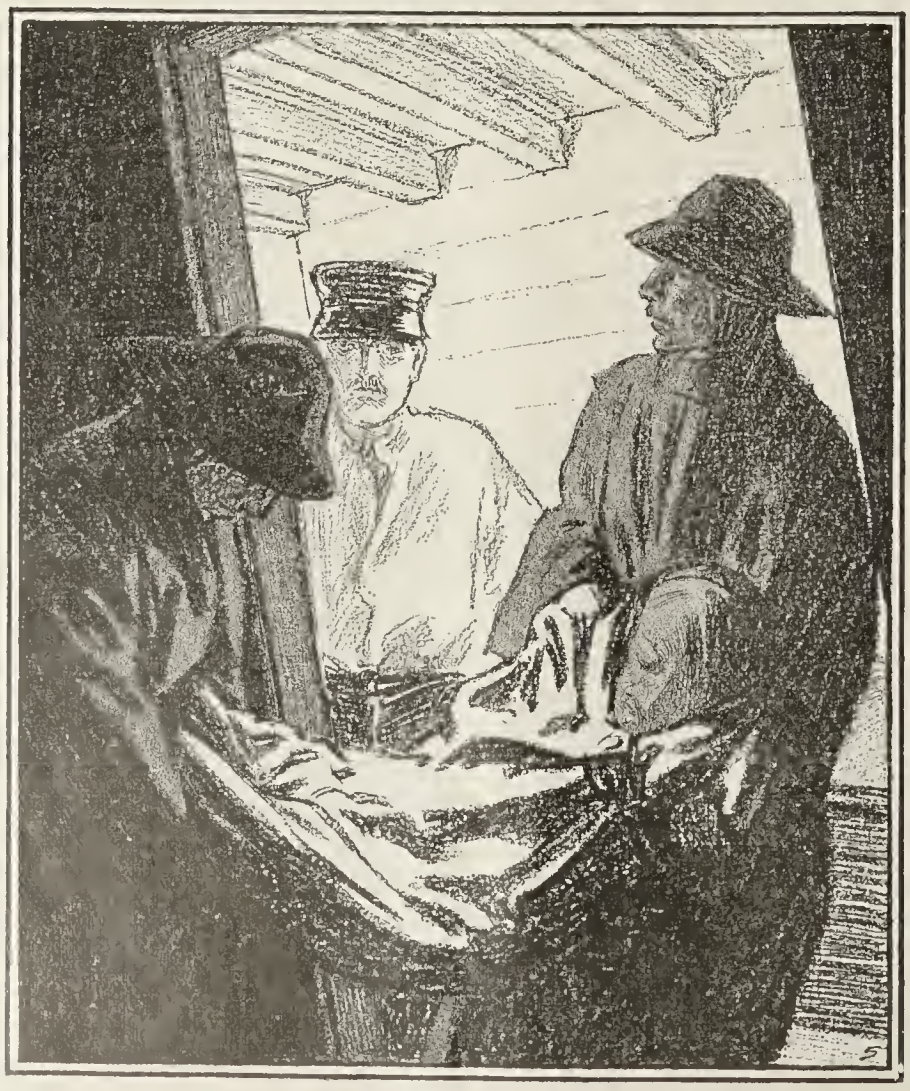
The mate laughed. "No," he replied. "Not by any chance whatever, sir."

"I thought you might be," explained Captain Leigh. "I was shipmates with a man once who was like you in some ways; he had your style, at any rate; and he turned out to be the junior partner's cousin."

The mate laughed again. His laugh, like all about him, was quiet and seemly.

"No such luck," he said. "None of my cousins own ships, I'm sorry to say." He put out a hand to the bottle. "Will you help yourself, sir?"

"Thank you," said Captain Leigh. "I see by the papers here that old Cap'n Wilks had her before me. D'you know why he quit?"



They carried the mate to his room

The mate shrugged his shoulders. "Well, sir," he answered. "I did hear that something about him came to the owners' ears. Anyhow, they sacked him."

"Sacked him, eh?" Captain Leigh spoke with his glass poised half-way to his lips. "Well, *I* know Sam Wilks, and if anybody told the owners he wasn't as straight a man as ever walked, he lied."

"I dare say," said the mate, indifferently. "Here's to a quick passage, sir."

"Here's luck," said the captain, and drank.

He was still a little puzzled when he turned in to his bunk an hour later; the mate had no place in the category of his experience. The man answered all questions so readily and yet told so little, and was screened, as it were, by such a suavity of composure. The habit of the sea is to take little for granted, and the captain was still thinking and guessing when he fell off to sleep.

Business claimed every moment of his time next day till the *Gatwick* cast off and, with the pilot on the bridge, moved down the stream to commence her passage. It was not till he joined the pilot and rang for steam that the captain got a good look at his vessel. She was no more than a large tramp of some three thousand tons, iron-decked, pole-masted, one of those persistent freight-carriers whose keels cut furrows through every sea on the globe. It was a chill gray day, with a strong wind from the east and a promise of wild weather to come in the North Sea; old Captain Leigh, schooled in every mood of the weather, felt the bite of it on his hardy face and welcomed its boisterous freshness. He was glad at heart to get to sea again. His last ship had met the fate which no shipmaster can guard against. Too old to compete for freights pared down to the last margin of profit, too costly to lay up, she had been sent to the ship-breakers; and for six months he had been hawking his splendid efficiency and unstained record from one ship-owner's office to another.

He had known the sarcasm of clerks, the familiarity of office-boys; the sudden telegram, unexpected and hard to believe, that came to him, bidding him take command of the *Gatwick* forthwith and hustle her to sea without delay, had delivered him out of a thousand troubles at once. The salt of the wind in his nostrils, its hint of a strenuous sea outside, the pale winter sky over his head, were the familiar furniture of the life to which he belonged, and they restored and upheld him.

"Wet night to-night, Capt'n," observed the pilot at his side.

The captain cast a weather-wise eye at the sky. "Snow, by the looks of it," he replied.

"That's so," agreed the pilot. He talked after the manner of pilots at their work, without looking aside from the course before him. He nodded now toward the foc'sle head.

"That's your mate, ain't it?" he inquired. "That young feller for'ard?"

"That's him," said the captain.

"Smart man," said the pilot perfunctorily. But he frowned in thought.

"I don't know yet whether he's smart or not," said the captain. "I reckon I'll know before morning, though, if this wind holds up. But there's something about him I don't understand."

The pilot nodded. "Starboard," he ordered. "Steady as she goes." He watched the ship's head swing to the helm. "He's been well brought up, I shouldn't wonder," he suggested, innocently. "That's what's the matter with him. In my time you didn't hear a mate carryin' on the work with 'please' and 'thank you.' But things has changed since then. Port there! Steady!"

The night fulfilled the day's promise. The pilot went overside to his boat, and the *Gatwick*, with smoke whipping sharp to leeward from the lip of her funnel, lifted her high bows to the rising sea and turned her tail on the faint sunset. Screened by the weather-cloth,

over which he could just see, Captain Leigh stood by to see how she was going to behave. At the other end of the bridge, Trimble, the middle-aged second mate, kept a steady lookout; the chief mate and third officer were still busy about decks making all secure for a rough night. It was obvious that the chief mate, whatever failings he might prove to possess, knew his work and could do it. His voice, quick in command, traveled aft to the captain; he was bustling his men through their business in the best approved fashion. The captain watched him, while stoppers were being placed on the cables. He was coatless, thrusting through a pair of men impatiently to pass the turns himself; Captain Leigh nodded as he saw it. It was his own fashion of working, and he liked it in others.

Snow came with the dark—thin, dry snow like frozen sand, driving level out of the mirk to windward. The North Sea has its own fashion of bad weather; there are times when the send of the sea, rebounding from the shallows of its fishing banks, raises it into the tempestuous class of Cape Horn. With her nose southeast, to keep a good offing, the *Gatwick* had the worst of the weather: she both pitched and rolled, and it was soon plain to her captain that she could do both to an extent that almost disconcerted him. With one rail level with the water, swashing through it with the sound of scythes in grass, she would lift her bow against the dark sky sickeningly, lift it till the racing seas thudded over her poop and cascaded in white upon the winches in the after well-deck. Then, while she staggered, came the counter-roll, and the poising bows swooped mightily, driving down into the piled seas like some stupendous projectile, while the water crashed in forward and the racing screw set up its insane chatter.

The chief mate was on the bridge when Captain Leigh came forth in oilskins, after a scratch meal in the chart-house. He was up to windward, holding by a stanchion, peering motionlessly ahead over the weather-cloth. He turned his head as the captain came forth and clawed his way down the heaving bridge to meet him. In the light from the chart-house windows he smiled under his sou'wester, always that decorous, accustomed smile.

"A dirty night, sir," he said.

"Aye," said the captain. "But I'll be putting her head south in another hour, and she'll not pitch so much."

"But she'll roll more," said the mate. "I know her, sir. She's a beggar to roll."

"Well," said the captain, "I'd rather have her roll her funnel under than pitch like this. Every time I hear that screw race, it sets me praying she won't snap her tail-shaft off."

Even as he spoke, her bow rose again, carving a wild arc across the sky, and her stern sank with a crash of waters that strangled the shriek of the propeller. The captain gasped and then laughed shortly.

"If I wasn't white already, that's what would turn me gray," he said. "You wouldn't think the steel was made that 'ud stand jolts like that."

The mate smiled again. "I've often thought the same, sir," he said. "If ever this ship is lost, there won't be much doubt about how she went."

"No," said the captain. "And some poor devil of a skipper'll get the blame."

He was holding on by the rail of the bridge, against the steamer's heave and jerk, and now again the memory of the cabman returned to him, the man who had lost his ship. Captain Leigh's record was clear of this particular crime. In all the years during which he had coaxed cargoes from port to port upon the seaboards of the world, he had never "piled up." Good luck had waited upon his vigilance and skill, and he had come to take a pride in that fact of his career. There had been times when only luck saved him, when he groped blindly through mishaps and chanced upon the way out; these did not detract from the central fact of his life: he had never lost a ship. As the mate moved off again, to return to his post at the windy wing of the bridge, the captain dropped into musings, and the keynote of his uneasy thinking was the gibbering of the propeller as it climbed into the air with the lift of the stern and the shuddering smack of its descent.

He spent the night between the bridge and the chart-house, where he snatched occasional moments of sleep on the lockers. True to the mate's prediction, the *Gatwick* only rolled the more impressively as she bore off to the southward and the pitching decreased. But that in itself was a relief to the captain's nerves. She could lower each rail in turn till the seas rolled in green and smooth on her scoured decks and the overtaut funnel-stays gave out notes like banjo-strings—at least her propeller was under water all the time.

In this manner she thrashed her way down the North Sea, giving her master an early opportunity to learn her powers and limitations. He decided that while she was, perhaps, the worst sea-boat he had ever known, she was stanch enough, pretty well found, and sufficiently engined. She would wallow like a porpoise in a small lop of sea, but always drive through. For the rest, it did not strike Captain Leigh as a hardship that her behavior should keep him in his clothes for three days and nights on end: that was a mere incidental to his duties as her master. His officers were efficient and trustworthy, his steward quick and clean, and his engineers, hairy Scotchmen, who seemed each to pass his days gripping a bunch of cotton-waste, remained, as engineers should, unobtrusive. He had been shipmates with many worse men in his time, and it scarcely occurred to him to regret that a hint of formality in his chief mate made casual talk with him impossible. There was no joining him on his watch to talk over the innumerable little things that make up the interests of a sailor, details of ships one has known and the men that ran them and the ports in which they lay at anchor. The mate had a way of asking no questions which is fatal to this manner of communion; his contributions were no more than that ready lofty smile and "No, sir," and "Yes, sir."

Trimble, the second mate, was of another kind, a square, middle-aged little man with a hard, good natured face, who had held a master's certificate for twenty years and never once gained a command. He was willing enough to be agreeable to anybody, and his trivial amiability was welcome to the captain when they found themselves together on the bridge. He was one of those men—they go to sea in thousands—with no palate for life. He could not distinguish the quality of a quick run from the Mersey to New York from that of a halting voyage east that brought its vicissitudes to a point in some rapid disaster among coral islands. Happenings of all kinds were but so many items in the catalogue of his years: he remembered them all alike and with equal lack of zest when the talk ran backward to the past. There were many intervals of sociability while the *Gatwick* worked her way into the Channel and so westward which served to spice the flavorless days for both of them.



He produced the infernal machine from behind his back

It was a season of hard weather that took its full toll of shipping, and the *Gatwick* had her share of it. She behaved atrociously, but continued to go: it was all that could be said of her. Day and night her forward deck was a trap of tumultuous water, where men risked their lives as they slid and crawled for'ard or aft. She had a double set of winches there to serve her hatches, and through these the seas went boiling with each roll of the vessel. Most of the men had ugly cuts and bruises to show as results of a hasty scramble between the forecastle and the alleyway; after the manner of sailors, they cursed her comprehensively, and continued to drive her along.

Captain Leigh came on deck one afternoon, when the second dog-watch was wearing to its end, to stand by for a glimpse of Ushant's big beam to corroborate his course. The mate was about decks, seeing all fast for the night; Trimble and the third engineer were smoking under the bridge and arguing noisily about religion. The captain stopped to listen to the third engineer's forcible confession of faith and passed up the ladder to the bridge.

"Never knew a ship roll like this," he said, as she lurched giddily while he was yet on the ladder, and he heard the answering smash of seas sliding green over the plunging rail. From the bridge, when he reached it, he saw the race of waters on the fore-deck, and the [illegible] and his men up to their thighs in it, lashing a winch cover down. Night was coming up starless, heavy with storm. While he looked, the man at the wheel struck eight bells, and Trimble, with his sou'wester pushed to the back of his head, came up and joined him. He was to stand the first watch, and came to look forward at the captain's side till the chief mate should appear to hand over the bridge in form.

"Ought to get a sight of Ushant pretty soon," remarked the captain.

"Yes, sir," agreed the second mate. "But the old scow loses a powerful lot of way, knockin' about like this."

The observation was pointed at that moment by a roll which made them both put a hand on the rail to steady themselves. The *Gatwick* lay down to a sliding hill of sea; Captain Leigh saw the foremasthead slash giddily athwart the sky; her rail went under and ladled in the wild water by the score of tons. Among the winches the men were hanging on anyhow, propped against the shock.

"Hang on there," roared the captain, and upon his words the sea piled on board and buried the waiting men out of sight.

"Holy smoke, look at that," cried Trimble.

She lifted again, and the men and winches poked up stark and gleaming through the water as it streamed across the deck. But with it, floating like lifeless wreckage, went something that both of them saw.

"That's the mate," said Trimble. It was characteristic of him that he said it conversationally, in the tone of small talk, but moved none the less rapidly for that. With his long oil-skin coat flapping, he hurled down the ladder, loud with orders. Craning over the weather-cloth, the captain saw his little stumpy figure shoot out on the foredeck, where the water still ran like a mill-race, sure of foot, ready-handed, vital with force and purpose. A couple of men aided him, and between them they plucked the mate from the scuppers and carried him at an urgent shuffle to the door of the alleyway. They were not a moment too soon, for even as they entered and clapped the door to, the *Gatwick* leaned to port and again the rail plunged under. It was a thumb-nail melodrama, a thing of a vivid moment, one of those matters Trimble would mention years after, baldly and apropos of nothing.

They carried the mate to his room, and there the captain found them. The second mate, the steward, and one of the hands filled the little berth. The mate was laid in his bunk; under the naked electric bulb his face was vacant and unconscious, and the wet from his hair made a big stain on the pillow.

"Where's he hurt?" demanded the captain as they all turned to him, the officer and man clumsy in their oilskins, the steward plump and bland and white-shirted.

"His leg's broke, sir," replied Trimble.

"That's bad," said the captain. "Let's have a look at him."

It needed little looking to bear out the news: it was a leg smashed beneath the knee in a manner quite outside the scope of the simple surgery of the sea. The captain shook his head.

"This is a job for a doctor," he said. "A broken arm, now—or anything simple like that—and I could fix him up. But this is what they call compound."

"Poor beggar," murmured Trimble.

The steward was despatched to fetch brandy, and the foremast hand slipped off with him. The captain and Trimble remained together, looking down on the unconscious man's face. It was curious how it retained, even in its swoon, that cast of suavity which made men turn to look twice at the mate. There was even a hint, in a curving of the lips, of his smooth smile.

"He's a queer beggar," said the captain, more to himself than to Trimble.

Trimble made a soft noise of assent.

"A queer beggar," repeated the captain. "Maybe his face don't do him justice." He turned to the second mate. "I'll have to go to the bridge," he said. "I want to get a bearing on Ushant. Give him the brandy and make him comfortable, will you?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Trimble.

"I'll be down to see him again, presently," went on the captain. "And while you're waitin' for the brandy, get him out some dry things."

"I tried to, sir," answered Trimble. "I tried to get some when we brought him in, but everything's locked up."

"Locked, eh?" The captain was surprised. It is not held to be in good taste to lock one's possessions up aboard ship, as though one's shipmates were thieves. "Well, find the key, can't you? Or else bust the things open. Can't leave him lying like that."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the second mate, dutifully, and commenced to relieve himself of his oil skin coat.

The accident to the mate made certain adjustments necessary, and therefore the third mate was sent for and bidden stand the watch, to be relieved by Trimble at midnight. Captain Leigh kept the bridge with him till Ushant yielded him the clue he sought, and then retired to the chart-house. He was beginning to feel the strain of the passage. It was not fatigue, in the ordinary sense, but rather that nervous oppression that comes of watchfulness long maintained and too small [illegible] ance of sleep. That night, again, would find him [illegible] in his clothes, with one ear wide awake for a [illegible]

...nses ready at call. He slipped out of his coat ...disposed himself with his pipe on the padded lockers ...a little while at ease. It was a pleasant little place. ...teak and brass and white deck, a cozy shelter from the wind that blew upon the bridge; and he closed his eyes willingly. He could sleep anywhere at any time, and it was only a few seconds that he remained conscious of the drum of the sea below him and the ship's movement.

Trimble's arrival woke him instantly. Trimble came in by way of the companion from the captain's room below, and the old man's eyes sprang open at his step and regarded him questioningly. Trimble had something in his hand, which he put down carefully, and a manner of some agitation.

"I came through your room, sir," he said in a low voice. "I guessed you'd rather not have this seen." He pointed to the object he had laid on the table.

"You're pretty free with my room, Mr. Second Mate," retorted Captain Leigh.

"Yes, sir," said Trimble.

The captain sat up and dropped his feet to the floor. The matter to which Trimble pointed his attention was a square wooden box, neatly made, looking rather like those cases which are sold for carrying delicate instruments. "What is it?" he demanded.

"I found it in the mate's chest," he said. "There was a key hanging round his neck by a string, and it fitted his chest. I couldn't make out what it was. I thought maybe he'd got some kind of navigatin' tools in it, so I opened it an' had a look, sir."

He showed the captain that one side of it opened like a slide, and was fitted with a finger notch.

"Well," demanded the captain. "What's it got to do with me?"

Trimble gave him a look almost of contempt, and drew the slide back.

"Queer sort of navigatin' tools," he said. "Now, do you see what it is?"

The captain drew the box to him, and puckered his lips as he peered into it.

"My God!" he cried, in quick horror.

It was an affair of springs and catches and a few toothed wheels, like the bowels of a queer clock. There was a key for winding it up, and a striking mechanism; but the hour it was to strike was that which sounds once for all the world.

The captain looked up at Trimble; his face had suddenly hardened and grown formidable. All that was reverend and kindly had passed away.

"A bomb," he said.

Trimble nodded. "That's why I came through your room," he explained, virtuously. "I'm not the man to do that in a general way, sir. Nobody can say of me that—"

The captain silenced him impatiently. Thoughts were crowding upon him. The *Gatwick* and her tail-shaft, the cabman's talk, the still civility of the mate—these all reappeared as things pregnant with infinite meaning.

"A bomb," he repeated. "I see it now, Trimble—partly. Here's another ship that can't earn dividends—this old hooker that's splashing about under us. What's she got in her hold? General cargo, eh? Insured up to the trucks, eh? And the mate and this clockwork gadget of his were to put her in the way of drawing the insurance money. Gosh, it's as plain as daylight."

He dipped a big forefinger into the apparatus, burying it to the knuckle in the intricacy of mechanism, and probed there for a while. Then, with care and precision, he hooked out the detonator and the harmless-looking bunch of guncotton.

"All ready," he said. "Everything fit and ready to help her to snap her shaft, Trimble. A skipper that never lost a ship, and a ship that was notorious for the way she'd pitch—it all fits together, as innocent as a Christmas carol. The underwriters'd pay without a word. And then I suppose I'd go navigatin' a cab round the back streets and touchin' my hat for a tip."

He glared at Trimble, who smiled awkwardly and motioned to the explosives.

"Better put the fireworks overboard, sir," he suggested mildly.

"Take 'em and heave 'em over," bade the captain. "Then come back here. We've got to see our way out of this."

Long and earnestly they debated over the matter, but they could find no light. It was not sufficient to bring the *Gatwick* safely to her destination; their own employment must be safeguarded as well. And for this there was necessary a business dexterity that neither of them possessed. Trimble was empty of all help: he could only suggest informing the police. The captain waved him off.

"I guess I'll have a talk with Mister Mate myself, to-morrow," he said finally. "Maybe he'll have an idea or two."

The interview duly took place. Under the ministrations of the steward, the chief mate had returned to his senses and his self-possession. His face, paler than usual, looked up from his pillow with a sly acuteness upon it that angered the captain like a jeer. The weather had thickened before midnight and the wind hauled to the northward, so that the *Gatwick*, running south before it, was again pitching extravagantly. It had kept the captain from his sleep, and he had had words through the speaking tube with the chief engineer, an obstinate man and ribald. He entered the injured man's berth abruptly, closed the door, and produced the infernal machine from behind his back.

"What's this?" he demanded harshly, propping himself against the heave of the ship.

The mate glanced at it without moving his head, and his lips curved into a slow smile.

"Lucky Leigh, still," he said. "That's what they call you, isn't it, captain?"

He showed no sign of any distress or surprise; merely a languid amusement.

"You dog," said the captain. "You man-drowning dog. You murderer."

What the World Is Doing:



Scattering 105,000 envelopes upon the stand, representing the applications filed for the Cœur d'Alene Reservation, which with two others has just been opened. The registrations, all told, including those for the Spokane and Flathead lands, reached 287,000, the largest number ever recorded in the United States



The officials, Judge J. W. Witten and his assistants, who presided over the land lottery. The three little girls, Christin Donlin, Harriet Post, and Helen Hamilton, drew the envelopes of the winners, who were thus enabled to take their choice of claims. The drawing began at Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, August 9

The Gamble for Land

The Week

THIS is the week when all the world gathers to fly at Reims, France. Nearly twoscore machines of seven makes will contend in speed and distance races.

Spain at home is quieting down from her throbbings like an uncranked motor. Reports from Melilla tell of reenforcements gathering for the Moorish tribesmen, and a long, scattering, desultory campaign in prospect.

It has been a summer of strikes. A thousand dock laborers at Fort William, Ontario, are trying to raise their wage-scale. A street-car strike which would have tied up Chicago was averted by a compromise of the employers. At McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburg, the Pressed Steel Car Company is turning out the strikers from the company-owned houses. The strike in Sweden, involving, it is said, the unbelievable number of 285,000 workers, is still in progress, although some of the men, in small groups, are returning to work because of hunger.

"It is a vicious bill, but the best we could do," is the summing up of the tariff bill by such Republican leaders as stayed in the ranks of the regulars, but still retained their original manhood.

"What is wine?" said jesting bartenders. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the militant pure food expert of the Department of Agriculture, decrees a new definition and standard for wine that it shall be made of grapes. The old-time swift, economical way was to inject sugar and water into the pure fruit of the vineyard.

One more chapter in the Thaw case comes to an end by the decision of Supreme Court Justice Mills, who returns Harry Thaw, the murderer of Stanford White, to Matteawan. He calls Thaw the victim of delusions in time past, and still insane.

William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, continues a thorough job by overhauling the immigrant homes—the semi-religious hospices where the friendless and homeless aliens are welcomed. He has ousted the representatives of three such homes from Ellis Island, showing in two of the homes that certain of their guests were later found in disorderly houses.

The Water Power Trust

PERHAPS the prettiest fight pulled off in a twelvemonth is that opened up by Gifford Pinchot, National Forester. "Conservation of Natural Resources" is an unwieldy phrase, but a live wire. On August 10, at the National Irrigation Congress in Spokane, Washington, Mr. Pinchot said:

"There could be no better illustration of the eager, rapid, unwearied absorption by capital of the rights which belong to all the people than the Water Power Trust, not yet formed, but in rapid progress of formation. This statement is true, but not unchallenged. We are met at every turn by the indignant denial of the water power interests. They tell us that there is no community of interest among them, and yet they appear year after year at these congresses by their paid attorneys, asking for your influence to help them remove the few remaining obstacles to their perpetual and complete absorption of the remaining water powers. They tell us it has no significance that the General Electric interests are acquiring great groups of water powers in various parts of the United States, and dominating the power market in the region of each group. And whoever dominates power, dominates all industry."

He foresaw the coming of a "uniform, unbroken, nation-wide covering of a single gigantic trust."

"Bosh," said the mate, dreamily. "What are you going to do with the *Gatwick*, captain?"

The captain stared at him, breathing hard.

"If you've got any sense at all," the mate went on, "you'll tuck that little machine under her tail and touch it off. That's the way to keep to windward of the workhouse, captain. There's money in that that would surprise you." His eyes wandered over to the captain's set face, and his smile flickered again for an instant. "I could name a figure, if you like," he added, thoughtfully.

The captain spat violently. "I'll tell *you*," he said, "what's going to happen. The *Gatwick's* going to float. She'll discharge her cargo and wait for another, and she'll go on humping freight honestly with me in command and Trimble as mate."

The mate smiled again. "She doesn't earn enough to pay for your tobacco," he answered.

"That's the owners' lookout," retorted the captain. "What they lose on her is what they pay for dirtying their hands with trash like you."

The mate sighed. "Think it over," he said. "You must have *some* sense in you at your age. A big fat check, captain—a fender to stand off hard times with. Isn't that better than pushing the old *Gatwick* from port to port till you pile her up somewhere and get nothing for it, besides losing your certificate into the bargain? Man, you've got a brain like a turtle; wake up and grab your luck while it's in your reach."

His languor had broken into a persuasive urgency; his voice was hasty and contemptuous. The captain gazed at him dumbly, without words to crush him. He felt impotent and futile in his bluntness and directness in the face of this man's facile speciousness. He took the infernal machine in his hand again, and without a word quitted the cabin.

He was dazed; Trimble could get nothing out of him. And of a sudden he felt very weary. The new problem, coming on top of all his work, mastered him. He swore when he found the unrepentant chief engineer waiting to see him, with a maddening, absurd suggestion that he should change the steamer's course, as the continued pitching was 'vara soothin', nae doot, tae them that's got naething to do but walk about in the fresh air: but, man, it's makin' wark doon i' the engine-room."

"D'you think this is a yachtin' trip?" demanded the captain hotly. "Why don't you ask me to make the wind shift round?"

"Because I'm aweer o' yer leemitations," replied the chief engineer, cuttingly, and withdrew.

It seemed to the captain but a few minutes from the time that he threw himself on his bunk till he started awake, but the light that showed through his porthole was the light of afternoon. He noted it even as he sat up with both ears cocked; even in his slumber of utter weariness the strong sea-habit had told, and he knew the meaning of the jar that passed through the ship and the change in the note of the engines—their thud quickening to a tattoo that stopped short suddenly. He was at the door before Trimble could knock at it, and his quick question forestalled the second mate's news.

"Tail-shaft gone?" cried the captain.

"Like a carrot," was the second mate's answer.

He was a man of slow wits in all things unconnected with his trade, and he stared uncomprehendingly at the skipper's laugh. That was a time of urgency, for the *Gatwick* fell off at once, and for a while it looked as if she would roll right over. There was risky work on those water-scoured iron decks before they made shift to get canvas on her aftermast—tarpaulins and awnings, sails of dire emergency—that slowly brought her bluff bows up to the wind and held them there. The smoke-rotted jigger split to rags at the first attempt to hoist it, and even the deck hands, steamboat sailors without exception, knew enough to note with admiration the old skipper's ready ingenuity and sturdy seamanship in improvising workmanlike substitutes. She behaved abominably, but at least she kept her keel under water. And in this manner the affair was taken out of the captain's hands.

It was early next morning when the captain went again to the chief mate's room, to be met with a smile from the pillow. He answered it with a smile no less genial, if not so friendly.

"You see," said the mate, before the captain could speak. "You see?" He had the manner of one who makes things plain to a child. "It would only have been assisting nature, after all."

"That's all," agreed the captain.

The mate shot a quick glance at him.

"You were very high and mighty about it yesterday," he said. "You feel different now, I suppose. Well, you'll not get so much out of it. When are you going to leave her?"

"Leave what?" demanded the captain.

"The ship, man," cried the mate. "She's riding pretty badly, I notice."

The captain laughed; the other, hearing it, grew grave.

"You're—you're not going to leave her?" he cried. "Man, be wise."

"Oh, I'm wise enough," said the captain. "But I'm sorry to put the owners to expense. Still, for a fine, sound boat like this, such a handy boat in a seaway—"

The mate gripped the edge of the bunk.

"For the Lord's sake," he said, "get it out and let's hear."

The captain stopped laughing and stepped closer to him.

"Listen, then," he said. There was a noise of feet on the deck above them. "They're putting a boat over. But we're not going to leave her, Mister Mate. There's a steamboat standing by; she came up in the night; and we're sending a tow-rope aboard of her. It'll cost something cruel; her skipper's a shark for money; but, at any rate, the *Gatwick's* going to keep afloat and I'm going to command her. D'you understand?"

The mate nodded and lay back on his pillow.

"At any rate," he said, after a pause, "I shall get a doctor for this leg of mine. It's beginning to hurt in earnest."

A Record of Current Events

These spirited remarks of Mr. Pinchot's were universally interpreted as an attack on Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior. Secretary Ballinger, in reply, said:

"I have information from Washington that the public records show that not a single power site or dam site was taken by private individuals during the time that one million acres were thrown open to public entry last April."

The General Land Office makes substantially the same reply. They say:

"At no time since the administration of Secretary Ballinger have any power sites been filed upon in Montana. The only water-power sites on the watersheds of the Missouri River not now under the control of the Government under Secretary Ballinger's orders of suspension are sites which have been in private ownership for several years, and two additional sites which are improved and developed to run the street-cars and lighting plants of Helena and Butte and the mines in Butte."

There are two points at issue: The first is the question of fact as to whether power and dam sites were filched from the vast acreage thrown open to the public in April by Mr. Ballinger. The second is a question of method. Mr. Pinchot says:

"Rigid construction of the law works, and must work, in the vast majority of cases, for the benefit of the men who can hire the best lawyers and who have the sources of influence in lawmaking at their command. Strict construction necessarily favors the great interests as against the people, and in the long run can not do otherwise. Wise execution of the law must consider what the law ought to accomplish for the general good."

Playing at War

BOTTLING Boston was the first maneuver in which field officers had been allowed ground enough in which to fight out a real war problem. It brought together the distinguished veteran of the General Staff, the raw-boned militiaman from up State, and the seasoned soldier of the Fighting Tenth Cavalry. All barked their shins together in a war movement in which everything was real but the bullets in the guns.

There were automobile trucks that went with the speed of cavalry to the front, richly laden with the all-necessary "belly" on which the soldier fights. And there were more automobiles with soft-cushioned seats in which the commanding general of the invading Reds and his staff were conveyed from danger point to danger point. The old-time messenger on horseback, flying along with his trusty spur dug deep into his frothing nag's side, was very much of a back number.

The game cost Uncle Sam $500,000, but he was glad to spend the money. There were 16,000 men involved, and most of them were the beardless boys to whom the Government must look for its efficiency in war for another ten years at least.

The Car Strike

IN THE August "Survey" we have the first clear, unbiased account of the steel car strike near Pittsburg. It is written by Paul U. Kellogg, whose knowledge of the facts in the case seems to be as wide as his human sympathy. The McKee's Rocks strike was caused by a sweeping reduction in wages in the plant of the Pressed Steel Car Company, where five thousand men of ten nationalities are employed. The company installed a system for speeding up the major departments, they revolutionized the system of

(*Continued on page 22*)



Prescribing the Tonic for Agriculture

The Seventeenth National Irrigation Congress in session at Spokane, Washington, on Monday, August 9. On the platform, at the left, is seated President George E. Barstow. R. A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, and ex-Governor G. C. Pardee of California made addresses upon the reclamation projects of the Government



An Unaccountable Wreck

While running at fifty-five miles an hour, near Bristol, Tennessee, on August 12, the engine of the New York and New Orleans Limited, Southern Railway, suddenly left the track and plunged down an embankment. Two people were killed, while numerous others were injured. The cause of the wreck is unknown

The Aldrich Senators

By MARK SULLIVAN

How the Senators Voted on the Tariff

There were in all one hundred and twenty-nine roll-calls in the Senate on the tariff. This table shows how often each Republican Senator voted AGAINST Aldrich, how often WITH Aldrich, and how often they did not vote at all. The list is printed in the order of the number of times they voted AGAINST Aldrich—in the order of their relative insurgency, so to speak. A few especially remarkable pro-Aldrich records on the part of Western Senators are underscored. (Lorimer was not elected until late in the session, and participated in only sixty roll calls.) For further explanation of the significance of this table and of the various figures, read the rest of this page

	Voted AGAINST Aldrich	Voted WITH Aldrich	Not Voting
La Follette, Wisconsin	106	18	5
Bristow, Kansas	101	27	1
Clapp, Minnesota	91	20	18
Cummins, Iowa	89	31	9
Dolliver, Iowa	73	45	11
Nelson, Minnesota	69	53	7
Brown, Nebraska	65	56	8
Burkett, Nebraska	58	70	1
Beveridge, Indiana	55	34	40
Crawford, South Dakota	52	70	7
Gamble, South Dakota	32	82	15
Borah, Idaho	25	84	20
Curtis, Kansas	24	82	23
Burton, Ohio	14	114	1
Johnson, North Dakota	13	110	6
McCumber, North Dakota	11	78	40
Jones, Washington	10	89	30
Smith, Michigan	10	58	61
du Pont, Delaware	8	106	15
Bulkeley, Connecticut	7	102	20
Piles, Washington	7	103	19
Root, New York	7	104	18
Carter, Montana	5	121	3
Dick, Ohio	4	123	2
Heyburn, Idaho	4	124	1
Page, Vermont	4	125	0
Frye, Maine	3	88	38
Gallinger, New Hampshire	3	121	5
Dixon, Montana	3	105	21
Crane, Massachusetts	3	113	13
Burnham, New Hampshire	3	123	3
Brandegee, Connecticut	3	121	5
Bourne, Oregon	2	52	75
Bradley, Kentucky	2	82	45
Clark, Wyoming	2	108	19
Cullom, Illinois	2	97	30
Perkins, California	2	112	15
Scott, West Virginia	2	110	17
Wetmore, Rhode Island	2	117	10
Briggs, New Jersey	1	107	21
Burrows, Michigan	1	126	2
Depew, New York	1	97	31
Dillingham, Vermont	1	94	34
Elkins, West Virginia	1	83	45
Guggenheim, Colorado	1	96	32
Hale, Maine	1	82	46
Lodge, Massachusetts	1	102	26
Oliver, Pennsylvania	1	102	26
Penrose, Pennsylvania	1	121	7
Nixon, Nevada	1	87	41
Richardson, Delaware	1	5	123
Stephenson, Wisconsin	1	81	47
Warner, Missouri	1	117	11
Warren, Wyoming	1	97	31
Lorimer, Illinois	1	35	24
Sutherland, Utah	0	117	12
Smoot, Utah	0	129	0
Kean, New Jersey	0	125	4
Flint, California	0	111	18
Aldrich, Rhode Island	0	129	0

This list of Democratic Senators is printed in the order in which they voted AGAINST Aldrich. The number of votes cast WITH Aldrich is, of course, in the case of a Democratic Senator, equally significant

	Voted AGAINST Aldrich	Voted WITH Aldrich	Not Voting
Gore, Oklahoma	118	5	6
Bacon, Georgia	111	11	7
Fletcher, Florida	107	12	10
Overman, North Carolina	106	8	15
Johnston, Alabama	103	7	19
Hughes, Colorado	101	9	19
Stone, Missouri	97	7	25
Frazier, Tennessee	97	3	29
Simmons, North Carolina	88	14	27
Taliaferro, Florida	87	14	28
Newlands, Nevada	87	7	35
Martin, Virginia	87	18	24
Chamberlain, Oregon	85	16	28
Culberson, Texas	83	6	40
Clay, Georgia	81	6	42
Bankhead, Alabama	79	10	40
Paynter, Kentucky	75	5	49
Money, Mississippi	74	11	44
Bailey, Texas	69	11	49
McLaurin, Mississippi	67	5	57
Tillman, South Carolina	67	8	54
Taylor, Tennessee	64	11	54
Rayner, Maryland	61	5	60
Foster, Louisiana	63	29	37
Davis, Arkansas	63	6	60
Shively, Indiana	63	4	62
Owen, Oklahoma	62	6	61
Smith, Maryland	61	12	56
Smith, South Carolina	57	3	69
Daniel, Virginia	56	14	59
McEnery, Louisiana	25	66	38
Clarke, Arkansas	10	0	119



The Aldrich Senators and the Aldrich Map
This cartoon, by McCutcheon, was printed in the Chicago "Tribune" during the height of the tariff debates and was reprinted in Collier's. It is again printed here because the complete record of Senatorial votes printed on this page makes it possible to give names to the cartoonist's manikins who obey Mr. Aldrich

THE man who keeps the hardware store in Muscatine, Iowa, is Theron Thompson. Writing to this paper last week Mr. Thompson asks:

". . . Actually we do not understand out here why things should go as Aldrich desires them. We try to grasp it and wonder. . . ."

Now Mr. Theron's question and the question of many thousands who wonder what is the secret of Aldrich is answered by the figures on this page.

There is no magic in Aldrich except his certain understanding that a given number of Senators will always vote with him. His name begins with "A," he leads the roll-call; he votes and leans back in his seat with the calm assurance that a working majority will vote "yea" if he said "yea," and "nay" if he said "nay." That is all there is to Aldrich. There were 129 votes on the tariff. Some were vital, some were perfunctory matters of parliamentary procedure. But in little matters as in great, Aldrich's faithful band were always with him.

On those 129 ballots, four Senators *never voted against Aldrich once*. (For their names see the table.) Sixteen Senators voted *against* Aldrich just one time out of 129 (for names see table); seven more Senators voted *against* Aldrich twice—two times out of 129 (for names see table); six more Senators voted *against* Aldrich just three times out of 129. Three more voted against him four times, and one voted against him five times. These men had no convictions about the tariff that Aldrich didn't have first.

Of the correct and necessary inferences from this table, many pages could be written—but the table tells its own tale. Of the inevitable inferences, the most obvious is involved in these questions:

How can two Senators who represent the State of Utah justify their voting with the Senator from Rhode Island just 129 times out of 129 (Smoot), and 117 times out of 129 (Sutherland)? Why the other New England Senators should vote with Aldrich is explainable, though not very creditable; the tariff was made in New England's interest—but the Western Senators are a different matter.

How can Flint of California justify his voting with Aldrich 111 times out of 129, and against him never once? Are the interests of California and Utah identical with the interests of Rhode Island?

And the same as to Dick of Ohio. Do the outrageous duties on cotton cloth and clothing—made to suit the wealthy interests which Mr. Aldrich works for—do those duties please the people of Ohio? Dick voted for them.

Is Michigan pleased with the fact that Burrows voted with Aldrich 126 times out of 129, and that Smith voted against Aldrich only ten times?

Did Carter truly represent the people of Montana when he voted *with* Aldrich on every vote except 8? Within a year Carter must come before the people of Montana for reelection.

When the Insurgent Senators of Minnesota, Iowa, and Indiana returned to their homes, they were received with extraordinary expressions of public approbation. If these Insurgents were right, surely the Aldrich Western Senators must have been wrong.

We hope the newspapers of every Western State will press these questions home to every Senator who was an automatic "O. K." for Aldrich.

How Your Senator Voted

AN amplification of the record on this page has been prepared by Collier's and will be sent to any person on receipt of fifty cents. This larger record gives:

The subject of each of the 129 votes taken during the session.

How Senator Aldrich voted on each roll-call.

Whether each motion was carried or lost.

The total vote on each roll-call.

The party vote on each roll-call—how many Republicans, how many Democrats voted "yea," "nay," etc.

The official reference to date and page of the Congressional Record.

How the Senator voted whose record you desire.

This larger record is in effect a simplified digest of the work of the recent session of the Senate. To secure it, address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.; enclose fifty cents in stamps or any form of money, and give the name of the Senator whose record you wish.



Meat vs. Beans

Here are two pounds of beans and two pounds of sirloin steak. The beans cost 20c, the steak 45c. Yet the meat contains the lesser nutriment.

Beans are 23% nitrogenous—84% nutriment. They are Nature's premier food.

They contain more food value than beef, or eggs, or cheese. Yet see how little they cost.

They are appetizing and hearty. All people like them. They may be served in a dozen ways.

They should be a daily dish, not an occasional. They are our most economical, most staple food.

The trouble has been in home baking.

In a dry oven, the center beans of a baking dish never get half heat enough.

The particles are not separated so the digestive juices can get to them. The result is the beans ferment and form gas. You call them a heavy food.

The top beans are crisped, the middle beans mushy and broken. You have spent sixteen hours to prepare them, yet they are not an inviting dish. That is due to your lack of facilities.

Beans must be baked in a steam oven, as we bake them. The heat for hours must be maintained at 245 degrees.

They must be baked in small parcels, as we do, so the full heat goes through.

Then the beans are mealy—then they all digest. Yet the skins are unbroken. The beans are—as all people like them—nutty, mealy and whole.

Beans, to be digestible and wholesome—to be even inviting—must be factory baked.

Then we bake the tomato sauce with the pork and beans to secure our delicious blend.

We send them to you ready to serve. A dozen cans on the pantry shelf mean a dozen meals ready any moment.

They remain till you use them as fresh and as savory as when they came from our ovens.

Please learn what such beans mean to you. Then you'll never bake beans at home. You will serve beans five times where you now serve them once, and save a great deal on your meat bills. Millions of housewives have proved this already.

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Don't judge Van Camp's by other ready-baked beans. Van Camp's now outsell all others together, because millions have learned the difference.

We have spent 48 years in perfecting this dish. We ought to know how best to prepare it.

We use only the whitest and plumpest Michigan beans —picked out by hand from the finest beans grown. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We spend, to make our tomato sauce, just five times what common sauce sells for in bulk. For we make ours of whole, ripe tomatoes, ripened on the vines. Thus comes our sparkling zest.

We could easily put up a cheaper dish—a dish that would pay us more profit. But the best possible beans are the cheapest for you, because people will eat more of them. So they are best for us.

The only way to get beans as good as they can be is to insist on Van Camp's. You'll never take others then.

(2)

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

15217A

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
FOR THE YOUNG MAN

Assuming that all good clothes makers use the same excellent materials, what is so different about Society Brand Clothes? They are genuinely young-mannish, patterns for the young man's mind, designs for the young man's taste, shaped for the young man's body; America's characteristic young men's clothes.

Write Alfred Decker & Cohn,
317 Franklin St., Chicago, for illustrated fashion panels

Society Brand

What the World Is Doing

(Continued from page 19)

wage payments, they cut wages—all within a space of six months—and they jammed through these rapid-fire changes in an autocratic way. They will not tolerate petitions or meet with representatives of the men, and they refuse to arbitrate.

F. N. Hoffstot, president of the company, says: "There is nothing to arbitrate in the present difficulty. The officers of the company will not meet with any committee of the men."

Near to the plant are rows of box-like company houses, filled with Slavs, and making up what is popularly known as Hunkeyville. Under the name of the Fidelity Land Company, the Pressed Steel Car Company owns two hundred double houses. A laborer can not afford to rent one of these houses unless he fills it with lodgers.

Says Mr. Kellogg: "The company has a general reputation for consideration of Hunkie-life very much in keeping with the contempt it accords its employees industrially—as machine tenders rather than men. These employees it had gathered from the four ends of the earth; and it had seen to it that there was no trace of unionism among them."

The strike is the protest of "the half-assimilated, the half-Americanized, the half-skilled against the very industrial policies which have brought them here, and which, by the deploying of fresh migrations, tend to keep them all down to what the company calls 'ordinary day labor.'"

The Nocturnal Aeroplane

THE aeroplane when it stays out after dark must hang signal lights. Such is the new ruling of the Aero Club of France. "Every aviation apparatus when traveling at night or during a fog must be fitted with a green light on the right, a red light on the left, a white light in front and below."

It will be stirring to see the firmament splashed with red, green, and white from the darting, night-ranging aeroplanes. Racing lights will tear madly through the midnight, like comets with a purpose. Then they will slow down and come to anchor in the infinite, twinkling like aerial drug-stores through long summer nights. The cry will go up: "Watchman, what of the night?" And the watcher, leaning earthward, will report: "A biplane hangs by Saturn. And just over Chicago and under the Milky Way, two Bleriot monoplanes are racing toward the Great Bear."

The Crackling of Thorns

NOW and again in a colorless item you get a human note. Such is the anecdote of the new School Superintendent of Chicago, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. When she was a frail little schoolma'am in her first school, she said to the boys who overwhelmed her with their noise and roughness:

"Why do you laugh at me when I am doing the best I can? What is the sense of laughing at a person who is doing the best she can?"

The Lake That Came Back

FLOATING, difficult in fresh water and something of an art in the sea, becomes in the Great Salt Lake a condition impossible to avoid. Lie down and you lie half above the surface; enter it below your depth and you will walk along after you have sunk to your armpits, provided only you can keep your balance. No one ever drowned in it, although there have been deaths from strangulation; a gallon of it boiled yields a quart of salt. Orson Pratt, the first permanent white settler on its shore, swam in it on July 26, 1847.

Since that time the Great Salt Lake has become the principal tourist-baiting asset of one State and the center of frequent excursions from another. This year it is being celebrated as the "lake that came back." Among its other mysterious traits is that of disappearing in large part upon occasions.

In 1893 an immense bathing pavilion was built a mile out in the water, with bath-houses running in crescent-shaped lines toward the shore from both sides of the pavilion. In 1900 the lake began to go away. In 1904 bathing conditions were so bad that the bathing-house proprietors had to turn the horns of their crescent the other way about. And then from one of them they had to run an improvised trolley another mile out to the water. In 1906 a general cry went up that the lake was gone, and likewise a cry went to Washington for governmental relief for



Needs No Painting

Amatite ROOFING

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

AMATITE Ready Roofing is waterproofed with two layers of Coal Tar Pitch, *the greatest waterproofing material known*. Storms, heat and cold will not injure it in any way.

After Amatite is laid on your roof it will protect you without any care or attention.

It also has a *real mineral surface*. This mineral surface needs no painting of any kind.

Amatite is easy to lay; no skilled labor is required—you can do it yourself. Just unroll the Amatite on the roof, lap one layer over the next, cement it together and nail down. That's all.

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M. M. Motorcycle is the acknowledged leader. Its powerful perfectly balanced engine, its absolutely quiet muffler, its positive control, and its easy riding, smooth running qualities prove it an ideal Motorcycle. DEALERS WANTED.

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both know the value of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum. The man uses it after shaving to prevent shaving soreness and collar chafing. The woman uses it as face powder because of its purity, softness and invisibility after application. Both use it after bathing and before exercise to prevent excessive perspiration and to keep the skin cool, fresh and sweet.

Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder

is so delightfully scented with essence of Riviera Violets that it is frequently used as a sachet powder. It is put up in large *glass* jars (which prevent metallic taint or odor), sold by all druggists at 25c.

Let a Free Sample Show You

how superior in quality and perfume this powder is to ordinary talcum powders. A postal request will bring you the free sample.

LEHN & FINK

119 William Street New York



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the arid West. Secretary of the Interior Garfield responded with a trip of inspection in June, 1907, and for the fourteen days he was in the Great Basin country it rained. Then he sniffed. "My conclusion is," he said, "that what the arid West most needs is a boat and a set of navigation laws."

This summer the present generation of swimmers is completing the finest season in their memory. They dance upon the pavilion above six feet of brine, and the tiny sailboats that once anchored away off near the horizon now tie up to the pavilion, while the crescent of bath-houses has again had its horns—or at least one of them—turned in toward the shore. Harriman's celebrated engineering masterpiece, the Lucin cut-off across the lake, was built when the engineers believed that the drain of irrigation had permanently sunk its level. It is not quite endangered yet by the return of the waters, but another season's rise on top of the present remarkable gain may make the railroad engineers anxious.

The Prince of Peace

THE Hebrew prophets used to celebrate the coming of a Prince of Peace. The four gospels give hints of a like concept. This ancient idea, pleasant enough for a nomadic people, has broken down in the minds of some of the modern ministers of the Word. While England is pleading for more *Dreadnoughts* in the water and for more soldiers on the dry land, some of her clergymen join the cry for the men who can ride and shoot, and for the ironclads with the big guns.

Straight from the altar of the Meek and Lowly One comes the Vicar of St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford, John Huntley Skrine, with his message: "To preach the eternal lesson of the Cross in the terms and with the instances of the hour," and "To join the Territorial Army like Christians."

"When shall we be able to present the gospel doctrine of sacrifice in a form so practical and so plain?" he asks. "How can we preach the lesson of the Cross more pointedly than when we may tell the idler and malingerer that he is no Christian, and assure the chivalrous that to go for a soldier is to go on a crusade?"

Waiting at the Tavern Door

LIKE the blood that follows a tooth, every bit of lawmaking is embedded in warm human life, and the slightest list and wrench make the surrounding parts rock with pain. Excellent is the new English statute, the Children Act. Every public house in the amalgamated islands is decorated with this sign:

"Children under fourteen years of age will not be served in this bar."

The purpose of the enactment was to keep tiny children from frequenting evil resorts, where they could pick up language and drink. But watch its workings in the troubled lives of the poor.

A tour in London was made out Whitechapel way, the Portobello Road, Victoria Dock Road, High Street in Deptford, and Lambeth Walk, to see the section and the children playing in the streets. The mother and the father still go for their drink, and take hours to it. In the former days the child was carried into the shelter of the bar. Now it is left outside in the rain or under the sun.

Here are a couple of items from the tour.

"Portobello Road District:

"HOUSE No. 2—Six children (the house was very crowded), one being a tiny baby which looked a few days old, but which its nurse, a mite of six, informed me was two months old. The children here were in various stages of ennui.

"Whitechapel District:

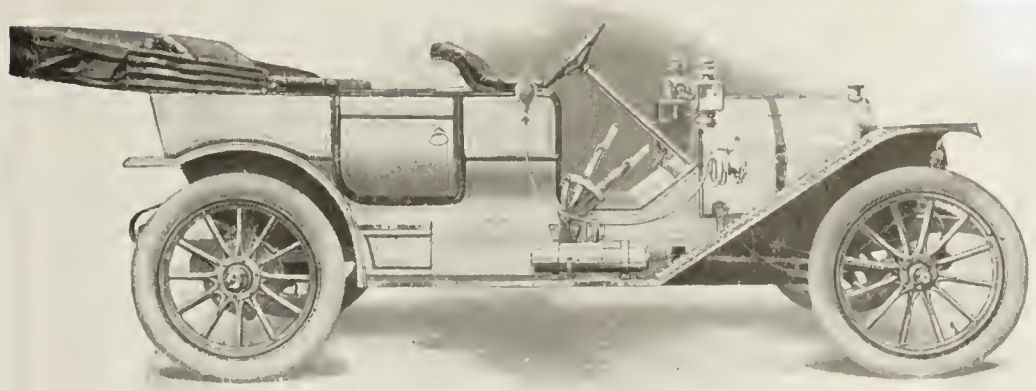
"HOUSE No. 4—Two babies of two and three, a girl of seven, and a wee morsel of humanity a fortnight old (so far as I could judge), in a perambulator, were the waiters here. The little girl had been given a halfpenny for keeping a watchful eye on the lot, and seemed oppressed by her responsibility. The mite in the perambulator kept up an incessant wail, which it was the little girl's duty to stifle by means of a penny 'comforter.'".

And so it went for many public houses in the East End of London.

One publican hired a shop next door to his tavern and fitted it up as a crèche, with a woman in charge, and welcomed the waifs who had been dropped at the tavern door by thirsty parents. Straightway certain of the temperance people accused him of evading the law.

What a picture of life all that gives—the dreary children, and guzzling parents, and the mean streets. To Ruskin a land that made its young girls weary stood condemned. But unhappy too is a people which allows some of its children to be wrecked.

o



$3,000 Worth of Automobile for $2,000

THERE are two ways of buying an automobile. One is to pay *too little*. The other is to pay *too much*.

If you want to get all of the real pleasure and satisfaction out of motoring, you've got to have *the automobile* to do it with.

Try to economize too much in the purchase of your car—and you do it at a sacrifice of *your* pleasure, the pleasure of *your family* and *your friends*.

It is now needless—since the event of the Haynes Model 19—to invest a young fortune for the *most satisfactory car made*.

Pay $2,000.00 for this new Haynes car, and you get everything that's worth having on an automobile. You get style—workmanship—mechanism—all-around quality.

Pay *more*—and you make an unnecessary investment. Pay *less*—and you're apt to get an unsatisfactory car—short-lived and full of troubles—one that you will want to dispose of (at a sacrifice) as soon as you get a taste of the pleasures of motoring.

Did you ever stop to think that the man who has run one of the cheaper cars, who sells it and gets a larger, more roomy, elegant machine such as our Haynes Model 19—never enjoys riding in the cheaper car again? He has *graduated* from the cheap-car class.

As motor cars become more popular, and people become more educated on the question of buying—more people are buying *right* the *first* time.

It's expensive evolution in car-buying to work up through the cheaper and smaller cars to a *satisfactory* car at last—because there's bound to be a loss on every small car you sell—to say nothing of the expense of maintenance while you own it.

This Model 19 is intended for two classes of buyers—those who are *through experimenting* and those who want to *avoid* it.

It is distinctly a car for *conservative* buyers.

No matter *what price* you intend paying for a car, you ought to get the facts about this car *before you buy*.

After you have seen it and ridden in it and controlled it you will appreciate its *positive $3,000.00-value*.

If you want something better (and cheaper) than a one-season car, and a car that you can feel *proud* of in the company of even the highest-priced cars, let us send you the facts about this Model 19 and tell you when you can see it and have a demonstration.

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Please forward literature concerning your Model 19 and advise where I can have a demonstration should I desire it.

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Address .....

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You will want it every meal when you know how good it is and how easily prepared.

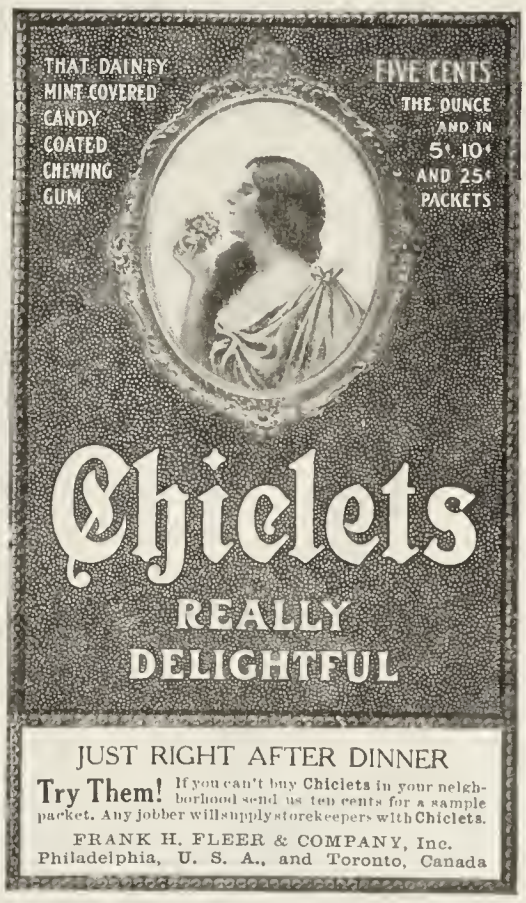
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Already measured—4 envelopes in each package. Contents of each envelope make **one pint.** Dissolve contents of one envelope in boiling water or milk, add sugar, fruit or flavor, cool and serve. Simple, isn't it?

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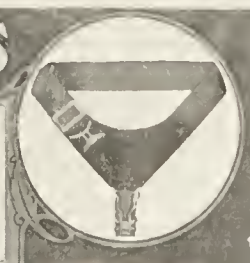
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¶ The President Emeritus of Harvard University contributes *"The Remedy for Industrial Warfare."*

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Writing State Histories

AMONG those writers of State histories who treat of commonwealths west of the Mississippi River there is too often a marked tendency to give emphasis to the story prior to Statehood rather than after Statehood, thereby making their works Territorial rather than State histories. The stories of aboriginal tribes, Indian wars, block-houses, scouts, prairie schooners, blazed trails, explorers, and pioneer camps linked by pony expresses and the stage-coach of romance are as clearly a part of the story of any Western State as are the stories of Columbus's voyage, the settlements of Plymouth and Jamestown an integral part of the real history of the United States, but we should be compelled to dismiss as ill-balanced an alleged history of our country that adequately covered this background to the exclusion of the great events that occurred after the Liberty Bell had delivered its message. An up-to-date history of the nation that treated of Washington and Lincoln as political incidents and flatly ignored such prominent actors in our national arena as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Monroe, Madison, Grant, Cleveland, and Roosevelt would be no more unbalanced, for instance, than the recent history of the State of Wisconsin, by Reuben Gold Thwaites, in the States History series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As a story of territorial Wisconsin, Mr. Thwaites has done an admirable, intimate, and comprehensive work, but as a State history its omissions are misleading. Though Wisconsin has been a singularly progressive State, and though it has had Governors of national reputation, these facts are not even mentioned in this so-called State history.

In pleasant contrast to works of this kind is the "History of the State of Washington," by Edmond S. Meany, Professor of History in the University of Washington, just published by the Macmillan Company.

Professor Meany begins his story at the time when the troubled seas of the globe were vomiting huge mountain ranges. In starting any history it would be difficult to get ahead of that. In a few pages we have followed the great glacial slides carving out broad valleys, and are then brought up to a relief map of Washington, which shows us the neatly finished product of it all, just as a foundry machine at one end bites off a piece of cold iron and at the other pops into your hand a neatly turned tool.

Given the State, Professor Meany takes his readers along on every important ramble his Northwest country has known. He talks of Lewis and Clark as if they were his first cousins and he expected them back for a visit almost any time. The author seems to have been with every Puget Sound voyager, from Vancouver to Dewey, and with every pathfinder, from Frémont to the Great Northern. These stories, chronologically and admirably told, are full of romance and power and with that grateful welcome touch that gives the reader a smile whenever a smile is due.

Though Washington, as a State, is still of tender age, this author has appreciated the important fact that the historical importance of any country grows as it multiplies in population and advances in civilization. Nearly a hundred pages are devoted to the story of Washington's Statehood and the administrations of its first five Governors.

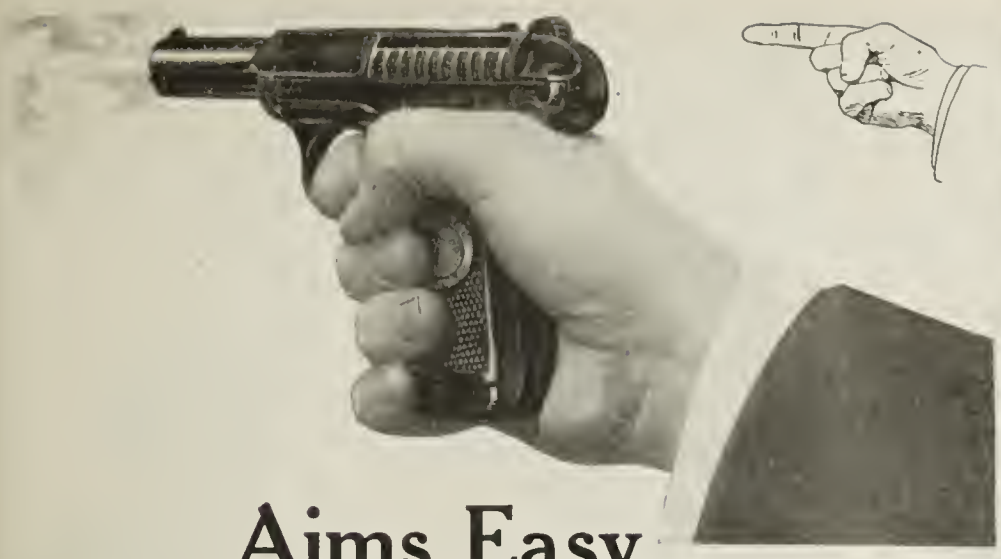
The work is invaluable to any student of our Northwest, and by the readers of history's real romances it will receive a hearty welcome. R. L. J.

The "History of the State of Washington," by Edmond S. Meany. The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.25 net.

Romance

AS NOVELS are read by a larger public than any other species of literature except newspapers, they give rise to many interesting and important questions. The writer of this review is sometimes puzzled about his own attitude toward them. That attitude varies profoundly with his condition and the accidents of his life. At certain times, wrapped up in history, biography, or science, he is so preoccupied raeing against the shortness of life for a small fraction of the information a man ought to have that it would be altogether impossible for him to turn aside to books which absorb

(Concluded on page 26)



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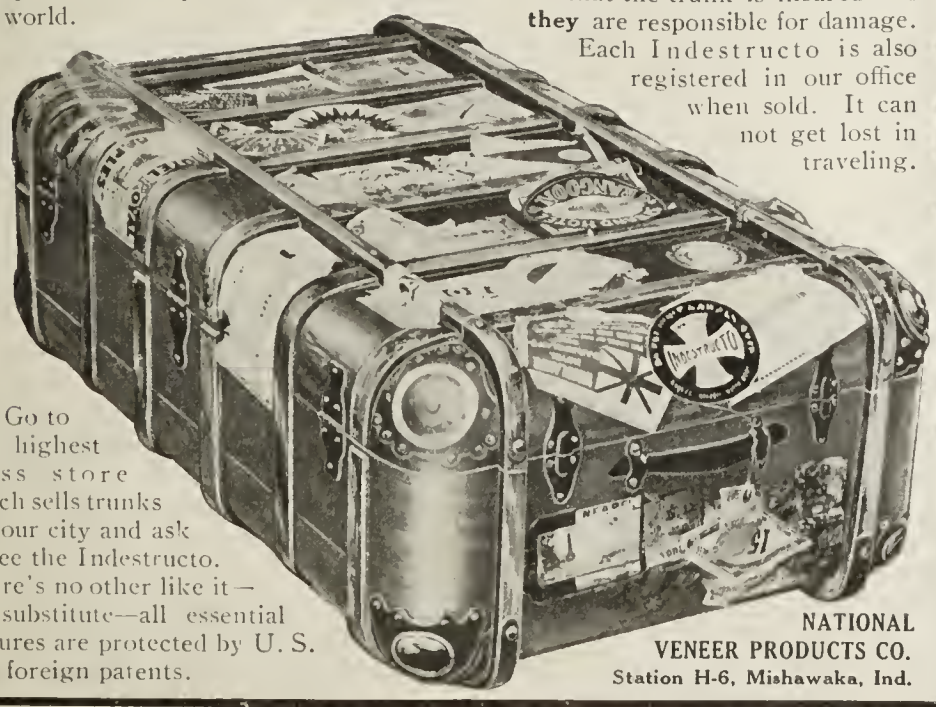


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Go to the highest class store which sells trunks in your city and ask to see the Indestructo. There's no other like it—no substitute—all essential features are protected by U. S. and foreign patents.

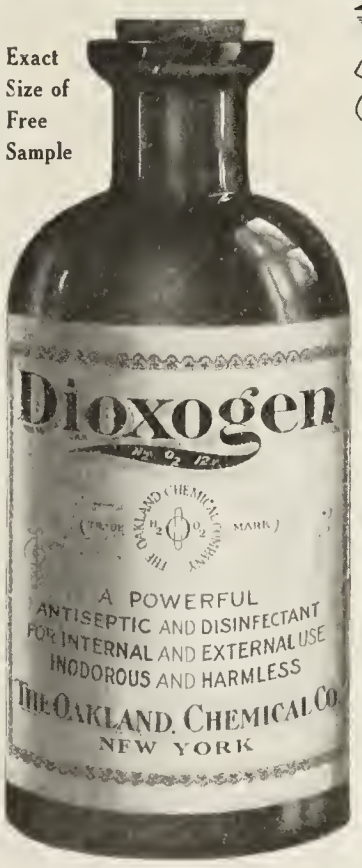
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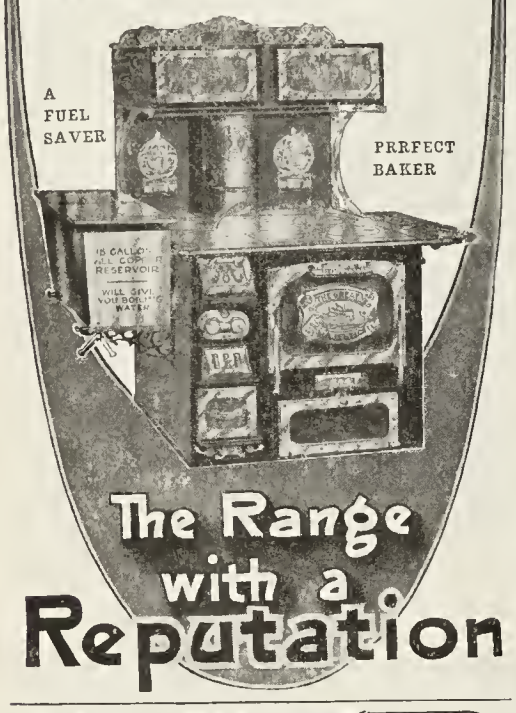
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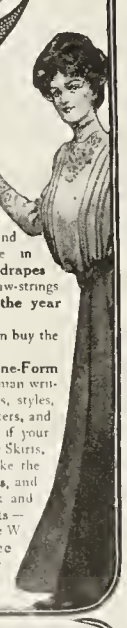
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the attention and give pleasure for the hour, but do not leave one better equipped for observing the history of the world as it passes across the stage. There are other moments, however, when even the most solemn reader feels the need of being carried quite outside of his intellectual mill into an atmosphere which is entirely absorbing and gives him the pleasure that an intense and personal adventure might give. The great popularity of the Sherlock Holmes stories shows how wide is the demand for this kind of compelling narrative. At its best, it is rare. "The Prisoner of Zenda" stands out among the romantic adventure novels of our day, but how many others? I can not claim to be familiar with this branch of literature, but among those which I have read, the latest novel of Mr. Justus Miles Forman seems to me to stand extremely high. "Jason" quite took me into captivity. It made me sit up too late, and read too early in the morning. It has in it not only a captivating plot, with a mysterious house in which the hero is imprisoned; a heroine who is in the most profound trouble, from which the hero is able ultimately to rescue her; a villain and a semi-villain, but it is also written with humor and cultivation, and these characters, familiar as are their main outlines in fiction and drama of adventure, nevertheless have personal existence to a degree which makes us become interested in them as individuals, not merely as parts of the exciting narrative. Certainly it would give the present writer much satisfaction if one shelf in his library could be filled with romantic fiction equally engaging, to which he might turn whenever more strenuous pursuits seem rather too severe, and when diversion seems undersupplied in a universe full of strain and hazard.

"Jason," by Justus Miles Forman. Published by Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

The Centennial of a Book

THE Hudson-Fulton celebration next month may well remind us of the great influence of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History." Of the actual effect of this work the author wrote forty years after the volume appeared: "I find this haphazard production of my youth is used to stamp Knickerbocker societies, Knickerbocker insurance companies, . . . Knickerbocker bread, Knickerbocker meat: . . . and I find New Yorkers of Dutch descent priding themselves upon being 'genuine Knickerbockers' . . ." This is the book's centennial. It emerged from the press just one hundred years ago the coming fall.

The title-page announces: "A History of New York, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch Dynasty . . . being the only authentic history of the times that ever hath been or ever will be published. By Diedrich Knickerbocker." The chronicler confesses that he sees no harm in helping out the facts, wherever they fall short. He discusses the origin of the Indians, proving that since they have not been shown to come from somewhere, they probably did not come at all. He describes the numerous benefits which the Indian gained from the white man, including the blessing of medicine, after first receiving the requisite diseases.

The voyage of the *Half Moon*, in which Commodore Hudson sailed from Holland under the direction of their High Mightinesses, the Lord States-General, he recounts with more assurance than other historians have displayed, for Diedrich's own great-grandfather shipped as a cabin boy. Through him alone we learn how the first colonists acquired their land by addressing the Indians on shore through a speaking-trumpet. The redmen, at the horrible sound of the Low Dutch, took to their heels and expired with fright. Manhattan was settled according to the specifications of a dream which visited Oloffe Van Kortlandt. The honorable antiquity of a jest, usually applied to Boston, may be discovered here. The cows "in a fit of laudable patriotism . . . established paths through the brush, upon each side of which the good folk built their houses."

Although the record does not extend beyond the Dutch rule, yet throughout the book there is a distinct connection with that other period which occupies present attention—the time of Fulton, for the volume was published but two years after the triumph of the *Clermont*, and we look back upon Manhattan's infancy from the eminence of 1809. Irving imagined Oloffe the Dreamer, that primitive burgher, to be gazing in wonder upon his own age, seeing "palaces, domes, and lofty spires," while for us to-day there is, on the contrary, a glory that is rather pathetic in the little city of 1809—closer, in all but centuries, to Dutch New Amsterdam than to American New York.

E. J. H.

Don't Throw Dull Blades Away—Strop 'Em!

DOES THE STROPPING FOR YOU AND THE HONING TOO!!

AND BETTER THAN THE MOST EXPERT BARBER CAN DO IT.

THE FLEMING RAZOR STROPPER AND HONER



Can be used on any Strop or Hone.



No Skill Required

All you have to do is to lay the Stropper flat on the strop, and move your hand back and forth, producing in a minute the keen, sharp edge necessary to a clean and satisfactory shave.

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We will send the Fleming Stropper and Honer by registered mail on receipt of $2

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Illustrated Booklet Free

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Strops and Hones All Razors and Blades Old Style and Safety

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"The Eternal Question"



By GIBSON
25 CENTS

"The Eternal Question" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 25 cents It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, die-stamped, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14x18 inches. Sent postpaid. It is the best picture on the market for 25 cents.

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A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY



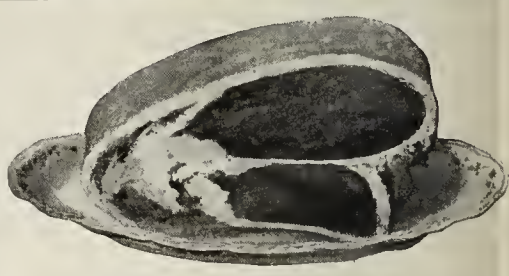
Manufacture concrete building blocks and make money. Demand is practically unlimited. Big profits on small investment. Machines $16.25 up. Artistic face designs, face down. Free catalog.

Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Centerville, Iowa

WALLA WALLA WASHINGTON WANTS YOU

to write and get information of the wonderful resources and business opportunities of the valley. A rich territory of 2500 square miles adjoins the city of Walla Walla, Washington (present population 22.000). For truthful, interesting, illustrated literature write for free booklet No. 12.

COMMERCIAL CLUB, Walla Walla, Washington.



ROAST MEATS

hot or cold, are given just that "finishing touch" if seasoned with

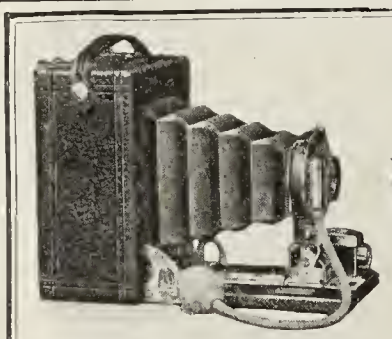
LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Veal and Salads. It gives relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.



Our catalogue describes fifty different styles and sizes of Premos. Free at the dealer's or mailed on request.

IMPORTANT—In writing please specify PREMO catalogue.

For light weight; for compactness; for convenience; for splendid results; get
A Daylight Loading
Premoette No. 1A

The smallest, lightest, easiest to load and operate of all cameras for the popular 2½ x 4¼ pictures.

With Premoette automatic shutter and single Meniscus lens, $6.00.
With single valve automatic shutter and double R. R. lens, $10.00.

Rochester Optical Division, Eastman Kodak Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Ten Years Ago This Man Was Laughed At

He was "turned down" by insurance companies: at forty he faced an early death. Today, at sixty-one, he holds the Yale record, over its own athletes, for tests of physical endurance. The leading doctors and scientists of America and Europe, who once scoffed at him, endorse him. We have all heard of "Fletcherism": but here is Horace Fletcher's own remarkable story of his discovery: how he built up his own health: HOW I HAVE KEPT MYSELF YOUNG AT SIXTY. And every man and woman can do it.

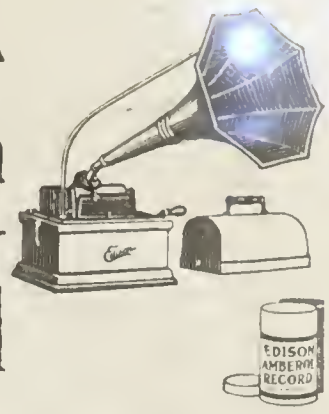
In the September

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

15 Cents Everywhere

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

When you have heard an Edison Phonograph play an Amberol Record reproducing the music of Victor Herbert's orchestra





you will admit that you could not be better entertained if at the theatre or concert hall, listening to Victor Herbert's Orchestra, led by him and playing his music.

The reproducing powers of an Edison Phonograph and the sweet tones of an Amberol Record can no more be described than can the music produced by Herbert's Orchestra. You must hear the Phonograph to know that you want it. No music lover can hear it play an Amberol Record made under Mr. Herbert's direction and resist the temptation to buy.

Any Edison dealer will gladly grant you this privilege. Our latest book, "The Phonograph and the Home," sent free on request.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—$12.50 to $125.00.

Standard Edison Records, 35c. Amberol Records, 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.

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Take a Tube with you over Labor Day

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

An Amusing Incident

(Told by a Dentist)

"COLGATE & CO.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for calling my attention to your Dental Cream. Preventative dentistry for children is my special work, and I am delighted to know of such a delicious dentifrice for young people. One little boy ate the contents of the tube which I asked his mother to get for him, remarking to me the next day:

'Say, Doctor, I wish that tube had been three feet long.'"

Signed by a former President of a State Dental Association.
(Name on application.)



Isn't that like a Boy!

There is actually—in each tube

15 Feet of Cream

If he had used it properly—(one inch twice daily)—it would have lasted 3 months.

Delicious and antiseptic, the dentifrice that combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste. Your mouth does not need to have a medicinal taste, and it won't if you use Colgate's.

Economical 1 More Cream—almost half as much again as in the average tube. 2 Less used—half as much cream comes out of our flat opening as from usual round-mouth tube. 3 No waste—our flat ribbon of cream cannot roll off the brush.

Antiseptic It gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold work. Destroys decay-germs, stimulates gum tissue and prevents tartar.

42 inches of Cream Sent for 4 cents

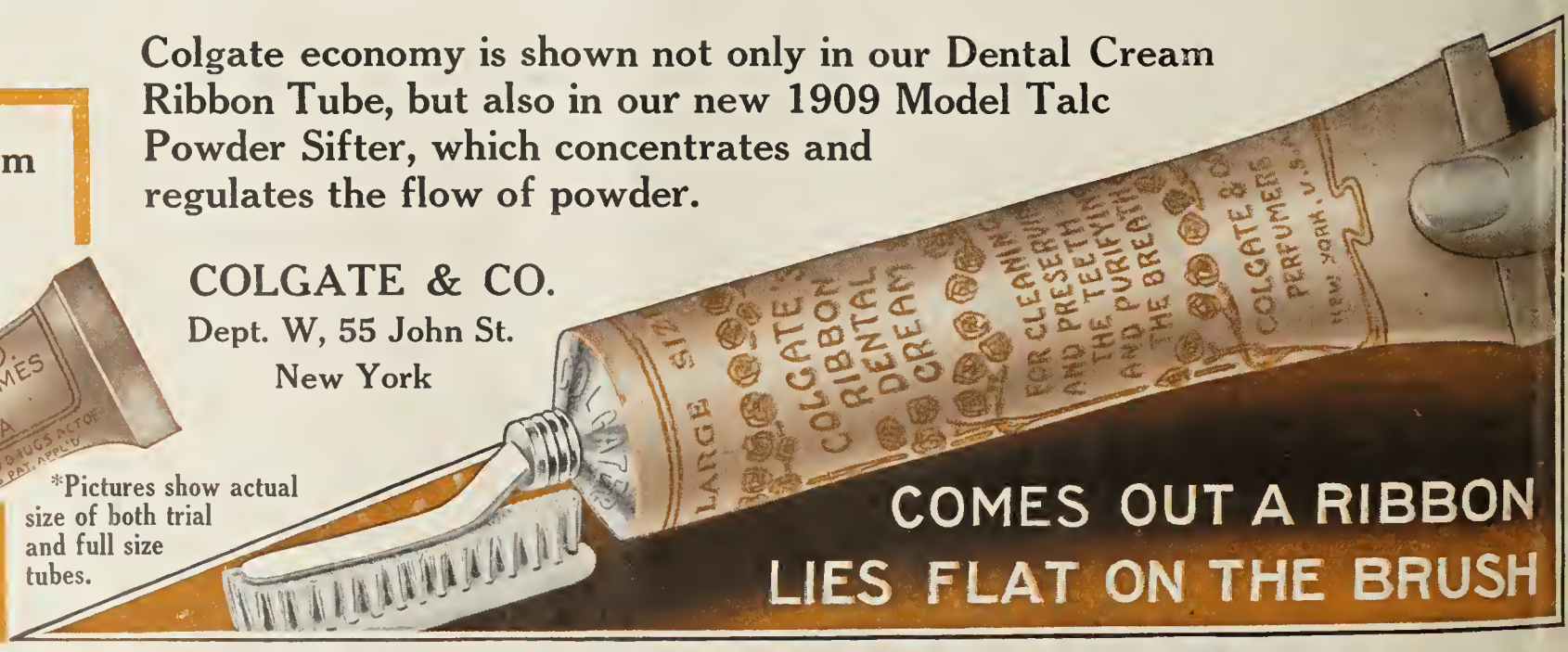
Send 4c for this trial tube. If 1 inch is used twice daily it lasts three weeks.



*Pictures show actual size of both trial and full size tubes.

Colgate economy is shown not only in our Dental Cream Ribbon Tube, but also in our new 1909 Model Talc Powder Sifter, which concentrates and regulates the flow of powder.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W, 55 John St.
New York



Take a Tube with you over Labor Day

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Containing:

The Capture of Boston

A Profusely Illustrated Account of the Recent Army Maneuvers

By

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

And

The First Actual Photographs of

Theodore Roosevelt Hunting in Africa

VOL XLIII NO 24 SEPTEMBER 4 1909







Fun for the Children, Mother and Dad

We are going to make a lot of children happy. We are going to help them, too. Read this advertisement carefully if you want to share in the fun.

$500 in Cash Prizes

to the School Children *of* America

EDUCATOR Week begins Labor Day. This cash prize offer is part of our EDUCATOR Week campaign. We want every child in America up to 14 years of age to write a composition on

"Why I Like to Wear EDUCATOR Shoes"

In order to enter this contest all that is necessary is to have the child get a copy of "The Prize Offer." Ask your Shoe dealer for a copy of this. If he cannot supply you write to us and we will send a copy at once.

Parents will all enter into the spirit of this contest because it means no end of fun for your children. It means a chance for a prize and, therefore, a chance to start a bank account. Also, it means that your children will have stamped on their minds the value of wearing sensible shoes all their lives. If you have had foot trouble you will appreciate what this means. Think what it will mean to your boy or girl to figure out in his or her own mind the reasons why they like to wear these sensible shoes.

You Owe It to Your Child to arouse his interest in this contest and to encourage him to try for these prizes. Wouldn't you have liked this chance when you were a child? What fun they will have just writing the composition! How full of joy they will be if they succeed in winning a prize.

EDUCATOR Week Prize Offer. Total $500.00

$50.00	in gold for first prize	$10.00	in gold for 5th prize
25.00	" " " 2nd "	5.00	" " " 6th to 10th prizes
20.00	" " " 3rd "	2.50	" cash " 11th to 30th "
15.00	" " " 4th "	1.00	" " " 30th to 335th "

All compositions must be in our hands on or before October 15th.
Prizes will be awarded December 1st, '09.

GET THE PRIZE OFFER TODAY!

RICE & HUTCHINS

10-12 HIGH STREET BOSTON MASS.

What Educator Week Is

EDUCATOR WEEK—Sept. 6th to Sept. 11th. This week is selected because schools begin the fall term about this time. School children everywhere must then have a pair of new shoes.

Retailers selling the Educator Shoe will make a special display of the Educator for children during Educator Week. Watch the windows in your town then and you will know at once who sells Educators.

The Educator Shoe

EDUCATOR SHOES are made for every member of the family—infants to parents. Prices according to size. They are made—

For the CHILD whose feet will grow right if given a chance.
For the BOY—the lively and healthy kind who needs foot-freedom.
For the MISSES and YOUTH whose feet are reaching the matured shape.
For MEN and WOMEN who seek real, true foot-comfort.

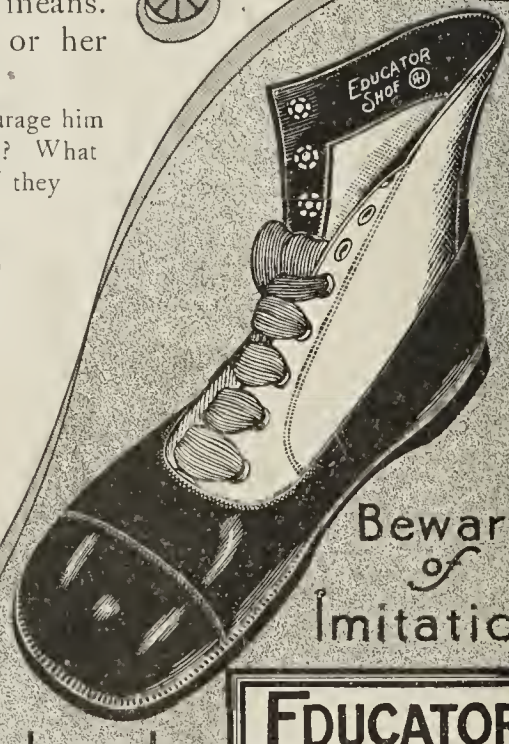
SIZES:
First Steps, 2 to 6, $1.25 and $1.35
Infants', 5 to 8, $1.50 and $1.75
Child's, 8½ to 11, $1.75 and $2.00
Misses', 11½ to 2, $2.25
Girls', 2½ to 6, $2.50 and $2.75
Women's, 2½ to 7, $4.00 Oxfords, $3.50
Boys', 1 to 5½, $2.50 and $2.75
Men's, 6 to 11, $3, $4 and $5
25c Extra when ordered by mail



The EDUCATOR SHOE Registered U. S. Pat. Office. lets the foot grow as it should.

Look for the brand exactly as shown here.
Take no substitutes

RICE & HUTCHINS
WORLD SHOEMAKERS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



Beware of Imitations

Look for the Brand on the sole or lining

EDUCATOR SHOE Registered U. S. Pat. Office.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT

FRANKLIN 1910 AUTOMOBILES

Franklin automobiles are built in three chassis sizes, four and six cylinder, with sixteen different body styles embracing touring, runabout, surrey and close-coupled bodies, limousines, landaulets, town cars and taxicabs.

The easy movement of full-elliptic springs as used on a Franklin automobile is not tiresome because vibrations are not transmitted to your nerve system, and there is no jolting and jarring. Vibrations from road shocks are completely taken up by the springs and our laminated-wood chassis frame.

Even if you use shock absorbers on a steel-frame semi-elliptic-spring automobile and tie it down to keep it from bouncing you do not eliminate vibration. The force of every road shock must go somewhere and when not taken up by the springs and chassis frame the passengers feel the effect. It is the vibrations transmitted to the nerve system that produce fatigue or dull headache and in some instances physical disablement.

Full-elliptic springs have double the elasticity and shock-absorbing ability of semi-elliptic springs. The steel frame also transmits vibrations whereas the Franklin frame absorbs them.

The easy riding and flexibility of the Franklin explains why it makes the best touring time and does it with such comfort and pleasure. In the Franklin you always drive smoothly and consistently. You are not hindered by hills and rough roads.

Very likely you think your automobile rides as easily as can be expected but when you ride in a Franklin you learn the difference.

And an easy riding automobile means long life to the vehicle and power plant. There is no racking and straining.

Franklin 1910 automobiles will average 2500 miles without tire puncture. The tires are extra large for the service required so that punctures, ruptures and other troubles are not likely to occur. It is not necessary to carry extra tires. Heavy water-cooled automobiles carry from 30 to 50 per cent more weight on tires the size of ours.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile are a reasonable, sensible proposition. They are durable, economical and efficient. It is the practical solution of tire trouble. The fact that they give so much better service proves their economy.

Franklin air-cooling has always been successful, but the improvements for 1910 are so pronounced and make the cooling so simple and positive that its perfect success is evident to all who investigate it.

The main difference over our former cooling method is the employment of air jackets and vertical cylinder flanges to direct the air currents and the elimination of the front fan and all moving parts not absolutely necessary to a gas engine.

It is necessary of course to have a fly-wheel upon any engine. After four years experimenting we have perfected a fly-wheel which has incorporated in it a pure tangential fan of new type—the most efficient air moving device known.

The air jackets direct the air, moved by the fly-wheel, downward over the valves and the tops of the cylinders and then down around the cylinders. Each cylinder gets its own cool air and is also insulated from absorbing the heat radiated from any other cylinder. Thus all the cylinders are cooled equally and perfectly and the hottest and most important part of each cylinder, the top, is cooled the most.

No means have ever been discovered for cooling an engine without using air. The water-cooled engine is cooled by air but in an indirect and complicated manner. Instead of taking up the heat from the cylinders directly by air, water is passed around the cylinders to take up the heat and then the water is sent through a radiator and heat from the water is taken up by the air. In other words water cools the engine and air cools the water.

Franklin air-cooling not only gets rid of complication and freezing and leaking troubles, but it allows the whole automobile to be lighter, more efficient and easier and cheaper to maintain.

The Franklin control is also the limit of simplicity. Ignition is by our Bosch magneto high tension system, which does not require the spark advance lever, batteries or any of the extra complications of the "double" system. To fully realize the advantage of the Franklin control you need to use it.

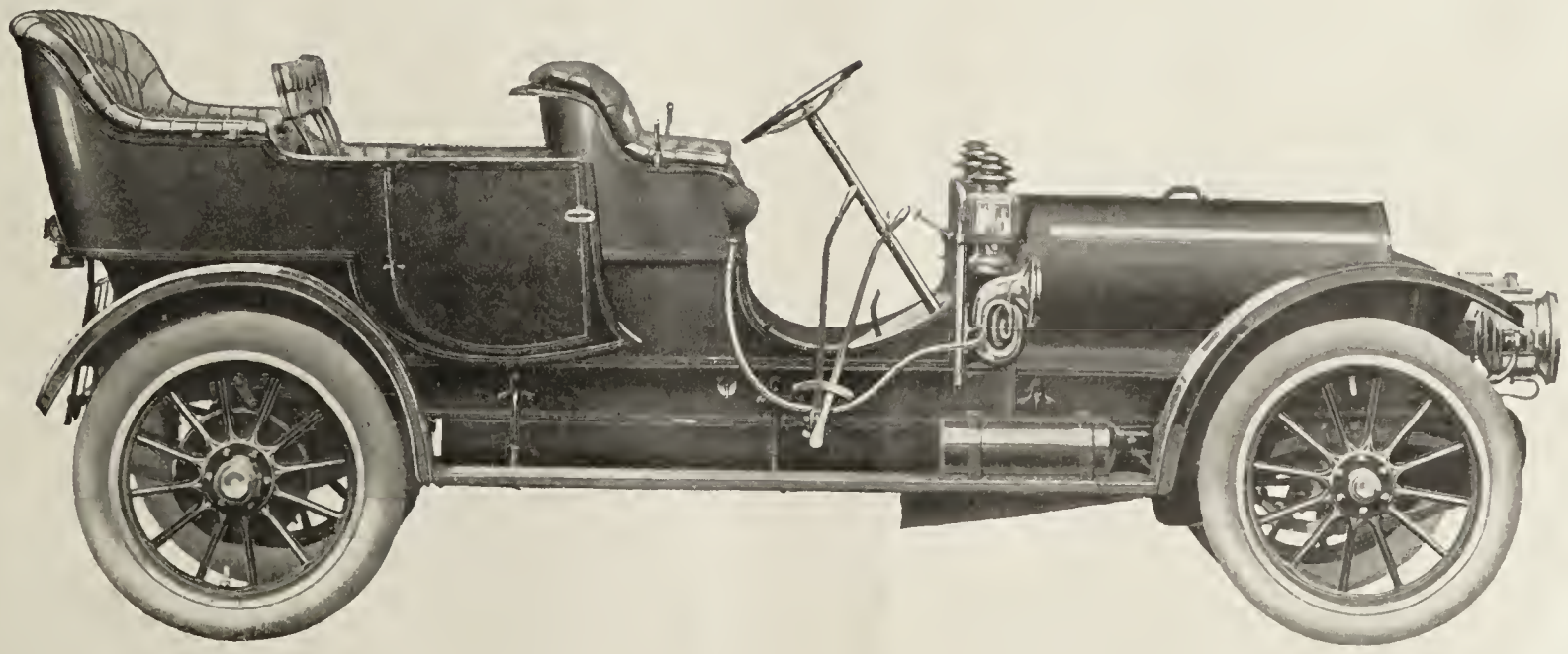
This is our second season with the magneto single ignition system. Coils and batteries seem old-fashioned to Franklin owners.

All Franklins are powerful, comfortable and quiet. They are not bulky nor heavy—they are just the right size for their passenger capacity. Strength is obtained by proper materials and proper design, not by mere bulk and weight.

The best way to understand our claims for easy riding, comfort and silence is to have a ride in other automobiles over ordinary roads, then go in a Franklin over the same roads.

Delivery of 1910 Franklins, which began in June, is made on a fixed schedule of delivery dates. This enables the purchaser to arrange with the dealer for delivery at a definite time. But as each dealer has only a limited number of deliveries each month, and as our output is already allotted, you can readily see that delivery arrangements must be made in advance.

Write for our 1910 catalogue



H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

A Portable Gas Stove



Not only can you cook anything on the Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stove, but you can cook *anywhere* with it—in the kitchen, dining-room, sick-room, or at the camp or picnic. The

Manning-Bowman

(Denatured)

Alcohol Gas Stove

is quick as a gas range—and cleaner. Burns the new fuel—denatured alcohol—which it first transforms into gas. No wicks, no delay, no odor. Single and double burners. Beautifully nickeled. *Manning-Bowman Quality.*



Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes for use on the stove have the **"Ivory"** Enameled Food Pan. Unusually clean and durable.

At leading dealers. Write for booklet JJ-23

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Makers of "Eclipse" Bread Mixers and "Meteor" Coffee Percolators

In Use With Chafing Dish

Rope a Broncho Hat *From Texas,* **the kind our cowboys wear**



$3

EXPRESS PREPAID

Suitable for all weathers, manufactured and sold by us exclusively, direct to the consumer. Description—Fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band; "never flop" brim, made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches; a regular five dollar hat, sent express prepaid, special price..... **$3**

State size. Order today. Your money refunded if you aren't satisfied.

HOUSTON HAT CO., HOUSTON TEXAS



300% Profit

That's what O. I. C. Peanut Vending Machine owners realize on their investments. Machines are attractive and hunger-inciting. Lure a harvest of pennies the year around from passersby. Only work is filling machines and gathering in the coin. Machines are simply but strongly made. Always in order. No trouble. No expense. Many O. I. C. owners make big money by operating a string of machines. Nothing like it in the country. Now's the time to enter the business while there is lots of room. Write for full information.

O. I. C. COMPANY, 1333 Unity Bldg., Chicago

To Manufacturers:

Is your business as large and as profitable as it might be?

If not, locating in LOUISVILLE may solve the question. For accurate, detailed and full information, write **COMMISSIONER, Bureau of Industries, Commercial Club, Louisville, Ky.**



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Artistic, everlasting. Estimates made on application. Catalogue free. The Ward Fence Co., Box 693, Decatur, Ind.

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Don't sell your Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write today for colored maps and information.

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HAVE YOU AN IDEA?

Write for our Books: "Why Patents Pay," "100 Mechanical Movements," Perpetual Motions 50 Illustrations. Mailed free.

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STAMPS FREE 100 diff. foreign from 20 countries free. Postg. and mail'g 3c. Large album 15c, 1000 hinges 8c. We buy stamps. Quaker Stamp Co Toledo, O.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 19

THE TIME ELEMENT IN ADVERTISING

LOOKING back through the magazines of a generation ago I find some things that would surprise you. For instance, as far back as the middle sixties, when the war was just over and the country was getting its breath, such standard American products as Sapolio, Waltham and Elgin watches, Steinway Pianos, Yale Locks and Tiffany Jewelry were being regularly and consistently advertised.

A few years later Sozodont had come into the magazine field, along with Royal Baking Powder, Baker's Chocolate, and Knabe Pianos; and from year to year the goodly company grew, till it included such household words as Pears' Soap, Colgate's preparations, Ivory Soap, Columbia Bicycles, Williams' Shaving Soap, Huyler's Candies, Lyon's Tooth Powder, Pearline, and Quaker Oats—and the list could be extended into hundreds.

Their growth has been as the growth of a great oak: sure, steady, enduring; their rain has been the sweat of men who worked hard and thought hard to win their success; their sun has been the sun of publicity. And because neither this rain nor this sun has ever been spared, they have kept on growing.

That is what I mean by the "time element" in advertising. Keeping everlastingly at it, year in and year out, brings more than success—it makes a business as permanent as steel beams. The true art of advertising is to secure this priceless increment of time; to establish by long and favorable association that thing that people call "Reputation."

And because this Reputation depends absolutely upon a certain unvarying standard of quality it is a positive fact that we get better values for our money in articles which are steadily advertised than in those which are not.

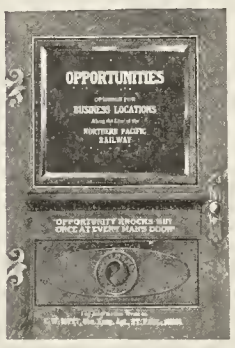
Advertising creates standards. Continued advertising guarantees that they will be lived up to.

T. L. Patterson

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Making Life Pleasanter"

Your Opportunities in the Pacific Northwest



☞This book, *"Opportunities,"* contains valuable information about the business openings in the cities and towns along the Northern Pacific Railway, with concise descriptions of them. It will point you to *your* chance to achieve success in the "Land of Fortune." Write to C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., for a copy and for other literature describing the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the Northwest.



☞This book, *"Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition,"* tells of an opportunity to see not alone the magnificent exhibits at this newest and most beautiful fair, but to see also that great country, from the Great Lakes and Mississippi River to Puget Sound, through which Northern Pacific trains carry you over the "Scenic Highway." Write to A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., for a copy and for other literature describing the trip and train service.

$25

to the

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Sept. 15 to Oct. 15, 1909, inclusive.

A low rate opportunity is afforded you to many points in Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Effective daily September 15 to October 15, 1909; $25.00 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Kansas City, Omaha; $33.00 from Chicago; $32.00 from St. Louis. Correspondingly low fares from the East generally. Tickets one-way, second-class; honored in electric lighted, leather upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars operated several times daily.

NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Full details from A. M. Cleland, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Paul, Minn. Ask particularly for Colonist Fare Leaflet and "Over the Scenic Highway in a Tourist Sleeping Car."

Round trip, first class Summer Tourist Tickets on sale daily until October 3, 1909.

THE SCENIC HIGHWAY THROUGH THE LAND OF FORTUNE

Northern Pacific Railway



Success and Money Come to the man "WHO CAN"

The demand today in every line of business is for qualified men. There are always opportunities for the trained man. The man "who can" is the man wanted.

Qualify yourself for successfully earning a good salary by taking

The Home Study Course in Higher Accounting and Business Law

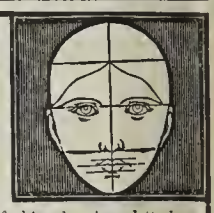
You can do it by correspondence. You can give yourself a thorough business education in your own home, for small expense.

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The Fleet's New Battle Practise—Firing in the Open Sea at Moving Targets

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

September 4, 1909

A Predicament

NONE SO STRENUOUS as the more saffron daily guardians of the human race in New York, last winter, in demanding that Governor HUGHES put an end to gambling in the Stock Exchange. The Governor expressed some skepticism about the possibility of eliminating gambling altogether without striking a blow at business, as Germany, to her cost, did in 1892, but he appointed an able body of men to investigate and report. When they did report during the summer they distinctly urged, as one of the best possible preventive measures, that the penal code be applied not only to obviously fraudulent advertisements, but also to the newspapers accepting the advertisements. They recommended a law making it a misdemeanor for a newspaper to accept an advertisement containing statements about the value of stocks, bonds, or similar securities, without taking precautions, as duly set forth by the Commission, to test the good faith of the advertisement. We recall this advice of the Hughes Commission at the present moment, because such a bill will doubtless be introduced at the next session of the New York Legislature, and we are inclined to think it is about time for the yellow newspapers to begin to agitate public opinion in favor of its enactment. The situation is one of the most agreeably comic now upon the stage. Messrs. HEARST, BRISBANE, and PULITZER have competed fiercely for priority in protecting the poor fooled investor, the shorn lamb, and the level-headed Governor of New York has escaped one more of the many traps almost daily set for him. To have these gentlemen fall into the very pit they digged accords with poetic justice and other elements of established drama, from ARISTOTLE down. Once in a long time when papers howl for reform, they obtain it, plentiful and surprising. Meantime, as the public awaits the decision of the Legislature on this newspaper cooperation with investment sharks, the drama is not allowed to lag, for the Metal Exchange has already introduced reforms in the method of making copper quotations, in line with the committee's suggestions, and the Mercantile Exchange has voted to abolish "official quotations," severely condemned by the committee. The Governor treads patiently his route of cool-headed progress, avoiding demagogy on the one side and timidity on the other.

What Is a Demagogue?

DEFINE IT, READER, if you like. Can the Honorable JOSEPH WELDON BAILEY, in sober truth, have attacked the present inhabitants of New England as men whose ancestors burned witches? Two objections occur to such an argument. First, Mr. BAILEY'S brains would appear sufficient to discover something of greater relevancy. If witches had been burned, where have cruelty and ignorance not been practised in bygone times; and where is the usefulness to-day in the United States of seeking personal power through setting one part of our common country against another? Remains objection number two. Witches, as it happens, never were burned in New England; and Mr. BAILEY, having at least some smattering of American education, might be presumed to know they never were.

Change of Occupation

NO WONDER MONSIEUR CLEMENCEAU has offers from so many Paris journals. Did not Mr. ROOSEVELT receive a welcome from the real governors of our country when he laid down the baton of imaginary power? M. CLEMENCEAU spent much of his life in writing for the newspapers, and finally consented to demonstrate in practise the way in which a journalist would run a government. That he got along with steadiness and brilliancy few have denied, even since a tempest of rage brought about his unexpected fall. If now he resumes the pen, he will be free from the checks that have forced him to choose among those phrases and positions which please him best. He can now boil when he is inclined, throw bricks at his opponents to his own exceeding joy, fiercely assail, when he wishes, those who have taken up the burden which so long was his. Doubtless more openly, or less, he will soon be back again in journalism. Welcome, brother! Let us proceed together in the government of this world.

Necessity

WE SPEND YEARS of time, infinity of attention, thousands of the people's money, turning the trial of a wealthy murderer into a complicated game. England last year settled a somewhat similar case in just one day. This year she took a small part of a single day on the trial and sentencing of MADAR LAL DHINAGRI; she did it three weeks after the murder; a few weeks more saw the Hindu pass from earth, and nobody pretends the result would or should have been different if England had tied herself up with as many fool technicalities as afflict criminal law in the United States. It is a sad thing for the state to kill any human being; it is sadder to kill one whose act seems virtuous to himself; but as long as such necessity exists in an imperfect universe, it should be met with certainty, gravity, and promptness. The courts should deal seriously with the evidence, not preside at a spectacular combat between legal gladiators and mercenary "experts," with the upper courts looking on, ready to upset an unmistakably just conviction if some clerk omits the word "the" in an indictment or if some judge goes astray on one of the numberless immaterial "instructions" called for by lawyers for the sole purpose of upsetting a verdict by technical sleight-of-hand. Mr. TAFT has led the public to expect some reform of the barbaric procedure which United States courts and lawyers have constructed, and we look forward to the day when our judges and juries shall, like the English, deal only with the fundamental law and with the evidence.

China

AMERICANS ARE TO LEND MONEY to the Chinese Government, not, however, because the Celestial Empire desires to borrow! Her loan for railroad building is increased beyond her needs as a favor to the would-be lenders. Absurd as this performance superficially appears, in this practical and complex world our State Department acted justly. It takes the Chinese situation as it is, and only a narrow view of human psychology lays emphasis entirely on the trade advantages which result from diplomatic intimacy. Commercial relations imply intellectual and moral relations of every kind, and that our increasing influence in Asia will be used generously for China's welfare is not an unreasonable hope or boast. Since railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs were born, no part of the world can work out its destiny alone. Mr. CRANE accepted the post of minister to China because he was in hearty accord with the famous Shanghai speech, in which Mr. TAFT struck the keynote of his Eastern views. Those who will for the present determine our Oriental policies are men of experience and of the measured judgment which springs from training in the school of facts. They are at the same time men of broad outlook, high principle, and fairness to foreign countries. It should be a source of pride to Americans that Mr. TAFT stood by the Philippines always and finally helped to win a genuine tariff victory in their behalf. When the story of our influence in China is complete, it also will prove that one country may act helpfully and with enlightenment toward another.

Slave of Circumstance

TO CRETE, as to China, it is forbidden to be the mistress of her fate, the captain of her own soul. Before she has fought for her ideals and been in part defeated by sheer numbers. When she sees the Young Turk eager to prove his efficiency and power at her expense, she is ready again to defy the heavier battalions, when in steps Europe and stops the fight. The consoling aspect of such interference is that Europe gives to Crete the substance and to Turkey the shadow. She does no more than save Turkey's face, and Crete she protects from a Power which, in an isolated contest, would surely overwhelm her. Moreover, few events yet unborn can be predicted as safely as the ultimate joining of Crete to the country toward which she is called by religion, language, customs, sympathy. Because of the entanglements of Europe she is compelled to wait, but, although thus at present slave to circumstance, every year makes it more nearly impossible that she should ultimately be the thrall of a barbaric and essentially Oriental Power.

Two Diplomacies

GERMANY'S SUCCESS in Persia is but an illustration of her effective diplomacy for a decade or more. From the Baltic Sea to the Persian Gulf a straight road now is hers. Although she has been at work in Persia only some four years, her influence has already about overtaken that of Russia or Great Britain, who have contended so long for that strategic point. Germany seems in her foreign work to command the services of first-class men. Russia, on the contrary, has struck a dearth of diplomatic talent. When a second-class man, after the war was sent to represent her at Tokyo, a howl arose, for the Russian press

is not gagged where the Foreign Office is concerned. Some of the few respectable diplomatists have been kept in office late in life and against their will from inability to fill their places. Many of the more successful are not Russians. ROSEN was from the Baltic provinces, CASSINI an Italian from Trieste. WITTE'S diplomacy at Portsmouth was triumphant only to the vast and innocent public, and WITTE again, on his conspicuous errand to Germany, was probably made the tool of her astute officials. They told him amiably that Germany would put no obstacle to Russia's advance toward the Pacific. No wonder, as it removed pressure from their own Eastern boundary. Russia, often looked upon as incredibly complex, has been surprisingly simple-minded. She has thoroughly learned some lessons, also, which limit her ambitions. She does not wish to absorb any more thickly populated regions. The Poles and Jews have shown her the pains of indigestion. Indeed, she opposed the partition of Poland, and took her share only when Germany threatened otherwise to take it all, and since the partition she has proposed to Germany that Poland be reconstructed. Her diplomacy is not brilliant, but the objects of her ambition now have in them nothing to alarm.

The Dutch in America

THE HUDSON CENTENNIAL will freshen our memories of a race that has always remained sound and that once was great. Spain and France lost world-empires through fault of theirs. Holland, like Portugal, fell because she was too small. At her height she showed a talent for exploration and settlement matched but two or three times in history. She taught the world much of what it knows about trade, banking, art, scholarship, toleration, and civil government. To the United States she gave her best in many lines. Nearly all the military leaders of the Colonies were trained in Holland. Also she instructed on her own soil men who have counted otherwise for much in our history, as Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Captain JOHN SMITH, MILES STANDISH, Governor DUDLEY, and innumerable others. WILLIAM PENN was in close touch with the native country of his mother, who was born in Rotterdam, and he put many Dutch ideas into the constitution of Pennsylvania. Our flag took its form and colors from the Dutch, which is no wonder, since the best model for our revolution was that other revolt, headed by the man who reminded PHILIP of Spain what DEMOSTHENES had said, "the strongest bulwark of a free people is distrust," a sentence which describes the very heart of Colonial ideas of government and freedom. "The originals of the two republics," wrote JOHN ADAMS, "are so much alike that the history of the one seems but a transcript of that of the other." Partly by treachery, Holland was driven from America, but her history in relation to us was glorious in itself and strengthening and enlightening to our character.

Squirrels

TO THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT rather than to the States should belong the control of epidemics. Both party platforms provided for a national department of health; were these planks meant only to stand upon? This year the squirrels in parts of California have been a veritable nuisance, destroying thousands of pounds of nuts and fruits. Among these squirrels instances of bubonic plague have been found, and in the Alameda County Infirmary there have been two human cases, in one of which at least the man had been shooting squirrels. The Federal authorities are shooting and trapping, but a small force can obtain only enough for experimental purposes. The local authorities are doing little. What can cities and suburban towns do, if the country, full of squirrels, extending up and down the coast, should become infected? It is properly a Federal question, and should mean an extensive squirrel army and wholesale poisoning. It is a bigger question than it was before, when it was centered in certain cities. The cities can purge themselves, but it is harder in the country. By transportation of rats and squirrels there naturally will be a gradual spread. Possibly there must be an epidemic before the people generally will be interested.

Hugo

THE FRENCH PEOPLE will give a week to celebrating one of their poets, beginning on September 26. In the spring of 1616 the greatest Englishman of all time passed away with no homage, and SWINBURNE, recalling SHAKESPEARE at the death of HUGO, remarks that the greatest of all Frenchmen has passed away," which is putting it rather strong, although HUGO assuredly would have agreed with SWINBURNE. He saw himself only in terms of SHAKESPEARE, NAPOLEON, destiny, nations, and ideas as large. "The Art of Being a Grandfather" seemed to SWINBURNE "the most absolutely and adorably beautiful book ever written"! There have been Frenchmen to speak almost as wildly, but far fewer now than once there were. HUGO was an impressive figure. He excelled in many lines. In the drama he was a successful rebel. His preface to "Cromwell" was an epoch-marking manifesto. His lyric quality was exquisite and brilliant. He was a romantic novelist of profuse imagination and epic sympathy. What counted as much as any of these things in the stir he made was his powerful polemic career—the onslaughts he made, in prose and verse, against the evil giants of his day. Not to go outside of literature or of France, we scarcely think the final verdict will find in him enough that is supremely excellent to permit him to stand as high as MOLIÈRE, MONTAIGNE, or RABELAIS, possibly not even as high as that contemporary, pioneer in fiction, painter of the "Human Comedy," who said of him: "VICTOR HUGO? Why, he is an entire universe; let us talk of him no more."

No Title

MOST MEN, says ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE, are philosophers, and most women actresses; only in universities and on the stage they are scarce. Has every Aspasia her Socrates and her Pericles? No, but perhaps the converse is almost exact. Perhaps every Abelard has his Héloise, every Musset his Rachel. VOLTAIRE and Mlle. DE BERRY died on the same day. To the philosopher was refused a churchyard grave; the actress was interred with pomp in Saint-Germain-des-Prés; yet they had been good friends, instructive to each other. It is not always so. Sometimes the partnership of man and woman means mischief, as in the case of POMPADOUR, but this is oftener found in society and politics than in art. In art, especially, but on the whole in all work, they lend each other power. Gain and disadvantage can be found mingled in every condition, and we can only discover what in the main, not always, is the truth. The general fact in the relation of woman and man is told in a fable which is old, but which, nevertheless, some may not have met. Man once was so strong that the gods became jealous. They feared for their supremacy. Combining, therefore, they broke him into two, to weaken him, that his power should be no longer menacing. The fragments, man and woman, have been wandering about in search one of the other, seeking strength in union, ever since.

Think It Over

HERE IS A STORY that will be of interest to the humanitarian. We are inclined to think it contains a considerable amount of truth:

"I was discharged from San Quentin six weeks ago. I was given a new suit of clothes (that was branded 'prison' all over, but no matter about this). I was given clothes to cover me, $5 in cash, and the good wishes of the warden and the man who drives the van. Very good, you say, for an ex-convict? Well, listen to this. On the day I was given my freedom, my picture, with my description, was sent to every sheriff of every county in the State: 'This man is free—may be coming your way. Look out for him.' Now, there is nothing dangerous about me, or, at least, there never was. I was a street-car conductor, a decent enough sort, when one night I got drunk and hit a man. Unfortunately for both of us, it nearly killed him. I got four years. I paid the penalty. Should I be let alone now or not? I gave more than four years out of my life to the State. I lost my health. For that reason I thought that, being 'free,' I would go out into the country and work there until I got my strength back. From county to county I have been told to 'move on.' The first man to whom I applied for work gave it to me; then I took my honorable discharge out of my pocket and showed it to him. He picked up a cane that lay across his desk and yelled at me: 'You get out of here or I'll knock your brains out.'"

It is needless to draw any facile moral from this condition. The facts are intricate. The difficulties are many. A bitter situation faces the prisoner who wishes to lead an honorable life after his discharge. A delicate situation faces the man who would employ him. The employer knows the rule; it requires some sacrifice to principle and humanity on his part to test the particular case in order to avoid helping to crush a man who may be one of the exceptions. Sentimentalism in the treatment of crime is not to be encouraged, but injustice is still worse.

Something in Collier's

THERE HAS BEEN SOME TALK about the immorality of COLLIER'S in publishing an advertisement of a certain scheme, because Mr. LEWIS, who conceived it, has been attacked by the Government in the past. This sort of vagueness is rather cruel. The prosecution as a fact ended in Mr. LEWIS'S exoneration. Behind his present enterprise are some of the best men in Missouri. Our own investigation has resulted favorably. Mr. SULLIVAN will be in Missouri soon, and anybody who is discontented is at liberty to write specific complaints to which he will give full attention. Meantime, all may rest assured that we condemn nobody merely because somebody else has done so, but are guided by the best researches we ourselves can make.

Mr. SULLIVAN, by the way, is not to end his trip in Missouri. He goes thence to the South, in search of recreation, topics, information. Any Southerner who wishes to send in any advice before he starts will receive our interest and attention.

An Engineer

HOW CAN MAN DIE BETTER than the locomotive engineer in that Virginia wreck? Tennessee has reason to be proud of him. Although he was in bitter pain, scalded, hurt to death, he begged those who came to his assistance to let him alone and help the passengers. No passenger, however, needed aid, and the would-be rescuers offered whisky. The injured man refused, until four men had smelled his breath, to bear witness that he had not been drinking when the wreck occurred. "All an engineer has is his record," he said, "and he can not afford to have anything against that." Then he died. It is sad to die, to leave wife and children, friends, work, and this bright world, but it is well to go, when the call sounds, in the spirit of the engineer SAMUEL BUSH.

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The Military Maneuvers in Eastern Massachusetts

The upper picture shows the kind of roads the soldiers had to struggle over during a two days' downpour of rain; the lower photograph depicts a scene at the battle of Hanover Four Corners. In the center is Major-General Leonard Wood receiving reports from the umpires; at the left, Brigadier-General Pew, Commander of the Blue Army; at the right, Brigadier-General Bliss, U. S. A., Commander of the Red Army, in conversation with Mr. Davis, Collier's correspondent



The Last Stand of the Blues—A two-hour battle, the fiercest of the campaign, at Hanover Four Corners, on August 19, in which infantry, cavalry, and field artillery were all engaged, resulted in terminating the week's invasion of Massachusetts. The defenders were here outflanked and defeated by the Reds

The Capture of Boston

The Most Important War Game Ever Attempted in America, and How Its Fortunes Were Determined by Military Umpires

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE morning after the war maneuvers ended, at the top of its editorial column the Boston "Herald" stated that there was less anxiety over the result of the war game than over the outcome of "the real game" between the Boston and New York baseball teams. Defeat of the Boston troops, it continued, "was as nothing" as compared with the misfortune that, on the same day, befell the "Red Sox" at the hands of the "Yanks."

This spirit, so frankly expressed by the leading newspaper of New England, is the most stubborn opponent the volunteer soldier is called upon to fight. It is his real enemy. As he has shown us, he can invade an unknown territory and can handle an invading army. But he can not overcome the enemies of his own fireside. To the man in the street, the war maneuvers are a joke. Except as offering a butt for his humor, they do not interest him. He does not care, and he doesn't know. And he doesn't know that he doesn't know. Those who followed the maneuvers, but who, instead of sleeping in a wet road sheltered from a northeaster by a stone wall, returned each night to a comfortable bed, felt a genuine admiration for the men of the Red and the Blue armies and for the work they accomplished. But we found, to the man who read of them in the papers, that not only were they ridiculous, but that what they were attempting was ridiculous and a waste of energy and money. The man at home roared with delight at the absurd idea that by pasting up a label you could destroy a bridge, and that an umpire should declare a troop of cavalry shot to pieces when no bullets had touched it made him writhe with laughter. Should the same man pay to see a comic opera, and find it had never been rehearsed, he would besiege the box-office and demand the return of his money. If every spring his pet baseball nine did not go South to practise during two months for the big game later on, he would be indignant. If on the morning of the big game his team put on their uniforms for the first time, and for the first time assembled as an organization, he would cry out that he had been robbed.

Serious Not Absurd

BEFORE the football season opens he will watch the members of the squad hurl themselves at a stuffed figure, swinging past them on a trolley. And the spectacle in no way strikes him as absurd. He does not cry out: "But that is not a real man!" For the football player he can readily see the advantage of practise, of hard discipline, of team-work, of exercises that will bring him to physical fitness. But when the regular army and the militiamen practise and rehearse for a possible war, which, even in England they are beginning to suspect is a more serious exercise than cricket or football, he calls it a "spit-ball" war, and let's it go at that. If he protested against the old "field day" in a summary camp, when the militia performed the same evolutions they had practised under the roof of the armory, when sweethearts and wives overflowed the company streets, when the Governor in a silk hat reviewed the troops and the band played, his protest would be reasonable. But the week in camp, with such other enormities as black powder, cross-belts, and muzzle-loading guns, has passed, or is passing, and in place of it are the maneuvers under war conditions. And the man who laughs at these maneuvers shows not so much a sense of humor as a vacant mind.



The Reds taking shelter from the fire of the Blues behind a house at Hanson—the defenders are drawn up back of the fence, from which they are checking the advance of the invaders with repeated volleys



A Diagram of the Campaign

The Red forces are indicated by the dark rectangles, and the Blues by the light. The position of the two armies on each successive day is demonstrated by the number printed next to each division. The diagram shows how the Red troops landed on the southern coast and drew the Blues down to meet them; whereupon they skirted past the Blue line

The maneuvers held the other week in Massachusetts were the most successful that have ever been pulled off in this country. Their success was due to several causes. In the first place, Major-General Leonard Wood, who planned them, is a soldier of experience in actual warfare, of executive ability, of intelligence, and possesses the saving grace of imagination. His imagining was shown in entrusting the defense of Massachusetts to the same men upon whom in time of war the safety of that commonwealth will depend, and in assigning to actual strangers to Massachusetts the part of the invaders. By this he gained two good results, the militia of the State in one week learned more concerning it than they had guessed in a lifetime, and the invaders were taught the inestimable value of a map, of scouting and reconnaissance, and how it is possible for men to live on the country through which they are fighting their way. Until two weeks ago in the United States the largest area of ground covered in maneuvers was twenty square miles, a distance that might be overcome in a day's march. In these late maneuvers the area covered was two thousand square miles. Over this territory, as unknown to the invading army of militiamen from New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia as would be Canada, Mexico, or Cuba, nine thousand men, under Major-General Tasker H. Bliss of the regular army, were ordered to find the road to Boston and take that city. Seven thousand men, natives of the State, under Brigadier-General William A. Pew, Jr., blocked their progress.

The Staff of Umpires

ACCOMPANYING each General were officers of the General Staff of the regular army. Both General Bliss and General Pew had the benefit of their advice, but the actual work in the field was, with the exception of the Tenth Cavalry, performed by militiamen. To decide between the two contestants was a staff of umpires, with General Wood as Chief Umpire, selected from officers of the regular army, experienced in real warfare, and recent graduates of the War College. So far as it was possible, each separate body of troops of each army was accompanied by an umpire. It was his duty to see that the rules of the war game were followed, and when there was a fight to decide which side had obtained the advantage. As an umpire he could not suggest to a commanding officer what he should do, but he could tell both sides what they must not do. For instance, at Halifax, a troop of the Tenth Cavalry dismounted across an open field. Under cover of a stone wall, a part of

troop gained the protection of a barn and farmhouse. As these had reached cover unseen by the enemy, the umpire allowed them to hold their position. The other men, who had exposed themselves to the fire of two companies of infantry, were sent back into the woods from which they had advanced, and a certain number of them as "dead" were ordered out of the fighting. According to the rules, a man who was declared "dead," or who had been made a prisoner, could not for the remainder of the day take part in any action. But, that he might benefit by the lessons to be learned in the campaign, on the next day he was allowed to fight again.

The Method of Reaching Decisions

A RECORD of the killed and wounded on each side was carefully kept, and, in summing up the men engaged in a fight, those already killed and wounded were subtracted from the number of those actually present. Even though in a skirmish one side greatly outnumbered the other, it might happen that in the larger force there were already so many "dead and wounded" that the smaller force was in reality the stronger, and, in consequence, would be declared the victor.

One was constantly asked how, after a fight in which infantry, cavalry, and artillery had mixed it up indiscriminately, the umpires were able to decide which army had gained the advantage? To this the easy answer would be that if they did not know how to do that they would not have been chosen to act as umpires, but actual examples explain the methods by which a decision was reached.

At the Green outside of Middleboro an outpost of the Blues occupied a farmhouse, and at the top of a hill directly above it a larger force of Blues were hidden behind a stone wall. A bicycle squad and a half troop of cavalry of the Reds planned to make the two Blue outposts prisoners. The bicyclers charged in advance of the troopers, pulling out of the road when they came to the first farmhouse, so as to permit the cavalry to continue on up the hill.

Lieutenant James E. Shelley of the Eleventh Cavalry, acting as umpire, rode with the troopers. They were met by a heavy fire from behind the stone wall, and the umpire ordered them to withdraw. Because the bicycle scouts outnumbered the outpost in the first farmhouse four to one, and had taken them by surprise, the umpire decided the latter had been made prisoners. But the cavalry he declared had been routed with serious loss. He pointed out to them that in a solid formation they had charged up an open road against infantry protected by a stone wall. On one side of the road was a steep bank, on the other a swamp. This had made it impossible for the troopers to deploy, and in advancing in column they had made a target of themselves that no one could miss.



A skirmish between the outposts of the two armies, taking place near Eddyville



Machine guns, screened by bushes and mounted on automobile trucks, used by the Blues

On questioning the officer commanding the Blues as to the number of rounds he had fired and at what range, Shelley found most of the men had not lowered their sights to the range the officer had given them. But for this neglect on their part, the cavalry would have been annihilated. Another point scored against the cavalry was that, in advancing at a gallop, each man had emptied his revolver, aiming directly in front of him. Had the guns been loaded with real bullets, those in the rear ranks would have shot their own men. The next time I saw that same troop in action they had benefited by the lesson of the fight at Middleboro Green, and, having left their horses under cover, were creeping up on foot upon the enemy, and, by taking him in the flank, won a glorious victory.

Rifles Outdone by Brains

FOUR companies of the Reds were firing from behind stone walls at two companies of the Blues, but, though the Reds outnumbered the enemy, the Blues were so strongly entrenched that the umpires decided the fire of the Reds was ineffective. On the left flank of the Blues there was an open field. From this field, under the protection of a stone wall, a half-dozen men could have enfiladed the Blue position and driven them from cover. But the Reds did not see this, and, though the umpires saw it, they could not in fairness point it out. In consequence the frontal firing continued without advantage to either side. At last there came up a side road a half troop of Squadron A, dismounted, and, even as he ran forward, their officer saw the weakness of the Blue position. He raced to the stone wall, fired one volley, and the Blues, caught without cover, took to their heels. The umpires pointed out that the moral of that fight was that four companies who used only their guns were not as effective as one man who used his brains.

Very often officers and men on both sides, although too well disciplined to protest, thought the umpires made mistakes. But each could see only his own position; the umpires, riding from one force to the other, were acquainted with the strength and weakness of both, and the experience they had gained of real warfare in Cuba, the Philippines, and China made it easy for them to render intelligent and just decisions.

Except that no one was killed or wounded, the maneuvers were carried on under conditions that approached so closely to those of actual warfare that the lessons learned were invaluable. There were, of course, mistakes; but they were errors which, had the men been actually under fire, would never have occurred. A body of troops hearing firing in front would hurry forward to reenforce their comrades. In actual warfare they would have seen that the road in which they were advancing was swept by shrapnel and bullets, and they would have avoided it. To meet such occasions the umpire played the part of the shrapnel and the bullets. He would gallop forward and cut off the approaching reenforcements. "This road is under fire from that hill," he would explain; "you must withdraw and you may advance again only under cover of those woods." To one who has looked on at several wars it was extremely interesting to see how frequently the problems of a real campaign presented themselves, and to note how splendidly the officers and men of both armies met them. To disembark nine thousand troops and march them through an unknown country and bring them into and out of action and to *feed* them is no mean problem. Now, was it a less difficult one to be prepared to meet the invading force at any point in a stretch of country that extended for twenty miles? That the maneuvers in so many ways were successful is not only greatly to the credit of those who directed them, but quite as much to the men in the ranks. To them the invasion was real and serious. They attended strictly to the work in hand. They had neither time nor inclination for skylarking. Their officers did not have to enforce discipline, the men themselves maintained it. Though they passed through villages and cities where saloons and restaurants were open, and though for two days every man was wet to the skin, during the entire week, in neither army, did I see one intoxicated soldier. And though at every step they passed cornfields, orchards, and kitchen gardens, not a single complaint of looting was made to the chief umpire. Even when the men rushed into "action," they were considerate of the property of others. And certainly the people of Massachusetts deserved consideration at their hands, for they made the invaders welcome; and, so far as the conditions of war allowed, received them in a most friendly and hospitable spirit.

Little Cost and Great Gain

OUT of the fund appropriated for the maneuvers, six thousand dollars was set aside to pay for damage to crops, fences, and gardens. At the end of the maneuvers it was found that, though for a week sixteen thousand men had been fighting over the country, the bill for damage was less than one thousand dollars. The maneuvers held at Pine Plains cost nearly four hundred thousand dollars. Those in Massachusetts cost less than one hundred thousand, and it is safe to say that the value of the lessons they taught to the sixteen thousand men engaged is beyond price. Instead of shuffling up and down the floor of an armory, each militiaman was out in the open air, marching under service conditions, alternately through dust and heat and rivers of mud, and sleeping under a cold, stinging rain. He learned to act and think quickly under stress of real excitement and tumult; he climbed on his knees through plowed fields and underbrush, ran unending hurdle races over stone walls, charged up hills and through rivers. The officers learned how to make and break camp, the value of scouting, of map-making, to handle their men, to lead them forward, to keep them under cover. That the Reds won, and the road to Boston lay open before them, does not greatly matter, for each man in each army, whether officer or private, returned home a better soldier, a better citizen, a more valuable asset to his country, and of glory there was enough for all.



The firing-line of the Reds as it steadily pushes on toward Boston



The crowds of land-eager men and women leaving the Spokane-Cœur d'Alene Interurban train for a steamboat excursion across Cœur d'Alene Lake, Idaho, and up the St. Joe River into the reserved region—behind the hills in the background—which was about to be opened by the Government for homestead claims

Uncle Sam's Grab-Bag at Cœur d'Alene

The Unparalleled Flood of Home-Seekers and Speculators to the Lottery of Indian Land

By ARTHUR RUHL

THERE was about one chance in thirty of winning a homestead from the Flathead Reservation; one in one hundred from the Cœur d'Alene; one in five hundred from the Spokane. All in all, about seven hundred thousand acres of this untouched north country land was to be given away—given, that is, to those who would give in return. You first must register at Missoula or Kalispell, Montana, for the Flathead lands; at Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, for the Cœur d'Alene lands; and at Spokane, Washington, for the Spokane lands. The drawings for all were at Cœur d'Alene.

Those who won must return next April when, in the order in which their names were drawn, they will choose their homesteads. To do this intelligently, they must first cruise the country over pretty thoroughly themselves or pay some one to do so for them. They must then live on the lands for five years, improve them, and pay in yearly instalments the Government's price of $1.25 to $7 an acre, or—on the Spokane and Flathead tracts—"commute" after fourteen months continuous residence by paying the entire sum at once. Most of the Cœur d'Alene land is timber land, and these claims may only be proved up by actual homesteading for five years.

The Flathead country to the east of Spokane in Montana was the most attractive "proposition" of the three. It stretches northward from above Missoula to Flathead Lake—four hundred and fifty thousand acres of valley, bench lands, and upland range between the Cabinet Mountains on the west, and on the east the Mission Range and the Kootenais. There is timber and water here, much can be cultivated without irrigation, and in the southern part, in the Jocko Valley country, the Reclamation Service already has a project under way.

The Spokane lands, against which there were such prohibitive odds, were also the least alluring as homesteads. They are sandy and rocky and dotted with slender scrub pines. There was a rumor of possible power sites, however, and as the registration point was the city of Spokane itself they were as much sought as the other two. Naturally, nearly everybody in Spokane registered. It was also regarded as a patriotic duty.

Drawing for Mountain-Sides

THE Cœur d'Alene country, which extends southward in Idaho from the shores of Cœur d'Alene Lake, is mostly mountain land clothed in pine and somber fir. A vast store of white pine lies beyond it, and a new continental line has just pushed through the reservation. There is said to be valuable timber in the re[illegible] and the whole country is beau[illegible] to look at, but, as a farming "proposition," rather like the Adirondacks or the Maine woods.

And into this curious grab-bag between one hundred and two hundred thousand people—the total registration was nearly three hundred thousand—stretched their eager and unthinking hands. Comparatively few had any real notion of what it means to get down face to face with the raw land and fight it into farms. Thousands, of course, merely took a chance just as they would drop a nickel into a slot machine, because they happened to be on the ground.

The Coming of the Thousands

PERHAPS they saw the wheat rolling in a golden flood across the Montana plateau, just as it was rolling during the days of registration down in the Palouse and on the shimmering hot hills to the west of Spokane. The harvest was in full swing. Millions and millions of bushels were piling up, and every day despatches came up from the wheat country where the long "combined" harvesters crept like huge beetles across the yellow carpet under their slowly ascending spirals of dust.

Perhaps they merely saw a great heap of envelopes on a platform at Cœur d'Alene and the little girl in the white dress picking out one, and heard a loud voice read, while the telegraph operators tapped their keys: "John Bluestem, R. F. D. No. 6, Gopher, Minnesota—NUMBER 1!" And then, while the congratulatory crowd closed in, some representative of the Government stepped forward and promptly offered to buy the first number for $25,000, that the claim might be used for a town site. This was a favorite vision during the registration days—this and that stand of giant white pines over behind the Cœur d'Alene hills for which a lumber company was waiting to pay $30,000 cash.

For weeks the railroads had reached out their long arms and drawn the people in. In June, three thousand miles away in lower Broadway, you could read in the ticket office windows: "Uncle Sam Will Give You a Home." Thousands on their way to the Seattle Exposition stopped to register. A great many of these were capable, canny farmers from the Middle West, who, with a safe anchor to windward, studied the country shrewdly, not anxious, but ready, in case lightning should strike. There were many women—city school-teachers, widows, stenographers—dreaming vaguely of a quiet refuge "in the country," and selling out after they had proved up at a price which would let them live happily ever after. And there were some who were thinking—yes, hungry and almost ready to fight for—a home.

I came across one such on a steamboat excursion across the lake and up the "Shadowy St. Joe" into the Cœur d'Alene reserve. He sat on the upper deck with the wood sparks sifting down from the smokestack unheeded, his derby hat pulled back low over his ears. He was tanned, the corners of his mouth were tobacco-stained. He looked like a baseball player from a bush league team, except for his overwrought eyes and voice. He was talking to a bored giant in a black slouch hat who chewed a cigar and nodded, but said nothing.

Hunger for Home

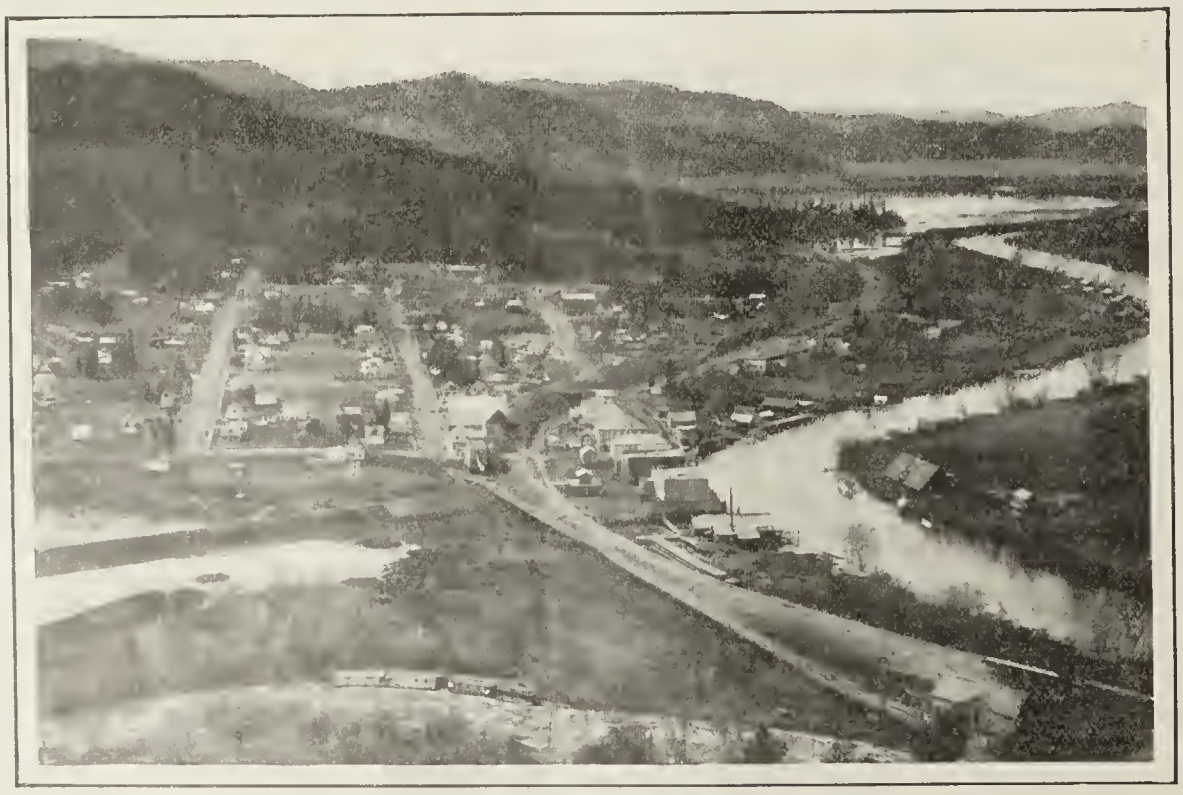
"I'LL take a surveyor down there and get the thing lined up," he declared, "so there won't be no doubt about it. I wanta know just where she lies. Huh? Cost too much? All right—I'll get an Indian. You gotta know your section lines when you go up in April to tell 'em where she lies."

"Suppose you aren't drawn?" I suggested. He turned at once to me.

"If I ain't," he said, "I'll go to some man in the Government. You know the Government's helping the people put in irrigation projects. I'll go around to every one of 'em again until I find a place to stay. I'm going to see this thing through. I'm going to get a piece of land. What do you think of this country?"

I said that it was good to look at, but pretty difficult to homestead.

"Work?" he demanded. Do you think any one who wants a home as bad as I do 'nd care about the work



The town of St. Marie in the middle of the Cœur d'Alene reserve. The wooded mountains surrounding the place must be homesteaded—lived upon for five years—to perfect the title

if I can have the satisfaction of workin' for myself? I don't care *what* it is. I'll take what they give me. I tell you I've had enough of working and seeing the other man get everything out of it. An' now these capitalists want to stop the Government helping people irrigate because they say we're getting too much for nothing. I hear there is goin' to be a big fight on in this irrigation congress at Spokane. As if these guys hadn't done nothing else but get things for nothing. Hell! What's all their business anyway but speculating on some other man's labor! I gotta enough of it!"

A Friendly Fireman

HE HAD been a railroad fireman and then turned carpenter. "Say," he asked suddenly, "ain't you got some relatives down in California? You look just like a fireman I knew, used to run out of Los Angeles, and went into the grocery business afterward." We passed a little houseboat where a camper was just slipping some black bass from the stringer into the fish-box. This curious little river is choked with logs in the spring, in summer lined with homely little houseboats and fishermen's camps. "Say, look at that! Why, if I lived up here, I'd be hog fat with fish. All you gotta do is snake 'em out of your front yard on to the stove. Looka that flat there—there'd be a place for a ranch!"

I suggested that it might be covered with water when the melted snows came down in the spring. "Well—take one of them camping sites. Now I'll bet that guy over there gets good money for that. Why, a man could raise garden stuff on the flat, build a raft and get a little launch, and tow it all down to Cœur d'Alene himself." He swept his arm up and down the little river and across the steep slopes of fir turning from dark green to black in the twilight. "Why, this place'll be the summer resort of the world some day!"

Later, on the way back to my hotel, I dropped into a quick-lunch restaurant. The subdued, patient-looking, youngish man who waited on me and set the dishes down slowly, as if he were afraid of breaking something, had registered at Spokane and Cœur d'Alene. He had no money to go over to Kalispell. I asked him if he would live on a claim if he got one.

"Sure," he said quietly. "I want a home." He had plunged the year of the panic and rented some wheat land. The crop failed, he went broke, then rheumatism caught him, and he was doing this waitering to get along. Even the young Russian, into whose little tailor shop I stepped to have a button sewed on, intended to prove up. It was difficult to imagine him clearing a mountain-side of heavy timber as he squatted there, dull-eyed and pale, beside his hot iron, but he said: "A young fellow can afford the time. Sure. And I can work at my trade in some of the little towns."

General Honesty of Intention

NONE of these three was the sort of pioneer the West prefers—the shrewd, seasoned man with a little money who can "stand the gaff" and make a success of modern irrigation and intensive farming, yet each faced the task with cheerful confidence. The gullible ex-railroader who had a grievance was at least not nourishing it on the depressing air of a city tenement and the unhealthy sympathy of parlor Socialists. He had a notion of what he wanted and was going out after it. And if the Government land is to open a road to salvation to any it surely should be for such as these.

The thing that impressed me, in view of the gamble they were taking and the almost insurmountable difficulties of making a living for the first five years off such land, was the apparent intention of every one honestly to prove up. Each of those I talked with had worked out some sort of plan. Indeed, the very gamble of the thing, and the contagious enthusiasm of a crowd, none of whom knew what sort of sudden turn-down his life might take, filled all with unquenchable optimism. The trained nurse who sat in our section on the way to Seattle merely laughed at the prospect of being buried for a winter in the Cœur d'Alene snows. "One thing is sure," she said, "I'll have some chickens. You could till the shack with magazines. And anyway, what a good rest it would be!"



On the "Shadowy St. Joe"—carrying homesteaders through the rugged country they will have to overcome

A wise old lady also shared the section. She and her husband had come out from Wisconsin and tried to prove up on a homestead in the Nez Percé country. He cleared nine acres, but there was no living on the place, and



The Coveted Envelope

Miss Helen Hamilton with the first envelope which she selected from 105 696 upon the platform. It held the application of Isadore Selig, Myrtle Creek, Oregon

while he was away working in Spokane she lived alone up there in the forest for as long as three months at a time. Sometimes she had to get up at night to drive the wild horses out of the yard, and sometimes an Indian would stalk into the cabin, solemnly wait until she had cooked dinner for him, eat it, and as solemnly and silently stalk away. That was years ago. They were in comfortable circumstances now, and homesteading would be only a sort of vacation. "If you get a claim next to mine," she said, "I'll bake you a pie now and then. There is some great berries up in those woods."

On the steamboat that day were farmers from Wisconsin and Illinois who knew villages and people I knew. There was a mild little old gentleman from the Puget Sound country—which he thought the finest country in the world—and there was a husky young Swede who told the old gentleman he would not live in the Puget Sound country if they gave him a ranch. He didn't mind cold, but he couldn't stand the coast rains or the muddy roads, where, he said, people "burrow all vinter like vood chucks."

He had been in the Cœur d'Alene country for a year and knew it root and branch. He had registered, of course, and he would take up a claim if he got in the first fifty. After that, what was the use? You could go outside of the reservation and prove up on much better timber without the trouble of homesteading.

Three Millions Spent in Railroad Fares

THERE were two soft-voiced giants from California, who said little and smiled all the time a vague impenetrable smile. They had cut their eye-teeth long ago. It is pretty hard to tell a Californian anything new about boosting or promotion or real estate or the profits from farming. Talking comfortably in the shadow of the lower deck as the moon came up over the lake, we went over the whole West from "San Bernadoon" to Wenatchee and Snake River. Rain, spring frosts, alkali, gumbo, subsoil irrigation, apples, town lots, and wheat—the whole story. The next day they were going over to Kalispell—determined, in spite of their good-humored skepticism, to see all this north country had to show them.

There was a little tanned farmer with a catfish mustache who had been in the rush for the Cherokee strip, sixteen years ago, and had come up from Oklahoma to see what he could see. He had missed out on the Strip, but rented land from the Indians.

"I was looking for a homestead," he grinned, "with a good two-room house and a wind-mill and a team of horses and a forty or so in wheat—and so I went in one side and come out the other."

Crowds as diversified as ours swarmed up to Spokane from all over the land. The overland trains, dusty and travel-stained, came up over the horizon each morning, crowded to the rails. The land-hunters spent, it was estimated, three million dollars for railroad fares—enough to have paid between four and five dollars for every acre of land the Government gave away. They packed the Spokane hotels until an outsider, like myself, had to tramp to half a dozen of them before he could find a room.

Every other window carried a notary's sign—"So-and-so has been designated as and is" an authorized notary public. The fee for each registration was twenty-five cents. Some notaries in good places—the lobby of the Pantages Theater, for instance—made $100 a day. "The only trouble," one of them said to me, "is the time it takes some of these old shell-backs to write. They get a good grip on the pen and—slucks! You could register a dozen while they're signing their names." Another $75,000 was spent in this way.

The Harvest of the Barbers

THE less experienced had quaint adventures. Dusty and tired, they came up out of the sage-brush and steered for the nearest barber-shop. The barbers cut their hair and innocently suggested other delights. Their weather-beaten old faces were massaged and anointed with perfumed creams, they experienced electric vibrations, champoos, and the "neck rub." They thought it was all being given away, and they awoke to be handed itemized checks amounting to several dollars. Two of them rebelled one evening when their bill was $8.65. The barbers pounced on their baggage. They arrived at a police-station carrying, it was said, only the handles of their "grips." There were so many such cases that the Mayor finally issued an order commanding the barbers to behave.

They packed the post office, and every day sent twenty thousand post-cards home. It would be hard to appraise the value of the advertising they freely gave Spokane. Spokane is the center of this newly [illegible] Empire—the northwest country west of the Rockies and east of the Cascades. Set in a background of pine

Continued



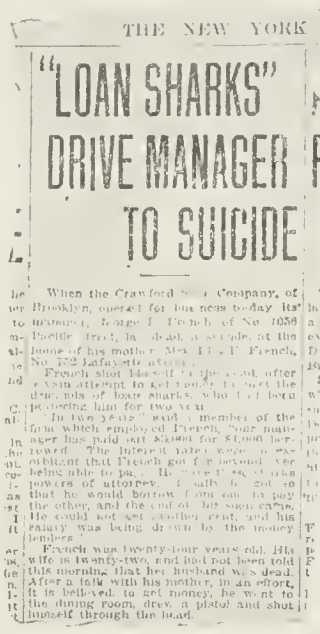
Summer cottages on Cœur d'Alene Lake—predicted by enthusiasts to become the summer resort of the world

Collier's

John Smith Borrows $20

The First of a Series of Articles Concerning the Methods of the Salary and Furniture Loan Usurers, the Chiefs of the Business, and the Matter of Their Suppression

By J. M. OSKISON


THE NEW YORK E

"LOAN SHARKS" DRIVE MANAGER TO SUICIDE

When the Crawford ... Company, of ... Brooklyn, opened for business today its ... to interest, George I. French, of No. 1056 ... Pacific Street, lay dead, a suicide, at the home of his mother, Mrs. Ella F. French, No. 752 Lafayette Avenue.

French shot himself ... after ... an attempt to kill ... to meet the ... demands of loan sharks, who had been persecuting him for two years.

"In two years," said a member of the firm which employed French, "our manager has paid out $2,000 for $1,000 borrowed. The interest rates were so exorbitant that French got in beyond ... being able to pay. He ... took ... powers of attorney. ... calls it, got so that he would borrow from one to pay the other, and the end of his story came. He could not get another cent, and his salary was being drawn by the money lenders.

French was twenty-four years old. His wife is twenty-two, and had not been told this morning that her husband was dead. After a fight with his mother, in an effort, it is believed, to get money, he went to the dining room, drew a pistol and shot himself through the head.

NEXT to the saloon, the worst menace to the poor is the loan shark. The legitimate, necessary business of helping the man with a small salary and no credit over the hard places has fallen into the hands of the merciless and greedy. To the small borrower the cost of money has been raised until the bare facts are astonishing. Loan offices thrive in every city in the United States, and the total number has mounted into the thousands—their clients number hundreds of thousands. And the business is growing abnormally fast. The poor man must pay twenty times as much for money borrowed as the business man with established credit when the risk is little greater and the necessary expenses are but slightly higher. American toleration is carried far when we allow men like D. H. Tolman and John Mulholland and Charles E. Stratton to syndicate the business of robbing the needy.

Why should these usurers and their swarming imitators be permitted to ply their trade? Why are usury laws ineffective? Why do the sharks smile at sporadic public agitation against them? Backed by facts, reports, earnest talks with men who have fought the loan extortion evil, statements from owners and managers of offices, surrounded with sheaves of evidence, I find a simple explanation: lack of respectable competition.

Yet a beginning has been made. Out of a score of scattered, hard fights waged against the loan tribe in a score of cities, have arisen some fifteen vigorous remedial loan companies. These have lately been organized into a National Federation and affiliated with the powerful National Conference of Charities and Corrections. Also, the Russell Sage Foundation has appointed a special agent for the study—not of sharks' methods—but of the methods of the remedial companies. There appears, then, the dawn of a new day for the borrower.

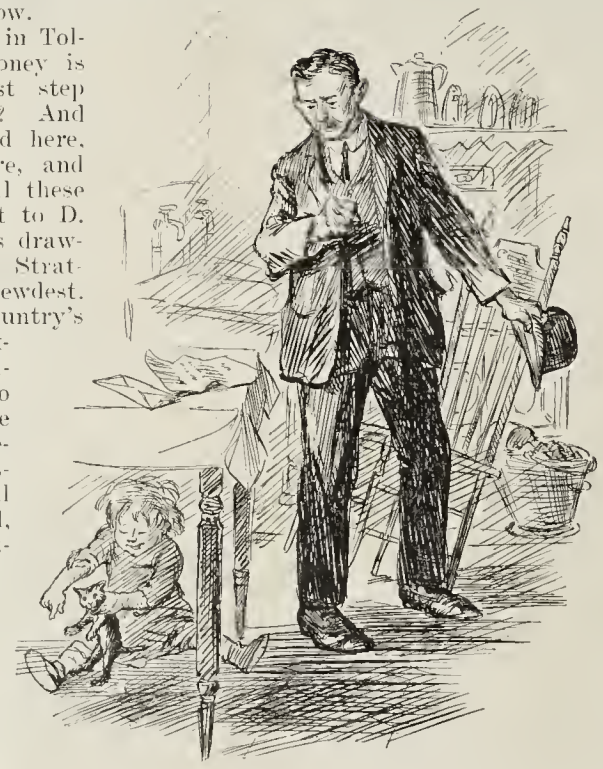
The Simple, Tragic Story of John Smith

THE story of the loan shark's victim is most human, essentially tragic, yet one of the simplest. Here is its skeleton: John Smith, who is a low-paid clerk in Jones's department store in Our City, or a fireman, or a policeman, or trolley-car conductor, or a janitor, or a typesetter, or a machinst, or a unit in any one of forty other businesses that Our City supports, needs $20. Pay-day is a week or two weeks ahead; the need is urgent—a need of to-day. A child was born to John Smith's wife last night, and there are a dozen things required to-day. They are things that the grocer on the corner, who knows Mrs. Smith, can not supply. John Smith has no friend who can lend him $20: he thinks of the pawnshop, but not with favor; there is no one in the organization for which he works with authority to advance the $20. In the morning paper he reads (an average issue of the "Morning World" of New York will carry thirty-five loan-shark advertisements) are a group of small announcements of concerns that "lend money without security," at two or three per cent, or at "lowest rates," on household goods or salary. One advertisement explains that the goods are left in the borrower's possession. Another says that the transaction is "private," and that repayments can be made on easy terms. All emphasize the speed with which money can be secured.

John Smith runs over the alluring offers. He finds that of "D. H. Tolman: Salaried people advanced money upon their own names without security, on easy payments. I have the oldest established business in sixty-three principal cities." Surely a reliable man. He goes to the Tolman office, to meet a young woman's sharp scrutiny at the little window of the outer office. Yes, money is to be loaned. John Smith goes into the private office and answers a score of questions as to where he is employed, how long he has worked at his present job, where he lives, with what tradesmen he deals, his family connections, his earnings, whether he has borrowed money from any other loan office. He signs an application blank, and is told to come back next day.

The advertisements were a bit misleading—John Smith wants the money to-day. He tries at another office, and finds that to-morrow is the earliest he can get money. At the second office, too, the same list of questions is asked. On his way home John Smith gets some supplies at the drug-store on the promise that he will pay for them to-morrow.

Next day the young woman in Tolman's office says that the money is ready. Will Mr. Smith just step into the private office again? And sign these papers? Here, and here, and here, and here, and here, and— But what are all these papers? Notes, an assignment to D. H. Tolman of the salary he is drawing, and a power of attorney. Stratton of Denver, probably the shrewdest, most businesslike of the country's sharks, enumerate, in his booklet of instructions to office managers, the following papers to be signed and executed by the borrower: First, a note; second, a special contract of assignment; third, a general assignment of credit; and, fourth, a general power of attorney, the first and last only to be filled out before the borrower signs. John Smith asks the young woman to remove her hand from over the papers. He finds that he is to sign twelve notes for $2.50 each, one to be paid each week for three months.


"I won't pay him another cent!"

"What! pay $30 for the use of $20 for three months? How about that promise of legal rates of interest?"

"Now, really, Mr. Smith," argues the young woman, "you must know that we can't do business on that basis." In view of the fact that he has so little security to offer ("only" his job—"only" the very means by which he lives), that the expenses connected with the making of the loan are very heavy (perhaps two hours' time of a twelve-dollar-a-week investigator and ten cents for carfare have been spent), and that the fees for recording the papers (which is not done) are as high for a small loan as a big one, Mr. Smith is asked to consider whether or not the loan could be made at a lower rate.

Whatever John Smith's honest opinion of the young woman's explanation, he signs the papers. If his need were not pressing, and if he were not one of an increasing class of wage-earners whose normal income and outgo are delicately balanced, he would not be in Tolman's office—Tolman himself would not exist as a menace to the poor.

What has this poorly paid clerk let himself in for by signing Tolman's blanks? Just this: to keep out of his weekly pay envelope $2.50 every week for twelve weeks in succession and pay it promptly to the young woman in Tolman's office; to live for three months on $12.50 a week instead of $15; to change from an economical way of living to a miserable period of disheartening self-denial and, sometimes, actual hunger; to be unable, when the $20 is gone, to incur a cent of expense on account of his wife or child from the time the baby is born until it is almost ready for short clothes; to fear terribly any accident that will cut down his working time.

For this John Smith gets a few days of satisfaction. For a week, possibly, he can play the indulgent husband, the proud father. Possibly these sentiments are reprehensible—possibly he should reflect, on the day the doctor tells him it's a boy, that he must be very, very saving, and call in a neighbor to help his wife in the house for a week or so. He isn't compelled to go to Tolman and pay 200 per cent for money to hire a girl for a little while, to buy fruit for his wife and drinks for the boys at the store. He doesn't have to, but (here is the important fact) *he will*. John Smith is very human. Tolman, in sixty-three cities, knows it; Stratton, in thirty-nine cities, knows it; Mulholland knows it; Connable of New York and Brooklyn knows it; Masters of Washington knows it. It is the most valuable bit of knowledge in the world to the loan shark. Somewhere, in times like this, John Smith is going to get money.


"W... Mr. Smith sign here, and here, and here?"

The Harassed Borrower Begins to Figure

THE average impression is that Smith is an honest man. There is evidence enough to back it up. He pays his rent and his grocer's bills quite as promptly as his employer. Tolman and the others of his tribe find that out before they lend money to him. He has borrowed $20, and he means to pay it back, with interest. It was a hard bargain that Tolman's young woman drove, but he means to stick to it.

But at the end of the eighth week Smith begins to figure. He has paid back $20—the sum he borrowed. Two dollars and a half of it Tolman has had for seven weeks, another two and a half for six weeks, and so on. That money is already earning a huge rate of interest for Tolman—and there is still $10 to pay. At the end of the ninth week John Smith uses the $2.50 that should have gone to Tolman's office to meet some small household expenses. On Monday he receives this notice (printed) from Tolman:

"The payment of $2.50 on your note, due January 23, has not been paid. No *extensions* are allowed on these small payments, and we shall expect you in *immediately* to take it up. Please consider this notice *final*."

Naturally, Smith can not pay the $2.50 immediately. Tolman knows it as well as he. But, being honest, he goes to Tolman's office to explain why he did not pay. The young woman is sympathetic, but firm. If he will pay $5 on the following Saturday all will be well. When that day comes, however, John Smith can not see how he can spare $5 out of his $15, for the cost of living from day to day has not gone down, and it would be inhuman to ask his wife to cut down her already insufficient allowance. With some idea of obtaining what he calls a square deal he goes to Tolman's office on the next pay day and offers to pay $2.50 in settlement of the debt. He argues that $2.50 interest on a loan of $20 for ten weeks ought to satisfy a reasonable man.

His argument, of course, is wasted. The young woman declines to consider it—prompt and full payment of the notes is absolutely required. It is too bad that Mr. Smith finds difficulty in paying, but—

But wait a moment. How would it suit him to make another loan, pay off the $10 due on the old loan, and have some money to square up his household bills? Another $20 loan will accomplish it. Smith is still human, and his needs are pressing. He signs a new series of notes, sees, with satisfaction, his name torn from the four old ones and passed over to him, and receives—not $20 this time, but exactly $10.

Begins then once more the weekly payments—$2.50 from $15 twelve times in succession. That is, if nothing turns up about the sixth week to make Smith pause again to figure what he will be obliged to pay if he carries out his agreement, or (what is unlikely) if no pressing need for money in the house turns up. At the end of the tenth week of the second repayment period, Smith remembers that for the $30 cash he has had from Tolman he has repaid in eighteen weeks $45, and he still owes $5.

Helpless Wrath and the Cool Young Woman

"CONFOUND him!" John Smith cries (for he is a poor man, a very human and, by this time, shabby young clerk who begins to understand the infamous cheating business that D. H. Tolman is in), "I won't pay him another cent." He goes to Tolman's office to say that, and is met by the young woman. Can he swear at her? Why doesn't this man Tolman run his business himself, so that they two, lender and borrower, might settle the matter as men should? But Tolman has foreseen this psychological moment, and has provided this young woman manager (whom he may pay as much as $15 a week) as a shield between himself and his victims' wrath.

No compromise unless forced to it is one of the axioms of the loan shark. John Smith is told by the cool young woman that if the two remaining payments are not made the salary assignment to which he attached his signature will be filed with his employer; that any default in the payment of a note makes payable at once the whole sum due, and that the $5, to-

(*Concluded on page 34*)



THESE pictures show the cause, as those in last week's issue portrayed the results, of the uprising in Barcelona. The photographs were smuggled through the lines of the Spaniards at Melilla. Spain's unpopular campaign against the Moors has continued for more than a month with constant and vigorous fighting, while very slight advantage has been realized. On July 10 the Riffian tribesmen of this settlement on the coast of Africa—hitherto used by Spain as a convict station—rose against the construction of a railway through their territory. General Marina of the Spanish garrison has been compelled to call for a large number of troops to reenforce him. The prospect of Spanish victory at the present time appears to be remote; while the difficulty of holding the country permanently, if subdued, is even more formidable.







The Campaign in Africa Which Has Shaken the Spanish Throne

1: The Spanish balloon corps at Melilla sending up a military balloon to ascertain the movements of the tribesmen. 2: Spanish infantry resting behind their breastworks after repelling an attack. 3: General Marina, commander of the garrison at Melilla. 4: Moorish prisoners being marched into Canello [illegible]

The Suppressed Correspondence of Congressman Jones

Divulged by WALLACE IRWIN



"You hadn't the nerve to sass Uncle Joe"

Mending His Fences

¶ The second installment of a short series of epistolary communications bearing more or less directly upon the topics of the day

Illustrated by VET ANDERSON

MYSTERIOUS *Postal-Card from Minnehaha Falls to Hon. Dan'l Webster Jones.*

"DEAR SIR:

"DO YOU remember what 'Gum Shoe' Stone gave the Pullman porter? That's what your loving constituents will hand you at the next Democratic primaries. Yours truly,

"ARDENT ADMIRER (*retired*)."

From the Rev. J. Hemingway Clegg-Allardyce, Church of the Perfect Peace, Dockweed Park:

"MY DEAR CONGRESSMAN JONES—Next Monday will be Labour Day, when the Masses—the great Working Masses, in whom we are *both* interested in a way, my dear Mr. Jones—will hold their annual feast and revel. Realizing as I do the *splendid service* you are rendering not only the State, but the Nation at large, I can readily see how your heart must go out to the tribulations of the suffering peasantry of far and pagan lands.

"The members of the Youths' Uplift Society of this parish are arranging a series of lectures, the proceeds to go to the downtrodden peasantry of Corea. Can't you come the evening of Labour Day and deliver a short address of, say, two hours' duration on some *uplifting* non-political subject? I regret the necessity of requesting you to *avoid politics*, my dear Congressman; but might I suggest that your discourse be on some *helpful* subject, like 'Hints to Success,' or 'The Boyhood of Lincoln'?

"I am sure you will enjoy our church here, Mr. Jones. It was endowed, as you doubtless know, by Mr. John D. Timbertaker, the world-famous lumber financier whose influence in the recent Tariff Revision was so broadly appreciated throughout the nation. Mr. Timbertaker, though a *great believer* in Reform, when properly curbed, has *especially requested* that your lecture be of a non-political nature. I hope you will appreciate the high aim of our parish, which is to be as *helpful* as possible without doing violence to the most cultivated taste.

"Looking, my esteemed Sir, for an early and favorable reply, I am

"Most cordially and sincerely yours,

"J. HEMINGWAY CLEGG-ALLARDYCE."

"P. S.—I am enclosing fifty season tickets, which you will do us a *great* service by placing with your friends. Their price, as you will notice, is $5 each.

"J. H. C.-A."

From Riley B. Nagle, President of the Roosevelt-Socialist Reform Club, Ferndale:

"DEAR SIR—The Roosevelt-Socialist Reform Club of this place will give a literary program on the evening of Labor Day, and we should greatly appreciate a short address from you on that occasion. Our club numbers five hundred members, of all nationalities, employees of the button factory here. We should like to hear your views on government ownership, the single tax, future of the railroads, etc. Would you speak on 'The Boyhood of Lincoln'? The proletariat here are very much interested in that subject.

"Thanking you in advance, I am,

"Yours truly, RILEY B. NAGLE."

Telegram from Pahoosicka:

"Reserve Labor Day aft for Pahoosicka important function here. L. O'CONNOR."

From Chamber of Commerce, Arcadyopolis:

"DEAR SIR—The Chamber of Commerce is arranging a lunch for you here on Labor Day. Don't disappoint us! Yours respectfully,

"H. P. PARMELEE (*Sec.*)."

From the Stockgrowers' Association, Pappsburg:

"DEAR SIR—We trust you will honor us with your presence at our Grand Annual Workhouse Parade on Labor Day. A speech would be appreciated.

"WILLIS G. HOUSEMAN (*Sec.*)."

From Congressman Hardnutt, Beverly, Massachusetts:

"DEAR JONES—During the last session of Congress you well earned your title of 'Doolittle Dan'—don't get mad, my boy. Many young Congressmen have earned less and worked harder for it. In dumbness there is strength. Because you hadn't the nerve to sass Uncle Joe last spring, because your maiden speech gasped and died without a peep, *you* are still alive! There's going to be a Slaughter of the Innocents this fall, as soon as the Pharaoh from Danville begins making up his committees. The young, the beautiful, the tender will all get it in the neck. But you, Daniel Webster Jones, *you* shall not be numbered with the slain, because you have been modestly hiding in the bullrushes ever since Congress opened. How will Uncle Joe ever think to knife you when he doesn't even know you're alive?

"How do you stand with Adolphe Schwartz, the Boss Butcher of Pahoosicka? Schwartz, although a Plain One, practically controls the meat interests of the State



"Mr. John D. Timbertaker and family congratulated the speaker"

—and you know it's Beef that put Dubbs in Congress. Watch Schwartz! Nurse Schwartz! Be good to Schwartz, and maybe Uncle will be good to you!

"As ever, HARDNUTT."

From Hon. Lawrence O'Connor, President Purity League, Vice-President Democratic Club, Secretary Get-Together Club, Honorary President Larry O'Connor Entertainment Association, and Gen'l Manager Pahoosicka Real Estate and Improvement Co.:

"DEAR JONESEY—Glad you got my wire. Now I'll explain what we've got you down for. The Sunrise County Baby Show will be held here on Labor Day, and you're it—see? We decided to make you Judge. We boys are all on that you ain't much of a Fond Mother when it comes to picking the squabs; but this Baby Show is going to be the political move that made you famous.

"Stop, look, listen! Adolphe Schwartz, the butcher, has got a twelve-months-old bouncer who is—I swear, ye gods!—the square-headedest, homeliest, bumpiest, stupidest yearling that anybody ever saw. Well, there's going to be a prize of a silver milk mug for the Cutest Baby in the show. Schwartz don't care for the cash value of that milk mug, but he'd rather see his child get a prize for beauty than anything else Congress can give him.

"Need I say more?

"Monday at two sharp.

"Yours, LARRY."

From the Dockweed "Review," September 8:

"The Hon. Daniel Webster Jones delivered the fifth lecture of the Uplift Series last night at the Church of the Perfect Peace. Mr. Jones's subject was 'The Boyhood of Lincoln,' and the speaker's remarks were full of sympathy and helpfulness. He pointed out the fact that Lincoln, though poor, had many qualities in common with his more prosperous brethren. He was a constructive rather than a destructive statesman, never seeking to pit class against class, as so many of our contemporary demagogues do. Lincoln had as his advisors, Mr. Jones said, many men of wealth and substance; and his respect for Property was foremost among his many sterling qualities.

"Mr. John D. Timbertaker and family occupied prominent seats and were first among those to congratulate the speaker."

Ferndale "Battle Cry" (Socialist), September 8:

"Hon. D. W. Jones was the principal speaker at the great Labor Day meeting here last night. Congressman Jones was somewhat late to arrive, but the spirit of his address well rewarded his hearers for their wait, his subject being 'The Boyhood of Lincoln.'

"'Lincoln,' the speaker said, 'owed his sympathy with the downtrodden working class to the hardships of his early career. He ever sided with the Poor Man in his eternal battle with the Rich Man; in fact, his life stands as a monument to the rights of Man as opposed to the rights of Property. If Lincoln lived to-day,' inquried Mr. Jones, 'would he not strike at the shackles of the Wage Slave as he struck in '63?' [Applause.]."

From Hon. Lawrence O'Connor, President Purity League, etc., Pahoosicka:

"DEAR JONESEY—You rushed away from here so quick after the Baby Show that maybe you didn't realize the full extent of the damage.

"Didn't I and Wm. J. Doyle and the other gentlemen of the Committee point out the Schwartz baby time and again—the fat, red one with the sore eyes next to the cloak-room? Didn't we tout you how to look calm and unprejudiced like the Supreme Court on a Northern Securities case, but to KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SCHWARTZ BABY?

"Then what kind of performance did you give us? You made a speech. That was good enough—one of those honest, old-fashioned chin-cyclones about 'Our Hope Is the Rising Generation.' Then I gives you the cue, whispering 'Remember the Schwartz Baby'—and what did you do? Took the prize and made a dead bee-line for a little blond kitten in the middle of the Exhibit. Wm. J. Doyle, when he saw where you were headed, says 'O Lord!' like that under his breath—and Wm. J. is a churchly man, too. I says 'No, it *can't* be!' but yes, it was. You were giving the prize, the Baby Prize of Sunshine County, to the Schwartzheimer baby! Of course, we realize how you could get twisted on the names Schwartz and Schwartzheimer. We can forgive you; but Schwartz can't and won't. The idea that a U. S. Congressman should mistake *his* baby for the litter of—do you know who Schwartzheimer is? Don't you remember that little Hungarian Spitz of a druggist who went up to the State Convention three years ago as Schwartz's instructed delegate, at the time of the big Beef Scandal? Don't you remember how he bolted his ticket and split to the Republican press and queered the State for Schwartz? Well, that man's Schwartzheimer.

"I don't say, Jonesey, that there ain't some way out of this. I can't think of any way, that's all.

"Yours to the finish, LARRY."



"Took the prize and made a bee-line for a little blond kitten in the middle"



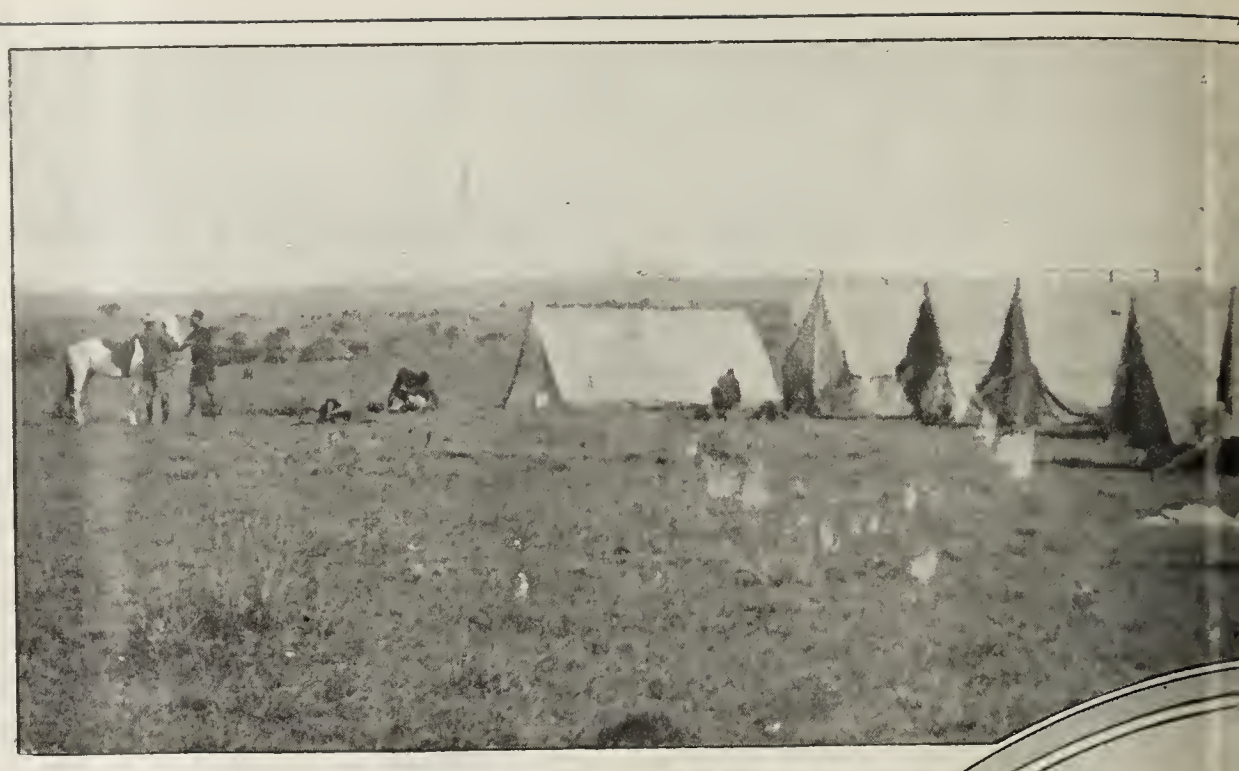
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Theodore Roosevelt in Africa

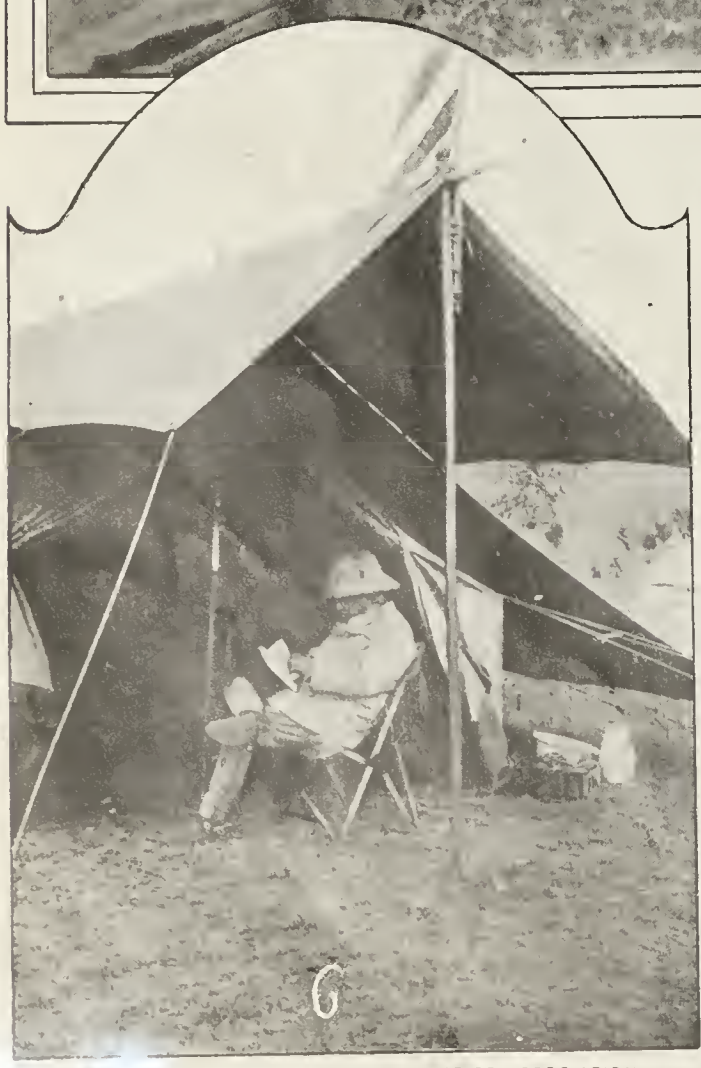
The ex-President is here seen in company with his son Kermit inspecting cameras just prior to setting forth on an expedition from Mr. H. H. Heatley's ranch at Kamiti, British East Africa. The large bearded man near the tripod is Mr. R. J. Cunningham, the guide who has been with the Roosevelt party



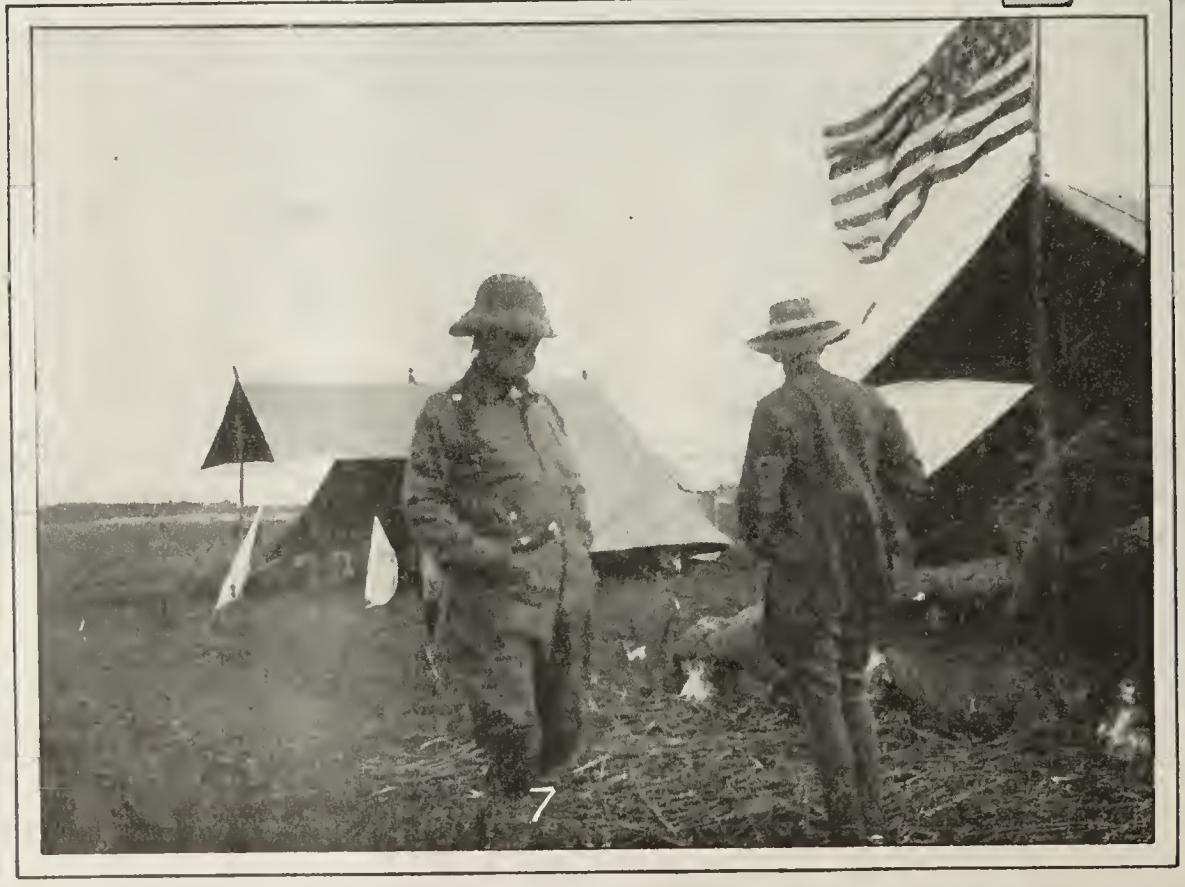




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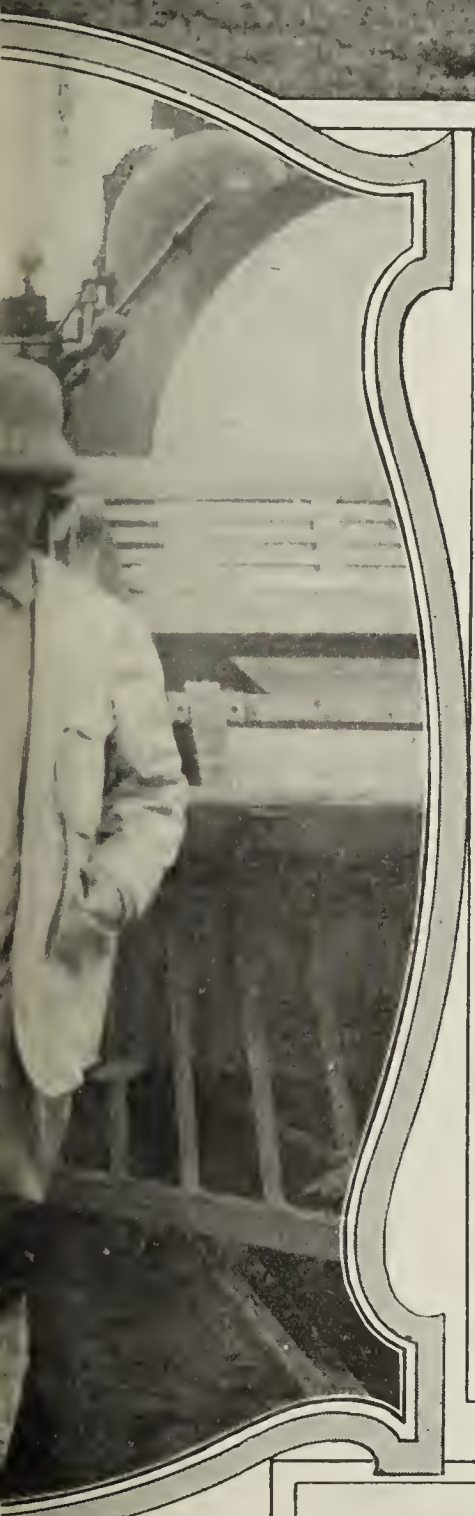
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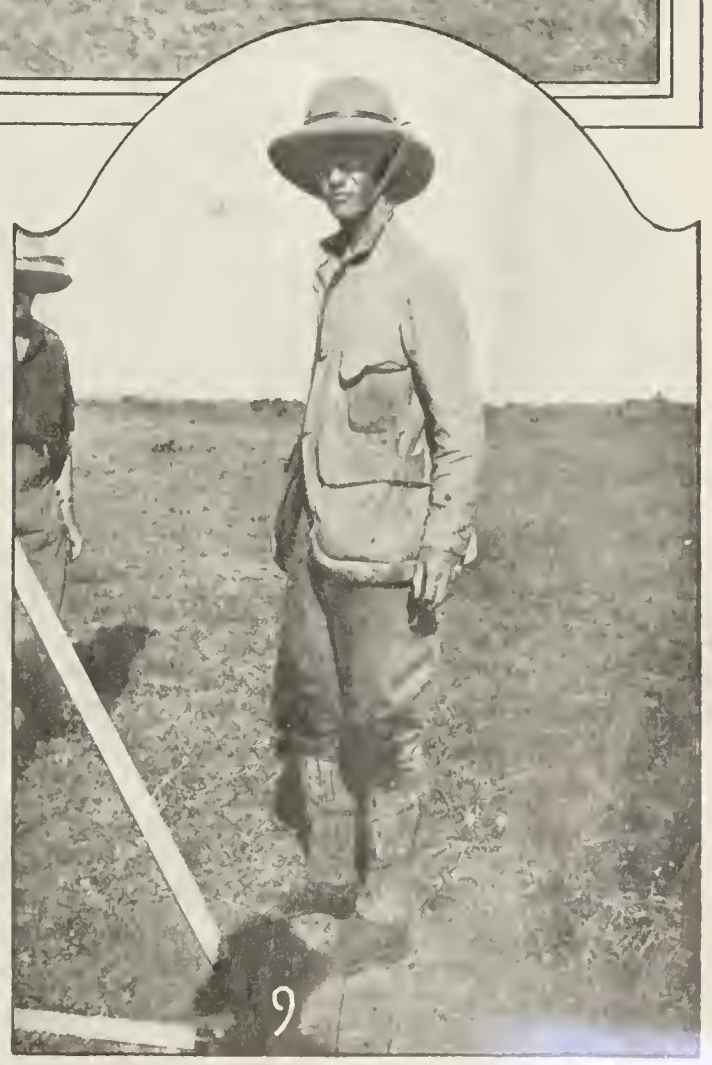
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What the World Is Doing:



A University's 500th Birthday

A section of the parade in which 1,500 students took part on July 30, at the University of Leipsic, Germany. The degree of Doctor of Laws was at this time conferred upon Theodore Roosevelt



Midnight View of the Minnesota State Fair

On September 6 the largest State Fair in the country will open at Hamline, between St. Paul and Minneapolis. More than half a million people will visit the exposition, which represents an investment of one million dollars. In the last twenty years $512,000 in purses have been paid. A grand stand and exhibition hall, seating 13,000, and affording 100,000 square feet of exhibition space, has just been erected



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A New Roman Church in the Mormon City

The dedication of the Cathedral of St. Mary Magdalene at Salt Lake City, Utah, on August 15. The ceremony was attended by Cardinal Gibbons and other leaders of the Catholic Church in America

The Week

THE Italian Government is struggling to hide the unrest and agitation which are everywhere manifest over the approaching visit of the Czar of Russia.

Spaniards and Moors are settling down to an all-the-year campaign.

The Congo question recurs. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has always had a keen nose for crime, is on the trail of Leopold, King of Belgium. What has happened in the Congo Free State with the natives he calls "the greatest crime ever committed in the history of the world." M. Renkin, the Colonial Minister of Belgium, has gone out to the Congo to report. "If we wait for any practical result from M. Renkin's visit, then we wait with our eyes open for at least three more years of this orgy of blood, lust, and greed."

While the Wright machines are performing in the sky at Reims, France, and holding their own against all comers of all nations, and while the London "Spectator" calls the Wright brothers "Americans of the old school in their reticence and simplicity, yet fortified by an extra dose of the latest scientific enterprise," the New York "Sun" says of the machine: "It is all very well, perhaps, for the army to have a pretty little plaything with which the Signal Corps officers can amuse themselves on dull days. But it always has a dear little house to get into during unpleasant weather, and it is never in anybody's way. We have nothing to say in criticism of the deal whereby this most excellent and delightful toy was acquired by the army. We give it our benediction and hope it will be too polite to hurt anybody."

Prosperity is being proclaimed from the house-tops. Crops, industry, capital—all the omens seem favorable to a winter of content. That which emphasizes the better times coming is the subsidence of the tariff dispute which, if not settled, is at least quiescent.

Wheat, corn, and oats have outdone themselves in fecundity, and mighty will be this year's harvest with three billion bushels of corn, seven hundred millions of wheat, and a round billion of oats. Go West, men out of work.

To make the desert bloom like the rose is the purpose of the Dry-Farming Congress and International Dry-Farming Exposition to be held at Billings, Montana, in the last week of October. The immediate plan is: "To discuss and compare methods by which the great area of arid land can be profitably utilized under thorough tillage by which the natural rainfall can be conserved." The longer hope is a "great educational propaganda by which, eventually, the arid districts of the entire world can be populated by prosperous and contented agriculturists."

The death-rate list of the week includes the brilliant and public-spirited priest, Father Ducey of St. Leo's, New York, and Maria Parloa, whose cook-book used to fill out the family bookshelf with the Bible and Shakespeare.

Once again Booker T. Washington speaks the hopeful word on the troubled "negro question." He says to the business men of his people: "A little more than forty years ago, when the negro was made free, he had almost no acres of land; now he has an acreage nearly as large as New England. Then he had almost no homes; now he has four hundred thousand homes. Then he had few farms; now he has two hundred thousand farms. When the American negro was made free about three per cent could read and write; now fifty-seven per cent can both read and write."

Walter Wellman, who is indefatigable in planning balloon trips over the North Pole, has met with one more setback in an endless chain of disaster. He flew thirty-two miles from Camp Wellman, Spitzbergen, and then lost overboard a thousand pounds of provisions.

The rioting at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburg, continues and even increases. The employees of the Pressed Steel Car Company have been reenforced by groups of desperate women. The strike began on July 12, because of a new "pooling system" of paying the workers. The great Swedish strike, which in magnitude began to approach a universal strike, has simmered down. This is the third attempt to paralyze general industry within a twelvemonth—first in France, then in Spain, and now in Sweden.

William Winter

WILLIAM WINTER, distinguished among American dramatic critics, has resigned from the New York "Tribune" after forty-four years of service. He has been poet and essayist, as well as critic, and his name in American letters will not be immediately forgotten.

In a letter to Hart Lyman, editor of the "Tribune," Mr. Winter says:

"I resigned from the 'Tribune' staff because of a perfectly plain, diametrical, irreconcilable opposition of judgment as to editorial policy and duty, in the public interest, relative to theatrical conditions and affairs.

"Since July, 1865, up to about two years ago, I opposed and denounced in the 'Tribune' every bad, vulgar, indecent play, and every person and every proceeding in the theatrical world injurious (in my opinion) to the public welfare. In doing so I not only did not incur censure from the editor, but I was often encouraged and sustained in that, obviously, right course.

"About two years ago there came a change. Many articles of mine, dealing with manifest abuses in the theater, have been within that time rejected altogether. Many others (some of the same kind, some containing critical condemnation of plays) have been cut or modified in important passages.

A Record of Current Events

"In protesting against that injustice I wrote to your managing editor, Mr. Brown, January 17, 1909: '. . . My articles, relative to indecent and therefore reprehensible plays have been, and are, framed for the purpose of doing as much injury to the business of the persons exploiting them as is possible; of informing respectable persons of what is going on in the theater, and of keeping as many readers as possible away from obnoxious and injurious plays.'"

Mr. Lyman wrote to Mr. Winter:

". . . I have a duty to this paper, which I must discharge according to my own judgment and conscience, however fallible. . . . It is my opinion that the theatrical news published on Sunday should not be condemnatory."

Some of Winter's criticisms have been remembered for days after the morning paper reached its subscribers. Such were his remarks on Sarah Bernhardt's "Hamlet" and on "The Gay Lord Quex." So trenchant was his attack on what seemed to him incompetent acting and deplorable tendencies that the phrases would be discussed by the "Tribune's" night copy desk, when at 12.30 the seven men rested from their labors on the first edition, and had the brief half-hour respite before the later editions were torn off.

His accurate and wide knowledge in his own department made him a scholar, in the truest sense of the word. And, further, he had an acquaintance with English literature which shone through every column he ever wrote in the midnight rush to press.

His weakness, which has diminished his influence, was a tone of petulance, which rose to throaty shrillness when he encountered frothy and impure modern plays and mob favorites whose technique was faulty and who presented Shakespearian rôles when they were geared to drawing-room dialogues, or who helped to popularize Ibsen, Sardou, Sudermann, Pinero, or Hauptmann. In his insight into the dangers of releasing such material over the footlights as is found in some of the Ibsen drama, for instance, he sometimes failed to do justice to the qualities of power and intellect which that drama contains.

If his destructive analysis was wounding and bitter, no less convincing has been his gracious encouragement for the great performers. Not only did he laud the giants who were dead, but he fought manfully for the best of his contemporaries, and in recent years Henry Irving, Ada Rehan, and Richard Mansfield, among many others, were furthered in their career by a praise that was detailed and large-hearted.

Winter's ripe mind and his equipment of fact and reminiscence made him the friend of more than a few of the notable Victorians, an equal among equals.

A Pocket Air-Tank

CLARENCE HALL, explosives expert at the Pittsburg Experimental Station, where the technological branch of the Geological Survey is experimenting for the protection of the American miner, has perfected a portable air-tank, capable of supplying pure air to a miner for a period of a half-hour in the densest gaseous atmosphere. The invention has been given absolutely to the Government; and the Government, controlling the patent, will permit the manufacture of the device by outside parties at so low a figure of cost that practically every worker in coal mines can purchase one for his own protection.

Mine disasters in this country have repeatedly shown the need of artificial air for but a few minutes, to enable the majority of the workmen in gas-filled passageways to reach pure air and safety. A German oxygen helmet, weighing nearly forty pounds, and costing about three hundred dollars, is being slowly brought into use here at mine-rescue stations. A year ago, however, there were but ten of these in use, and the number has not increased to more than three hundred.

The new device can be bought by the working miner for fifty cents, it is believed. Water dripping upon sodium peroxide gives off free oxygen and sodium hydroxide, and the latter, settling in the bottom of the holder, absorbs the carbon exhaled in the breath of the miner. Wherever the miner hangs his coat, he can be sure of the half-hour safety device, held easily in its pocket.

The Colorless Czar

THE Czar came to England and went away again. The result was unexpected in that it was so commonplace. There were no violent demonstrations against his person, and the visit was provocative of little or no political effect. So all parties found the trip a tame affair.

The "Saturday Review" says:

"The visit of the Czar has been a complete success socially, but it is a success that may easily be exaggerated on the political side. We are inclined to like the Russians because we believe that they dislike the Germans. It is wise to recognize that Russian policy and our own may not always coincide."

The "Spectator" pleads for continued kindliness toward the Czar and a policy that will not damn him for certain internal troubles and injustices inside his vast domain. They reason by analogy and say:

"We do not suppose the 'Daily News' and the 'Nation' and the other advocates of the policy they recommend as regards Russia approve of the treatment of negroes in the Southern States, or the horrors of the penal-contract system in certain of those States. Yet they do not—and very wisely in our opinion—because of their objection to these things suggest that we should insult the President of the United States or the Governors and Legislatures of the States in which



Looking up the stretch of the new automobile track—the fastest in the world—which was inaugurated by the sprint and distance races of August 19-21. The cost of constructing the course approximated $400,000



The contestants making ready to start in the 50-mile event—several records of long standing were broken in the course of the carnival, in which the 10-mile distance was covered in 8 minutes and 54 4-10 seconds by Louis Chevrolet in a Buick. The attendance on the opening day reached nearly 10,000 people



The wreck of the Knox car, in which William A. Bourque and Harry Holcomb were killed, competing for the Prest-O-Lite Trophy of $1,000 in the 250-mile race, August 19. On August 21 two spectators and a mechanician were killed by another car which left the track and plowed through the crowd

Opening of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway

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the evils complained of take place, or declare that they are not fit associates of a free people while they allow such things to happen."

The Fliers in Court

THE Wright brothers believe their patents have been infringed. They have brought suit against the Aeronautic Society to restrain it from exhibiting the Curtiss aeroplane.

The Wrights call their invention "the first instance in the history of the countless attempts to produce flying machines wherein a heavier-than-air machine ever made aerial flights and wherein the machine was within the control and will of the operator."

It will be a delicate matter for judicial adjustment to determine how much freedom of adaptation shall be given to later inventors who improve upon the original. A mistake at either end retards flight. The inventor must have his reward, or he ceases to invent. The invention belongs to the man who can make the best use of it, or else it will lie on the shelf.

It was known at the time of Orville Wright's accident on the Fort Myer drill ground that certain aeronauts pried among the locked-up wreckage of the machine for the purpose of studying his devices.

Summer Drownings

THE month of June for many years has led all the rest of the months for death by drowning. The total number of lives lost this year by months is as follows: January, 167; February, 208; March, 151; April, 210; May, 631; June, 1,176; July, 951. In seven months 3,555 persons in our country have been drowned.

Then to offset such an item, we clip a telegraph report from Portsmouth, New Hampshire: "During the last week the summer cottagers along the Rye Beach coast, among whom are many expert swimmers, have gathered at Wallis Sands to witness the feats performed by Mrs. Patrick Burns of Dover, New Hampshire. Mrs. Burns, who is eighty-six years old, has no equal as a swimmer at these beaches, and takes a dip in the waters of the Atlantic every fair day. The daily sea bath has been her custom for years."

It is pitifully trite to say it, but the chief cause of drowning is the not knowing how to swim. Some day it will be thought a disgrace for a youth to be ignorant of swimming in a land which has a seacoast and inland waterways.

"Why I Was Removed"

THEODORE A. BINGHAM, ex-Police Commissioner of New York City, is of an eruptive nature. In an article in the September "Hampton's Magazine" he tells of graft, the city magistrates, and the police. He says:

"Why is New York growing more lawless all the time, and why is its police control ineffective? Not the least among the causes of our lawlessness is the laxity of judges in the lower courts—the police magistrates, as they are called in New York. Eighty per cent of criminal cases in New York City are first heard in the lower courts, and between seventy and eighty per cent of the arrests made for pocket-picking, prostitution, house-breaking, blackmailing, and the vile cadet system are drawn from the alien classes, so called.

"Among the 10,000 men who constitute the Police Department of Greater New York fully eighty-five per cent are, in my opinion, honest. That is, they will not knowingly accept graft money in payment for benefits and protection which it is in their power to extend. On the other hand—and I do not believe I am unfair in this estimate—fifteen per cent, or from 1,500 to 2,000 members of the force, are unscrupulous grafters whose hands are always out for easy money.

"I am asked to estimate the money value of graft and blackmail in New York each year. Of course no one could make such an estimate with anything like complete accuracy, but my belief is that the total is not less than $100,000,000 a year.

"While less than one-fourth of the uniformed police in New York City are dishonest, the power of Tammany Hall rests and has rested for forty years upon its ability to control the police by fair means or foul. A strong, honest, fearless Police Commissioner, supported by police magistrates of ability and integrity and a Mayor big enough to conduct his office without fear or favor, can sap and utterly destroy Tammany influence in ten years or even less, provided he is empowered to dismiss and transfer his subordinates for cause, without recourse to the courts.

"During my first year at the head of the Police Department it would have been an easy matter for me to have made $600,000 in bribe money, and $1,000,000 would not have been an excessive figure at all. The only way to make it impossible for the police to protect crime is to first cease making dishonest laws; and, second, secure none but honest judges to enforce honest laws. So long as private citizens ignore the corrupt governing of their cities and make a by-word of the ballot, there can be no permanent reform, nor any cure for the grafting, bribing, blackmailing lawlessness which is eating out the heart of this Republic."

In forthright speech in an article in the September "Van Norden's Magazine" he tells "Why I Was Removed." The desire of Mayor McClellan to play politics and to use the police as pawns is the reason given by General Bingham for his removal.

"When I took the job of Police Commissioner, Mayor McClellan told me that politics and politicians would not be allowed to interfere with my work." But Mayor McClellan "became seized of the great idea that in the four years of office then before him he could obtain the control of Tammany Hall. When he tried to use the police I objected." "I received a polite request from the City Hall to send the Captain (of the East 126th Street Station) to another station."

"I asked the Mayor why he had taken such a sudden interest in the moving-picture question, and he answered: 'I am playing a little game to win the ministers.'"

"The second McClellan administration began auspiciously, but it was not long before the recount muddle had put a blight on it. I think George McClellan's actions at this time showed the character of the man better than anything else. Instead of coming out openly and declaring that he did not want the office unless he had been rightfully elected thereto, he took an entirely opposite stand. He impressed me at the time, as he must have impressed a great many others, that really he felt that he was holding on to something to which he feared he might not be entitled."

That which has never ceased to puzzle those "on the inside" is why Hearst wished a recount and why McClellan objected. That was the election when Jerome, nominated by no party, made his sensational winning run for District Attorney. On election day he had over a thousand volunteer watchers at the booths—college boys, business men, professional men. They watched the count with a lynx eye.

These men were agreed that the count in the main was a square count—not only for Jerome, but for the office of Mayor. It is hard to understand how Hearst and McClellan escaped that common knowledge.

Of most interest to students of human nature is Bingham's analysis of the Mayor's character. Occasionally hissed in public, shutting "himself up like a cave man," passing through "a long period of mental anguish," McClellan "became a pessimist of the worst type. He developed a vein of sarcasm that he thought most effective. His short, crisp remarks were made with a snap that would lead a stranger who heard him talk for the first time to believe that he was a strong man—a man whose mental poise was such that he could not be swayed, once he made up his mind that a thing should be done, or left undone."

The Discharged Sheriff

THE recent impeachment and discharge of Frank Cazalas, sheriff in Mobile County in Alabama, has probably ended the lynching practise in Alabama and perhaps in the South. When a prisoner was lynched in the heart of the city of Mobile last winter, after reports had spread all over the city that a mob would visit the jail that night and no additional precautions were taken, the citizens demanded that the sheriff should be discharged in disgrace. The Governor instituted impeachment proceedings before the Supreme Court, and that tribunal found the sheriff guilty of neglect and ordered his discharge. That set the precedent that sheriffs must protect their prisoners against mobs or lose their jobs and be put under public odium. Many of the shrievalties in this State pay from five to thirty thousand dollars a year under the fee system, and the loss of these jobs is a serious financial blow, not to speak of the public disgrace. Since the Mobile lynching half a dozen mobs have been formed to lynch as many prisoners in different parts of the State, but the case of Sheriff Cazalas had furnished the object-lesson and the prisoners in each case were protected by military or special deputy forces sufficient to defy the mobs. The result was that there were no lynchings. The prospects are that the impeachment plan has ended lynching in Alabama.



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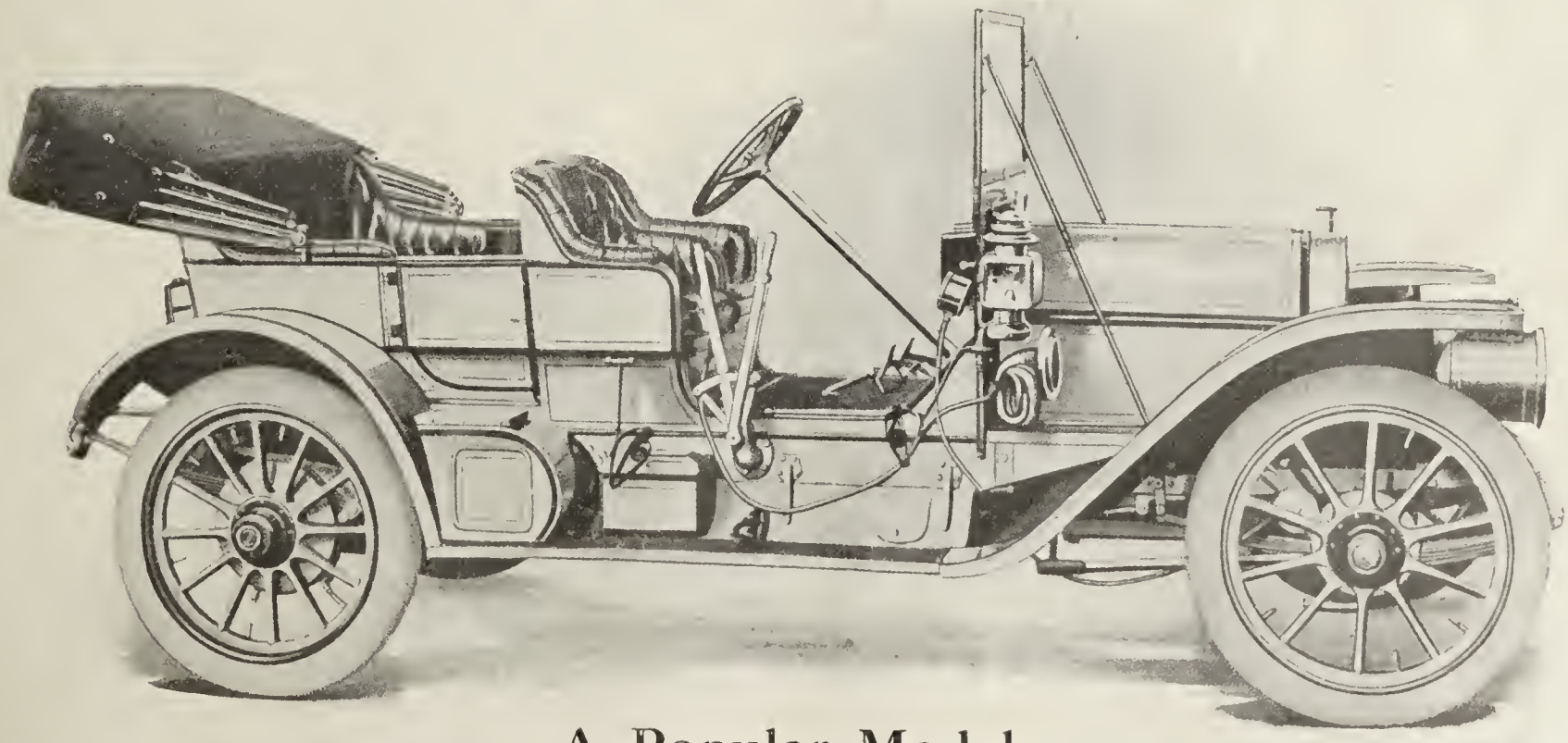
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The Blockaders

The Story of the Smithtown Whisky Raids

By MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

¶ This is not fiction, but fact. The incidents given are common knowledge in a section of North Carolina which Mrs. Shipp has pictured as the kingdom of the moonshiners. The first of this series, "The Menace of the Still-Devil," was published August 21

THERE is no point of view older than the blockader's: "Can I not do as I like with mine own?" To turn his scanty corn crop into a more valuable commodity he regards as an inalienable right—to him the wrong is in the revenue laws, not in his evasion of them. To you this theory is untenable and perverted, but suppose you had been born a Smith of Smithtown? Suppose as a boy you had carried bags of malt to your father's still, and in pleasant, leafy hollows had stumbled across your uncle's still, and your cousin's and your neighbor's? Would you not as naturally have looked forward to the day when you were big enough to "stir the mash" as under existing circumstances you anticipated a desk in your father's office? Your wife uses the crest of her Robber Baron ancestor on her plate, or you tell your son of the daring raids of his Scottish forebears —if your grandfather had been a noted outlaw, might you not have thrilled to listen to his hazardous escapes from the long arm of the law? To live up to a reputation is an acknowledged incentive, and even to belong to the worst blockading section of the United States may give a man a certain distinction.

Smithtown is in reality not a town at all, but a scattered neighborhood in Stokes County, North Carolina. Yet from this isolated little community, since September, 1907, thirteen men have been sent to the United States prison at Atlanta, three to jail, one youth to a reformatory, while capiases have been issued for seven others, who are still in hiding.

A Whole Neighborhood Involved

FOR a long time it was known that there were illicit stills under the shadow of the Sauratown range, but as the entire neighborhood was involved, it was impossible to obtain definite information. The people had farms of a few acres in potatoes and corn, which suggested that they must gain a livelihood in some other way than farming. They were very poor, living for the most part in low-pitched log cabins. One man was marked by having substantial property, a merchant from South Dakota, who owned a store, and had nothing to do with the blockade enterprises. Jim Smith, the uncrowned king of the settlement, was also well-to-do, furnishing the supplies of meal and malt to the distilleries, which were for the most part run by men of his selection. The matter is still too recent for it to be safe to unfold the strategy by which information was obtained, but an account of a somewhat similar method may be found in the second book of "The Æneid."

It was necessary to have a large force—sixteen deputies with deputy marshals and possemen made up the number to twenty-two. To maintain strict secrecy, they started from Mt. Airy, about forty miles away, driving all night and reaching their destination at dawn. As they neared Smithtown, they divided into two parties, one under Revenue Agent Surber and Deputy Tom McCoy, and the other under Revenue Agent Taylor and Deputy Downing. Simultaneously, at each suspected house, deputies appeared and cut the bell-ropes. In the yards were big farm-bells, suspended from poles or branches, and if any stranger appeared in the vicinity, a prearranged signal from the bells warned blockaders to hide themselves, and to conceal their stills. The quickness and adroitness they show in concealing a still in ravine or bushes make a prestidigitator's magic seem tame. But though ropes were cut and two prisoners secured who were found asleep in bed, one woman nearly upset the carefully formulated plan of capture. They saw her running toward the woods, still in her nightdress, overtook her, and shut her up in an old tobacco barn. She shouted unintelligible directions, and from her cabin children fairly flocked out, and scattered like a covey of partridges. The little ones were too frightened to run far, but the older ones gave the officers a hard chase. So while the hunt went on, one disgusted man was deputized to mount guard over the tobacco barn in which were locked the infuriated woman and the "baker's dozen" of terrified children. Certainly he bore no mean part in the dangers of the fray!

The deputies proceeded to scour every foot of ground. Within a radius of three miles, they chopped to pieces *thirteen stills* seized a half-dozen barrels of whisky (fort to fifty gallon capacity each), and poure out 30,000 gallons of beer. Some of thes stills had immense fermenters and fin equipment, and were operated in building 25 by 30 feet, with substantial doors an strong padlocks. Large piles of coal an ashes showed that many of the stills ha been operated for years.

Nine prisoners were captured, but on was allowed to return home because h was old and lame.

A Battle

THE officers had separated into severa parties to despatch their work as rapidl as it was possible, and as a group of the was preparing to destroy the thirteent still, Deputy Downing went up the cree a short distance to see if he could find a other. He came upon a log house instea and afterward learned that it belonged t Frank Smith, who had been indicted fo murder in Virginia and was in hidin Two hundred and fifty yards above th house was an old field, in which gre patches of yellow broom-sedge.

Suddenly from one of these patches ca the cry: "Revenoors!" followed by a r port and a puff of smoke. The blockade in ambush, had opened fire on the deputi at the foot of the hill. Deputy Downi was the only officer on the ridge, and h position, which seemed to be one of imm nent peril, proved to be the key to t situation. He rushed back of the kitch of Smith's house, and put his gun throu the projecting ends of the notched log Every time a man fired, Downing cou shoot directly at the little patch of broc where his enemy crouched. From the fo of the hill the deputies returned a sha fire, though ineffectual, owing to the cur of the hill; but the moonshiners could n tell at what moment a flank moveme might not take place and result in the ca ture of them all. Every time they fir it meant reckoning with Downing's co and accurate marksmanship. Their bulle spit up the ground in front of him, but was out of range. One man wormed to position where he could take aim, and d liberately stood up and fired. Simultan ously Downing fired, and the man flung gun into the air uncertainly, staggered, a keeled over. Mrs. Frank Smith, watchi the fight from her door, laid her t months' baby on the threshold, and rush madly up the hill to the spot where man fell, with horrible, not human, cri Downing, who had been perfectly collect while the bullets ricochetted about h confesses that he turned cold at woman's screams.

More than a hundred shots were fi before the blockaders were driven ba from their point of advantage and d persed. When a second raid was made Stokes, a month later, Smith, his w and baby, had disappeared, and the ho was deserted.

It was not possible at the time to p sue the attacking party into the woods, it was already past noon, and imperat that the officers and their prisoners sho get out of the neighborhood unless t wished to face an all-night engagement

An Active Lame Man

WITH their prisoners marching ha cuffed, the deputies started from scene of the fray, and had proceeded ab a mile down the road when the horse of foremost team balked, frightened by women who rushed from a little house the roadside. Some of the officers jum from the vehicles to investigate, whe man ran out of the house, stumbled fell. They seized and disarmed him o loaded revolver, a repeating rifle, and ammunition belts. Whether he had sta to join the forces on the hill which deputies had just routed, or whether had intended to fire on the vehicles they passed and have revenge, though the cost of his life, he would not tell. proved to be the lame man whom they freed!

At the trial of these men it was brou out that some of the blockaders car shotguns loaded with slugs, as well pistols and rifles. In announcing sentence upon those convicted, Judge B said:

"I have made up my mind that Sm town must go out of business. It i



FOR OUTDOORING—GREAT

Fishers, hunters, campers, picnickers, motorists—all outdoorers want Underwood Deviled Ham—that is, if they want the tastiest taste to appease the gnawingest hunger—i. e., the hunger of the outdoors

Some bread, some jackknife, some Underwood Deviled Ham—that's all—and you've a lunch as tasteful as "mother used to make"—anywhere—anytime—in a minute.

Get a can of Underwood Deviled Ham and

TASTE THE TASTE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

—the delicious ham taste of salt and sugar and hickory smoke and spiciness.

Then forever afterwards it will be in your outdooring kit. Yes, and forever and ever afterwards in your pantry kit for indooring.

Underwood Deviled Ham is ham boiled *en casserole:* ground fine and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of 42 ground spices.

It is clean, pure, economical. Small can makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

Get "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News," our new free booklet. Cook the new, easy, inexpensive dishes it tells you to—Underwood Deviled Ham dishes, of course. Husband and guests will say "Gee, this tastes good."

If your grocer doesn't keep Underwood Deviled Ham, send his name and 15c to Wm. Underwood Co, Dept. 91, 52 Fulton St., Boston. You'll receive a 15c can of

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

menace to the community, and *the life of no man is safe if any suspicion of not being a moonshiner attaches to him.* It requires almost an army of deputies to raid these hills, but the community must be taught they can not continue their illegal business."

To aid in accomplishing this, with a buoyant faith in human nature, Judge Boyd decided to pardon one of the men and send him back as a missionary to his comrades. The reporters stated that this man, Williams, appeared to be very grateful for the distinction accorded to him, and promised to tell the story of their brethren, who had been "bound with bands of iron and roped up like bucking steers and sent to the penitentiary." But Williams returned to moonshining as joyfully as to Smithtown, and established a blockade still the day after he arrived, giving sportive accounts of the leniency of the law.

The Traffic Goes On

THOUGH there was a second raid, in which a few prisoners were captured and the officers again fired upon, the illicit traffic continued to flourish.

In spite of the tragedy connected with the third raid, which took place December 20, 1907, under Revenue Agent E. W. Screven, it has resulted in the capture and conviction of the leaders who have long swayed the community, and in breaking up Smithtown's defiant resistance.

The raiding force had separated into three groups of five, one of which had started toward the home of Oscar Sisk, to hunt for a still. They passed a small house on the side of an old road, and stopped to search it. Deputy Marshal Millikan testified that he saw a man with a gun, who ran in the direction of Sisk's cabin, and that Deputy J. W. Hendrix followed him, exclaiming: "There he goes! There he goes!"

While the deputies were finishing their search, they heard two shots fired in quick succession. Hurrying through the underbrush to the spot, they found Hendrix lying fifty yards from Sisk's house. The bullet had severed the spinal cord, and death was mercifully instantaneous. Mrs. Sisk screamed to them: "My husband didn't do it! Jim Smith did it!"

Her story, from which she never deviated under subsequent cross-examination, was that Smith had come to the house to give warning that "Revenues" were approaching. Sisk had hurried off to hide his still—which was afterward found, still hot, concealed in the bushes about two hundred yards from the furnace. There could have been but a few moments from the time Smith gave warning until the time the shots were fired, so if it was Sisk who hid the still, he could not have been present at the shooting.

She declared that when she caught sight of Hendrix approaching, Smith, whose left hand was on the muzzle of his gun which rested on the ground, with his right hand drew from his breast pocket a blue-steel revolver. She put her hands before her eyes and turned her head as the two shots rang out. When she looked again, Jim Smith was walking off, and Hendrix lay upon the ground. She tried to give the alarm, but in her excitement jerked the bell entirely off the pole.

Smith himself said under oath that he saw a man with a gun approaching, who called out to him: "Hold on there, brother!" and that as he ran behind the stable, he heard the two shots fired. From the nature of the wound and the course of the bullet, some of the officers believe that neither Sisk nor Smith was the guilty party, but an unknown assailant, concealed in the bushes nearby. With those nearest at hand holding to various theories as to the murderer, nothing can be definitely ascertained, and the case has never come up in the civil courts.

The Capture of Sisk

REWARDS of $1,000 each for the arrest of Jim Smith and Oscar Sisk, and $500 for John Hill were offered. After a week or more in hiding, Sisk was brought in by the Nelson brothers and the reward paid them. Sisk coolly declared afterward: "They and I are friends. Ceph married my sister. I simply give up to them, and no guns were drawn because there was no need of guns. I thought they might just as well have the reward for the arrest as anybody, and when I hire lawyers, I guess they will treat me right."

Sisk's appearance was so distinctive as to impress all his interviewers:

"He is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, weighs two hundred and two pounds, is six feet two, and has as much reserve energy as a draft horse. He has a powerful mouth, an aquiline nose, a blue eye as clear as the waters of Snow Creek, near which he was reared and doubtless makes his liquor, dark hair, and a florid complexion like a sailor's. Only in the event a man had the drop on Oscar Sisk, or wanted to commit suicide, would



"The Fountain Pen of the man who knows"

The Onoto has 12 distinct features:—

1. Fills and cleans itself in 5 seconds.
2. Cannot leak, even when carried point downward.
3. Self-regulating ink flow. Writes just as fast or slow as you wish.
4. Instantaneous ink flow. Writes at the FIRST stroke.
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10. No dropper, clip or special ink necessary.
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12. Absolutely guaranteed in every way—in construction, in material and in operation.

No other Fountain Pen, at ANY price, has ALL these 12 features.

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Get pen-wise and get your Money's Worth!

Simply *see* and *try* the Onoto. This is all we ask. And it's all we *need* to ask, because Seeing means Trying, Trying means Buying, and Buying means *guaranteed* Satisfaction.

Look for the word ONOTO before you buy. It appears on the barrel of every genuine ONOTO—your Guide and our Guarantee.

Four Sizes—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5. 15 different style points in each size.

Sold, everywhere, by the leading Stationery, Department and Drug stores. If no local dealer is willing to supply *you*, write to us for Onoto Catalog B, names of the nearest Onoto dealers and

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Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample.*

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We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

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And Take Immediate Possession of

Wonderfully Productive

Farm Land In Southern British Columbia

Yes Sir, Wonderfully Productive land for 62½ cents per acre down and 62½ cents per acre once a year for seven years—that's the maximum you have to pay us for the land.

If you select land slightly timbered you pay in addition only two dollars per thousand for the timber which you sell, all that you use on the place is free.

At these prices we are almost giving it away, but the Canadian Pacific Railway wants YOU, not your money.

As a matter of fact that first 62½ cents is all that need come out of your pocket direct, the land itself if properly handled can be made to yield a comfortable living and pay for itself. And, when fully developed, it will yield a good living and a comfortable surplus.

These lands are suitable for general, truck, fruit dairy and stock farming.

120,112 lbs. of Vegetables From 10 Acres

Mr. D. E. Gellatley and Sons shipped from Gellatley, British Columbia, over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of mixed vegetables in one year—all raised on ten acres of what was just such land as you can buy for 62½ cents per acre per year.

$5,030 in Fruit from 6 Acres

Mr. T. W. Stirling of Kelowna, British Columbia, sold the fruit picked in one season from 6 acres for $5,030.00.

An advertisement can't tell the whole story. But, If you men and women who are fighting a hopeless, uphill battle will send me your names, I'll see that you get good hard facts about this country of opportunities by the thousands, enough to go round and to spare.

If you have any idea that Southern British Columbia is a far off barren waste, cold and unluviting, you were never more mistaken in your life.

There is no more delightful country to live in anywhere. Let me send you the facts.

We will satisfy you that you can enjoy life and prosper in Southern British Columbia.

Then come up here and buy a 160 acre farm for 62½ cents an acre down and 62½ cents an acre a year and the Canadian Pacific Railway will hand you back half your fare over its own line of railway.

Fill out the coupon now—You'll get the facts by return mail, and you'll then know how to fix yourself comfortably for life.

J. S. DENNIS, British Columbia Land Commissioner.

J. S. DENNIS, British Columbia Land Commissioner,
Dept. A, Canadian Pacific Railway,
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

I want information about Southern British Columbia, and your 62½ cents per acre per year land.

Name. . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Town . . . . . State. . . . . .

MENTION THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

he think of taking hold of the fellow to arrest him, unless Sisk happened to be found in a willing frame of mind."

Jim Smith eluded capture for more than a month, until after his child was born, and, because of supposed collusion between his captor and himself, the reward has not yet been paid.

The Smithtown leaders were indicted for conspiracy, their armed resistance to authority seeming to prove that they were banded together to resist the revenue laws, and to maintain their illicit enterprises. The case of James Smith went to the jury, who returned a verdict of not guilty, so that the cases against the others were not brought to trial.

✣ ✣ ✣

Our Friends the Spiders

By S. F. AARON



The common, little black jumping spider that preys upon noxious larvæ of many species, especially the destructive caterpillar of the tussock moth. The spider is about three-eighths of an inch long, black with white markings, having mandibles of emerald green

WHENEVER nature has planned to perpetuate a species through the ages she has also schemed to check its undue increase, rarely permitting, for any length of time, a multiplication beyond easily supported numbers. There has rarely ever been a scarcity of food, and this has not entered into the problem; she has, therefore, adopted other methods, and these have been effective, so much so that the destructive has sometimes overmatched the creative, and this often through the agency of predacious species.

We commonly think of the tiger, the shark, the weasel, the hawk, the snake as creatures that prey upon others, but bloodthirstiness is even more exemplified in the insect world by the adephagous robber-flies, hornets, long-billed assassin bugs, and caraboid beetles. And then we have the spiders, killers all of them.

It is deservedly popular to defend and extol the birds. They are beautiful things, the chiefest and best performers in nature's orchestra, and all that sort of thing, and they do a wonderful lot of good for man. But did you ever think that birds are in the insect-destruction business for their own stomachs' sake, not ours, that they are not economic entomologists, and that many harmless and very beneficial insects suit the avian palate as well and very often better than do the noxious species? This limits the good that the birds perform, and the same can be said also of all insectivorous animals.

He Does Not Bite

SINCE times prehistoric, ever since the human species developed the sense of comparison and an eye for form, all spiders, with a resemblance to the big, hairy, ugly creatures reputed to be poisonous and now generally known by the name "tarantula," have been the victims of the crushing heel.

I think it can be said that there never has been one absolutely authentic case of spider bite. The so-called spider bites received occasionally, and generally in early summer, often in bed, are inflicted by certain blood-sucking insects of several species, large and small. The mandibles of the average-sized spiders are hardly powerful enough to pierce the human skin, and all of the poison contained in an arachnid's glands, injected into the flesh of a human being, will not make as much fuss as a respectable bee sting. Moreover, spiders are not mammal blood-suckers, and wouldn't bite if they could. So much for the negative qualities of spiders.

If it were not for the spiders we should all promptly starve to death. Perhaps this is a little startling; it is none the less true. To enlarge upon it, certain spiders prey upon certain caterpillars, regularly inhabit their abodes, and kill so many of them that often whole colonies of the insects are wiped out of existence. These caterpillars normally feed upon the leaves of trees, bushes, and shrubs, frequently entirely denuding a plant. If they were plentiful enough to exhaust their common food they would turn to the weeds and grasses. Without check of any kind they would overrun the earth and destroy every green and growing thing. The spiders beautifully preserve the balance of nature.

Kill all the spiders and mankind is doomed.

UNDERFEED HEATING Proper and Profitable



GOVERNMENT experts report that only *one* in every thirty-two American homes, is properly heated. There's real cheer in knowing that *all* homes and buildings equipped with the UNDERFEED—either Warm Air, Steam or Hot Water—are not only *properly* but *profitably* heated, at a cost which represents 50% to 66⅔% *less* money than is required to run other heating plants. We would like a chance to submit proof to you that

Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS

WARM AIR **Furnaces**—STEAM AND HOT WATER **Boilers**

Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

Smoke, soot, ashes and uneven heat—all of them sources of expense and causes of colds and discomfort—are banished by the Underfeed. *Cheapest* slack burned in the Underfeed yields as much clean, even heat, as *highest price* anthracite. Coal is fed from *below*. All smoke and gases *must* pass through the flames. They are consumed and make *more* heat. Ashes which are few, are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces. Replace your old, expensive heater NOW and enjoy every *winter* UNDERFEED dividends.

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler.

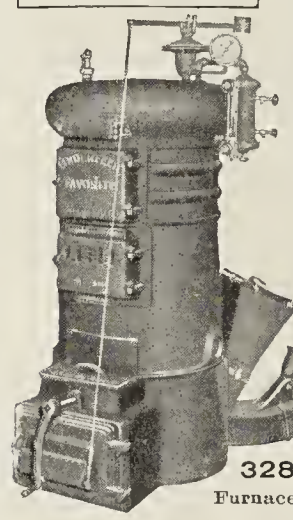
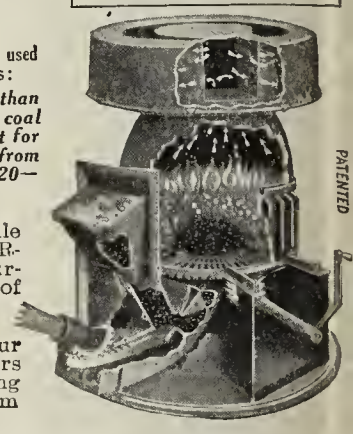


Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



REV. B. G. HUBER, of Chambersburg, Pa., has used an UNDERFEED Furnace for three winters. He writes:

"It gave me better satisfaction this winter than ever before. I used siftings of buckwheat coal costing me $2 a ton, making my total cost for heating a nine-room, weatherboard house, from October 21, 1908, to May 6, 1909, just $20—a SAVING OF $48 for this season."

Let us send you a lot of fac-simile letters like this, with our UNDERFEED Booklet for Warm Air Furnaces, or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—ALL FREE. Write today, giving the name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

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Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to write Today for our Autumn Pay-Dirt Proposition.

Madam - Learn of This Different-Better Carpet Sweeper

No matter how you are now sweeping your carpets and rugs—

No matter if you are using an ordinary carpet sweeper—

You owe it to yourself as a thinking housewife, to learn of the many *special* good points of

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It is the only sweeper that has successful roller bearings. They make it twice as easy-running as any other —and absolutely noiseless. It is the only sweeper with a patented Anti-Tipping device—no possible chance of spilling the dirt, no matter what happens. It has an improved brush of genuine Hankow China bristles. We import them. The tufts are full and short. They are wonderful dirt-getters. The patent brush release lets you remove the brush for cleaning, in two seconds. The ferruled handle cannot split, break off, or come out.

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If you have any regard for your health or personal appearance you should wear a BREATHE-RITE BRACE. It holds the body gently but firmly erect whether walking, standing or sitting. It corrects round shoulders, strengthens the back and enlarges the chest from one to five inches. Made of a white, washable, elastic fabric, weighs but 2 ounces and is always comfortable.

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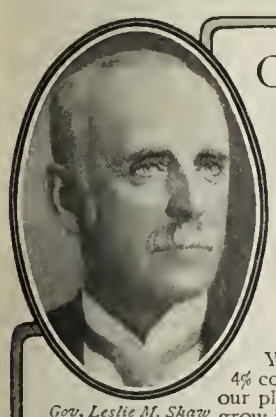


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Your savings will earn 4% compound interest. By our plan $10 per month will grow in 10 years to $1,473.00. A larger or smaller amount proportionately.

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Gov. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the United States Treasury, now president of this institution, has greatly simplified banking by mail—eliminated all red tape. No trouble to open an account and no trouble to close. Simply mail your deposit—any sum you please, the larger the better, but it had better be one dollar than nothing. Your bank book will be sent by return post.

You may withdraw any part or all of your deposit without notice.

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Send for our booklet "*How to Save by Mail*" which explains Gov. Shaw's easy and safe way of banking by mail. Write for a copy today—free.

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This label guarantees the genuine. At the leading stores.

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THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY

News and Comment for Investors

Wanted—Personal Experiences

WITH a passion for concrete personal illustration, the editor of this department of COLLIER'S would like to hear from investors of average income. If you have placed money, in sums ranging from three or four hundred dollars up, in a way to bring you good returns, write and tell how it was done. Give the detailed story. What sort of preliminary investigation did you make? What bankers or brokers or agents did you consult and patronize? What stocks, bonds, or mortgages did you buy? and how have they fluctuated in price since? Whose advice was good? Whose bad? What has been the net result of your venture? If your experience was unfortunate, send on details just the same. To gather facts and ideas of interest to your mind is the purpose of this department. You can help by suggesting what to put money into, and, equally important, point out what the investor should avoid. Usable material will be paid for.

Confidence

IN THE mind of the investor a wide breach exists between the banker and the broker. One is conservative, and his affairs are subject to frequent and close inspection. The other makes his way blithely, gambling (for himself as well as for his customer) whenever he feels that the market is "right," and giving only the reputation of his firm as security that his trading is square. A few failures like those of A. O. Brown & Company, T. A. McIntyre & Company, and Coster, Knapp & Company—firms which, before the panic of 1907, had branches in many cities, large and small, where money seeks investment in securities—shake the faith of the average man.

Lately, to inspire confidence, a firm of brokers in New York has sent a circular letter and a statement of its assets and liabilities to its friends. "Those who trade in brokers' offices," the letter says, "are fairly entitled to something more than bare receipts for their deposits." The something more offered by this particular firm is the audit of a firm of certified public accountants. This complete examination is to be made regularly (probably once in three months), and at any other time that three customers, with deposits aggregating $10,000 or more, request it. "We believe," says one sentence of the letter, "that a broker is virtually a trustee or agent, and that he should not only refrain from all speculative transactions for his own account, but should keep his customers informed as to his financial standing." The volume of favorable comment drawn out by this simple announcement testifies to its need. Investors may very properly ask for credentials from the men who handle their accounts.

Wireless Stock Pedlers

JUDGING by letters that have come to COLLIER'S from Canada, California, Texas, Maine, and intermediate points, a certain wireless telegraph company has a tremendous force of stock pedlers at work. No town seems to be too small to pass by. The operations of some of the sellers of stock suggest that about all the energy and inventive skill the company can muster are being devoted to the job of scattering its securities. Wireless telegraphy is a perfectly feasible, legitimate development, and it is unfortunate that one of the biggest companies yet organized in this country should have fallen into the hands of stock jugglers.

"Electrics" as an Investment

"GIVEN intelligent technical management," says the president of the biggest bank in the country, "conservative accounting, which embraces ample charges for renewals and depreciation; fair rates, which do not offer a field for legislative attack, and I see no reason why funds in the most ample supply should not be found to absorb all the electrical power and light plant securities it is necessary to create." In the last five years the business has doubled in volume, processes have been perfected and standardized, and the problem of transmission over long distances is about solved. Instead of a gamble, the electric companies can offer the investor a reasonable assurance of satisfactory return. But every one who means to put money into electrical securities should paste Mr. Vanderlip's words of caution up where they can be read fifty times a day. Find out first, invest afterward. Twenty-five dollars paid to a lawyer in the town where the light or power company operates may save you two or three thousand dollars. As yet few of the conservative old investment houses will recommend this class of security. Yet they are very often as safe as the average railroad stock or bond, and the return is higher.

The Gage of International Fury

DURING the recent disturbances in Spain—echoes of which may still be noted in the newspapers—Spanish securities dropped in the London and Paris markets only about 2½ points. "Exterior fours," for instance, were quoted in London early in August at 94½, as against a normal price of 97. Politically, this small variation was taken to mean that the Spanish dynasty was in no real danger. Serious trouble would have sent those Spanish securities that are traded in down at least ten points. It is true, as financial writers point out, that the bankers and brokers of Europe are better able to judge the significance of events in Europe than we in the United States who have only scattered news reports. It is the business of the financier to *know*. Theorizing and guessing won't do. The fact that certain bankers in Spanish cities sent much cash and many bundles of securities across the border during the riots was not alarming to London and Paris. When the Bourbon or any other dynasty is about to fall, watch the financial markets for signs.

The Farmers' Surplus

IT IS the "Wall Street Journal's" guess that the increase in value of our crops this year over last year's total will be as much as $300,000,000. The cost of producing these crops has not much increased over 1908, so that a huge surplus will flow from the home farms into various sorts of investment. Probably a very small part will go directly to the securities markets. A heavy percentage will surely go into land—we trade most readily in the thing we know best.

Not so long ago it could have been said with assurance that the one fellow to keep clear of was the fellow with farming land to sell. "Any lie to get the rube's coin" was justified among the promoters and speculators. Their patter was the same as that employed to-day by the fake mine promoters. Even now many of the old tribe are droning their siren song in Oklahoma—the dumping ground of outworn grafters.

But the new order is generally established. It is typified by the work of an intelligent Scandinavian land agent. In Minnesota and Wisconsin these people are prosperous. They have multiplied fast and are looking for land in new sections. But they are cautious. The successful agent goes out to the Southwest or into the farther West and satisfies himself that the land he gets will be worth developing. Then, he says, "I offer them colonies. I guarantee churches and schools. I tell the people that they will need one thousand dollars for things outside the cost of the land and house. . . . I believe that if the country does not stand inspection and investigation, it is a crime to sell lands to people who can't find out for themselves." Railroad lands are no longer forced upon the dazed buyer, reckless of the man's equipment and the land's worth. That policy brought harm to the railroads. Now the St. Paul or the Burlington or the Northern Pacific or the Rock Island or the new Orient understand perfectly that one permanent, prosperous settler in a community means more business to the road than ten hypnotized investors who scratch the soil for a year or two and flit. With the use of moderate care no one need be "stung" in turning surplus money into lands.

The Best Book On 6% Bonds

We have written a book on Irrigation Bonds, based on long experience and intimate knowledge. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. We want to send you a copy.

In the past 15 years, we have sold 70 separate issues of Drainage and Irrigation Bonds, without a dollar of loss to any investor. We are the largest dealers in these Reclamation Bonds, and they have become, in late years, our most popular bonds.

Irrigation Bonds are secured by liens on the most fertile farm lands in America. The value of the land is often more than four times the loan.

Some are municipal obligations, forming tax liens on the real property located in populous districts.

They are serial bonds, running from two to twelve years. Each year, as the loan is reduced, the security back of the rest is increased.

The denominations are $100, $500 and $1,000, so one may invest either little or much.

The interest rate is six per cent. No other large class of bonds, equally well secured, now pays an equal rate.

These bonds are bound to become more and more popular as they become better known. They are the utmost in six per cent bonds. Please send us this coupon today for our free book, so you may know the facts.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.
(Established 1893)
Municipal and Corporation Bonds
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First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco
50 Congress Street, Boston

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name _____

Town _____

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The Geiger-Jones Company
Specialists in Securities of Old, Successful Industries
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6% NET

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PERKINS & CO., Lawrence, Kans. Ask for Booklet No. 714.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

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THE many offerings on this page are here for your benefit. They comprise nearly everything that you need or desire. Look the various headings over carefully and write a letter to those advertisers whose propositions interest you. You will be surprised at the opportunities they hold forth in the saving or making of money. The usual Collier guarantee as to reliability applies.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND [illegible] drudgery for life. We teach the Collection [illegible]; a limitless field with little competition. Few [illegible] so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

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OUR PENNY STORE AND AUTOMATIC Cafeteria Vending Machines are the most novel and biggest money makers on market. 8 different kinds of confections vended from machine. It's therefore more profitable than any other vending machine. Small capital required. H. S. Vandervoort, Manufacturer, 198 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

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SLOT MACHINE OPERATORS. YOUR LINE is not complete without Champion Gum machines. Used outdoors and indoors. Send for Special Offers. Boston Coin Machines Co., Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

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RESIDENT MANAGER WANTED—TO REPresent an article that is more of a necessity than a cash register or computing scale in the store or a stove in the home. A most profitable and satisfactory business that is always active, always making money for those who control its sale in their vicinity. Exclusive control assigned to the man who can devote his time and a small capital to it. Address R. L. Doran, President, 1276 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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SALESMEN: BEST ACCIDENT HEALTH policy. Old line, $1000 death; $5 weekly; $100 emergency. Costs $2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission. German Registry Co., 265 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

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AGENTS, 135% PROFIT SELLING OUR HANDY Tool, 12 articles in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Thomas Manufacturing Company, 417 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

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A BIG MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITY FOR agents. The Wm. S. Devery (New York's Famous ex-Police Chief) Burglar Alarm scares off burglars; simple, sure, durable; allows ventilation; small cost; send for prtclrs, territory. Nat'l Burglar Alarm Co., Inc., 402 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

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WEDDING CAKE IN HANDSOME, RIBBONED presentation boxes. Expressed anywhere and guaranteed. Old English recipe we have used 38 years. Brides' cakes, birthday cakes. Beautifully illustrated booklet shows styles and prices. Write for it. Rebholi Sons Co., 445 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Established 1871.

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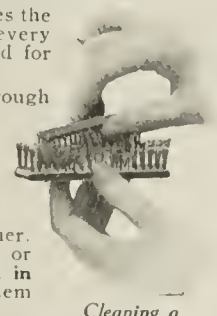
Take Out the Bristles in Strips

To Clean the Brush CLEAN

Look at your old-fashioned, solid back hair brush, even after it has been "cleaned." You'll be surprised at the accumulation of tangled bits of hair, gray dust-like dandruff scales and particles that you **can't** get out unless you wash it in hot water and doing that ruins the back.

You can clean a BY-TOWN Clean

Turning the knob releases the bristles in strips. Then every single bristle can be reached for cleaning.



Cleaning a By-Town.

Rubbing one strip through another a few times cleans the bristles clean. Washing the strips in hot soapy water occasionally gives you a brush that is clean and **sanitary.**

The parts clamp together. There can be no looseness or rattle. The **bristles are set in wood**—no metal to turn them green.

You don't throw away a By-Town when the bristles become worn. Just slip in a new strip. Thus your brush is always new.

The **BY-TOWN** comes with the finest quality of bristles—length, color and stiffness to suit your preference. There are large and small long handled backs and military backs. The wood finishes are Golden Oak, Mahogany and Ebony. The price is from $1.50 to $2.00 a brush, depending on the bristles. Solid silver $5.50 to $6.00 (engraved monogram free).

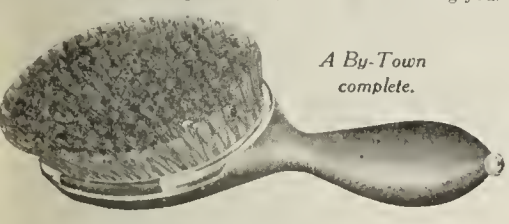
If you have a silver back you prize, we will fit it with the **BY-TOWN** ever-lasting attachment and your choice of bristles for $4.00.

Write for booklet or, better still, send us $2.00 for a brush. You do not have to keep it unless you are thoroughly pleased. If you send the brush back, we will return your money by the next mail.

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BY-TOWN, Inc., 10 River Street, Aurora, Ill.
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TO DEALERS: Thousands of dealers are putting in the By-Town. Write us today and be prepared to fill the demand our advertising in 20,000,000 homes will bring you.



A By-Town complete.

DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS

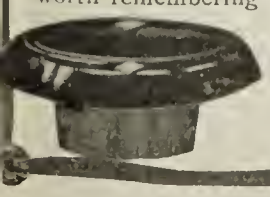


EXAMINE

The Eyelets on the shoes you wear—See if there is a little diamond ◆ trade-mark slightly raised on the surface. If it is there you are sure it is a genuine Diamond Fast Color Eyelet and simply

"Can't Wear Brassy"

They are made with top of solid color, improve the appearance of the shoes and look bright and new, even after the shoe is worn out. They are to be found on the best shoes. Just look for the little diamond ◆ trade-mark and insist on it, as only genuine **DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS** have them. It is a small thing, but worth remembering when you purchase shoes.



United Fast Color Eyelet Company

Boston - - Mass.

Submarine Signaling

The System Which Has Been Developed For Sending Messages Through the Waves

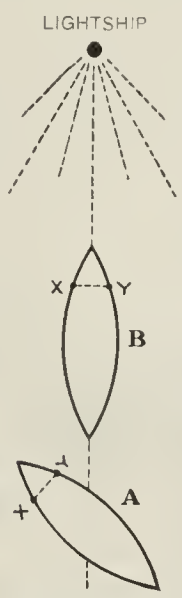
WHEN the newspapers told the story of the sinking of the *Republic* last year many people heard for the first time of submarine bells. The public know little of this method of subaqueous signaling which originated about ten years ago, but has come into comparatively general use only within the past two or three years. And yet through its development lies probably the solution of the one real danger remaining to steamship navigation.

A ship at sea may be lost (1) by an accident in the ship itself (a fire or a break in machinery); (2) by foundering or being driven ashore by storm; or (3) by running into something without warning—(*a*) the coast, (*b*) another ship, (*c*) icebergs, (*d*) derelicts.

Water Transmits Sound

THE dangers from 1 and 2, to a great extent, have been eliminated by naval engineering. The dangers of 3 are entirely due to lack of warning. In clear weather, in daylight, they are readily avoided. At night, so far as the coast and other ships go, the use of lights has made it as safe to navigate as in the daytime. The proximity of icebergs is known by the chill in the air and by the temperature of the water. Derelicts are systematically reported and, when possible, destroyed. As neither icebergs nor derelicts are under human control, it is impossible ever entirely to do away with the dangers they create, but these are relatively insignificant.

The chief danger at sea to-day is due to the fact that in thick weather a vessel does not receive an accurate and reliable warning of an approaching ship or of a dangerous point on the coast.



At *B* the sound is heard with equal strength in each receiver, *x* and *y*. At *A* the sound is stronger in *y*, the starboard receiver, and the helmsman steers to starboard accordingly

This warning must be transmitted through the air or through the water. The air is an unreliable medium, for it is not uniform. The most powerful lights can not penetrate fog. Sound is so deflected by the varying density of the air that when heard it does not indicate the direction from which it comes, and often skips over spaces near by and can not be heard at all.

Electrical storms and disturbances constantly vary the conditions under which wireless telegraphy operates.

Water, on the other hand, is uniform in density, and transmits sound uniformly in every direction. And sound under water is the only means that in thick weather will do what a light does in clear weather, give warning of the danger and *where* it is. By its use a fishing schooner can find its dories, an ocean liner pick up its tender or find its way into a harbor or locate its pier. After days of dead reckoning, it tells a captain where he is and furnishes a mark from which he can lay his course.

Putting Ears on a Steamship

THE fundamental theory upon which the navigator proceeds in guiding his ship by means of a submarine bell is exactly the same as that by which a man follows a sound when walking on the top of the ground. The ship is provided with "ears." On the inside of the ship, on either side near the bow, is an iron tank, the size of a bird-cage, filled with salt water. In this tank hangs a delicate transmitter which picks up the bell-sounds as they come through the water, and transmits them to a telephone receiver in the pilot-house. By means of a switch the navigating officer can listen either to the port or starboard transmitter, and when he hears the sound more clearly on port than on starboard, he knows that the bell lies to port and vice versa, and when the sound is equally clear on both sides, the bell lies dead ahead.

It is not necessary to cut a hole in the ship in order to install the receiving apparatus. The tanks are simply clamped against the skin, and the sound passes through the skin into the tank without

Heating the Home

The health of your family and the joy of living depends largely on the kind of appliances you install for sanitation, ventilation and heating

There have been as great strides made in the manufacture of scientific heating apparatus as in other fields.

Along with the telephone, wireless telegraphy and the aeroplane, modern methods of heating have been developed to the highest degree.

Through such wonderful mediums as Collier's millions of people are being educated in hygiene, in sanitation, in correct living.

The story is told to the country districts and the small hamlet, just the same as it is told to the dweller in the most palatial city apartment.

Through this knowledge a demand has been created for heating apparatus of the highest degree of excellence.

For 62 years The Richardson & Boynton Company has developed and improved heating apparatus.

Their engineers have given a lifetime of study to every phase and form of the heating question.

Exhaustive tests are constantly being made and no expense spared to achieve perfection.

In the three great forms of heating—Warm Fresh Air, Steam and Hot Water, there is a Richardson & Boynton Co. production of surpassing excellence.

To know just which form to install is often a perplexing question. Each method has its adherents and there are many good points in favor of each.

The question can be solved by Richardson & Boynton Co.'s heating engineers.

Tell us about the building you desire to heat. We will give you an honest opinion.

We will tell you exactly the plan that best suits the conditions.

We can advise the most economical, practical, consistent form of heating.

Write today and tell us:

If the system you NOW have gives insufficient heat.

If it consumes too much fuel.

If you contemplate building a home.

We will send you our comprehensive treatise "The Truth About Heating" and advise you as to the best form to install.

RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO.'S FRESH WARM AIR HEATERS
RICHARDSON BOILERS FOR STEAM OR HOT WATER HEATING
RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO.'S PERFECT COOKING RANGES

Richardson & Boynton Co.

ESTABLISHED 1837

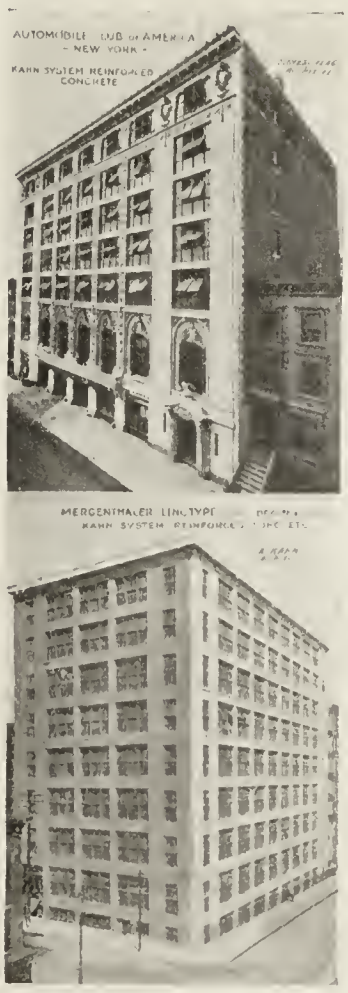
Largest Manufacturers of Heating and Cooking Apparatus

FOR SALE BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS

Main Offices
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20 East Lake Street, Chicago — 51 Portland Street, Boston

When your building burns —your business stops—

Can you afford to build that Factory, Warehouse, Store, Hotel or Residence with wood that burns and rots?



Can fire insurance repay you for destroyed records, unfilled orders, and lost business?

Why not put up a **permanent fireproof** building and save insurance and expense of continual repairs?

The cost is very low if you adopt the **Kahn System Reinforced Concrete.** You save 20% to 30% over the cost of steel frame buildings with fireproof floors. We can prove to you that **Kahn System Reinforced Concrete** is more economical than quick-burning construction.

Over 3,000 important **Kahn System** Buildings in all parts of the world mark the practical endorsement of leading architects and builders. The U. S. Government and world-renowned companies like the Libby, McNeil & Libby Co., Ford Motor Co., Bemis Bag Co., Burroughs Adding Machine Co., have investigated and built **Kahn System.**

The **Kahn System** brings to reinforced concrete an organized building experience and the direct personal service of skilled engineers.

Kahn System Economy and **Kahn System** Results are only made possible by use of

Kahn System Products

Kahn Trussed Bars: The perfect reinforcement for concrete beams, girders and joists.

Rib-Metal: The ideal reinforcement for concrete floors, roofs, walls and conduits.

Hy-Rib: For sidings, roofs, partitions and ceilings. Makes centering and studs unnecessary.

Rib-Lath: The stiffest steel lath for plaster, ornamental and stucco work of all kinds.

Trus-Con Products for waterproofing and finishing exposed concrete work.

Our large Engineering Department will show you how to use these products advantageously in your particular work.

Write us about your building and we will send you special catalog and valuable information free.

"Unburnable Buildings are Best"

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY

Offices in all principal cities — 542 Trussed Concrete Bldg., DETROIT

KAHN SYSTEM

Vacation air all Winter



You spend much time and money all Summer seeking to keep yourself and family in the outside air. The air of Winter is, if anything, purer. The reason many a family does not get the benefit of pure, fresh air all the year round is because they stick to stuffy, ashy, gas-laden, old-fashioned heating methods.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

warm the air as fast as it comes in and just where it comes in. The Hot Water or the Low-Pressure Steam is gently but surely piped to the AMERICAN Radiators that warm the cold air as it flows under, through, over and around them. The force or direction of wind, or intensity of the cold, does not matter. There is Summer warmth throughout the whole house on the most tempestuous of Winter days.

IDEAL Boilers do not merely "burn coal"—they develop its **full** heating energy—and distribute **all** the available heat of the fuel through the AMERICAN Radiators to the rooms to be warmed.

Whether your cottage, house, store, building, church, etc., is OLD or new, farm or city, do not delay investigating this best **investment** feature of any building. Saves fuel, labor, repairs—gives greatest comfort, protects the health and insures household cleanliness, safety and durability. Just the season to get the services of the most skilled fitters—now, **before** winter; not **then**, when it's here.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 600 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $255, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.



A No. 22 IDEAL Boiler and 240 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $115, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

You will enjoy reading our free book, which tells lots of things about heating economies it will pay you well to know. Write for it to-day, describing kind of building you wish to heat.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 31. CHICAGO

Showrooms in all large cities.

IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

apparent diminution. If necessary, a ship can be equipped while at sea, for the work consists simply in attaching the tanks, hanging the transmitters, and running the wires to the pilot-house.

The location of coast stations or stationary lightships is found with comparative ease by means of submarine bells. Twenty-seven Atlantic Coast lightships are equipped with such bells. In using a bell for signaling between ships, obvious difficulties present themselves. A bell slung overboard from a moving ship is not practical, and when placed in a tank inside the ship it loses carrying power. Experiments show that the range of a bell so placed is greatly reduced, and, although of service to slow ships, it does not send its sound far enough to give fast ships sufficient time to maneuver. What is needed is a more powerful sounder which will send the sound out through the side of the ship from a tank in the forepeak to a great distance. This is now being perfected.

Signaling from Submarines

IN THE case of submarine boats, however, owing to the fact that the bell is hung in the perforated superstructure, and its sound is transmitted directly to the open sea, it is entirely practical to signal from one to the other. The enormous value of this is at once apparent when it is realized that when submerged these boats have no other means of communicating with the surface.

By the use of codes, submarine boats can remain in constant communication with the flagship equipped with a lightship bell, and with each other. It enables them to maneuver in flotillas and to make a converging attack under water on a battleship, something entirely impracticable and far too dangerous to attempt without submarine signals. A submarine boat sunk by an accident could be located by its signals, and what would otherwise be the certain loss of all the crew might be avoided.

Practically all the transatlantic companies have equipped at least part of their fleets with submarine signal apparatus, and they are also in use on many warships. Experiments are going on in several countries which will doubtless bring this method of signaling to such perfection that the danger from collision will be practically eliminated.

✣ ✣ ✣

Prizes for Stories

AS THERE are now barely four weeks left before the close of the contest, it may be well to repeat, for the benefit of those of our readers who may not have seen the prize offer in COLLIER'S for July 10, that this weekly will pay one hundred dollars for the best 1,200-word account of a vacation received before October 1. For the second best article fifty dollars will be paid, and for all others that are accepted twenty-five dollars. The articles must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and must be signed on the first page with the name and address of the sender. Good photographs that illustrate and add interest to the account should be sent as a pictorial accompaniment to the article and will really count a great deal in its favor. On its back every photograph should be described, and the name and address of the sender should also be written. Be sure to send the article and photographs in the same envelope, and do not let your manuscript exceed 1,200 words. Manuscripts and photographs intended for this competition should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, COLLIER'S, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

As was the case last year, the present competition calls for specific stories of vacations, whether in the mountains, by the sea, on the lake, on the farm, afoot, awheel, in camp, on sailboats, in motor-boats, or in automobiles—in fact, in whatever way the vacation was spent. Essays or fiction are not wanted; neither is it necessary for you to tell the whole story of your vacation. Use the twelve hundred words for a description of some part of your vacation, if this seems preferable. The more vividly you put on paper in words and in photographs the sense of joy of the summer's outing the more certainly will the story be of interest to others. Do not send sketches or drawings, these are usually unconvincing; photographs are almost always a reflection of real things.



Gillette Safety Razor

IT is a fact that a man whose face will not stand the ordinary razor oftener than twice a week can shave every morning with the Gillette—and easily—no roughness, no irritation of the skin, even over the sensitive places on the neck or under the chin.

There is no stropping or honing with a Gillette.

It is the one safe razor and the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or close shave.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

Prices, $5.00 to $7.50. For sale everywhere.

You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office
17 Holborn Viaduct

GILLETTE SALES CO.
515 Kimball Building, Boston

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris



TORREY STROPS

This Side Sharpens a Razor

It isn't possible to keep a razor blade in good condition without occasional stropping.

Any man can learn, in a few moments, to "edge" a Torrey Razor on a Torrey Strop. *After that* shaving is an easy matter.



This Side Finishes the Edge

Let us send you our FREE Catalogue—it's full of valuable hints and suggestions for men who shave.

If you have shaving difficulties, we'll help you cure them. No trouble, no cost—just drop us a line and we're at your service.

Torrey Strops are sold everywhere—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

Torrey's **Oil-Edge** Dressing keeps a strop soft and pliable. 15c at dealers or by mail.

Ask for Torrey Strops and Razors. If not with your dealer, we will send either postpaid on receipt of price,

J. R. TORREY & CO.
DEPT. A
WORCESTER, MASS.

Breathe Yourself Back TO THE FIGURE and STRENGTH of YOUTH and HEALTH

BY WEARING

Prof. Charles Munter's



NULIFE

Compels Deep Breathing For Man, Woman and Child

Straightens Round Shoulders, gives to Man a commanding, military figure and to Woman the graceful curved lines of beauty when worn with or without a corset. **Nulife** makes Children stand, sit and grow erect, robust and healthy without the assistance of exercise or medicines. **Nulife** is pleasant to wear and does its work instantly.

Send $3.00, with your height, weight, chest and waist measure, age and sex, and **Nulife** will be sent prepaid, and guaranteed to do all we claim for it.



Illustrated Nulife Booklet Mailed to you Free

describing further benefits from wearing this wonderful garment and telling what it has done for others and will do for you by writing to

PROF. CHARLES MUNTER
Nulife Dept. B-9, No. 13-15 West 34th Street, New York

HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH

One box ball alley costing $150, took $513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $36 took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four larger alleys costing $840, took in $1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than $900 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever, no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 309 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

—*The* PRIZE Edition—
of
"New York's Leading Fashion Catalogue"

Compiled from the suggestions and ideas of over 55,000 bright, brainy women

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This prize edition is expensive and we can only send a Free Copy when it is asked for and where it is sure to be welcome.

Prize Edition

This 124-Page Book is indispensable to any woman who desires to dress in latest New York Fashion at economical prices.

No other Fashion Book is so complete—so authoritative or so valuable as **this Prize Edition.**

You will find attractively illustrated and fully described

Tailored Suits, Coats, Dresses $8.00 to $100.00

Skirts, Costumes, Waists, Furs, Underwear, Hats, Corsets, Etc.

Everything to wear for Women, Misses and Children **at the lowest prices ever quoted.**

OUR GUARANTEE

If you are not perfectly satisfied with anything we send you—we want you to return it to us immediately, and we will promptly and cheerfully refund your money.

YOU TAKE NO RISK

For Over 30 Years Recognized Leaders of New York Fashions

We own and operate four of the largest stores in America, therefore it is reasonable that we have advantages as regards **Style, Quality and Prices** not given to any other house anywhere. No matter how small or how large your purchase **we pay postage and express charges,** thus enabling **YOU to shop in New York's Foremost Fashion Store** with genuine pleasure and economy just as if you visited us personally.

Write TO-DAY for FREE Copy of Prize Catalogue. *Address Dept. C. L.*

Simpson Crawford Co.

SIXTH AV. 19th TO 20th STREET, NEW YORK.

Founded 1865



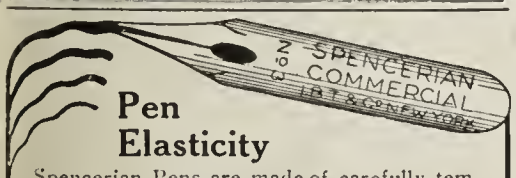
A CRAVAT Is Only So Much Silk

Unless it is made in the **SUPERBA** way by artisans who know good style as well as good workmanship.

A SUPERBA Cravat at 50c will dress your neck distinctively and well and give you long and satisfactory wear. Good Haberdashers sell **SUPERBA** Cravats and Sox, too. If yours cannot supply you write to us direct. The Cravat Book (which will interest you if you're particular in matters of dress) is sent FREE ON REQUEST.

SUPERBA CRAVATS & SOX

H. C. COHN & CO.
210 Andrews St., Rochester, New York



Pen Elasticity

Spencerian Pens are made of carefully tempered, accurately gauged steel. This means an elastic pen—an easy writing pen. There are many styles of

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

choose your own. Yours is there. Sample card of 12 different kinds will be sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, NEW YORK

Write a postal now for book of styles and prices, or see them at your dealers.

(*Patented*) Get the Genuine. Name on seat.

STRONG CHILDREN—bright eyes—rosy cheeks—rugged, healthy bodies—all can be had if you get your child an **IRISH MAIL**—the popular children's car. Endorsed by physicians—keeps children out in the fresh air. *Genuine Irish Mail has large name on seat. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes. Look for the name.* At all up-to-date dealers or write to us for book of styles and prices.

HILL STANDARD MFG. CO., 949 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana. *Makers of "Hoosier Express" and "Silent Partner" Boys' Wagons.*

Uncle Sam's Grab-Bag

(*Continued from page 13*)

covered hills and clear mountain streams, somebody really seems to have planned it. It has gathered up more than a hundred thousand people so recently that it was able to start out with that architectural consciousness which American towns mostly lacked during the black-walnut period. Graceful bungalows take the place of the ugly frame houses of the Middle West and East, and the more ambitious houses are built into the rocks and pines with an originality and beauty which the East is just beginning to show in the suburban villas and country homes. And the noble pines and firs—which have been left whenever possible—stand out against the sky far above the roofs with an effect peculiarly exotic and impressive to eyes accustomed to the Eastern oaks and elms.

Metropolitan Spokane

IN SPOKANE you may see blackened stumps of the original forest in people's backyards and then dine with palms and shaded lights and a quivering first violinist, and, as the saying goes, "almost think you are in New York," when one has gone to vast expense to get as far as possible from New York. This is, of course, very disappointing, but it is nevertheless a fact. In the "Spokesman-Review" one day I read that "the visiting girl who was a guest of honor at luncheon selected a macaroon and nibbled it reflectively.

"'Has any one,' she demanded presently, 'remarked on the cosmopolitan character of the streets here in Spokane? The downtown streets, I mean. You know I think that corner where Howard crosses Riverside must be like a certain outdoor restaurant in Paris—the Café de la Paix—where, it is said, if you linger long enough, you will see the world go by.'" Howard and Riverside would probably not remind you of Paris, but it is romantic imagination like that which makes this Western world go round.

Boosters swarmed up from all over the West like hungry flies. Always as the crowd fought into the Cœur d'Alene trolley-cars, smashing windows and guard-rails, boomed the kindly, raucous voice of the Cœur d'Alene Commercial Club barker, not to forget to put stamps on their letters and that there was plenty of time.

"*Some* of you seem to think if you don't get on the first seat in the first car, and register with the first notary at Cœur d'Alene and come back on the first train, *this* whole scheme of registration will go wrong.

"There is no hurry, people. Cœur d'Alene will take care of you; you won't have to sleep in the lake. Take a look at our city. . . ."

Considerable editorial sympathy has been expended on the Cœur d'Alene land-seekers. I don't think they needed pity, and surely they didn't want any. They spent something, to be sure—enough often to start them well toward paying for improved land near their own homes—but they had the time of their lives.

The Strength of the New Northwest

THE vast stir and lift of the Northwest's growth was fairly rumbling in the air. Just across the Cascades were Seattle and Tacoma and Portland, with their struggle for the control of the trade with Alaska and the Orient still hanging in the balance, and a future before them scarcely yet to be guessed at. New railroads were pushing in here, there mysterious agents were purchasing vast options. New waterfalls were being harnessed; there were new schemes for carrying irrigation canals across deserts for one hundred miles. The whole inland empire is just beginning to feel its strength.

Men are wanted. They were wanted. They felt it, were told it, and read it at every turn: "Washington Awaits You," "What Walla Walla Wants Is You." Everything seemed possible. Here was a new country to be made, and they were to do the making. Within another year in that virgin wilderness four thousand human family units—each with its own inheritance, its own hopes and strength, its own tasks to meet and conquer—would be living or trying to live. Romance was in the air. The man who brushed your elbow in the crowd, or the girl whose suit-case you carried from the train, might be saying good morning twelve months from now across the boundary of your adjoining claims. They may have needed a rest when they got home, and most of them probably needed to economize. But I don't think they needed sympathy.

Few waited to see the actual drawing. When the big tin cans in which the Cœur d'Alene registrations were sealed were cut open, and more than one hundred thousand yellow envelopes spread out on the platform at Cœur d'Alene, most of the home-hunters were scattered to the four winds. All the citizens of the little town,

(*Concluded on page 34*)



The Multiplication of Power

There is no higher efficiency in the world than that of the American business man.

The multiplication of *power* in a business man—if he has the ability within him—depends upon the *increased number* of people whom he can, *by personal contact,* interest in his purposes.

He does this by telephone, and the multiplication of *the telephone's* usefulness depends on the *increased number* of persons whom he can reach.

In 1890 the Bell System had 200,000 subscribers' telephones in use. As late as 1899—ten years ago—it had only 500,000.

To-day it has 4,400,000—one for every twenty persons in this country—and is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Has the vast development of industries since 1890—the greatest period of advance in the world's history—*when America has advanced faster than all the rest of the world,* been the force that has built up this great, unified, efficient telephone service; or

Has the increased ability of the American business man to bring people to him from every locality, far and near, *over the Bell Telephone System,* been the cause of the multiplication of his power and his principality?

Whichever the cause and whichever the effect, the advancement of one is inseparably linked with the advancement of the other.

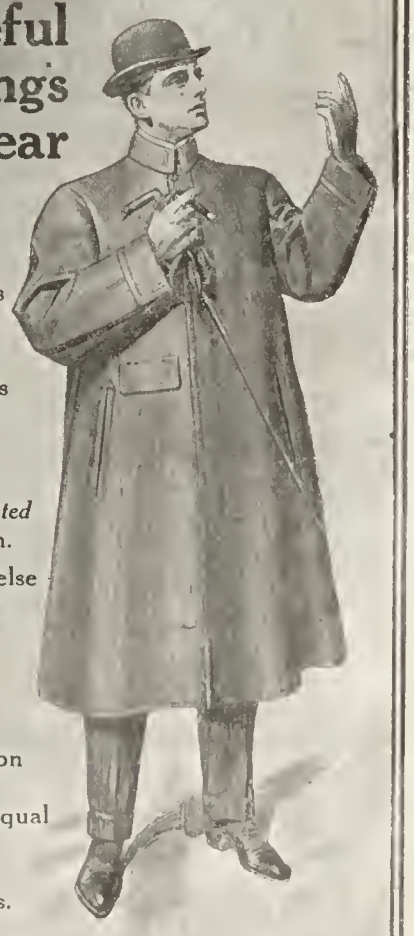
The business man's Bell Telephone, with its long distance and emergency advantages, is his most precious asset next to his capital itself.

The Bell Long Distance Telephone means as much to the home as it does to the office. It is the most marvelous convenience of modern times—if not all time—added to home life.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

Every Bell Telephone Is a Long Distance Station

Kenyon Useful Things to Wear



Specialties

FOR MEN $10 to $30

Kenreign Rain Coats
Kenyon Overcoats
Kenyon Gabardines
Kenyon London Slip-on
Kenyon Hangwell Trousers

FOR WOMEN $10 to $30

Kenyon Utility Coats
London Slip-on Coats
Rubberized Silk Coats
Gabardines
Summer Coats
Many Styles are Motor Coats and Dusters

LOOK FOR THE KENYON LABEL

Description of Coat illustrated.

The Gabardine

Made of a light English material, wind and rain proof in texture, further process proofed. The most water-tight garment ever produced without rubber.

For Sale at good stores

We made Raincoats *only*
By improved methods
Until they were better
Than any other raincoats
Ever made.

Then we applied
These superior processes
Enormous factories
and special trained men
To making other things

Each garment was *perfected*
Before our label went on.

We shall make nothing else
Until we find out
How to make it
Materially better
For lower cost
Than anything like it.

Each coat marked Kenyon
Is a specialty which
You cannot match nor equal
Each Kenyon specialty
Is a garment you need
Of permanent usefulness.

Ask your dealer or write and tell us what garment you want, whether men's or women's. We will send samples and style book and will see that you are supplied.

See the list of Specialties above

C. KENYON COMPANY
23 Union Sq., New York—Wholesale Salesrooms—200 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

BOYS

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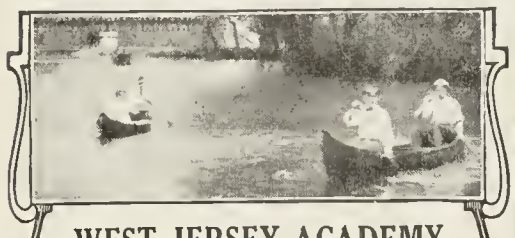
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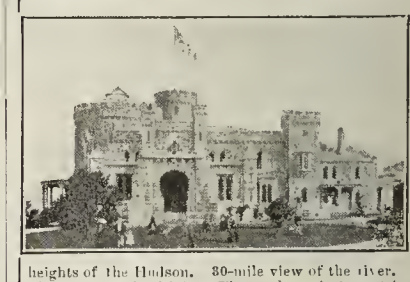
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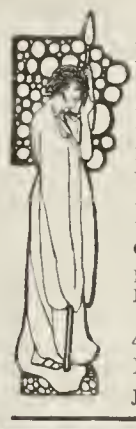
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however, gathered round the platform and listened to a fatherly address by Judge Witten of the Land Office. Then a little girl in a bouncy white dress tripped out to the middle of the pile of envelopes and picked out one. It was opened and read:

"Isadore Selig of Myrtle Creek, Oregon, 27 years old; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds."

A Week of the Cumbersome Ceremony

THE telegraph keys began to click; over in Spokane they started to set up an extra, and Mr. Isadore Selig of Myrtle Creek, Oregon, at once became more famous than he had probably ever been before. Most of those that followed were from this Northwest neighborhood. With No. 7, Miss Maude Sharpe of Martinsville, Illinois, brought in the Middle West. Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Iowa came lagging in, and the fiftieth number fell to John Dindinger of Gelienople, Pennsylvania.

For a week this quaint and cumbersome ceremony continued, and even then, of course, only a small fraction of the envelopes had been opened. The others were taken to Washington, there to be alphabetically arranged and compared. Any who have registered twice for the same reservation will be barred, and a considerable reserve must be kept to fill the places of those who never attempt to file on their claims.

✣ ✣ ✣

John Smith Borrows $20

(Concluded from page 14)

gether with the costs of collection (any sum from $1 up) will be taken from his pay envelope next Saturday. *And the employer will find out that John Smith owes money to Tolman.*

Now here is a curious, usual thing about employers: Though they themselves run their business largely on borrowed money, they will discharge a low-paid employee who gets into debt. John Smith knows this, or soon finds it out—on inquiring among his fellow clerks he discovers that a dozen of them are in the clutches of Tolman and the other sharks, and their greatest fear is that the "old man" will find it out. Without this tacit, strong assistance from the employer, the average loan shark would find his trade a hard one to follow. Of course his charges are usurious beyond the wildest definition of usury. His trade is outlawed. But the law bothers him very little—legislation against him is hasty and crude, and the officers who are charged with enforcing the law tire easily. Public interest can hardly be aroused except through the newspapers (which carry the advertisements of Tolman, Masters, Stratton, and the rest, paid for at a high rate), and, when once aroused, dies out quickly.

But let an employer become known among the sharks as a man who will protect his employee from usurious exactions, and the number of victims in his firm will promptly fall to 0.

The Final Reckoning

THE transaction between John Smith and D. H. Tolman is closed at the end of the twentieth week when the last $2.50 is paid. Tolman has loaned $30 in that time and received $50. If John Smith has learned his lesson, he will live on rye bread and yellow cheese and house his family in one room before walking into Tolman's office again.

John Smith is a typical borrower and D. H. Tolman is the king of the salary-loan tribe. There are other sorts of victims in plenty—the unmarried "sport" whose money goes to the poolrooms and poker clubs, the young man or woman who borrows vacation money or money for Christmas shopping, married men whose borrowings do not go home with them. Men and women borrow money from the usurers for as many reasons, good, bad, foolish, wise, legitimate, or illegitimate, as they earn it.

This ending to the story of John Smith is a fortunate one. Often it is tragic. It is plain tragedy when John Smith loses his job; it is embroidered tragedy when the process of skinning him is drawn out by continual new loans and the victim is shuffled from one shark's office to another; and it mounts to high tragedy when the victim deserts his family and flees from the shark's persecutions or blows his brains out.

A possible ending to the story might have been a settlement in court (that is extremely unlikely, for the shark is wary of courts). Or John Smith might have had the good sense to go to the Legal Aid Society in Our City, or to a reputable lawyer, almost any of whom will help him free of the tangle for a nominal fee, or for none.

¶ The next article will discuss some of the magnates of the loan business and their methods.

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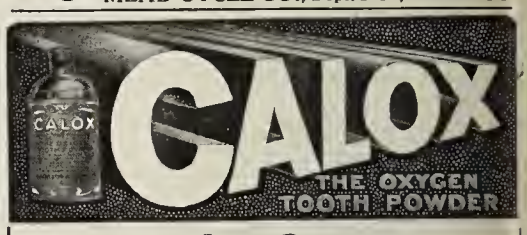
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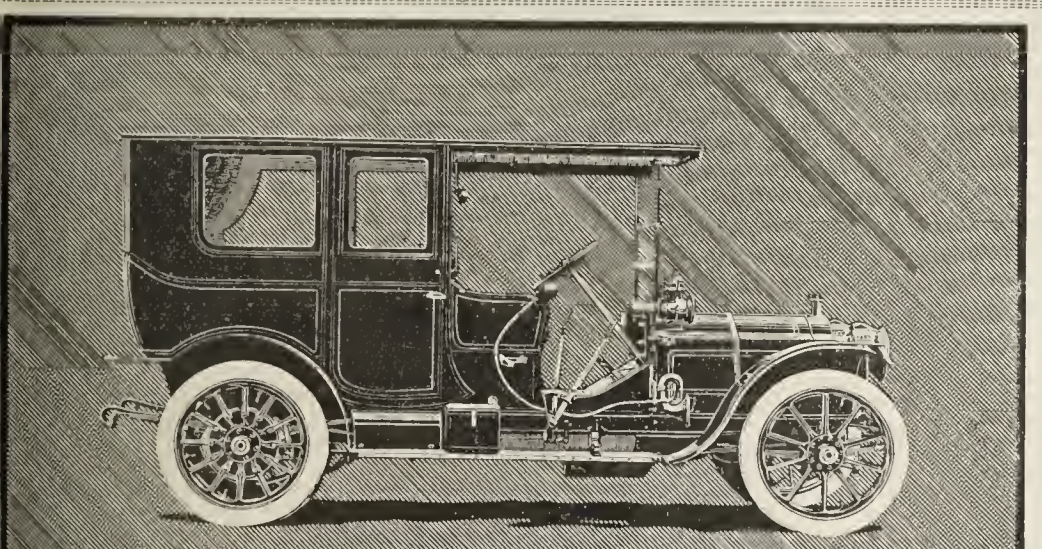
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VOL XLIII NO 25

SEPTEMBER 11 1909

Facts From Ford

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Model "T" Coupe, $1050.00

FIRST FACT: Light as the Ford car is, 1200 lbs., it is no lighter in proportion than a passenger engine of the accepted highest type. The 5000 H. P. Pacific type locomotive used on the Pennsylvania Lines West weighs 53.8 lbs. per horse power. The Model "T" weighs 53.3 lbs. per horse power. Each is designed by an engineering expert for passenger service. On the other hand, the average freight engine, as well as a large proportion of automobiles, weighs from 85 to 110 lbs. per horse power. Note the difference?

SECOND FACT: Tho the tires on the Ford are small in actual inches and so cost less to replace, they are in reality the largest tires used on any automobile. Tire size is only large as compared with the load to be carried. For each pound of Ford car there are 2.33 cubic inches of tire. On no other car manufactured is the tire size larger than 2 inches for each pound of weight. There is some importance to this.

THIRD FACT: The horse power of the Model "T" tho rated as "twenty" is greater than the average "thirty" and equal to some of the "forty" cars. A "thirty" weighing 2100 lbs.—a much lighter weight than the average "thirty"—has one horse power for each seventy pounds. The Model "T" develops one horse power for each 53.3 pounds of car weight. Horse power has no significance except when compared with the load to be carried—you'll agree with us on this.

FOURTH FACT: The size of brakes is an important consideration. Lives are often at the mercy of the braking possibilities of a car. Brakes scientifically designed are proportioned to the load they must control, the larger the load the larger the brakes. The total braking surface of the Model "T" with its dual system of braking is 6.1 square inches per pound of weight. The average of other cars is in the neighborhood of 5.1 square inches. One of the heavier cars in the New-York-Seattle Race had to rig up a drag to hold back on the grades. The winning Ford car didn't have to for the reason just given.

QUALITY FACTS: Quality, not quantity, makes strength. Light weight is expensive, not cheap to build. Commodore Vanderbilt, that giant of railroad development, once offered a carriage builder $1000 for each pound by which he was able to reduce the weight of a buggy. It is a mistake to consider low price as a result of light weight or that light weight is a result of low price. Low price results from know-how, from specialization, from quantity buying and producing and from system in production and selling. Light weight is the result of Mr. Ford's conviction that quality and design, not quantity and cast iron, are essentials of strength.

MAINTENANCE FACTS: There are some items though, which in connection with the Ford light, low priced car are small in comparison with similar items for high priced, heavier cars. Repair bills are smaller; fuel bills are lighter; tire costs are less. A Model "T" costs less to maintain per month than a horse and buggy. A gallon of gasoline is enough for 22 to 25 miles; a set of tires lasts 8,000 to 10,000 miles or more and repair parts are low priced and easily installed.

DURABILITY FACTS: It is another mistake to consider a light car as being unsuitable for heavy roads. A traction engine needs a mighty smooth road, yet a traction engine is nothing more than a heavy weight automobile. Over any and all kinds of roads the Model "T" will run more miles, more days, more years than any heavier car manufactured—and it is the lightest of them all. A Model "T" Ford, a duplicate of the Ford car for 1910, won the New York to Seattle Race, the hardest, toughest, most gruelling contest ever run, beating from start to finish all the high-priced; high-powered, heavy-weight competitors. Light weight was very largely responsible for that. ("Winning the Transcontinental" will be mailed upon request).

SPECIFICATION FACTS: A Vanadium steel, four cylinder, twenty horse power, 1200 lb. car; Ford magneto built in as a part of engine, no brushes, contact points, moving wires or batteries; thermo-syphon system of cooling; new design planetary transmission, silent, easy and long lived; combination splash and gravity oiling system without oilers, lubricators or piping; three point suspension, unit construction throughout and only three units to entire chassis; and interchangeable bodies. These and other up-to-date Ford features described in catalog.

PRICE FACTS: Touring car at $950.00, Tourabout at $950.00, Roadster at $900.00, include top, automatic brass windshield, speedometer, gas lamps, generator, three oil lamps, and tubular horn. For unequipped car with oil lamps and tubular horn only, deduct $75.00. The Coupe at $1050.00, Landaulet at $1100.00 and Town Car at $1200.00, include three oil lamps and tubular horn.

These facts are here detailed for the enlightenment of intending automobile buyers. Each fact has already been proven and will be for you if we are given the opportunity. Compare them, fact by fact, with statements and claims of other automobile manufacturers and decide for yourself whether you are justified in buying any car until you have carefully investigated the Ford. Have the nearest Ford dealer supply a car for a demonstration. If you do not know his address write us for it. Then decide on actual comparative merits—we will abide by your decision.

Every Model "T" Ford Car is an exact duplicate of the car that won the New York-Seattle Race

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Seattle
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Ford Motor Company

want to tell you why the Maxwell offers the greatest value for $1,500. The reasons below must be clear to every thinking person. Won't you please read why?

Benj Briscoe PRES.

"Maxwell"

Perfectly Simple — Simply Perfect



Four Cylinder 30 H.P. Touring Car

An even better car for $1500 than we could build last season for $1750. Longer wheel base, larger wheels, more powerful engine, a big, roomy, stylish body. We give you without extra charge a magneto, gas lamps and generator—over $150 worth of extras that you pay for in other cars.

$1500 and Even Better

This for $250 Less

A car even better than our four cylinder 30 H.P. of last season at $1750. A car even better than the model which ran 10,000 miles over country roads without stopping its engine. A car even better than the MAXWELL that was driven by Mrs. John R. Ramsey and her three women companions from New York to San Francisco A car even better than the MAXWELLS which won first and second places in class D of this year's Glidden Tour. In short, a car that combines MAXWELL reliability with style, comfort and luxury.

Where We Have Added Value

We have increased the power of the engine 17%—although we rate it 30 as last season. We give you 34 x 4 inch tires—this means economy. We have changed the rear spring suspension from semi-elliptic to ¾ scroll—this means more comfort. We have lengthened the wheel base 4 inches—the body is longer, the rear seat wider. These changes add to the easy riding qualities of the car. The magnificent new body gives it style—yet you save $250 on a better car.

This $250 Saving Is Cost Reduction

Our plants have been enlarged—that's why. The number of cars that we build, doubled. We have added new automatic machines, some costing as high as $20,000. This equipment and production has reduced manufacturing expenses to a minimum, while our selling and overhead remain the same. This has made a difference of $250—that saving goes to you.

Mechanically Right

Our new model incorporates those mechanical features which have made MAXWELL and Reliability synonymous. MAXWELL features are recognized by all automobile engineers as standard. The 3 point suspension—unit construction—disc clutch—thermo-syphon cooling—straight line shaft drive and metal bodies are principles that have been copied by makers of the highest-priced cars, yet no car combines all except the MAXWELL.

What Do Owners Say?

The real test of an automobile is the verdict of the man who owns one. MAXWELL owners tell us that no car is so economical to keep. Read what this one says—it is a sample of what over 18,270 owners say about the MAXWELL.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 6.

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J. W. WIESENFELD.

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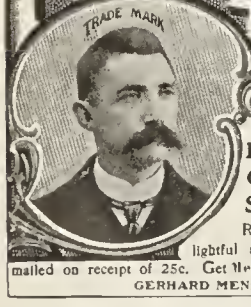
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ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, September 11, 1909

The Golden Empire Number

¶ Next week's Collier's will be devoted to the progressive States of the West, giving their swift development out of the wilderness, and the great future toward which they are forging. The number will be a pictorial and descriptive album of scenes and conditions. It will also contain a selected group of Edward S. Curtis's celebrated Indian portraits, "The First Americans." These pictures are part of the remarkable collection that is being compiled in folio form under the patronage of ex-President Roosevelt and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and sold for $3,000 a set. Through this form of endowment, it is possible for Mr. Curtis to continue and carry to completion the great national work of preserving for American posterity the true delineation of North America's heroic, vanishing race.

¶ There will be three poems in this issue—one by Bliss Carman, voicing the trend of the West. "Our Earth is Young" is the title of an apostrophe from the pen of George Meredith; while Rufus Steele will contribute "The Spirit of California."

¶ Among the articles will be a paper on "The Field Agent of Settlement," in which Frederick R. Bechdolt describes the work accomplished by the cowboy in building up the States of the plains and the Pacific Coast. It was these soldiers of industry who rode down the outlaws, assisted the army in suppressing Indian outbreaks, and established the peace that made agricultural settlements possible.

¶ Edmond S. Meany, author of the "History of the State of Washington," and other historical books, will write on "What it all Means," in which he penetrates the surface accomplishments of the Seattle Fair to the principles underneath. Professor Meany, who occupies the chair of history in the University of Washington, has for many years been a member of the Legislature of his State, and, in recognition of both his historical research work and his applied patriotism in the growth and in promoting the development of the Northwest, the Government has recently named one of the highest peaks in the Olympic range in his honor, calling it Mount Meany.

¶ Every inhabitant of this new part of the continent is an irrepressible "booster." Local eloquence circulates through the air. Yet this promiscuous energy is never allowed to be wasted. It is gathered up into effective volleys. It has built up the communities and cities of the West. It has transformed local jealousies and prejudices into a spirit of common helpfulness. Cities, and even States, through their representatives in special excursion trains, call on each other and return calls. They parade the towns in automobiles, banquet each other, tell how they do it, and boost. Lute Pease, editor of the "Pacific Monthly," outlines in "The Boosters" the systematic process of advertising the West.

¶ Dr. C. H. Chapman, editorial writer for the Portland "Oregonian," has prepared an article on the tendencies now to be perceived in the "Pacific Civilization." He considers the intellectual and civic as well as the material ascension of the Coast, and indicates the new type of society which is forming there.

¶ "The World's Fruit Basket," by Richard Lloyd Jones, is a descriptive story of the fruit industry which has grown up in Oregon and Washington and the adjacent States. From a scanty beginning the region has become the most extensive and prolific orchard of fruit in the world. In this story Mr. Jones describes the social as well as the economic benefits resulting from organized cooperation among the fruit growers—a plan full of suggestion for the farmers of larger acres to consider.

¶ The vital topic of good roads will be treated by Samuel Hill, in "Good Roads and the Northwest." Mr. Hill, lately an overseer of Harvard University, is one of America's leading authorities on road-building; and he has contributed generously from his private fortune to further this cause in the city of Seattle. Mr. Hill instituted and directed the recent good-roads convention in Seattle, which was largely attended by the experts of both the United States and Europe.

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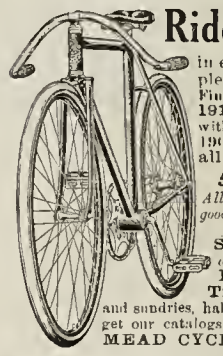
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The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $1 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

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Collier's

Saturday, September 11, 1909

Cover Design . . . . *Drawn by* Edward Penfield
Off For a Day in the Hills. *Photograph* . Howard B. Rathbone 6
Editorials 7

Outdoor America
Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

Some Outdoor Americans *Drawing by* Charles Dana Gibson 9
The Viewpoint 9
Opening Old Waterways *Illustrated with a Photograph* . . . . Elliott Flower 11
Let the Children Dig *Illustrated with Photographs* . . . . Eben E. Rexford 12
Winning Baseball Pennants *Illustrated with a Photograph* . . . H. S. Fullerton 13
The Bed in the Open *Illustrated with Photographs* . . . . Bailey Millard 14
The Call of the Hoe . . . . . L. H. Bailey 15
Filtering Ellis Island . . . . Louise E. Eberle 16
Upland Shooting Over Dogs *Illustrated with Photographs* . . . Ernest McGaffey 17
Cavalry of the Air *Illustrated with a Photograph* . . . . Elmer Roberts 18
The Frontier Celebration at Cheyenne. *Photographs* . . 19
The Carnival of Man-Birds. *Photographs* 20
What the World Is Doing 21
Brickbats and Bouquets *Illustrated with Photographs* 30

Volume XLIII Number 25

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 20

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You who think of advertising as simply an effort to sell goods, just consider where we would be without it. Your modern newspaper simply couldn't exist. The price you pay for it wouldn't cover the printing and paper-stock. Collier's wouldn't exist. An up-to-date magazine would cost you twice as much as it does now—if it were not for the advertisers.

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Magazines themselves, invaluable forces for good in our modern life, extend their circles of readers by advertising each other.

But here is the point: almost everything you can think of that has helped to make our homes pleasanter, our minds brighter, and our lives fuller of variety, has come to us because advertising provided a way through which we could be reached—all of us at the same time.

E. L. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Concerning the Sept. 18th Issue"

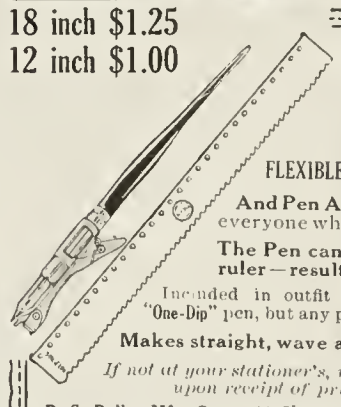
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Photograph by HOWARD B. RATHBONE

Off for a Day in the Hills

(See "Upland Shooting Over Dogs" page 19)

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

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The House of Mirth

THE VALUE OF PUBLICITY is appreciated by the Legislature of New York, provided it can determine the nature of the publicity to be received. As a blind to Caliban, or sop to Cerberus, it appointed a committee to pretend to gather information about direct primaries; followed a sort of joy ride aronnd America; estimated expense, $15,000; which the committee does not pay. This galaxy was composed of statesmen bitterly opposed to Governor HUGHES. They sought for one exception, for Appearances. What said the Exeeption? "Nay, friends, I will not serve. I know your little game. Your study of the subject is a Joke." The committee asked another Hughes Senator to take the rôle of Goat. He threw it np, and yet another. Therefore, with no actor in this rôle, the committee sallied forth. The witnesses are largely chosen and the questions mostly asked by one KNAPP, counsel to the committee, also intimate friend to RAINES, he who made hotels so famous. Likewise the chairman of the committee is law partner of RAINES'S son. The committee, doubtless, is appreciative of the vast traets of country over which it passes. Long will it swelter with enthusiasm over Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas; much educated must it be by the exposition at Seattle. In the home State of this committee, meantime, the study of direct primaries does not lag. Anonymous circulars are sent about, pretending to tell impartially what the Hinman-Green bill really means. "Boiler plate" is sent by the Republican State Committee to newspapers which it thinks too busy to do their own thinking. Thus mueh light is being shed upon the important question of whether the people shall choose their representatives. Some persons think the essence of representative government is that the people shall not choose their representatives. Fifteen States have mandatory direct primary laws for practically all officers; three more for all except State officers; six others for certain officers; in eleven more primaries are optional or permissive; and in others similar results have been reached, without laws, by party rules. No State, after adopting the mandatory direct primary, has ever returned to the eonvention system. Boss TWEED said: "Let me name the candidates and you can vote for them." Boss RAINES and Boss MURPHY say Amen.

Immigration

RAILROAD MAGNATE HILL seldom talks much without saying something. Canada was interested, therefore, when he warned her at Winnipeg that while she could get good ready-made citizens from our Western States, various foreigners might prove less digestible. Canada has had experiences which lend a special point to Mr. HILL'S opinions. Some good English men and women, actuated by Christian motives, and feeling sympathy for the Dukhobortsi, a Russian people who held some grievance against the Government because of religious persecution, negotiated with the Canadian Government for the transfer of a large number of these people to the western Canadian country. The Dukhobortsi came, were homesteaded on free lands, and money was advanced to them for the purchase of horses, stock, agricultural implements, and building material, and the Government furnished them with seeds. They recognized no law other than the decrees of one of their number, whom they accepted as their prophet. They have been active in many crazy ways, and it is to be feared that some Canadians heartily wish that they were back in Russia being persecuted. Another immigration scheme, that in a larger measure has proven a failure, has been the importation into Canada of a lot of the poor and stranded element of the Cockney district in London. Many of them have been sent back to London. Canada of recent years has been stiffening up her standards. How about the United States? The number of immigrants dropped last year, but it is now becoming rapidly greater. Except for Orientals and eontract laborers, our laws are very generous. They draw the line only on probable pauperism, disease, and crime. Some steamship companies are so eager for business that the Commissioner has had trouble with them even over these slight requirements. Also there are certain agencies, both abroad and here, which ought to be suppressed. Mind you, we are not discussing immigration with a view to its effect on our ideals and standards of living, but on the mere questions of pauperism, disease, and crime. Surely on those questions we should be strict. One might suppose that for such a purpose Congress, which wastes so much, would be generous. Perhaps it will be. The facilities for examining immigrants at the principal port of entry are very insufficient. Imagine the frequent conditions when only two minutes are available for the examination of each immigrant, including thirty-eight questions, with answers noted. It is a tough problem at the best. Let us at least have the fullest facilities for using the safeguards which the law intends.

Vocabulary

"*A cheap, popular, and money-making publication.*"—JOHN JAY CHAPMAN referring to the "Harvard Classics."

Mr. CHAPMAN has expressed the nature of the enterprise with pleasing and singular exactness.

China and Japan

THE RAILWAY DISPUTE between the two Asiatic neighbors has brought one fact out clearly. The Japanese are now trying to do in Manchuria what they stopped the Russians from doing. They are aiming at military eontrol, toward which the policing of a railway is a most eonvenient step. China opposed the broad gage merely because she saw the purposes for which Japan was principally interested in the railway. For the European Powers the ambition of Japan on the mainland must be a serious object of attention until the situation becomes very different from what it is at present. May it not be that the question of the Antung-Mukden Railway will never be settled right until the road is either internationalized or put into the control of China? The Chinese, it is not always realized, are expert and quick mechanics; those railways which they conduct are conducted well; the only pretext or reason for foreign control of railways on Chinese soil is financial, and that excuse may disappear before many years have passed.

Business Is Business

CONCERNING ITSELF FREQUENTLY with a defense of the rail roads, the Portland "Oregonian" attempts to achieve humor at the expense of COLLIER'S. In an editorial anent the control of steamship lines by the Southern Pacific we said that the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company carries sugar from Hawaii to Philadelphia and New York, its return cargoes consist of merchandise for California, and the ships of this company do not "touch at" any ports which have Southern Pacific terminals. To one intimate with the English language, this would mean that these ships do not make any passing calls on their voyages at intermediate points where the Southern Pacific has railroad terminals. There are points on the Gulf of Mexico—Galveston and New Orleans, for instance—which have such Southern Pacific terminals. The "Oregonian" should use its opportunities by making a more intelligent perusal of the wisdom in the pages of COLLIER'S. Commissioner PROUTY of the Interstate Commerce Commission has said that he is convinced that an agreement exists between the American-Hawaiian Company and the railroads whereby the former will build no more vessels. A Congressional Committee found that a former compact existed between the Pacific Mail Steamship Company (since acquired by the Southern Pacific) and the railroads, whereby that company, for an annual consideration of nine hundred thousand dollars, agreed to carry not more than twelve hundred pounds of freight monthly each way between New York and San Francisco. The San Francisco "Call," which is enabled by its freedom to do many serviees to the people of the Pacific Coast, notices that when the railroad freight rates recently advanced, there was at once a corresponding freight-rate increase by the American-Hawaiian Company. Underground relations have always existed, and will perhaps always exist, between these so-called independent steamship lines and the overland railroads. In any event, freight rates, both by land and sea, have advanced. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has time and again refused San Francisco-New York freight, declaring its ship capacity overtaxed, when the intelligent San Francisco shipper knew that its ships were carrying ballast.

Accuracy

HOW IS THIS? Our honored colleague, the A. P., sends out the allegation that "the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company has accepted the confession of HARRY ORCHARD, now serving a life sentence for the murder of ex-Governor STEUNENBERG, as a perjured statement." It adds that "during his trial in Idaho ORCHARD told," etc. Now this general subject is of too much importance for loose and mistaken state-

meats to be advisable. ORCHARD did not testify to anything at *his* trial. He had no trial. He did testify at the Haywood trial. The fact, however, is that there was no issue in the California courts as to the truth or falsity of the confession. The motion for a new trial was being disposed of at the time of or shortly after ORCHARD'S arrest. MCPARTLAND would not allow ORCHARD to make an affidavit. Instead, MCPARTLAND himself made an affidavit that ORCHARD told him so and so. Of course, this was not competent evidence. It was too late, after the Haywood trial and ORCHARD had given his evidence, to use his story on the motion for a new trial, and the court was compelled to dispose of the case on the record. It could not take notice of ORCHARD'S confession on the stand, in the face of the record which was all testified to before any one connected with the case ever suspected the existence of HARRY ORCHARD. Obviously, therefore, the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company has not accepted the confession of HARRY ORCHARD as a perjured statement.

The Heney Issue

THE SITUATION in San Francisco is this: Under the California law, if HENEY had qualified as a Democratic or Republican, or a Union Labor candidate, and had been defeated at the primaries as such candidate, he would have been kept from any chance to run at the election. Had he announced himself a Democrat and become a candidate for the Democratic nomination at the primaries, and been defeated in that primary contest, he would have been out of the campaign altogether. He could not, therefore, afford to get in and make an active canvass for the nomination. He had to rely on those who wished to write his name in a blank space in the ballots of the different parties. The course he took enabled him by petition to have the citizens nominate him, and he will also have the endorsement of the Democratic Party, which is ordinarily the strong party in San Francisco. Undoubtedly one of the most vigorous campaigns ever waged by the worst element among the rich will be waged against HENEY this fall. Nor will this campaign be confined to San Francisco. It will be supported by the sympathy and sinews of the same element in different regions of the country. Now HENEY has his faults, chief of which is his habit of allowing the opposing attorneys to worry him in court. They play this trick upon him, knowing his weakness. Taking it altogether, however, HENEY seems made to order for the situation in San Francisco. When St. PATRICK drove the snakes out of Ireland—if he ever did—there was doubtless more or less hissing among the snakes. The present campaign in California shows a line-up much like what has been seen in other years. The old Ruef-Schmitz element among the labor party has joined hands with the Calhoun-Southern Pacific crowd: and what that combination means California, if she can learn by experience, already knows.

Not "City"

TO COLORADO SPRINGS, not Colorado City, belongs the bouquet we threw the other day about homes and streets. Rhetoric was maltreated by typography. Colorado City is a sort of suburb of Colorado Springs, and it is known to fame as the smelter town in which originated the strike which finally caused the trouble at Cripple Creek. Some persons who do not appreciate Colorado Springs refer to it derisively as a suburb of Colorado City. Not so the editorial we. On our various visits there we have been filled with enthusiasm, which, in verbally spilling over, got off at the City instead of at the Springs.

Genius

POPULAR SONGS! Can they sink lower, or has the bottom been reached? The absurdity lies not so much in the fact that they are un-lyric or vulgar as in vapidity. Observe a "love" song:

> "Sweet moon-bird, won't you be my moon-bird, Cherokee?
> My heart your own tepee thro' life will always be:
> And in my wigwam, fine, your eyes will softly shine
> With lovelight all the time, sweet moon-bird mine."

Or, for your chastisement, take this:

> "Pony boy, pony boy, won't you be my Tony Boy?
> Don't say no, here we go off across the plains:
> Marry me, carry me right away with you.
> Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up, whoa! My pony boy."

This is a chorus:

> "Honeyland! Honeyland! Together we will wander in that sunny land.
> Happy we'll be, just you and me, sipping honey underneath the sinmon tree:
> Honeyland! Honeyland! We'll need no money, honey, in that sunny land,
> Spending all our lives living in the hives, in Honey, Honeyland."

The music, to conceal the quality of these, must in truth work hard. Many of the songs which aim to provoke the laugh rather than the throb are little better. A few of both kinds have quality. A larger number play upon easy springs in human nature, and while they may help the human race to pass its time with a certain sort of pleasure, they do not push it along on its progress toward the stars.

County Fairs

FEW MORE SHOP-WORN topics exist than the county fair. That a reader, like a "sucker," is born each moment, is the only ground for thinking the venerable theme may still be worked. Buck up, O [illegible], and [illegible]. The season is at hand. In the absence of statistics, it is safe to say that the county fair, in rural counties at least, is as great an institution as ever it was. It is different, but only in detail. Those who can remember back thirty years can recall the time when the great attraction at the county fair was the high-wheeled, nickel-plated Columbia bicycle, with its little short handle-bar and its daring rider in skin-tight knee-breeches who circled the half-mile track at what seemed terrific speed. The bicycle was so new an invention that no two people agreed on the pronunciation of its name, which now is partly true of the aeroplane, that instrument which, if not this season, then next year, will replace the dirigible balloon as a county fair "attraction." We had never dreamed of automobiles then, and now the county fair is a mart for the sale of these vehicles to the farmer, who is losing his attachment for the red-wheeled, side-bar buggy. "Machinery Hall" in the old days—they got the name from the Philadelphia Centennial—was given over largely to exhibits of various horse-power devices, primitive mowing machines, treadmills, and "side-hill" plows. The self-binder had not come into use. Now they show gasoline engines adapted to every phase of farm activity, cream separators that jerk the butter fat out of the fresh milk, and scores of devices that the farm boy of thirty years ago would find it impossible to guess the uses of. Then they hitched the trotters to high-wheeled sulkies, like the one in the old lithographs of Budd Doble of "catarrhal name." Now they race on a couple of rubber tubes filled with air. The upright piano, with or without an automatic playing device, and the phonograph have replaced the melodeon and the cabinet organ in "Music Hall." Battenberg lace and stenciled draperies have crowded the patchwork "log cabin" and "crazy" quilts to the wall in the department of home industries, and the advance in a nation's artistic taste is shown in the exhibits of amateur photography which have taken the place formerly occupied by stiff "still-life" water-colors and cardboard "mottoes." But the spirit is unchanged. The same good-natured rivalry and pride in the products of one's own farm, garden, orchard, poultry yard, or pasture exist, whether the product be rutabagas or sugar-beets, cabbage or kohl-rabi, Baldwins or Black Ben Davises, Plymouth Rocks or Rhode Island Reds, old-fashioned Alderneys or modern Dutch Belted. The neighborly emulation is as strong a motive force for progress now as it ever was. To-day, as in the '70's, the county fair is more than a merrymaking. It is the rallying-ground for home, village, and farm, and its prosperity means the health of our rural population and resources.

Germans

IMAGINE, IF YOU PLEASE, the suburbs of Los Angeles on a hot August Sunday afternoon. It is like an oven out there in the hills. The country is still waiting for the rains, the eucalyptus and pepper trees droop, gray with dust. Into a hollow in the hills troop perhaps five thousand—sturdy husbands, placid wives with ample bosoms, little children with tow hair and light blue eyes. It is their Schnetzen Park, and these Germans are about to celebrate the victory of their ancestors over VARUS and the Romans in the Teutoburgerwald some nineteen centuries ago. That is a long time, but the Germans have good memories for such things. There were perhaps 15,000 Germans and 34,000 Romans in the original battle. To-day there are only about a dozen Romans and perhaps twice as many Germans. JOHN GOETZE, in a blond wig and flowing yellow whiskers, represents Hermann, the German chieftain. FRANK DONNER, in pink tights, gilded armor, and a helmet, is Varus. JOHN has a hard time of it because his horse doesn't like the smell of the coyote skins in which JOHN is clothed; Varus's helmet keeps tumbling off. The soldiers, too, more interested in action than in historical accuracy, insist on pulling out revolvers and firing blank cartridges in each other's faces. But the Germans finally win and old Varus is magnanimously led down the hill and over to the refreshment kegs. The Kriegerverein parades and the singing societies fill the hot resounding hills with their deep-chested songs. Then, while the band plays for the twentieth time "Die Wacht am Rhein," the crowd troops back through the dust to the trolley-cars and home. They are a wonderful people, the Germans. All peoples are wonderful. And this is a wonderful and very entertaining world.

Farce?

A LOS ANGELES WOMAN telephoned to the police in the dead of night that a drunken man had taken possession of her front porch and she didn't know what would happen next. To the rescue sped a policeman, night stick in hand, his honest, square-toed shoes beating a tattoo on the empty sidewalks. Arrived at the besieged front porch, he found the man mumbling strange noises, the lady behind the bolted door in hysterics. Picture the ensuing scene, all as rapid as the rapidest comedy on the stage. The door is opened, the honest patrolman gripping the intruder in one hand, supporting the lady in the other. The light is turned on when—"Oh, Mr. Officer, please don't hurt him. He's a friend of my husband!" Curtain—behind which we may imagine the discomfited officer returning to report "No case" to his desk sergeant, the erstwhile intruder become suddenly a guest. The world is not only a stage for the larger dramas, but its lesser doings fall often, with quaint accuracy, into the set forms of written comedy and farce. It is strange that with so many plays being acted all the time it should be so hard to write one. In art, however, opportunity is always present, but talent bloweth where it listeth.

Collier's

Outdoor America

Edited by
CASPAR WHITNEY



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Some Outdoor Americans on their way back to the little red schoolhouse

THE VIEWPOINT

Ideals and Dollars

WE AMERICANS have a mortifying habit of resting on the laurels won for us by our forefathers and smugly pointing the finger of scorn at the frailties of nations hoary in the experience of living while we were yet an unborn people.

We are, in fact, so busy finding the mote in the eyes of our neighbors that we entirely overlook the beam in our own. Which is rather a pity, considering the number of them we possess and the difficulty we experience in trying to persuade others that we are not quite the hypocrites we seem. For we do desire to stand well in the eyes of the world despite loud and vainglorious denials to the contrary.

This desire of ours, legitimate and logical, will, I fancy, prompt some of us to try to explain the attitude taken by our Government in the matter of the confiscated aigrettes; but, alas, it will be impossible to satisfactorily explain the flagrant disregard of the New York State law, which orders burned all such plumage confiscated in its name. We shall, as usual, lay the blame for these mysterious doings on the shoulders of a mythical Uncle Sam and his officers, completely ignoring the fact that Uncle Sam is you and I and the other fellow; that his officers are put there by ourselves; that their greed represents our greed; their cupidity our cupidity; their shame our shame. And what a burning shame it is that we should have so far fallen from the ideals of our fathers (who in founding this nation meant that America should for all time represent right, truth, and justice) that the miserable dollars brought by the sale of the plumage from a few slaughtered birds should dull us to the sense of humiliation which we ought to feel keenly.

The Little Fire in the Woods

THIS is the season of the forest fire, which rages, not as an inscrutable act of Providence, but on account of the culpable carelessness or criminal intent of man; and is permitted to rage because conservation has no "interests" to inspire State legislators who, without such incitement to duty, appear indifferent to the well-established fact that protecting our woodland is saving actual money for the people.

Mostly, these conflagrations are started by campers who leave their cooking fire only partially extinguished, or who toss a lighted match to one side, unmindful of where it falls or the likely consequences. Some of the fires have been set going by coal-burning locomotives, and in certain Adirondack sections fires have even originated, so it is asserted, in a local desire for State employment as fire-fighters at two dollars a day. It is difficult to believe incendiarism so vile a possibility, but if such creatures infest the Adirondacks their activity will be restricted by proper protective equipment; and a dose of No. 3 chilled shot from a full-choke, twenty-gage barrel will prove a salutary corrective both for the culprit and for his kind.

The Lord Helps Him Who Helps Himself

THE cost of last summer's forest fires in the United States is estimated in the millions of dollars—enough to have thoroughly safeguarded every forest area in America and left sufficient over to build a fleet of battleships. In New York State alone 177,000 acres were devastated, and a single county paid out $40,000 to fight fire that raged because of stupid unpreparedness and confusion and apathy in the hour of discovery.

It is hard to realize that such a condition is tolerated by a hard-headed people. We leave an entire forest floor heaped with highly inflammable dead brush; we cut no breaks; we dig no ditches; we erect no observation stations; we do scarcely one intelligent thing to prevent fire or to control it when once it has started; we sit down complacently and trust to Providence. When the fire comes sweeping across the woodland there is an agitated scurrying for local fighters at two dollars the day, and a great howl in the land over impending disaster. Afterward people talk earnestly of the need of suitable equipment; the newspapers print pleading editorials—and the next year it is all gone over again.

We have these costly destructive fires because a half-baked law leaves the forest floor strewn with inviting tinder, and provides no adequate equipment to fight flame once under way. Gifford Pinchot has demonstrated, through the Federal Forest Service, what intelligent preparedness can do to diminish fire loss, and the same system is open to the States. Commissioner Whipple in New York has taken the bull by its horns, and is going ahead building telephone lines and observation stations in the Adirondacks and Catskills.

In the first place, the dead underbrush and the fallen timber should be cleared out, the simplest and most economic way to do so seeming to be to give it to those who will carry it off. Observation stations will enable wardens to immediately discover fire and give them a chance to quench it before well started. A telephone system will make possible immediate assembly of guards; while lanes cut through the timber and ditches help to secure an early control, even when the fire has gathered considerable headway. When the remedy is so plain it argues ill of our intelligence that we continue to suffer—and to complain. And it's up to the people of the State to help themselves if they would save both their forests and their money. Legislation providing intelligent equipment and competent wardens constitutes the remedy.

Stamp It Out

THERE are two ways you and I can help protect our woodland which conserves the water that nourishes the crops, that feed the mill, that make America's industrial wheels go around:

First—Cast your vote for a man, whether for State or national office, who is independent of the "interests"; and don't wait until the situation has reached the stage where it is the lesser of two evils, but go to the primaries where the nominations are made—*and work*. Don't be one of those inactive "good" men who have no other recommendation for State service than that they are "God-fearing"! Fear of God makes for useful citizenship only when it is coupled with courage to fight—for the Church, for the State, for the Right—your right, my right, which is the right of the people. You can't unseat the politician who ignores that right except by determined and continuous assault.

Second—Put out your camp-fire when you start on your day's tramp in the morning, and be sure it is out. Stamp on the smouldering coals and cover them with dirt, lest a passing breeze fan them into devastating life after you have gone on your way. Throw no matches on to the ground without having blown out the flame and even brushed off and killed the ember end.

Thus shall we do our duty to our State, and save our business interests thousands upon thousands of dollars.

An Ill Wind That Blew Good

COMMODORE JAMES of the New York Yacht Club is to be congratulated upon the happy thought which ordered this year's cruise of his club out of the Sound and around Cape Cod for some real yachting. The gale that overtook the fleet on its way to Portland from Vineyard Haven, driving the majority to cover and putting several of the boats out of business, is one of the most beneficial things to have fallen upon American yachting in many a day. It laid bare the flimsy character of the prevailing boat type and the paucity of sailormen among yacht owners.

Of over twenty craft that started for Portland only three kept going and arrived without mishap—the sloop *Aurora*, the schooner *Elmina*, and the auxiliary *Intrepid*; the old *America's* Cup defender *Vigilant* limped into port many hours after, somewhat damaged but still in the ring; the remainder were strewn along the coast, some badly shattered, and one with the mast torn out [illegible]

True, the Cape Cod coast is a dangerous [illegible]

October. And the storm the New York Yacht Club fleet encountered was severe, but not so severe as to stop any steam craft of over forty feet water-line length, properly spared and efficiently manned.

If the Gloucester fishermen, whose daily business lies in these very waters, were scattered as were the New York Yacht Club fleet by every thirty-five-knot blow which fell upon them, I fear the great American people would frequently go hungry for their favorite cod.

More Sailors—Fewer Passengers

THE fact is that for the most part our yachts reflect the speed mania and are light-bodied, oversparred machines, best suited to pond sailing, whose proprietors are not yachtsmen, but owners simply. The spectacle of races being postponed, as we have seen this season and every season, even on the Sound, because there happened to be a bit of a blow, is comment enough on the structural qualities of the boats and the yachtsmanly qualities of the owners. It is because we need in American yachting real boats and genuine Corinthian sailormen that we welcome with open arms the activity among the small boats and the youth of the land.

The most inspiring result of the racing incidental to the New York Yacht Club cruise was the prominence of the amateur. 'Twas Cornelius Vanderbilt and Butler Duncan and Lloyd Phoenix that piloted *Aurora* and *Intrepid* through the storm to Portland; George M. Pynchon won the King's Cup sailing his *Istalena;* J. Rogers Maxwell handled *Queen;* Henry F. Lippitt, *Winsome.* In fact, the feature of the cruise may be said to have been the 65-foot class, all sailed by their owners. This is what American yachting needs—more sailing owners and fewer passengers.

A Leaf Out of the American Book

NOT that any one wise to the situation doubted, yet it was by way of being a satisfying indorsement of their right to stand for America that the Meadow Brook team, which defeated the pick of England at Hurlingham in June, should two months later also demonstrate its superiority at home by winning the Association championship at Narragansett Pier. Except for the absence of Mr. Whitney, the team was the same in personnel at the Pier as when it won the American Polo Cup lost to England twenty-three years ago; naturally enough, however, it was off its game, and barely shut out New Haven 6 goals to 3, winning the tournament finally from Dedham 15 to 6.

But the interesting feature of the events at the Pier was the potential strength of several groups of players such as made up the New Haven and the Dedham teams—especially the New Haven. A little more of teamwork, added to their individual excellence, would have come mighty near to returning New Haven a winner on that August 7 when Meadow Brook snatched a hard-earned victory by a three-goal margin. So, although recruits are not numerous to this splendid game, at least it is gratifying to note that the average form improves without cessation, and that there are competent understudies for places in the front rank. A comforting thought with a challenge from England in prospect.

When that invading team does come, by the way, it will show the best polo any British four ever revealed, for a letter from a London sportsman tells me Englishmen are preparing to profit by their recent defeat by making their play more open. There is even talk of adopting the American cigar-headed mallet to replace their square-faced one—all of which means that American polo must sustain its class, for the defending team will have its work cut out.

A New Sporting Daniel Come to Town

THE decision of the International Committee of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, to challenge for the Davis Cup with a second team substituted for the first string if it wins the preliminary tournament, is so extraordinary as to be unbelievable had not the statement been given publicity by the Committee itself.

The Davis Cup was offered several years ago for international play by Dwight Davis of St. Louis, himself a player of strength at that time and of promise which, like so many of our young hopefuls, he did not stay long enough in the game to fulfil. The Doherty brothers took the Cup to England, and there it stayed until Australia grew Brooke, who, with Wilding, carried it off to the Antipodes, where it now is and where it is likely to remain (as long as Brooke continues active) until the Dohertys return to the game in England or we in America develop a first class having more than one member.

The method of play for the Cup has hitherto followed the usual lines governing such contests, viz., the several challengers within a given date nominate their teams which, at a mutually agreeable locality, meet in a round-robin tournament to determine upon the one entitled to challenge the holder, and the team winning this preliminary tryout plays the holder of the trophy. This is the usage of sporting ages.

Now comes this Committee—Dr. James Dwight, W. J. Clothier, R. D. Wrenn—and, with the approved American habit of thought concentrated on the mere winning, prepares to lay the foundation for some more Olympic games kind of athletic history. The challenging team, as cabled to England by the International Committee, comprised Champion W. A. Larned, W. J. Clothier, H. H. Hackett, and R. D. Little. It was soon afterward learned, however, that these men could not make the Australian trip; but the Committee intends, nevertheless, to enter them for the preliminary Cup play against the English team. If the United States wins, the Committee plans to send to Australia such other players as can be found to go in place of the ones that have been officially announced as our representatives.

Such a procedure is unprecedented. It is unfair to the Englishmen to put against them the very best four in the country, who we know will not make the trip; and it is discourteous to the Australians to offer a second string for an international tournament to which our first string only is entitled by right of conquest in the preliminary. If the team cabled to England could not go to Australia, the Committee should have at once withdrawn it from competition and played against the visiting Englishmen only such men as could go.

The course proposed by the Committee is a rank violation of sporting tradition and ethics, and would not be tolerated in any organization less loose in its methods.

The English team contains about the best Great Britain can muster, but it is second rate, and even the addition of Gore, the champion, would strengthen it very little. The match should be easy for the proposed American home team; too easy to be interesting.

California to the Rescue

THE championship demonstrated for the third time this season that we have only one really first-class lawn tennis player in the United States—William A. Larned, who earned the title for the fifth time, and in doing so quite outclassed W. J. Clothier, the All-Comers' winner. Truth is, the invading Californians—Maurice F. McLaughlin, Melville H. Long, Thomas C. Bundy, and George Janes—provided about the only enlivening element at Newport; and a promising group they are



Maurice F. McLaughlin

This California expert has proved to be the most entertaining feature of the Eastern lawn tennis season. He is the present Pacific Coast, Western, and Interscholastic champion and won his way to the finals of the All-Comers tournament at Newport last month. Coupled with Melville H. Long, from whom McLaughlin captured the Pacific Coast championship, the two will be the mainstay of the team which the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association is sending to Australia to try for the Davis Cup

—the first two, champion and ex-champion of the Pacific Coast, being the best. Long beat Behr, but had been defeated at the Crescent tournament by R. D. Little, who, all things considered, seems of the veterans to have done the best work of the year. McLaughlin won the Interscholastic and reached the All-Comers, defeating Long en route (who had beaten Behr), where he lost to Clothier. He is under twenty, as also is Long. If these two youngsters from the Golden State reach the form their present skill suggests, and do not slump, as most of our Eastern hopefuls have done through trying short cuts to success in place of the good old way of work, that empty first class of ours may be tenanted. Meanwhile, Miss May Sutton shows the way; recently she defeated the two first women of Canada, including the champion, Mrs. Hannam.

The conduct of the Newport tournament was a little better than in 1908, but not enough so to relieve it of the odium of being the most vexatiously managed tournament of the year.

Expel These Also

IN THE rapid-fire match of the National Rifle Association meeting at Camp Perry last month, the score of the team representing the United States Naval Academy was thrown out because the cadets had removed the stop pins of their rifle bolts, thus artificially quickening the action and taking unfair advantage of all the other competitors.

This is, I believe, the first instance of a team of cadets cheating in honorable contest, and the individuals who have so discreditably distinguished themselves should not be permitted to defame the Academy's good name without paying heavily for the privilege.

The other day some West Point cadets were expelled for hazing (and rightly so, no doubt; I do not question the justness of the punishment)—mere boyish pranks; but here in the Naval Academy representatives is revealed the meanest type of deceit—cheating an opponent in open contest—which reaches to the very essence of manhood, for of all obnoxious beings the liar is the most intolerable. Our national academies should be cleansed of such blood, and without delay.

Making Good

THE team scores made at the recent United States rifle shooting championship speak well of the efficiency of the nation's defenders and amply justify increased attention to target practise by the militia. The first prize was won by the United States navy team—score, 3,801; United States infantry won second with 3,752; Massachusetts militia, third, 3,727; United States cavalry, fourth, 3,746; Ohio, fifth, 3,715; Wisconsin, sixth, 3,695; New York, seventh, 3,686; Pennsylvania, eighth, 3,677; United States marines, ninth, 3,671; Iowa, tenth, 3,651.

The significant elements in this showing are, first, that the lowest score of 1909 is considerably better than the highest winning score of 1908; and, second, that the West improved the most.

If the National Rifle Association never did anything beyond stimulating interest in target practise as it has so successfully, results would still warrant its organization, for the stanchest line of defense any people can have is accuracy of the man behind the gun.

And the expert shot is a harbinger of peace.

Betraying the People's Trust

DON'T let the partizan press, or those unfriendly to protection of the public forest and water rights, fool you into thinking that the recent commotion over certain lands withdrawn from the public domain is merely a personal conflict between Pinchot and Ballinger. It's a fight all right, and it will be a fight to a finish—but it's a fight between conservation and dissipation, between the rightful duty of the people and the wrongful desire of a few.

Ballinger, masquerading as an upholder of the letter of the law, apparently is trying to neutralize the work of conservation by restoring to private exploitation areas already withdrawn for the express purpose of safeguarding the public interest.

Pinchot stands as the champion of the people in opposing this new policy at Washington. He says truly that "right construction of the law works, and must work, in the vast majority of cases, for the benefit of the men who can hire the best lawyers and who have the sources of influence in law-making at their command. Strict construction necessarily favors the great interests as against the people, and in the long run can not do otherwise. Wise execution of the law must consider what the law ought to accomplish for the general good."

Conservation is no faddish movement by a few enthusiasts—it is a national policy which declares the greatest good for the greatest number, and that means the greatest number of the plain American citizen. Conservation is no vague "ism"—it simply spells foresight and intelligence in handling the people's rights, in the administration of public waters and forests. It is the duty of the people's official servant to defend the people's manifest rights.

That is conservation; and that is what Gifford Pinchot stands for—the spirit as well as the letter of the law—enlightened sentiment as opposed to individual greed.

Allah be praised for the man who interprets the spirit of the law, and is inspired by considerations above mere material return—we need him sorely in these greedy dollar-seeking days.

No Place for Advertising

IT IS a cheering find in the worthy effort making to ease life a bit for the city work-horse (and thereby increase the value of its service to the owner) that the readiest response has come from the drivers themselves.

The two largest parades—those of Boston and New York—showed surprising improvement in grooming and general appearance. True, the pessimist may assert that the horses of these parades were not the ones of daily toil; no doubt individual cases, to prove his statement, could be found, and still a handsome margin left to the good. As a rule, the horses of the parades were the ones in actual regular service, as I have taken pains to learn—both in New York and Boston; moreover, I found the drivers taking great pride in their share of the movement and already discussing future plans with enthusiasm. The average human dearly loves a parade, and the introduction of this feature in the general help-the-work-animal movement was a happy solution of the long vexing problem of how to reach the individual caretaker.

One fact among others to particularly impress me in both these parades was the increasing number of open bridles—*i. e.*, without blinders—the only kind that should ever be put on a horse.

It will be well another year to limit class entries from any one man or firm. I noticed, especially in New York, that in a given class certain large companies were represented by from six to a dozen or more entries. Of course it was good advertising, but the work-horse parade was not inaugurated to exploit the stable equipment of wealthy commercial companies. Moreover, unlimited entries in the classes lengthen the parade to a tiresome extent, and so defeat a wish to interest the public.

Let's keep the advertising out of the work-horse parade.

Opening Old Waterways



What the Motor-Boat is Doing to Make Small Neglected Streams Navigable

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

WE WERE very comfortable, the boatman and I. I was the more comfortable, for I was in the stern, smoking, while he was at the oars, but he was also smoking. We were going down the Yahara of Wisconsin, and it is not a difficult task to row a small skiff downstream, especially when the current is just sufficient to help along without making any dangerous rapids or eddies.

It was only when we encountered barbed-wire that we became really busy, even I being then obliged to abandon comfort temporarily. One or the other of us would shout a warning, the boatman would swing the bow of the boat upstream, and we would back down upon the wire obstruction. It was then my business to grasp the wire or wires—there were usually two of them—and force them up so that by crouching low in the boat we could pass under.

Did you ever try to wrestle with barbed-wire in a moving boat?

Well, just double the difficulties of a barbed-wire fence on land and you will have something approximating the entertainment it will give you on a stream of moderate current. The only detail in which the barbed-wire of the river may be said to be easier than the barbed-wire of the fields is its comparative looseness: it can not be drawn as taut across a stream that is fifty or a hundred feet wide as it can between posts on land, although it is not unusual to run posts pretty well out into a river.

This is not to say that the barbed-wire of the river is a sagging thing that can be easily pushed up to allow a boat and its occupants to pass—occasionally we had to lie almost flat in the boat to get under—but it is naturally impossible to string it as taut on long stretches as on short. They do pretty well on the Yahara, however, and, as the lower wire was usually just about the water level, it had to be forced up a good bit before we could pass under.

The Farmers and the Barbed Wire

IN THE course of time this began to pall on me as a sport. I had inadvertently grasped a barb on one or two occasions, and on one or two other occasions a barb had grasped me by some part of my clothing. I began to be peevish about it.

"What's the explanation of these wires?" I asked the boatman.

"Lazy farmers," he answered.

I did not understand, and I told him so.

"It is easier," he explained, "and also much cheaper, to string a couple of wires across the river than it is to fence in the river-front of a pasture, and it is just as effective in keeping the cattle from straying. If you owned half a mile of river-front, wouldn't you rather string wires across the river at each end of your property than run a fence the whole length?"

Looking at it from that point of view, I admitted that I should.

"It sometimes happens, also," continued the boatman, "that a farmer owns the property on both sides of the river, and then he usually thinks he owns as much of the river as lies between."

"Does he?"

"Of course not. This is a navigable stream."

"Then he has no right to string wires across it?"

"I suppose not, but he's done it so long that he thinks he has."

"Why doesn't somebody stop it?"

"I don't know. I suppose it's easier to cut the wires."

"Cut the wires?"

"Yes. It's customary to carry wire-nippers, you know. We ought to have brought some along. It makes a bit of hard feeling between the farmers and those who use the river, but what can you do?"

"Are these conditions confined to the Yahara?"

"Oh, no. I guess they string wires across all the rivers that are not too wide and are not deep enough to float the larger craft. I know they do on some."

Later I found this to be true. Wires are strung quite generally on the smaller navigable streams of the Middle West, and I presume, although I have no definite information, that conditions are similar everywhere.

It occurred to me as rather extraordinary that the streams should be thus appropriated, without serious protest, by those who had no greater rights on them than the rest of the public, to the great annoyance, inconvenience, and occasionally danger, of those who might wish to use them as waterways. It was my understanding that a navigable stream was a good deal like a public highway, and a farmer would hesitate a long time before stretching barbed-wire across a public highway, even one little used, as a matter of convenience and economy. And if he dared do it, what then? Would he not be given almost immediate cause to regret it? Why should the rights of those who may wish to use the waterways be less jealously guarded?

I found, to begin with, that the practise of stringing wires is common upon many, if not all, of the smaller streams. Of course, where a stream is not navigable in law, there can be no valid objection to this, but I have reference to streams that the law declares navigable, which are used to some extent, and which, in most cases, would be used much more if it were not for the obstructions.

Except where a river is too wide or is deep enough to carry steamers or large launches, custom has made it almost the personal property of those who own the adjoining land, and many of them so regard it. They do with it whatever may suit their fancy, and they look upon the man with a canoe, a skiff, or a motor-boat as an interloper who has no rights at all. So strong is this feeling in some places that passing boats have been stoned and canoeing parties, stopping to eat lunch on the bank, have been driven away.

Now let us see exactly what is the status of the man who would use a navigable waterway—it is immaterial how infrequently it may be used so long as it is navigable—and also of the man who owns property along the bank, beginning with a little investigation into what constitutes a "navigable stream."

An application to the War Department, which exercises jurisdiction over interstate navigable streams, brought this definition, taken from a decision of the United States Supreme Court:

"Those rivers are public navigable rivers in law which are navigable in fact. Rivers are navigable in fact when they are used, or are susceptible of being used in their ordinary condition, as highways for commerce, over which trade and travel are or may be conducted in the customary modes of trade and travel on water."

To which is added this statement: "Rafting and the floating of logs are recognized methods of navigation." So, in effect, a river is navigable in law if you can float a canoe or a saw-log upon it in its ordinary condition—not when it is high or when it is low, but just as you ordinarily find it. A canoe, of course, represents one of the customary modes of travel by water. It is not even necessary that it should be used at all regularly or generally for such travel, but merely that it shall be susceptible of being so used. That brings pretty much everything but the creeks, and even some of them, within the definition of "navigable stream."

In the River and Harbor Act of 1899, after enumerating a score of things, including even piers, that may not be constructed on, over or under any navigable waters without the consent of Congress and the approval of the plans by the War Department, Congress clinched the whole thing with this: "The creation of *any* obstruction not affirmatively authorized by Congress to the navigable capacity of *any* of the waters of the United States is hereby prohibited." The penalty for the violation of any of the provisions of the sections of the act relating to waterways obstructions is, in the case of an individual, a fine not exceeding $2,500 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both. In the case of a corporation, the fine alone applies.

Rather a stiff price to pay for the pleasure of stringing wires that catch the unwary or doing any of the many other things that are convenient or profitable, and which farmers and others do everywhere on these minor streams. Little private dams are not unknown, and an occasional small foot-bridge is thrown across a stream for neighborhood convenience. All of which is unlawful without the express consent of Congress and the approval of the plans by the War Department.

This becomes of real importance only because of the growing use of the minor waterways for pleasure and profit. A few years ago no one cared whether there were wires or private bridges or dams or jetties or anything else that the adjacent property owner might think necessary for his convenience or otherwise advantageous. His rights were no greater then than now, but no one was interested in disputing any rights that he might assert or appropriate to himself.

The Motor-Boat and River Obstructions

THEN came the motor-boat, and, following that, the canoe suddenly attained a new popularity. The motor-boat and the canoe demand a wider range than the skiff. The canoe, of course, can be easily portaged, so that presented no serious problem, but the motor-boat is a different proposition. A launch of any size can be portaged only by the use of a cradle or, at least, a wagon. That means that its sphere of activity is limited by the nearest dam in either direction, which is particularly exasperating to the man who has a good boat. Ten miles of river is to him what a frog-pond is to a man with a skiff. It becomes about as interesting, after a time, as riding a horse up and down a lane.

There would be no significance in this if motor-boats were occasional luxuries, as they once were, but in river and lake towns they have become almost as common as bicycles and automobiles, and boat-builders everywhere last spring reported that they were swamped with orders. Every town of any size, and some of no size at all, that I passed on the Yahara, the Rock, the Mississippi, and the Illinois Rivers had its fleet of motor-boats of one kind or another, and loud were the complaints of river obstructions that restricted the use of the rivers. But the motor-boat promises to open many of them again. It has given a new popularity to the smaller waterways, and it promises to do for them what the automobile has been and is doing for the highways.

A small motor-boat can go almost anywhere that a skiff can go, and go quicker. Therefore it wants to go farther. It can not be portaged like a canoe, so obstructions that are merely annoyances to the latter are serious obstacles





Passing through a canal lock



to the summer. This, taken with the popularity it has attained and the comparatively recent general development of canoeing as a pastime, has created entirely new conditions on the minor waterways, and the great increase in the number of resorts and summer homes has served to emphasize these new conditions, being, in fact, one of the results and also one of the causes of motor-boat popularity.

I passed no town of any size that did not have its groups of summer homes along the river—always above the dam in dam towns, for the boats are kept above the dams. There might be as beautiful, or even more beautiful, spots below, but they were unavailable. Above, everything was trim and neat and attractive—delightful homes, well-kept lawns, fine boathouses, trim launches; below, the property was all unimproved. I imagine a dam must double or triple the value of property above it and have a correspondingly injurious effect upon the property below it. This, of course, when one gets beyond the business water-front of a town, is largely due to its availability or unavailability for summer homes, summer hotels, and amusement parks, and this availability, in turn, depends upon the launch and the motor-boat. So, again, we come to the all-pervading influence of the motor-boat.



Profile Rock, near Madison, Wisconsin



Blue Rock, near Grand Detour, on the Rock River

The Installation of Locks

THESE conditions are now being recognized in all legislation and department decisions affecting the waterways. For instance, the permission to construct a dam at Kilbourn, on the Wisconsin River, was coupled with the condition that a lock should be installed whenever, in the opinion of the War Department, the needs of water travel might require it. A specific stipulation for the installation of a lock, according to those interested in reopening the streams, is not necessary, as the Government can compel dam owners to put them in anyway, and they further maintain that it will not be very long before the Government will demand the installation of locks at points where the conditions are favorable for boating, or can be made favorable for boating, on both sides of the dams. A lock for the smaller pleasure craft is not particularly costly. There is one on the Yahara, between Lakes Mendota and Monona, at Madison—the only lock of this kind of which I have knowledge.

In line with this is the movement to open the Yahara to motor-boats and even small steamers from Madison to Janesville. Similar efforts are being made along other streams, and success in one case will stimulate others to work. I speak particularly of the Yahara because I happen to be familiar with conditions there. It is not so long ago that none but a few campers cared whether the Yahara was open or not. With the coming of the motor-boat, however, came summer homes and summer hotels beyond the points that previously had been considered reasonably accessible. It was about as easy to go to the end of the chain of four lakes as it had been to cross the first one before. So summer hotels and cottages appeared on Lakes Waubesa and Kegonsa, and now it is planned to make an open channel to Janesville.

If the Yahara can be opened to motor-boats for its entire length, why not the Rock? And if the Rock, why not any river that is capable of floating them? The same sort of a movement is under way along other streams, and growing fleets of motor-boats everywhere are making the demand for more room ever stronger. They are practically forcing the reopening of old waterways.

There can be no doubt that one reason why existing conditions on the smaller rivers have been allowed to remain as they are lies in the lack of knowledge on the part of those who do or would use them as to what streams are and are not "navigable."

However, the law is sufficiently specific to enable one to judge with reasonable certainty, and a general knowledge of the provisions of the law will in itself do much toward clearing many of the streams of their obstructions. It is only necessary for those who would use them lawfully to know their rights and for those who do use them unlawfully to know the penalty. The law may be invoked against offenders any time that some United States district attorney awakes or is awakened to the fact of the violation, and the advantage secured would hardly seem to be worth the risk.

Let the Children Dig

The Sand-Pile and the Garden

By EBEN E. REXFORD

IF I were going to take a family of children into the country to live, or to remain over summer, the very first thing I would do in the way of providing for their entertainment would be to make a sand-pile for them. This I would locate in an out-of-the-way corner of the home grounds, and I would arrange, if possible, that part of it should be in shade, the balance fully exposed to the sun. The children want something they can dig in, and not merely a surface-covering of sand two or three inches deep. Half a dozen loads are none too many, you will find, to enable them to carry out their engineering feats in making tunnels, and sinking wells, and laying out farms and fields, and the hundred and one other things boys and girls with healthy imagination will plan and execute when given the opportunity to do so.



I have spoken of shade and exposure in connection with the location of the sand-heap. There should be both. On hot midsummer days the children will find exposure to the intense heat of noon almost intolerable, but it will not be sufficiently so to keep them away from their playground. The branches of an overhanging tree or the wall of a building on the sunward side of the heap will temper the heat enough to make it healthily cool, and they will be glad to take advantage of it temporarily. But quite as healthful in its effect will be a sun-bath in the forenoon, and during ordinary weather children often take delight in making veritable salamanders of themselves.

They Never Tire of the Sand

THERE is really more health, more pleasure for the little folks in a good, big pile of sand than in anything else I know of. It will keep them busy as no toys can, because there will be something fresh and new doing in it every day. Indeed, they never tire of it. It won't cost much, and the head of the family will consider it the best investment he ever made for more reasons than one. Sharp, coarse sand isn't dirty, and the mother who is given to worrying over the neatness of her children's clothes can turn them loose in the sand-pile without fear of mud-stains. But don't make the mistake of dressing the children up when you send them out to play. Put them into stout, plain, serviceable clothes—the smaller ones, boys and girls alike, into trousers with a big front, and let them dig and delve to their hearts' content. Provide shovels and pails and hoes and wheelbarrows. You won't have to show them how to use them. Instinct will tell them that in next to no time if they never saw any of these utensils before.

For the larger children—those eight to twelve years old—provide a piece of ground from which they can develop a garden. Children like to see things grow if their attention is turned in that direction, and it will need but little encouragement on the part of the parent to get them to undertake the culture of vegetables and flowers on a small scale. When you give your instructions in gardening, give it in the form of object-lessons. Take your spade and hoe and work with the children. Show them what to do, and explain to them why it should be done. Get them well started in the right direction, and after a little you can trust them to run things for themselves.

If you want the boys and girls to become really interested in gardening, provide them with just as good tools as you would select for yourself. When the child gets an idea that he is being treated in a childish fashion, he very soon loses interest in what he has undertaken. Give him to understand that you have confidence in his ability to do good work by giving him good utensils to do it with, and encourage him to rely upon his own judgment just as soon as you see that he begins to understand the principles underlying the work in hand.

And be sure to provide the children with tents; let these tents be of good size—large enough for the children to play in in bad weather — and encourage them to occupy them nights as well as days. Such a sleeping-room is far healthier than the bedroom.

Winning Baseball Pennants

Brains Beat Hands and Feet at the Game

By HUGH STEWART FULLERTON

COMISKEY was sitting under the grand-stand of his baseball park in Chicago sliding back and forth along the seat with every move of the players who were battling for victory on the field. Dick Padden, veteran of many hard seasons, was at bat. Suddenly he writhed and twisted as if making frantic efforts to hit a pitched ball, and at the crucial second he threw up his arm just enough to make the ball touch it and trotted to first base. The crowd roared in hope of victory. "He made it hit him," commented Comiskey, *sotto voce*.

Padden touched first base, walked off a few steps rubbing his bruised arm and savagely accusing the pitcher of hitting him purposely (all for effect), and then, choosing the exact second that the pitcher started to swing his arm, he gained a flying start, threw his body away from the baseman, hooked his extended right foot around the bag, pivoted and arose from the dust cloud safe on second base. A moment later the batter drove a hit to right field. Padden sprinted hard until he passed third base, then slowed up just enough to tempt the fielder into throwing to the catcher, and as he saw the ball coming he sprinted again and slid safe. His slowing down had enabled the batter to reach second base and another hit followed. St. Louis broke in panic: the pitcher let down, and before the inning ended Chicago had scored five runs and victory was assured. Then said Comiskey thoughtfully: "I don't understand that fellow Padden: he can't hit; he can't run; he is slow in the field and on the bases; his arm is gone until he hardly can throw to first base; he isn't any too certain on fly balls; he is bad on handling thrown balls and weak on touching runners, but he is a corking good ball player."

Speed of Thought

COMISKEY'S comment was the best testimonial ever given to the theory that the brain can beat the hands and feet playing baseball.

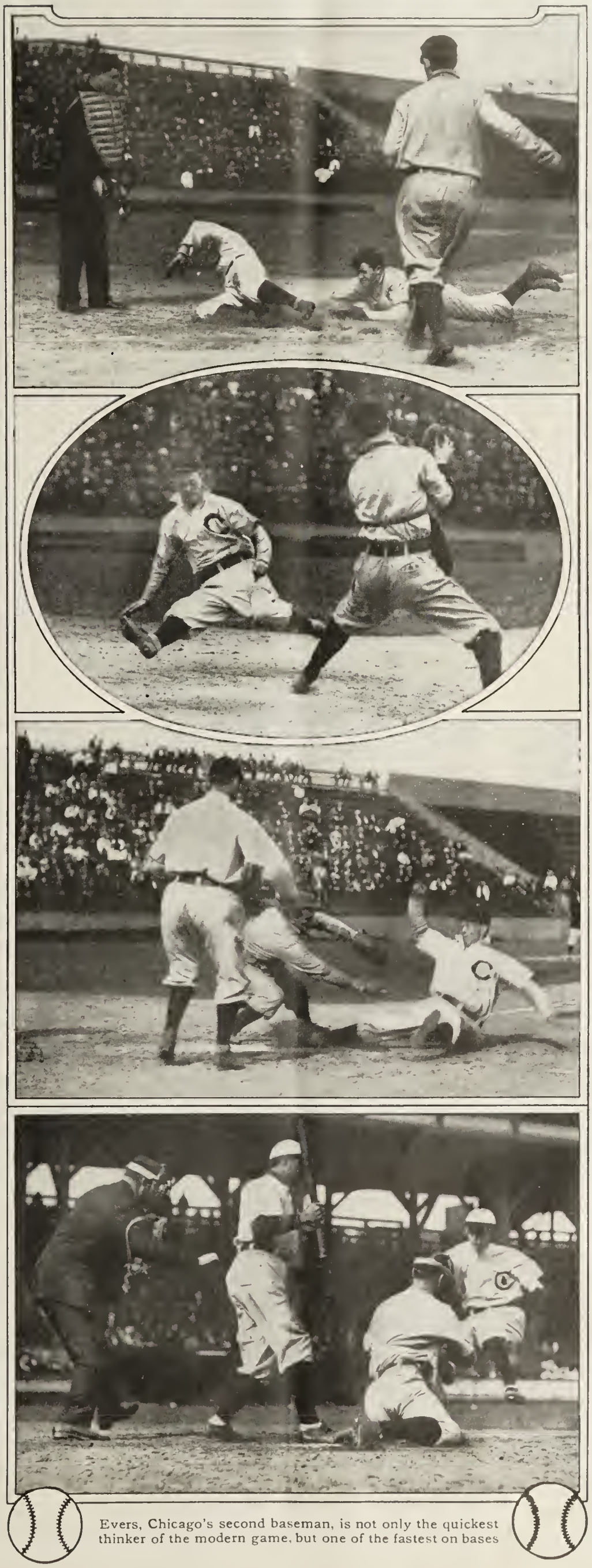
The speed with which the brains of some baseball players act and transmit orders to feet or hands seems scarcely less than marvelous even to those who make baseball a business. One only can judge of the enormous thought speed of some players by feats which they have accomplished in games and under conditions which made it impossible that the plays should have been worked out in advance.

In the major leagues there are three classes of players, designated in the picturesque language of the game as "bushers," "bone-heads," and "topnotchers." The "busher" is the freshman, inexperienced but promising, and he derives his name from the fact that he recently has graduated from the "bush" or minor leagues. During or after his first season he is classified in one of the other divisions, according to the rapidity or slowness with which he thinks. To become a "bone-head" dooms a man forever to mediocrity, even though he may have much mechanical ability, because his inability to keep up the brain pace of the modern game bars him from valuable participancy in "team-play."

A Lightning Ruse

SOMETIMES, to those who watch and analyze every play, the mental gymnastics of the players amaze. Pat Flaherty, the Boston National's left-handed pitcher, performed a feat last summer that was conceived and executed with such speed that the eye could not follow. To estimate Flaherty's thought speed, figure that the pitcher's slab is 60.5 feet from the home base and that a baseball hit hard "on the line" straight back at the pitcher will travel sixty feet in approximately one-eighth of a second. Frequently balls thus hit strike the pitcher's hands with a sound that is like a rapid echo of the crack of the bat. Every player knows that frequently no one except the pitcher sees a "line drive" at all while the ball is in the air. Flaherty, realizing this, made the play entirely on the theory that he was the only one who had seen the ball. Boston was playing St. Louis, there was a runner on first base, and Konetchy drove the ball straight back at Flaherty with tremendous force. Flaherty caught the ball in his gloved right hand, and, whirling, he started to run rapidly back toward second base. Byrne, the runner on first base, knew from the sound of the bat that the ball was hit on the line and held his base to see where it went, but seeing Flaherty turn and run back, the same thought came to him that came to all spectators, that the ball had broken through Flaherty's hands and was rolling on, and he made a dash for second base to avoid being "forced out." Flaherty suddenly stopped running, grinned, and tossed the ball to McGann, completing the double play. The ball had been in his glove all the time, but the instant he felt it stick there he realized that Byrne would not leave the first base unless tricked into doing so, and, knowing that Byrne would judge what had become of the ball by the movement of the fielders, he conceived and executed his pretense of following the ball.

The trained sense of finished ball players is revealed by the lightning manner in which they judge the force and direction of a batted ball from the sound. Outfielders, who often can not see the ball at all until it raises out of the shadow of the stands, ninety-nine cases in a hundred spring in the right direction before seeing the ball. How they do it not one of them can explain. There is a story concerning "Tacks" Parrot that illustrates the point, even if not accompanied by affidavits. "Tacks," according to the yarn, was playing center field in St. Louis where the grand-stand was high, casting a shadow very heavy. The batter fouled the ball over the stand, and "Tacks," hearing the crack, gazed rapidly in all directions in search of the ball. Then he turned and raced out toward center field at top speed, leaped, stuck up one hand and caught—an English sparrow!



Evers, Chicago's second baseman, is not only the quickest thinker of the modern game, but one of the fastest on bases

Truth of the "Lucky Bound"

HOW much the quickness of brain depends upon the eye speed of the player is hard to estimate. Some players are faster of the eye than others, but all major league players must have quick eyes. Many are slow to perceive a situation and slower to take advantage of it. The speed of the eye of some ball players seems incredible. For several years after Lajoie started his major league career experts referred constantly to the big fellow as "lucky" because of his seemingly careless and indifferent way of fielding ground hits, and many predicted he would be a failure "as soon as the ball quits coming to him on easy bounds." Lajoie has a peculiar way of relying upon his hands alone, and seldom takes the precaution to get his feet and legs in position to block the ball should it elude his grasp. It looked to the experts as if everything hit toward second base came to Lajoie on the "lucky bound," they being unable to realize that his wonderful eye and quick brain enabled him to judge the instant the ball was hit exactly where the ball would bound, and that his speed enabled him to be there just at the instant to take it at the easiest position.

A Gift of Sight

IF YOU hold an object for a half-second before the eyes of the ordinary man and cover it suddenly, not one in ten can even call the nature of the object, much less describe it. Try the same experiment with a professional baseball player and the result is surprising. An incident that happened years ago on the Chicago National League grounds illustrates how rapidly the eye of the trained athlete conceives objects. "Barry" McCormick was playing shortstop when the batter drove a comparatively easy bounding ball toward him. The ball approached him, taking natural bounds, but on the final bound, before reaching the position, it struck something, was deflected, and "shot low." McCormick already "set" in position, side-stepped, stooped, caught the ball, made a hurried throw to first base, and then leaped forward to the spot the ball had struck and picked up a silver quarter dollar. The coin had been half-buried in the grass, but as the ball struck it, it had turned, flashed, and fallen back into its bed, yet in that infinitesimal space of time McCormick had realized the nature of the object.

The most famous play ever made in baseball, one still fresh in the memory of thousands, was the result of the quick thinking of Evers, Chicago's diminutive second baseman, who is perhaps the fastest thinker in modern baseball. The play was the one made in New York on September 23, 1908, when Merkle failed to touch second base and cost New York the championship. The play, however, did not originate in that game, but in the game between the Pittsburg and Chicago teams in Pittsburg, September 4. [illegible] tied in the ninth inning, with Clarke on third base; Gill, an experienced [illegible]

[illegible] men out. [illegible] that. Wilson [illegible] a clean hit [illegible] base and sent home Clarke, ran a few steps toward second base, saw the run score, and, without continuing to second base, turned and raced for the club-house to avoid being caught in the crowd that was swarming over the field. The moment that Gill left the base lines, Evers conceived an unheard-of play. He rushed to second base and screamed to Hofman to throw the ball to him, and when he received the ball he touched second and set up the claim that as Gill had not touched second base he was forced out, retiring the side, and that, as the rules forbid a run counting on the third out in any inning, the score still was tied. Umpire O'Day had seen the runner cross the plate and, turning, had walked to the water-tap and was taking a drink. He did not know whether or not Gill had gone to second base, and could not decide.

A fortnight later on the Polo Grounds, while Chicago and New York were fighting for the pennant in the final series of the season, exactly the same play came up in the last inning. This time Merkle, also inexperienced, made the same blunder Gill had made, and failed to complete the play by running to second base. But this time O'Day saw the play, and the result was his decision which caused the biggest sensation baseball has had in years. And, after all the argument was over, the one clearly established fact was that Evers's quick brain had saved the pennant for Chicago when it seemed won for New York by Bridwell's hit.

The Reign of "King Kel"

MIKE KELLY, "King Kel" they called him, perhaps was the quickest thinker and brainiest ball-player in the history of the national game. Kelly had no precedents to guide him in making plays, as his career was during the formative period of baseball, when he, Comiskey, Johnny Ward, Latham, Welch, and O'Neill were inventing and perfecting plays that are now in the repertoire of even the worst of the "bone-head" class. Rules were revised and revised because each time one was written Kelly devised some way of beating it.

One winter the lawmakers of the game changed the rules so as to permit managers to take players out of games during play and substitute others. A few weeks after the season opened, the White Stockings were playing Detroit, and Kelly was on the bench with Flint catching, and Chicago was in imminent danger of defeat. The bases were crowded with Detroit players, and a hit meant probably defeat for the champions. The batter hit up a high foul, which neither Flint nor Anson could reach, and just as the ball was falling near the grand-stand Kelly conceived a brilliant idea. Springing from the bench, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Flint, you're out of the game." Then calmly catching the ball, he took Flint's mask and glove and went behind the bat to catch. Gaffney, who was umpiring, refused flatly to allow the catch. Kelly read the rule to him in vain, but his argument was so strong that the lawmakers revised the rule at once, forbidding the changing of players while a play was in process.

The rapidity with which one player will grasp the plan of another and abet him in carrying it out is one of the marvels of modern team play. There is a trick that Evers and Tinker of the World's Champions have used several times in victimizing "bone-heads" on opposing teams that is almost laughable. The first time that it was worked was three years ago. A Cincinnati player was on first base when the batter hit a line fly to right field straight at the fielder. Four out of five times when a hit like that is made a runner at first base has no idea where the ball is until the coacher informs him or until the actions of the opposing players give him a clue.

Evers, knowing this, ran as hard as he could toward second base, slid on his side, and stuck out one hand as if making a desperate effort to reach the ball. Tinker, catching the idea, raced back of the second base as if trying to head off a ground hit. The runner at first base, tricked into believing that a safe hit had gone over second base, tore around the bases at top speed. He had rounded second base and was sprinting for third when the right-fielder caught the ball, tossed it back to first base, and completed the double play.

The Oddest Hoax in Baseball

NUMEROUS times players take advantage of the fact that base-runners do not know where batted balls have gone, but there is only one instance of a team winning a game because a player realized that he was the only one who could see the ball. "Gentle" James Ryan, then playing with Anson's famous White Stockings, made the play, and Lange abetted him in carrying out the oddest hoax in baseball history. The afternoon was dark and dusk, and a storm approaching. Chicago had a lead of one run, the visiting team had two runners on bases and two men out, and the White Stockings

(*Concluded on page 28*)



A man in Brooklyn built this and sleeps here

The Bed in the Open

The Joys of Outdoor Sleeping

By BAILEY MILLARD

"NO; it would never do to lie out in the night air. Mr. Emerson might take cold, and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing."

That is what the Boston friends of the Sage of Concord said to John Muir under the Mariposa big trees where Emerson, then in his seventies, had agreed to camp with the mountain-climber.

"So Emerson," said Muir to me in telling the story, "took advice of his friends and went to the hotel. I had been trying to induce him to take a long camping trip back into the heart of the mountains. He was willing, but his party, full of indoor philosophy, raised the question of this baleful open-air sleeping. I compromised on one night in the big trees and counted upon it as a happy, memorable experience, but these folk with the house habit would not even let him have that. In vain I urged that it was only in houses colds were caught, that nobody was ever known to take cold in those woods. These people of culture shook their wise heads and dragged poor old Emerson off to the hotel. So I had my campfire all to myself."

It was nearly forty years ago that Emerson's friends refused to let him spend a night out-of-doors. To-day they would hardly hesitate, for Boston has added to its wisdom the knowledge that sleeping out-of-doors, so far from being dangerous, is probably the only safe way; and as to taking cold, where one has sufficient bedclothing there is not the slightest danger, even with the temperature at ten degrees below zero, which suggests a story told by George Wharton James about a city-bred man who was sent in his care to the mountains for his health.

An Elemental Joy

ON THE first night James proposed to put him up beside a snow-drift at a high altitude.

"But," protested the city man, "it will kill me!"

"Well," said James, "I'll see you are decently buried."

James gave his camp-mate a good hot supper and spread his blankets out upon the snow. When the timid man was well wrapped up, with a hot stone at his feet and a cheery campfire lighting up the wintry scene, he felt less alarmed. James talked him to sleep, and when he woke in the morning the sick man confessed he felt more comfortable than for many months. After that he slept out every night and is now restored to health.

Now, while it is a fact, and a pitiful one, that most persons wait until they are ill before venturing upon the practise of outdoor sleeping, there are many others who do so from actual choice, although they are perfectly healthy. Among these are the happiest people in the world—happiest because their nerves are steadiest, because they have more physical resistance to heat and to cold, and, most of all, because night after night they revel in that large elemental joy, that real animal content which is known by the shepherds of the hills.

Light folding cots are made for campers, but these, as well as hammocks, are a nuisance when one has to take them out of a wagon and set them up every night. I started to the Yosemite with four of these folding fooleries to accommodate as many members of my family, and when half-way on my journey traded the labor-making devices for potatoes. The cots were cold underneath and were always wobbly or breaking down. We took to the ground, and all my people agreed that on a camping journey there was no place to sleep upon like the good gray earth.



The model open-air sleeping-room, simple of construction, as prescribed for the dwelling-house

For a regular camp of a week or longer straw may be used, if it be handy, but there is nothing like the boughs of the balsam fir. These branches are light, springy, and fragrant, and to lie down upon a thick bed of them is to enjoy the luxury of the gods. Cedar boughs are heavy and the solid part will dig at your ribs and keep you awake. Tamarack is also too tough, and so is hemlock. Spruce is lighter and springier and will do very well, but the balsam fir is best of all and is more conducive to health. Balsam boughs have a tendency to spread under your blankets, but this may be corrected by pegging four poles at the sides, bottom, and top of the couch. To lie down upon a properly made couch of fir boughs on a clear night, to breathe their balsam while one gazes at the stars, and slowly to feel one's senses taken possession of by Nature's wholesome anesthetics, weariness, and pure air, is among the most delicious and treasured experiences of the mountain traveler.

Tent sleeping is not always beneficial, unless ventilation is thorough. Not only should there be a hole at least a foot square high up in the back of the tent, but the flaps should be left wide open or one side tied up at least six inches above ground. Even in cold weather there should be some sort of opening, for cold air in a tent or room is not necessarily pure air. For a camping journey the lighter the tent the better.

Outdoor Sleeping at Home

AS TO outdoor sleeping at home, many methods have been devised. There are the sliding bed, on which the upper half of the sleeper extends out of the window and is covered with an awning, having one side open; the roof cage, for city houses with boarded tin or shingle top and screen sides; the porch tent and the back-yard shack, two sides of which are lattice work, with inside storm curtains of canvas that can easily be lowered; but



Properly set, with ventilation well provided for, a tent is the most pleasurable shelter for out-of-door sleeping

the most practicable of all is the sleeping balcony. This balcony, or upper porch, is generally built upon the rear of the house off an inside dressing-room that is kept at a comfortable temperature. Such a structure, say 7 by 9 feet, can be built upon brackets at a cost of fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. One side of it should be fully enclosed to protect the sleeper from prevailing winds, and there should be an overhanging roof. The house wall, of course, affords additional protection. The other two sides should be boarded three feet up from the floor, and above that they may be left open, with canvas curtains drawn up to the top, ready to be let down and buttoned securely in bad weather, always leaving a narrow gap at the roof-protected top for ventilation. Lattice-work may screen the open-air sleeper. It prevents the bed-going and uprising from becoming neighborhood affairs.

Near my home on the Palisades, overlooking upper Manhattan, is a model outdoor sleeping-room, occupied every night, even in zero weather, by a real-estate man, his wife and child. These persons are not invalids. They sleep out from choice. Little Peggy, as the child is called, is a year and a half old, but she has never slept in the house. Peggy is a normal, healthy child, not in the least fretful, but always seemingly full of the joy of life. Every night she is dressed in her night-clothes in an inside room and laid in her little bed, which is then wheeled out upon the balcony, where she sleeps soundly and with rarely a waking cry. The balcony is at the back of the house, looking down upon the Hudson. It is 8 by 10 feet and opens out of a dressing-room. Six feet of the length is cut into the body of the house. The remaining four feet project beyond the house wall, the projection being sealed from the floor all around to a height of three feet, leaving large openings with grooved casings into which are fitted sliding blinds like those in railway cars. The blinds are closed only in bad weather. It is easy to convert an ordinary porch into a fresh-air chamber by enclosing one or two sides with glass or canvas and leaving the other sides open. If wooden shutters or canvas curtains are provided for the open places there need be no exposure to wind, rain, or snow.

There are several devices for sleeping out of doors in your own house, and any of them may be employed by the apartment dweller. A home-made window tent that will serve every purpose is constructed as follows: Take some 1 by 2 inch strips of pine and some good, heavy ducking, and with these make a canvas box with a wooden framework, the length of the box or tent to be the width of the bed and the width and height of the box to be those of the lower window-sash. Leave the bottom and the window end of the box open and let about two feet of canvas hang down below the bottom of the frame on the three enclosed sides. As this box is to be laid upon the bed, one side against the headboard, it will be seen that the wooden framework can be used only on three sides of the bottom, otherwise the sleeper would feel an uncomfortable weight upon his body. Instead of the mid-bed wood-strip, therefore, use a piece of strong elastic tape stretched across the bottom of the tent and over the bed.



In a region which is infested by insects you may sleep undisturbed and in comfort, if protected by a wire cage

The loose canvas at the head and side of the bed should be tucked under the mattress. A wood-frame screen should be placed in the window and the open end of the tent-frame should be fastened to it by hooks and screw-eyes at top and bottom. A low-hanging awning outside the window should then be let down, and thus one may sleep in pure air in his own bed without danger from exposure.

My experience as well as that of nearly every other outdoor sleeper that I have met proves one fact conclusively: The number of indoor sleeping hours can be cut in two by the outdoor slumberer without ill effect, and no one who sleeps afield ever requires in one night more than six or seven hours of tired nature's sweet restorer unless he has been sleep-starved beforehand.

Let us leave our stuffy bedrooms in summer and lie out under the stars. They are mighty good company, stars are. They wink at you confidentially and say a great many pleasant things in a language all their own.

The Call of the Hoe

To Stir the Soil Is to Let in the Air and Thus Give It Fertility

By L. H. BAILEY

Dean of Cornell Agricultural College

I DOUBT whether a person can find in any literature a good history of the hoe; and yet the hoe is the implement with which man has possessed the earth. It was with some kind of a hand tool that he first broke the earth and then planted the seeds that they might grow.

If we were to make a history of the hoe, we should show the way by which man has come to his present state; for it is more than likely that many of his implements have evolved out of the crude tools with which, in his primitive state, he struck the earth. The remainder of the early implements have probably arisen from those with which he struck other animals and protected himself in combat. The implements of combat tend always to pass away as men ascend, but the implements of tillage tend always to increase.

The hoe is undoubtedly the primitive form of the plow; for a plow is essentially a hoe drawn by a man or a domesticated animal. The furrow-turning plow is a very late development. In fact, the usual plow of many peoples to-day is only a crude improvement of the crotched stick, lifting and breaking the earth but not inverting it.

It may astonish the intending countryman to be told that if he wants a good garden or crop he must water it with a rake or harrow before he waters it with a hose; and yet this is just what he must do if he would be a worthy member of the craft that makes the earth to blossom.

In dry weather the soil moisture tends always to rise and to pass from the surface by evaporation. Anything that checks the surface evaporation, of course, keeps the water in the soil. A board or a blanket or a mulch of sawdust on the surface prevents or checks evaporation. The earth is moist beneath the covering. Similarly, a layer of dry loose earth acts as a mulch; and in this case we may make the mulch on the spot rather than apply it as a foreign material. The mulch is made by any surface-working tools that leave the soil loose and more or less fine.

A "crust" of earth usually acts just the reverse of a mulch, for it continues the capillary connection of the under-soil with the atmosphere. It is, therefore, necessary to break up or destroy the crust as well as to make the mulch; so that the hoe may very properly precede the rake; or, in field practise, the cutting "cultivating" tools may precede the straight-tooth harrow.

It is more important to keep the water in the soil than to add or apply water to it. After a man has learned how to keep and utilize all the water that the rains provide him, he may then add more if his plants need it; and it is exactly the land that is best tilled and handled that profits most by the application both of water and of fertilizer.

The "dry-farming" in the West, now so much in the public discussion, is a process of storing and keeping the rainfall (by deep preparation of the land and maintenance of the earth-mulch) until there is sufficient supply in the soil to make a crop. Vast areas of semi-arid lands that can never be irrigated—because of lack of water and of the physical configuration—can be made to yield a good produce by means of saving and utilizing the natural rainfall.

The stirring of the soil lets in the air, improves the physical structure, keeps the water, makes it possible for certain bacteria to multiply, and in other ways aids the soil to produce a crop. The tilling of the soil is properly, therefore, a continuing process for a good part of the season; and its weed-killing function is only secondary or incidental.



The delightful New Mexico climate invites to outdoor sleeping

One comes into the closest contact with the soil and the plant when he applies the tools of tillage. It is inexplicable what constitutes work and what pleasure. The handling of an agricultural implement is universally regarded as the most menial of labor, and yet the more laborious and essentially less inspiring handling of ball clubs and golf implements is assembled with the pleasures. The modern tillage tools, particularly the horse tools made in America, have come to be so comely and so nicely effective that the handling of them ought not to be wholly devoid of pleasure.

It is a good art to handle a hoe well. Very few persons can do it. Most persons hack and strike as if guided by mere muscular instinct; but now and then one finds a man who picks his hoe or rake with as much care as he chooses a walking-stick, who files the blade to a shape to suit, and who uses the tool with deftness and discrimination.

But it is the contact with the soil, and what grows out of it, that I desire chiefly to emphasize, because this contact is worth the while of any intelligent man. One acquires a sense of dominion in the use of these tillage tools that he scarcely gains in any other way. This is especially true in these times when we have learned to place so great importance on the features of different individual plants, choosing a particular plant as parent in order that we may produce a generation more to our liking. One can not do this work of improving new plants unless he comes very closely into relation with the different plants themselves. Plowing takes one into contact with the fields, but the use of the tillage tools takes one into contact with the soil and the plants.

Much more attention has been given to the perfecting of horse-hoes than to hand-hoes. In fact, there is very little to choose among the manufactured hand-hoes except in size, weight, and perhaps the "hang" of the handle. Now and then some freak hoe is put on the market, and it soon disappears. But we much need many modifications of the implement, using the common historic hoe as a basis. It is, of course, an indication of a gross lack of skill that persons do not discriminate in hoes and do not demand that the manufacturers produce variety in patterns; but if hoes for different uses were available, it would seem as if the demand for them ought gradually to develop. Some years ago a good lover of the soil, writing as A. B. Tarryer in an American magazine, illustrated and described a variety of garden-tillage weapons. I reproduced his descriptions in a gardening book. But the idea still needs developing. A real gardening nature-lover should be able to find in his rack one hoe tool for hard ground and one for soft ground, one for thick-planted areas and one for open areas, one for destroying young weeds (Mr. Tarryer called one of his hoes "infant damnation") and another for the big weeds and the sod, one for surface work and one for deep digging. There is no good reason, as far as I can see, why a farm boy should not be allowed the opportunity to have a hoe of his own as he has a steel-trap or a buggy whip of his own. I know a farmer who for nearly fifty years used one hoe for certain kinds of work. He knew the history of the implement; and his fingers had worn grooves in the handle so that the tool fitted him. This hoe is now laid away as one of the choice possessions of his old age.

A hand-tillage tool that it is a pleasure to own and to handle should at once extend one's contact with the soil; and I hold that this contact is worth making in the interest of good health, of wholesome entertainment and recreation, of the accomplishment of useful work, and as a part in a good education.

Filtering Ellis Island

What the Playground is Doing to Make Self-Supporting Americans

By LOUISE E. EBERLE



The Winged Victory is the emblem used on the badges given for athletic records to both boys and girls

FROM England comes the terrified cry: "We have neglected our youth. We have crowded it into the slums to devitalize as grass devitalizes under a stone. We have nothing to recruit our army from!"

What are we doing to save ourselves from England's disease? For we have the germ in our midst, with complications England never knew. In New York City sixty-five per cent of the school children live in congested districts. In many other cities that percentage holds, proportionate to their size. That condition alone has brought England to a pass where a mere play like "An Englishman's Home" can throw the nation into a panic.

What is going to help us to face that very peril, doubled by constantly increasing congestion and the continual introduction of the lowest elements of many foreign races?

Over a million immigrants come to this country every year. Many of them are the best class of peasantry, healthy and teachable, but still foreigners, and as such doubling the demand made by their mere numbers on the strength of this country for their assimilation. But there are countless others who have had spirit and life crushed out of them, who are feeble in mind and body, unhealthy and broken. These and their children must be made men and women as well as Americans.

The only practical way is to get at the children. It is hard to change an adult, especially one of a different race. The boys must be developed. The girls must be developed. In New York City alone there are six hundred thousand school children, three hundred and ninety thousand making that sixty-five per cent that live in congested districts. Four hundred and twenty thousand are of foreign parentage. In other cities the tale is the same in smaller proportions, for the foreigner in the city is almost inevitably pushed into the densest section, and of all the one million yearly arrivals only a negligible percentage go to the open, health-giving country.

Evil Influence of the Streets

THE streets are the foster-parents of a vast multitude of our men and women of the next generation. The only counter-influence is the school, and five hours a day in school for a part of the year will not counterbalance the evil influences, moral, mental, physical, of the streets, and so save us from reaping the bitter fruit of the present sowing. What will? Whatever it is to be must be through a universal appeal to children, for they can not be saved against their will. Whatever hand is to save must be large enough to touch all. What is the answer? The hundreds of thousands of children who are following the new call to play, to joy, are supplying it. And the answer they are giving is athletics—play, physical and mental joy.

For the sake of concrete facts let us consider New York City. Already seventeen other cities, including Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, San Francisco, New Orleans, are in line, and others coming. In New York there are one hundred and seventy thousand boys and girls engaged in athletics. Not the prosy, old-fashioned gymnastic kind, but games, play!—that feed spirit as well as muscle.

This is what, in five years, has resulted:

The standard of scholarship among those thus engaged in athletics has increased twenty-five per cent—here is the answer to the narrow-visioned who throw up their hands at the "time wasted" in athletics at the schools.

The physical standard among those engaged in athletics has increased twenty-five per cent—here is thought food for those who scoff at the idea of children needing play.

Here are some other results. A spirit of keen honor and honesty has been awakened. One of its developments is a growing lack of complaints in the contests, due to the spreading spirit of fairness. Another is the corrective effect upon that class known as incorrigibles—children most in need of, and least reachable by, help. A principal who has in his school as many lusty, book-shirking incorrigibles as has any school in the city, gathered them into one group and placed in charge an expert basket-ball player. A defiant class was taken to the gymnasium and brought back in an hour tired, peaceable, and interested. This was kept up. Basket-ball first and books afterward. But every one of those "bad" boys was promoted from his grade that year!

Another result is a priceless one. It is the teaching of discipline to boys and girls—the sharp, relentless discipline necessary for championship work. A father (one of many) tells of the years of effort to get his boy to keep regular hours, all to no avail. Then the boy began trying for a crew. After that it was seven o'clock up and ten to bed without deviation! The boys who are learning this lesson are becoming different. They look different. They act differently. They stop fights and act as monitors, not from a spirit of interference, but because that lesson of discipline makes them natural masters—having first mastered themselves, most difficult of all.

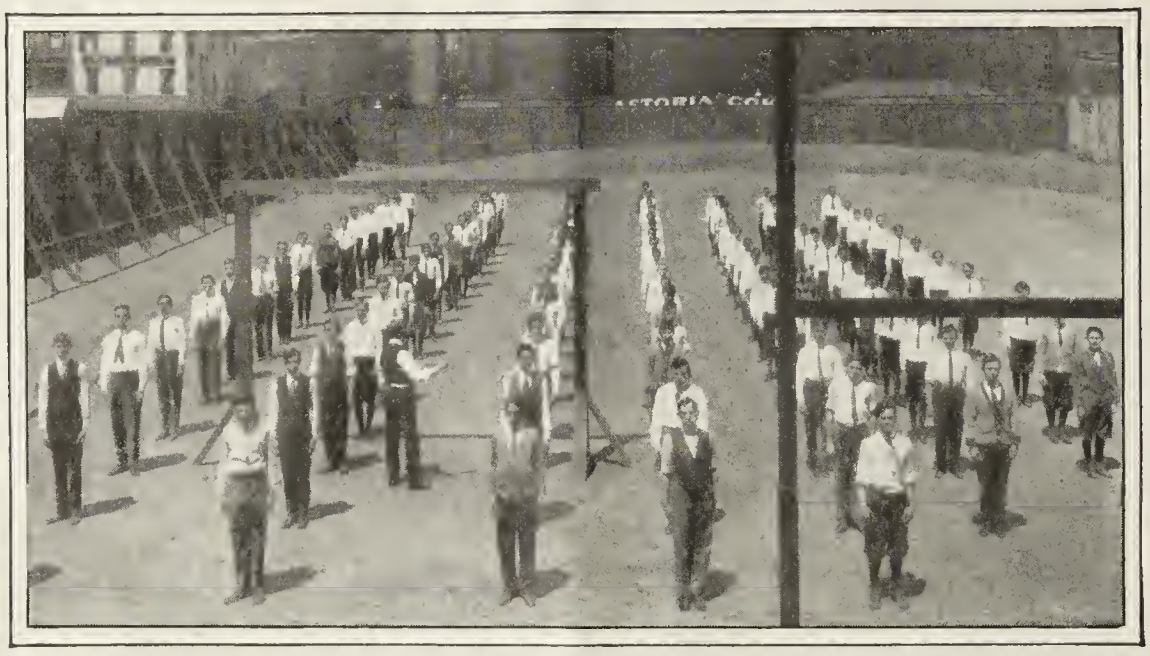
Now, with this new system of school athletics there are only two serious pitfalls possible. One is the gradual giving of first place to athletics, as happens in some colleges, instead of making body and mind equal running mates. The other is too much individual competition, tending to make egotists instead of sane men and women. But both these dangers are avoided by one simple thing. In our public schools the numbers are so great that there is no time, with the amount of study the law requires, to overdo on the play side. Neither is there time for individual competition to any extent, class work being the almost invariable rule. So it is not every boy for himself, but every boy for his class. When the boys are grown it will be every man for his country by the mere simple process of development, and the seventy per cent will have forgotten their foreign and diverse parentage, for they will have had, through all the formative years of childhood, the strongest possible influence toward unity—a common enthusiasm through working together for a common purpose.



A special badge, for boys only, is awarded to those who attain a standard of skill in diving and swimming

Athletic games were first introduced in the schools as an experiment. They were an after-school affair, and purely optional. Right here is the proof of their vital grip on the children. Such a clamor arose to join the players that a scholarship standard was made the price of admission. That and the better physical condition which resulted are what caused the twenty-five per cent rise in scholarship. Mark the progress. At first individuals studied in order to get in. Now classes study for the class honor. If a member begins to lag in his lessons, and so endangers the class standing by his possible removal from its teams, the other members attend to him. A laggard is taken around the corner and punished by his mates. A champion fell behind in his studies and was reported to the principal. "But," said the principal to me, "there was no need of my discipline—the boy's mates attended to it."

When the Board of Education had seen such results for two years there was only one intelligent course for it to take, the Public Schools' Athletic League was united to the city's system. Its direction became a part of the Board's work, and the athletic games were put on the school curriculum. All the children have access to the games, but those who would gain membership in the League must reach a certain standard. One hundred and seventy thousand have done this, and so become the city's athletes under direct supervision of government—the first time such a thing has occurred in the history of American civilization. Cared for and protected by the city, the young athletic patrol will one day care for and protect it. And the city, as mother cities should, rewards and marks those who do their best for her.

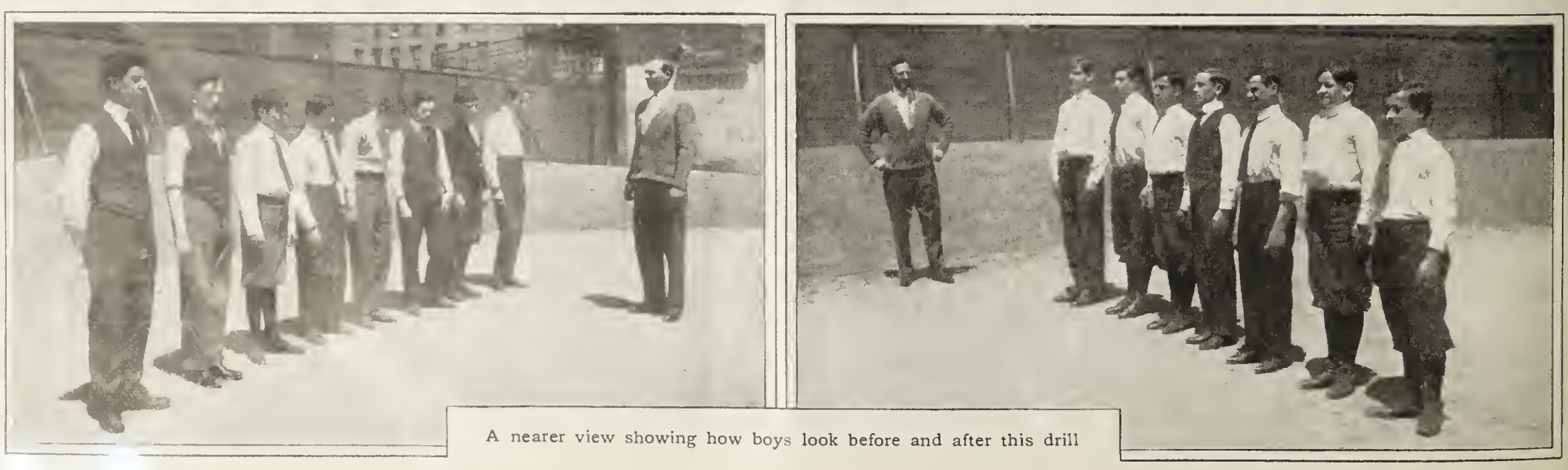


An open-air playground in one of New York's congested districts where boys are given free exercise—taking the hump from their shoulders and the slouch from their legs

Badges for Skill in Sports

THREE years ago badges were offered by the Board of Education for certain records in athletics. This was the result—two thousand the first year, four thousand the second, over seven thousand last year. That is the rate at which the badges have been claimed in these three years, a growth of over seventy-five per cent for the last year. In the first year of these contests it was common in an examination of four hundred boys to find less than six who could chin themselves four times on a bar. Last year over a third of the boys passed the test.

The work of training bodies inevitably brought recognition of the necessity for their cleanliness, so a new requirement was added to the list necessary for graduation—knowledge of the practical application of physical hygiene to one's person. The children of the congested regions, and those who form the seventy per cent of foreign parentage—they are not always clean! But now when a boy or girl enters the public school he or she is not only examined as to knowledge, but as to physical condition as well. Face, hair, teeth, nails are scrutinized, and if the child does not know how to attain cleanliness and keep clean, it is promptly taught. As to the League, the boys are stripped and examined for admission, and a curved spine or other defects are



A nearer view showing how boys look before and after this drill

promptly noted, and the proper exercise given for eradication. At the end of the term the children have their marks on cleanliness as well as on geography and arithmetic. The introduction of athletics, it seems, makes for cleanliness as well as for strength.

Perhaps what shows most clearly of all the intensity of the new conviction that bodies as well as brains require care is the breaking down of that strongest of American prejudices which declares for a Sunday of physical stagnation. The School Board has obtained the setting aside of certain city parks on Sundays where the boys may pursue their games and exercises. Play on Sunday! Yes, play, the game for manhood that must never cease.

A teacher in the most crowded school in New York tells of what the athletic games have done there. Many of the children, he says, are born of parents so overworked physically and underworked mentally that intelligence and soul seem to have gone out in them and not to have appeared at all in the children. When these receive their first instructions in the games they are like worn-out, castaway dolls, absolutely without response, emotion, or enthusiasm. Sometimes the change is gradual, sometimes startlingly sudden. The numb body is awakened by joy and harmonious activity, and surely as the seed awakens in sunshine and rain, soul and mind come out of their heavy dream, and a human being is reclaimed, the devitalized sad doll becomes the alert, erect, trained boy who wears his city's badge because he is a citizen worthy of honor.

Three Things Necessary

IT IS agreed that there are three things no boy should do between the ages of twelve and nineteen if he would reach his best development. He must not smoke, drink, nor keep late hours. What will prevent him? His teacher's telling him that it is naughty and that he'll be better some day if he doesn't? Scarcely. But if a boy knows that the breach of any of those "don'ts" will rule him off his team, the stars in their courses couldn't get him to commit the breach. Think of that! If every school in America had in its grasp that potent instrument, the team, then those "don'ts" would pass out of existence! But more than this. When those boys finish their seven years' school athletics, they are going to take the benefits with them. That doesn't mean that we are going to have a nation of athletes. But it does mean that to whatever sphere each boy goes he will take with him trained physique, balanced body and brain, and the spirit of the team—*i. e.*, work for the honor of all, rather than against the other for individual gain. At any rate, that seed will have been planted, and some day, where children now play for a trophy, men will play up—play hard!—play for the prize, a new American manhood. We shall not suffer from England's disease. The cure has already begun—the remedy is balance—and the pivot of balance is—play.

Upland Shooting Over Dogs

The Height of Delightful Outdoor Sport

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

PERHAPS the best reason for the popularity of upland game-bird shooting is its infinite variety, which embraces the finest combination of walking in woods and fields when Nature is in her happiest mood. Each season brings dozens of new sensations and scores of novel experiences to the sportsman. The birds act differently in different localities; they adapt themselves to circumstances, and, if closely hunted, adopt new measures to protect themselves. Grouse usually take the more direct line in their flight, and are so cunning as to often put a tree between their course and the man. Quail fly farther when the country is open, or where persistently followed. As the season lengthens, the sportsman will learn to read country as a child does a primer, slowly at first, but finally with a comprehensive glance that sees instantly the good territory and rejects poor cover. And he will find occasionally, to his surprise, a cock grouse springing from some apparently impossible bit of cover, or a bevy of quail crouched under bare oak scrub in the dead leaves which he is strolling away from while the dog is working the thickety hollow below. Always there is the lure of uncertainty.

Along old logging roads in the ruffed-grouse country you will generally find birds in the early morning or evening around the tops of fallen trees, in elder thickets at the edges of clearings, and sometimes along the lower mountainsides. Occasionally the birds plunge in headlong flight from the middle of a tall tree, and your chances for a score are about as one in fifty. After a full day's work you will be more than repaid with a brace and a half of the wary, splendid birds. Then there are the long tramps up the sides of ravines in the bracing air or in the cool seclusion of the old timber trails, where you take off your cap and walk bareheaded in the shadows.

Moderate Cost

IN QUAIL-SHOOTING you will be nearer the farms and fields, sometimes following the dog as the birds "road" ahead for a hundred yards or so, and again moving stealthily toward a game-concealing hedgerow, every nerve alive, expecting each moment to reveal a brown catapult springing into the air.

It is the joy of living and the maximum of delightful outdoor sport. Old orchards, hedges, cornfields where grass has grown up along the rows, thickety hollows in the midst of cornfields, wood-lots where hazel bushes have grown up, and blackberry briers, the edges of stubble fields, fence corners, especially when grown up in weeds, willow thickets, creek bottoms, clover pastures—these are where the cunning brown chaps lie, and only the practised eye can pick out the likely spots at one survey of the surroundings.

The novice who can make his first trips afield accompanied by a friend who is experienced is fortunate. But this is not essential. Nor is a course of trap-shooting necessary. Bird-shooting is absolutely different from practise at inanimate targets, and the best way to become a wing-shot is to shoot in the cover at the birds themselves. A great deal of this will be more or less "snap-shooting," and practise will bring it to a reasonable degree of skill.

The sport is one within the means of every man. A good, serviceable, double-barreled gun can be had for $30. A number of makes are in the market at around this figure. Coat, trousers, shell-vest, leggings, and stout shoes can be had for, say, $15 additional. The coat will last forever; at least, many old hunting coats seem to date from Adam's day. The shell-vest is indestructible. The trousers and shoes must be occasionally replaced. The gun will stand for a lifetime if any care at all is taken of it.

For an outlay of, say, $50 at the outside, then, a man is fitted to begin the sport. "But," says the inquirer, "how about the shells and the dog?" True enough. Shells for an entire season of sensible upland shooting will not cost over $3.50. A good pup, either setter or pointer, can be had for from $10 to $20. You can train him yourself, and get a vast deal of amusement and instruction doing it. A bird dog takes as naturally to hunting as a duck does to water, and a six or seven months' old pup of fairly good stock will often commence to find birds with astonishing precocity.

A "Fancy" Dog Not Necessary

IT IS a mistake to suppose that a man needs a high-priced dog for upland shooting. Many a good dog of blurred or no pedigree has acquitted himself wisely and well in the field; care and patience will evolve a reliable dog from very modest beginnings. The city or town is a poor place to keep a dog in, and it is best to arrange with some one to keep him in the neighborhood where you do your shooting. The gun for upland shooting should be a twelve-gage, bored cylinder in the right-hand barrel, and modified choke in the left.[1] Shoot with both eyes open, and learn to pull the trigger, or rather *press* the trigger, without nervous jerking. If you are in a country where there are a good many quail, and you are a beginner, let a bevy or two and some single birds flush without firing a shot, merely aiming your gun to get the direction and angle of their flight. Remember that a quail usually rises on the left and right quartering shots, and aim above as well as ahead of it. This holding ahead and over the bird will come as a matter of practise. The same way with the ruffed grouse.

Take any shot within a reasonable distance, and do not be afraid to use your ammunition in such practise. Don't hurry in your pursuit of a bevy of quail or a covey of grouse. Remember that some birds from a group may drop down before the main body alight and scatter, and you may be running over a good chance to pick up a single.

Don't hurry your dog either. Half a dozen quail and a couple of rabbits will make your game-pockets heavy enough. Make the actual shooting of the game one of the many incidents of the day, and never the main idea of your outing.

Cultivate the camera habit by all means. But don't overdo it. There is no such vital thrill in merely "taking pictures" as there is in studying the birds' habits and trailing them to their most carefully hidden cover.

The true sportsman is he who blends deep enjoyment of the woods and streams with practise of the art of wing-shooting: a manly accomplishment, bringing in its train rational enjoyment, skill of hand and eye, companionship of congenial comrade and dog, and a communion with outdoors at once healthful and inspiring.

Use smokeless powder. It gives the novice a chance to bring his second barrel to bear when he has missed with the first, and it gives the good shot a better chance to bring down "doubles."

As to sizes of shots, eights for quail, sixes for grouse. Don't let yourself be tempted to shoot a ruffed grouse on the "set." Even if an old cock has fooled you into following him for miles, and you finally locate him in a tree and could "pot" him, don't do it. Plant yourself firmly on the honorable stand of a wing-shot, and resist the "target" shots.

Keep your gun clean, and never shoot in thick cover unless you can *see* your companion. Always hunt with one person in preference to a crowd. Three is just one too many in upland shooting. Get acquainted with some farming community if you are intent on quail-shooting, and help stock their covers with additional birds sent in during the early spring months. If you are after grouse, pay a little to see that the game laws are enforced in your favorite locality. Keep in touch with game conditions in the neighborhood you hunt in, and, in general, take an interest in the sport.



A splendid bird exhibited for the envy of a less fortunate shooting companion

Plenty of Variety

UPLAND shooting is the cream of all bird-shooting. It has not the wearisome monotony of sitting cramped in a "blind" waiting for ducks, nor the stubborn slogging away through the wallows of the snipe marshes. It takes you through alternate wood and field, meadow and stream, and gives ample time to loaf, to observe, to philosophize, and to smoke. You do not have to exert yourself in particular; you are not after a medal. Whoever has drawn close to the staunch dog as he stands to a "point" in buckwheat patch or in cornfield or in brush heap has sensed a thrill of expectancy which not the most jaded can resist, placed as it is in a near perfect setting—the wine-pure air of the woodland, the glow of Indian summer.

Above and beyond all is the forgetting of everything but the immediate present: even as a man becomes expert with the gun and advanced in woodcraft, repeated surprises await him—the bevy of quail which would not act "right," the cock grouse that always took to the tree-tops, the occasional woodcock darting like a gold-brown streak through the thicket which you were tramping for quail, his phantom squeak mocking your hasty and ineffectual double shot as he disappeared from sight.

If you would indeed banish dull care to the limbo of complete oblivion, get a shotgun and take up wing-shooting for quail and grouse in the russet and tawny October days. Be a boy again, and laugh over your many misses and gloat secretly on your occasional center shots. See that cock grouse now! You killed him clean at fifty yards just as he passed that tree trunk, and mark how the good dog looks up as much as to say "That was my master."

[1] When you have become proficient you will, no doubt, adopt the sixteen or even twenty gage gun, as most sportsmen are doing. —[THE EDITOR.]



The Zeppelin III Passing Over the City of Cologne on Its Way Down the Rhine

On August 27-29, Count Zeppelin flew from Friedrichshafen to Berlin, descending at Bitterfeld and Nuremberg for repairs. His arrival at the capital—above which he maneuvered skilfully—was the occasion of an unprecedented ovation from hundreds of thousands of people. Upon his landing, the Kaiser embraced him with enthusiasm, and presented him to the Kaiserin, also to Wilbur Wright, the American aviator. The voyage lasted from 4:30 A. M., Friday, to 2 P. M., Sunday

Cavalry of the Air

The Advance of Aeronautic Science in Germany, and its Application to Future Wars

By ELMER ROBERTS

THE villagers living adjacent to the military balloon park at Tegel, near Berlin, accustomed for months now to the sudden rearing out of the enclosure of huge pointed cylinders driving away at twenty or thirty miles an hour, had a fresh thrill one recent rainy night by a succession of explosions in mid-air with vivid streams of flame tearing the low-lying clouds. The aeronautic battalion was working out a problem of defense. They had sown the air surrounding a supposed fortification with mines and were exploding them either with time fuses or electrical earth connections against the theoretical approach of a hostile aerial fleet.

The air-mine is for the protection of camps, squadrons, or fortifications during the night by making the air above them too dangerous to navigate because of mines at different elevations, so that, as in the defense of a harbor by mines invisible to the enemy, the passage through the air over troops or fleets may be uncertain in the dark. The air torpedo explodes by contact. Joined to the bursting charge are two cases holding compressed benzine and pure oxygen. The compressed benzine, gaseous and highly explosive, combines swiftly with the pure oxygen at the moment of explosion, producing intense heat and wide-spreading flames. The heat, the flame, and the bursting pressure cause the gas in the balloons to explode, or, in the case of aircraft of other varieties, would destroy the crews or disable the machine. Air-mines, transported from point to point in the field of action by torpedo-boats at sea or automobiles on land, can be released during the daytime in the path of airships with time fuses or exploded from below by electrical currents.

Air Navigation Beyond Experiment

THE active preparations, offensive and defensive, for warfare in the air by the German general staff is a certain indication of the conviction that air-navigation has gone beyond sport or experiment, and has become an instrument for the national defense, upon whose development many minds are at work and millions planned. The construction proceeds upon two main lines: the building of craft for mechanical flight capable of carrying several tons in men and material, and the preparation of engines for destroying such craft.

The Krupps, whose business is that of creating instruments of destruction, are turning out guns of two sorts, one for hurling burning projectiles a mile or more through the air, and another for throwing shells perpendicularly or at an angle. Naval gunners are at practise firing on captive balloons towed swiftly by torpedo-boats. Tacticians in both the military and naval arms are studying the utilization of air-craft in cooperation with land and sea forces. The studies in this direction began with the idea that for practical purposes the airship could be used for observation and recognizance only. The whole problem has widened. The experiments this summer are not only in the direction of stable and rapid flight, but in the arming of air-craft with light guns for use against other vessels in the air and in experiments with the discharge or dropping of explosives upon docks, warships, fortifications, arsenals, or camps. The German army steerable craft—the *Gross* and the *Zeppelin* and the privately-built dirigible, the *Parseval*—are each capable of carrying from one to four tons of explosives. Ballistic engineers are at work on the problem of directing explosives from airships, and the effects of merely dropping them upon steel surfaces or upon earthworks protecting artillery.

Theoretically, a ship such as the new model *Zeppelin*, with a radius of action of 1,426 miles, could rise from its harbor in Lake Constance, proceed to any European port, and during the night descend close to a *Dreadnought* and drop a ton of high explosive upon her, keeping only far enough away to escape the evil effects of the explosion. A *Zeppelin* can be built in about six weeks provided enough aluminum frames can be prepared. A *Gross* or a *Parseval* can be made ready for the air in about four weeks when the material factories are equipped. The next great land war, should it be deferred five or even only three years, will, in the opinion of German military writers, see employed a cavalry of the air—scouting, observing, raiding into the enemy's country, destroying a depot or throwing a city into confusion, and engaging the enemy's air fleets. As with cavalry screening an army, whose first duty is to beat or to occupy the attention of the opposing cavalry, so the air fleets, covering an advance, must engage or elude those of the enemy. The air once commanded, the operations of the land and sea forces would be simplified. The victory would doubtless remain with the men who could use the machinery well over those who would use it inefficiently. Thus the German would increase his present advantage over the Russian and the Russian over the Turk. The quality of the men who manage the air-craft must rise high above that of the foot or horse soldier.

New models are constantly reported. A German electrical company has a balloon of the non-rigid type nearly ready for a first voyage. Captain von Krogh, the former assistant of Count Zeppelin and later of Major Parseval, is the managing constructor, and although the details are protected with secrecy, some dimensions are known. The length is 329 feet, the diameter 43 feet, and the capacity 11,000 cubic meters.

An Airship of American Pine

AN IMMENSE construction built on the rigid system has been designed by Professor Schuette, the naval constructor of the Technical University at Dantzig. The body is about 330 feet long and 52 to 56 feet in diameter, with paraboloid ends. The framework will not be of aluminum, as in that of Count Zeppelin's structure, but of American pine, which has a specific gravity of one-eighth that of aluminum or one-twentieth that of steel. While the *Zeppelin* has a series of rigid rings connected by crosspieces, the wooden framework is made of staves running partly straight and partly in spindle form. The staves are hollow, made by gluing together four laths of six millimeters thickness. The strength of these staves is so great that an average-sized man can sit in the middle of one thirteen feet long, supported at the ends only, without breaking it. An allowance is made for 4,400 pounds of explosives. An advantage of

(*Concluded on page 26*)



A troop of the 9th U. S. Cavalry in an exhibition ride

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RALPH B. BAIRD

The Frontier Celebration at Cheyenne

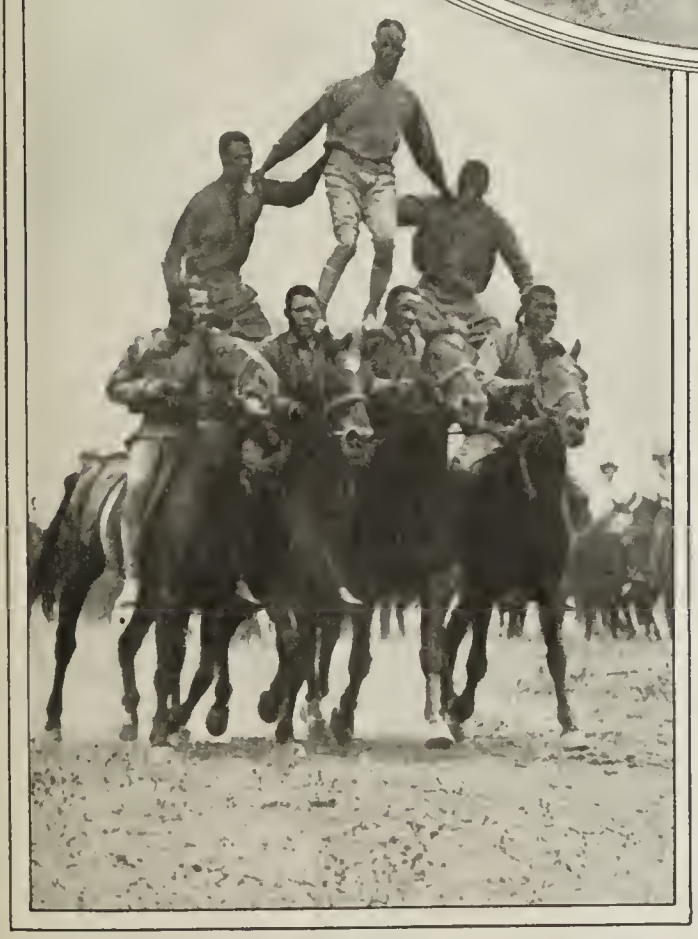
THE Frontier Days celebration, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, this year eclipsed all previous exhibitions of the same sort. Opening with a crowd of 8,000 spectators, on August 18, the number rose to more than 20,000 on the closing day, August 21. Every form of horsemanship and frontier athletics was given a trial in the course of the four-day program. The carnival was set off with a galloping parade, composed of a thousand equestrians. On the same day was held a wild-horse race. Cow-pony and Indian pony contests, squaw races, relays, free-for-all and cow-girl races were followed by steer riding and steer roping matches. An exhibition was given of hitching and driving a wild horse. The Ninth Cavalry of negro troopers, detailed from Fort D. A. Russell, went through a number of skilful maneuvers; and the Indian tribes which attended performed their repertoire of war dances. The climax, toward which the interest of the carnival ascended, was the rough-riding final on Saturday, to decide who might rank as the "Champion Bronco Buster of the World." Seven men competed, but a new ruling of this year's officials, whereby spurs were disqualified, caused the spectators to protest against the result. Clayton Danks, on the bronco Steamboat, won the title. Richard Stanley, previous champion, who had traveled 2,000 miles to dispute the belt with all aspirants, was the favorite of the crowd; and because of the elimination of spurs he did not forfeit the loyalty of his adherents. For Steamboat, heretofore regarded as the most diabolical horse in the world, refused, without spurs, to extend himself



Gray Devil in Action—A horse on whose back no man has been able to stay



"Cowbelles of the West"—Girls who rode in the races



A Pyramid in Motion—One of the feats of the Ninth Cavalry's negro troopers, on the opening day

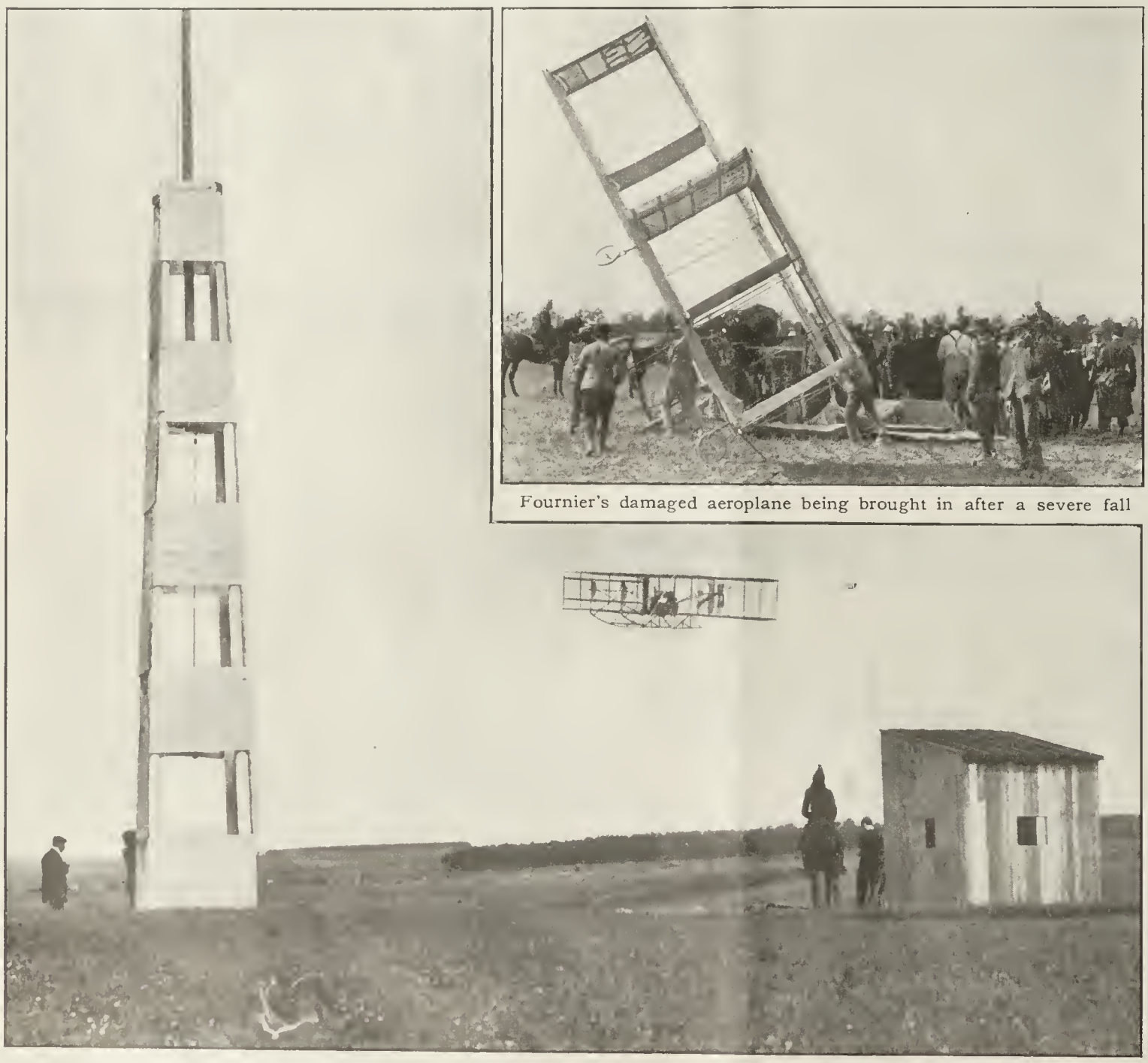


Just Released for a Plunge and Buck—The referee waving the flag to start the trials in the rough-riding cont



Lambert returning after a flight; the Tissandier machine is on the ground. Lambert was fourth, Tissandier third in the eighteen-mile race, won by Curtiss

Fournier's damaged aeroplane being brought in after a severe fall



Lefebvre rounding a corner of the course in a French machine modeled upon the original Wright bi-plane

The Carnival of Man-Birds

TEN years ago if you had asked the casual passer-by which thing would first be done—the discovery of the North Pole by a sleigh ride of a couple of hundred miles, or (for three hours) driving through the sky an unwieldy hulk of metal and wood, loaded with a gasoline engine—and all of it heavier than the air it displaces—the wayfaring man would have said that the North Pole was an easy mark, but the aeroplane a dream. Reims week has made history for the aeroplanes. It is the first concourse of all sorts of heavier-than-air machines. This gathering, or, rather, hovering, has been attended by famous gentlemen, a few—the French President, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. All nearby France has been on edge with aerial excitement. Many records were knocked sky-high. The French, light-weight and fiery, have always been good at cavalry charges and that sort of thing. And they attack the upper regions with the same zest and audacity with which they would spur into the cannon's mouth. It was their week, and the other great Powers trailed on after, several cloud-lengths behind. They have evidently determined to nationalize the aeroplanes. Bleriot was fined for reckless sky-driving, the second man in history to break loose in the empyrean. Phaeton was the first to be penalized. In height, Paulhan climbed the sky for five hundred feet, which would be a bit of a tumble. On time and distance, Paulhan was in the air 2 hours 43 minutes and 24 seconds, and covered 81.35 miles. A day later, Latham overcame his ill luck, which had included two baths in the English Channel, and flew over 96½ miles, devoting 2 hours and 18 minutes to the performance. On Friday Henry Farman, who has been in the background for the last year, flew 112½ miles in 3 hours 4 minutes 56 seconds, breaking the world's time and distance records. Incidentally he won a purse of $10,000. On Saturday, Glenn H. Curtiss, the American competitor, carried off the most important event of the meet—the twelve-mile speed race—and thereby won the International cup and a bonus of $5,000



Bi-planes drawn up at the starting point, in the International Aviation Meet, held at Reims, France, during the week of August 22-29

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Week

LATE despatches from Melilla agree that the Moors are ready for a long-continued guerrilla warfare. If Spain is harassed in the field, she has been swiftly successful in quelling rebellion at home. "The sanguinary outbreak in Barcelona has been put down as promptly as if the Berlin garrison were quelling the turbulent operatives of some great factory. Spain set an example of capacity which many another government might study to its advantage."

"Before the great Day of Pheasants," the Lords began to flee from the face of the budget, like the Egyptians before the Red Sea. And there seems small likelihood of their attempting to quench the English nation's enthusiasm for the finance bill. In the House of Commons, through the press, and by public meeting, the opposition may make known its will and strength. The House of Lords in time past have not had control over finance. If they assert themselves, save their estates intact, and reject the budget, they will commit a revolutionary act.

Professor Dr. Adolf Harnack, in a recent address on "International and National Christian Literature," stated that "It is very much easier to produce six brilliant scientific treatises than to deliver or write one sermon which is timeless."

In a week of records at Reims, France, Glenn H. Curtiss, the American flier, took the chief prize of aviation week. In a speed contest for aeroplanes over two rounds of the area, a distance of 12.42 miles, his time was 15 minutes 50 3-5 seconds. By his victory he brings the international aviation competitions of next year to America. On the final day of the meet Curtiss added the three-lap speed prize to his International Cup of Aviation.

The West Indies hurricane in the last days of August laid waste a portion of the Mexican coast. The city of Monterey was partly submerged, Indian villages were wiped out, 1,200 persons were killed in the flood, 5,000 houses were destroyed, and property was wrecked to the extent of $7,000,000. Some thousands of square miles of territory were submerged and 20,000 persons rendered homeless.

The President is leading a busy semi-official and golfing life at Beverly, Massachusetts, which, if it lacks the salient and picturesque features of the daily régime of his predecessor, is yet regarded with affection and respect by the mass of his fellow countrymen. Above all, he is resting and preparing for his fall tour to the West, Middle West, and South.

After taking the baths and waters in approved continental fashion, E. H. Harriman has returned from Europe to his home in Arden, New York, in a blare of publicity. What made his return an event was the rumor, no longer credited, that he was permanently disabled from activity in high finance.

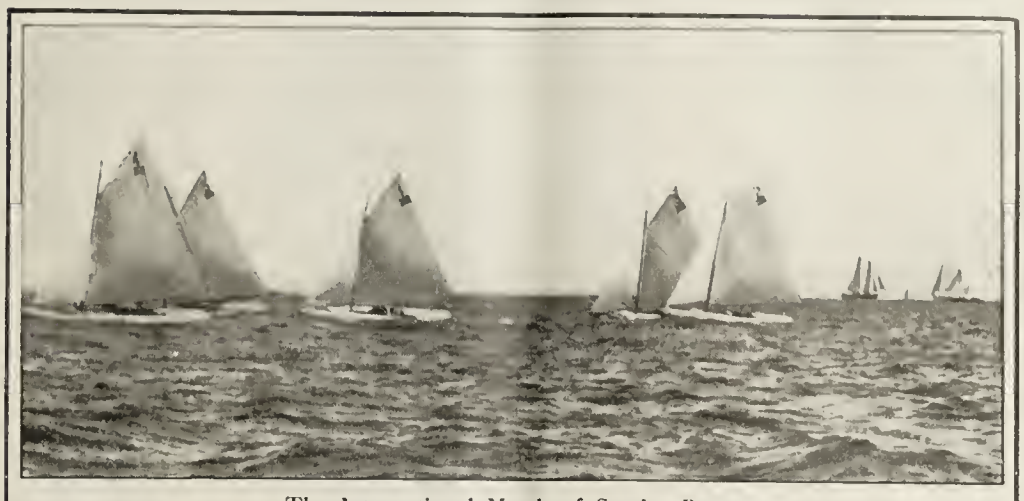
For the fifth time William A. Larned proved himself the national lawn tennis champion of America. On August 27, at Newport, he defeated William J. Clothier.

William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration, continues to probe the departments of Ellis Island. The efficiency test is a live thing in his administration. His latest winnowing is into the contract for ten, twenty, and thirty cent lunches, as supplied to immigrants.

New candidates are suggested each day for the Mayoralty of New York. Among those in the midsummer running on both sides are Judge Gaynor, General Bingham, and Theodore Roosevelt. There will be a new crop each morning till convention time. The campaign issue will be the efficiency or inefficiency of the Tammany administration.

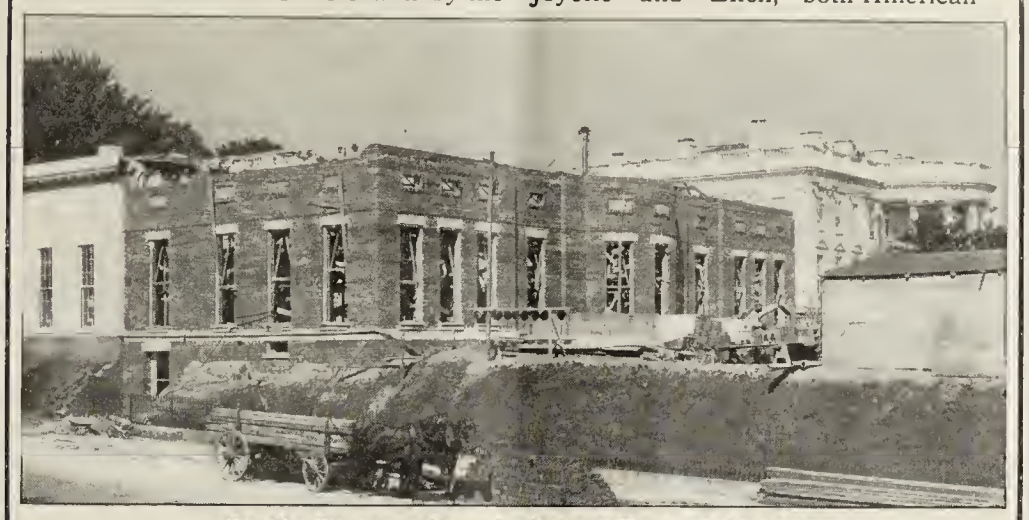
Governor Hughes has removed Louis F. Haffen, President of the Borough of the Bronx, New York City, for misconduct in office and neglect of duty.

The strike at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburg, is proceeding in a thoroughly unsatisfactory way. The company—the Pressed Steel Car Company—refuses to arbitrate or discuss the points at issue—the sweeping reduction of wages, the pooling system of pay. The strikers are rioting. There are charges and counter-charges, as, for instance, that some of the strike-breakers are living in a state of peonage, being kept inside the company's stockades against their will.



The International Match of Sonder Boats

The start of the series, August 30, at Marblehead, Massachusetts, in which three American craft met three from Germany, for the President Taft Cup. The first two races were won by the "Joyette" and "Ellen," both American



On the Stamping Ground of the "Tennis Cabinet"

The addition now being built to the White House offices, covers the tennis court where President Roosevelt and his cabinet played many famous games



Rioters of the Pennsylvania Steel Strike Under Arrest

Several men, including soldiers and deputy sheriffs, have been shot and killed by the strikers. They have gone armed with revolvers and clubs.



A Council of the Strikers at McKee's Rocks

The strike of the pressed steel workers at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburg, involves several thousand men, principally foreigners. A portion of the men have been told that they could return to work, but they refused to abandon their six hundred leaders who were irrevocably discharged by their employers

A Cure for Strikes

WITH the air full of strikes and the rumors of strikes, Charles W. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard University, has come forward with a constructive suggestion. He calls his short article in the September "McClure's" "The Best Way to Prevent Industrial Warfare," and in it he tells of the success achieved by a Canadian act called the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which went into effect on March 22, 1907.

"The chief feature of the beneficent Canadian act called the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act was the requirement that, in the event of a dispute arising in any industry known as a public utility, it should be illegal to resort to a strike or lockout until the matters in dispute had been made the subject of an investigation before a board of conciliation and investigation, to be established under specified rules by the Canadian Minister of Labor. Under this act either party to a dispute may apply for the appointment of a board of investigation. Each of the two parties to the dispute may nominate one member of the board, and these two may select the third who serves as chairman of the board of three. If either party fails to nominate a member, the Minister of Labor appoints that member; and if the two members fail to agree upon the third member, the Minister appoints the third member. The board will therefore inevitably be constituted, and will go to work if either party to the dispute applies for an investigation."

"On the fifty-five applications received, strikes were avoided or ended in twenty-five coal mines and four metalliferous mines; in fifteen railroads and three street railways; in two bodies of longshoremen; in one body of teamsters and in one body of sailors; and in two industries not public utilities. There were two cases in which strikes were not averted or ended. Only two cases, therefore, out of fifty-five ultimately resulted in strikes."

Of the fifty-five applications for the appointment of boards, seven were made by employers, forty-six by employees, and two by both employers and employees.

"It is the best piece of legislation in the world for the prevention and settlement of lockouts and strikes in an important class of industries which, in the interest of the nation as a whole, ought never to be interrupted."

Jerome

JEROME'S "game" appearance on the Cooper Union platform in New York to face all questions and accusers has undoubtedly worked a change in the mind of the public on him and his career. The newspapers have been less bitter, and street-corner comment is more evenly divided as to the extent of his honesty and efficiency. The question that bit the deepest and that most snugly fitted one element of the popular feeling was that of there being in his office one law for the rich man and another law for the poor man. It will take an election to find out how completely he has allayed skepticism on this point.

Jerome has just announced his candidacy for a third term as District Attorney. On August 23 he stated he would seek a renomination by petition. He said:

"After having received for nearly eight years the honor and benefit of this office, it seems to me I should be guided in my determination, not by what may seem most to serve my personal interest, but by the consideration of whether a majority of the electors desire that I should further serve them in this position.

"I know of no way in which I can ascertain this except by offering myself as a candidate, and I have decided to seek again a nomination by petition, and to offer myself as a candidate for election to the office of District Attorney of New York County."

What he will run on, then, is his record. His record will be searched on such elements as these:

Has he conducted an efficient office, with swift justice for the multitude of small cases dealing with the lives of the poor?

Has he protected the community in prosecuting the sensational cases of murder and "robbery" where the wealth or social position of the offender tended to give him access to the "immunity bath"?

Has he reached out after [illegible]



Madam, you need never sweep nor dust again

A Free Trial

of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner in your own home will convince you that it will do the work ten times quicker, ten times easier and ten times better.

Rugs and carpets are cleaned *on the floor*, and the furniture is not disturbed.

Think what it will mean to you—day after day—year after year—to have your entire home spotlessly clean and sweet, purged of the disease germs that swarm in the dust—germs of consumption, pneumonia and diphtheria. Not just twice a year, but every day—*all the time*.

And it is so *easy* to clean house with the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. The drudgery and confusion are all gone. There is not enough labor left to tire a child.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner makes housecleaning the work of a few minutes, instead of many hours, and costs to operate less than 3c an hour.

And I am willing to prove all this to you at my own expense. I will send you a cleaner for a *free trial* in your home, no matter where you live. You may use it and test it severely. It will speak for itself.

I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story.

I am willing to do even more. If you wish to keep it after you have tried it, I will give you a *year* in which to pay for it —*a whole year to prove its merit*.

I gladly make this offer, because I *know* the machine is reliable and durable, and that the people who buy it on small monthly payments will *keep* it, for the *longer* they use it the *more* they will like it.

Fill out the coupon below, and let me send you our booklet on scientific housecleaning.

A Business of Your Own with

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners

On the Pay-from-Profit Plan

To those who wish to earn $5 a day and upwards, by cleaning for others and taking orders for Duntley Cleaners, we offer a fine and permanent arrangement. It enables you to engage in a most profitable business of your own.

By this plan you have *three separate ways* of making money easily and quickly—by cleaning for profit—by renting—and by selling Duntley Cleaners to those who will want to buy after you have done work for them.

To *prove* what you can do, we send you the machine, instruct you in its use, advertise you and put you in business. Before you invest a cent you get the free use of the machine and *actually begin making money*.

You therefore take no possible risk.

Fill in the coupon below—right now, before you forget—and let me tell you all about it.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 402 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

....Cut on this line and mail coupon at once....

Duntley Mfg. Co., 402 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Send me catalog of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for.....household.....pay-from-profit plan.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State*.....

Mark X before the use in which you are interested

...ERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

forms of graft by which a county is robbed in a wholesale but subtle way through such means as the manipulation of public utilities, and for whose prosecution legal and intellectual ingenuity and unfatigued perseverance are needed?

As a public official, has he been a clean, wholesome influence in the community?

It is Jerome's delight to play a lone hand. He once compared himself to a wildcat engine. He loves the exhilaration of the unexpected move, astonishing the crowd and then winning it. After suffering a furious blast of vituperation and ridicule for two years from several newspapers and a portion of the public, few men would have had the "poker nerve" to run again, and to flash into the lists with so naive, sincere, and characteristic an announcement.

Slave-Grown Cocoa

THE Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society of England are about to send Joseph Burtt to the United States. He is the man who discovered Portuguese cocoa to be slave-grown. He will make known the facts and arouse public opinion. The difficulty is to know which brand of cocoa is slave-grown. It comes in tins or cakes, labeled by an American or Dutch manufacturer, and the wholesale and retail dealers are often uninformed as to whether it is guilty or not.

The London "Spectator" says editorially:

"We are delighted to hear that Mr. Burtt is to visit America so soon, and we trust that he will be able to convince the people of the United States that it is their duty to join in making the planters of San Thomé and Principe understand that they must alter a system which, as at present organized, leads directly to slave-raiding and slave-trading on the mainland. We venture to say that a very few years after the planters have been obliged to have recourse to free labor they will wonder how they ever endured a system so inefficient, as well as fraught with such evil consequences, as that which now prevails in the islands."

Votes for Women

WITH one of the nation's great citizens on the platform, the suffrage meeting in Newport added influence to sensation. It was held in that impregnable fastness of "high life," Marble House. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was the hostess. A tent had been slung up, with seats for five hundred. The two speakers were the veterans of the suffrage movement, Julia Ward Howe and Anna Shaw.

Mrs. Howe said:

"The change that I have seen in the position of woman in the ninety years of my life is something miraculous. I remember the colleges, where no one would have thought of inviting us, and now how welcome women are to the women's colleges and coeducational colleges. The many professions that are open to women, that never were thought of then, have increased, and are increasing every year, and women are better friends with each other because they so much better understand each other.

"Men used to say 'women can not reason, women have no logic,' but always when a woman amounted to something—they would say that that woman was an exception.

"We used to believe that once, but then we could not believe it any more, because we knew better. A man would say, 'Madame is an exception,' but I lost illusion in regard to my own superiority and realized that the majority of the women were also capable of intellectuality. The world will be very enlarged for us when we appreciate what women really are.

"We are coming to find out what the capacity of the real woman really is, that she is making up for the centuries of waste behind her."

Tips for Gamblers

THE D. Smythe Company of Newark, Missouri, has favored us with generous offers for skinning at dice and cards. It issues a "private price list—dice and card work a specialty."

"SET NO. 36—COMBINATION

"This is the best set of dice ever put on the market for a fading game. With a set of these dice in your pocket you are sure that every piece of money that you get up against (either banker or player) is going to be transferred to your own purse.

"On three shakes you are sure of four of a kind, and one-half of the time you can get five of a kind."

"Electric Magnet and Dice. The magnet, being placed under the bar or table, can not be detected in any way, and to throw a full hand you have only to press the secret button and throw the dice out natu-

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You don't know what hose comfort and satisfaction are until you have worn Holeproof Hose—*genuine* "Holeproof."

Six pairs wear six months, absolutely free from rips, tears and holes, or you get new hose free.

The whole family can have "Holeproof"—father, mother, daughter and son.

The hose are soft and attractive—made from highest grade cotton costing an average of 63c per pound.

We have had 31 years of experience. We made the first guaranteed hose on the market.

You don't want an amateur make when genuine "Holeproof" don't cost a cent more. Look for "Holeproof" on the toe.

The genuine is sold in your town. We'll send you the dealers' names on request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes 9 to 12. 6 pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight) 6 pairs, $2. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as lustre-sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.



FAMOUS **Holeproof Hosiery** FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Fall Painting

Means Economy and Winter Comfort

Winter is Hard on the Home. The rain and snow, sleet and ice penetrate unprotected surfaces, and when Spring comes moisture and decay have done their deadly work. Winter's mud grinds your floors. Winter's soot blackens your walls. Winter's steam discolors the finish of woodwork and furniture. Winter plays havoc with all surfaces of the home *unless they are protected* with the right paint or finish.

A coat of good paint *now* will protect your building. The proper finish will make your floors easy to clean and prevent them from wearing white. A coat of No-Lustre Finish will give your walls a beautiful finish, which can be kept clean by the occasional use of a damp cloth. Furniture and woodwork can easily be made soot-proof and moisture-proof by any inexperienced housewife.

Go to your paint dealer, tell him just what surfaces need refinishing and ask for the proper

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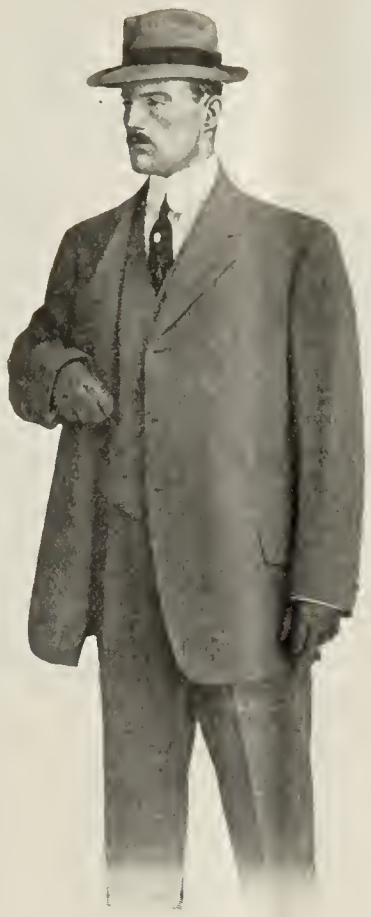
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THE Stein-Bloch clothes are ready. This is an announcement which every Fall and every Spring has unusual interest for many men. It is the date on the clothes calendar which has a red mark around it.

Since last Fall's announcement Stein-Bloch clothes have had a triumph in England. One of the most fashionable of London merchants began offering them exclusively to his patrons in England last Spring, and they have been accepted as correct for English wear.

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They are ready for you at the leading clothiers in your own community—and "Smartness," presenting these styles, will be mailed to you on receipt of a postal request. Try on these clothes.

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ral and the magnet does the work. The dice are perfectly natural and not even the smartest gambler can tell that there is anything wrong with them."

Their hints contain real philosophy.

"Do not expect a set of crap dice to win every bet: they will not do it."

"Do not order your dice made too strong if you wish to hold your play."

Another of their specialties is:

"Whisky without a still. You can make it yourself at your own home, costing only about thirty cents a gallon. Our secret process tells you how."

Still another of their activities is the vending of impure literature.

That they may mix the hypocrite with the crook, they issue for a dollar the "Sealed Book," which "exposes schemes and swindles." Every person ordering it must state in his letter that the book is "ordered in good faith for the purpose of your own protection against gambling and gambling devices."

Grover Cleveland

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, editor of the "Century," is publishing reminiscences of Grover Cleveland. Of the famous dinner at the Hotel Victoria in New York, during the campaign of 1892, when Cleveland was reported to have placed the New York appointments at the disposal of Tammany Hall, Mr. Gilder writes:

"Mr. Cleveland never told me just what happened: but I was told by one who was there that when a certain politician made the demand of a written pledge Mr. Cleveland flamed up, and, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, declared that rather than do what was asked of him he would suffer damnation!

"Mr. Cleveland was decidedly a party man. I sometimes had an amused suspicion that although he admired and was grateful to the Independents who came to his support more than once, and although he felt a keen moral sympathy with them and gave some of them his intimate friendship, the fact that they had been Republicans and might easily become Republicans again was just a slight regret in his mind. When off on some inland fishing expedition he fell in with an old-time Democratic farmer, especially one who was faithful to what the President considered 'sound Democratic doctrine,' he warmed up to the old fellow amazingly. I do not believe he ever voted for a candidate outside of his party."

That the name of Cleveland be not forgotten, a news despatch in the New York "Times" says:

"'Clevelandia,' in honor of former President Cleveland, is to be the name of the municipality of Bella Vista de Palma, Brazil. This homage is paid to Mr. Cleveland because of his services as arbiter of the question of boundary lines between Brazil and the Argentine Republic."

Leveling the Guns on Cannon

THE Czar of Russia may be colorless and the new Sultan an amiable blur, but there is at least one autocrat with the bark on. His name is Joseph Cannon, and he is Speaker of the House of Representatives. His personality is sufficiently accented to interest his friends and enemies. The latest attack on him has just been made in a series of letters written by Charles N. Fowler, a member of Congress from New Jersey, who was deposed from his position as chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency by the Speaker.

He says of the Speaker's attitude on the Aldrich Currency bill: "I challenge you to find a single living man with so rotten a record (on financial and currency legislation). It is a record of ignorance or political cowardice or a disgraceful hybrid of the two."

He speaks of "a 'hog combine' which controls the places of patronage"; and gently deprecates "'Cannonism' with all its corrupting, degrading, and paralyzing influences."

He further says: "You revel in a glut of brutal power like Nero to terrorize your subjects. Has it occurred to you that you are so intoxicated with your power and so blinded by your conceit that you have come to consider it a divine right founded on that motto of despotism, 'The King can do no wrong'?

"I have gone into these details to lay bare your miserable, contemptible false pretense and to expose your duplicity, treachery, and perfidy to that legislative body over which you preside, whose bill you were bound to defend and not destroy."

It is a pity that in the energy of these whirling phrases, no character sketch of the Speaker emerges. The words read like sincere but flat-sided blows, lacking the stabbing quality of General Bingham's portrayal of Mayor McClellan.



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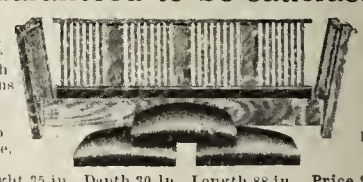
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Every Piece of Solid Oak

You save, (1) all the Dealer's profit: (2) three-fourths the freight: (3) cost of finishing: (4) expense in crating and packing: (5) in factory cost: (6) in factory profit.

Figure it out yourself

Shipped in Sections Not in Pieces

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Send for Booklet That Shows the Nine Different Models That Fit All Lasts

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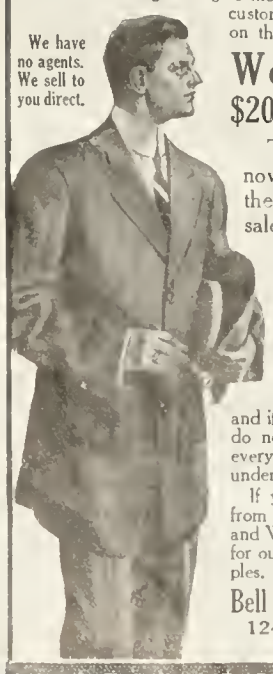
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If you do not know the Bell Tailors as well as you should, the best way to judge our efficiency is to send for our Fall and Winter style book —a large beautiful illustrated fashion magazine.

It contains sixty-four liberal size, fashionable suit and overcoat samples. It explains how we are able to undersell competition by at least 33⅓%.

We also send you a self-measuring outfit. We adopted this system of self-measuring when we did away with all our agents through whom we sold our clothing. We eliminated the agent to give more intelligent service to our customers, and save them money on the smartest N. Y. Clothes.

We have no agents. We sell to you direct.



We Guarantee $20 Clothes for $13.50

The suit or overcoat we now make for $13.50 is the same that we wholesale to our agent for $13.50. It is the garment that our agent resold for $20.00.

Our fabrics are from the best mills in the land. The style and tailoring is perfect throughout. In fact, Bell Tailoring is guaranteed, and if the clothes when delivered do not entirely please you in every respect, you are positively under no obligation to keep them.

If you are interested in saving from 25% to 50% on your Fall and Winter clothes, send at once for our Free style book and samples. Address Dept. L.

Bell Tailors of New York
124-126 Walker Street
New York City

BELL TAILORS of NEW YORK

Cavalry of the Air

(Concluded from page 18)

the wooden construction is that it can not conduct or excite electrical currents, expand by heat, contract by cold, nor sweat as metals do under changes of temperatures. The speed is calculated at forty-five to fifty miles an hour, attained by three 150-horsepower motors. From the huge cylinder will swing a gondola shaped like a ship's hull, 131 feet long by 13 feet wide.

Special machinery is being built by a Hamburg hard-rubber company for vulcanizing a rigid envelope for a vacuum airship designed by Otto Prill, a contractor and builder in Hamburg. The construction will be very expensive, but as Prill is a man of wealth with faith in his ideas, he will proceed with the work. The pointed cylinder will be 650 feet long and 59 feet in diameter. It will be capable of carrying 19,800 pounds, exclusive of the motors. Prill has in hand also a semi-rigid airship built in twenty-four compartments, with a steel framing that he affirms is lighter for equal strength than Zeppelin's aluminum frame. The Prill frame has a weight of 7,700 pounds. The Zeppelin of the same strength would weigh 13,200 pounds. The estimate is that the Prill semi-rigid can carry a load of 30,600 pounds, exclusive of gondolas and motors. The radius of action is estimated at 3,480 miles.

An Air Automobile

THE Berlin Air Navigation Study Company (*Motor Luftschiffahrt Studien Gesellschaft*), an association of rich manufacturers and bankers, formed at the instance of the Emperor to promote as a national service studies and experiments in aviation, is working among its various activities upon a comparatively moderate-priced dirigible for sporting and pleasure purposes. The endeavor is to put upon the market, and there seems no insurmountable obstacle, an automobile of the air for about the price of a good land type. The aims are, simplicity in driving mechanism, moderate speed and endurance, small gas volume, and room for a chauffeur and seats for three or four persons.

A long excursion overland would be possible with landings from time to time for refilling the benzine tanks or, if the diminishing buoyancy should require it, more hydrogen. The charm of such excursions, the magnificent panoramas, the restfulness and added sense of power, will probably make the air auto sought for as soon as a few adventurous rich young men have taken the edge off the popular idea of danger. The *Zeppelin*, the *Gross*, the *Parseval* dirigibles have been developed without the loss of a life and with few acidents to the workers with and upon them. The emotion of a first flight in the air is a poignant one, and the sensation, once enjoyed, is universally sought again.

The new balloon of Major von Parseval, or rather of the Parseval design for it, executed with the capital of the Study Company, has a gondola arranged for carrying sixteen passengers. The managers of the International Aeronautical Exposition, which opens at Frankfort in July, have arranged for excursions from Frankfort to other cities in the Rhineland, from fifty to seventy-five miles distant.

Thrilling the Imagination

THE German aeronauts feel that, although they have gone farther than those of other nationalities in steerable balloon craft, they have not turned out anything in the aeroplane line that is equal to the double planes of the Wrights. But German engineers are working on no fewer than eleven flying machines heavier than air. The Study Company is developing monoplanes under Parseval's supervision.

High confidence and a singularly delightful enthusiasm is the mood in which the pioneers of this new construction science approach their work. The Aero Club in Berlin has brought together technical, highly schooled adventurers into the unknown who, with intense concentration upon perplexities in mechanics, yet see a vision of a larger future with another power added to the race. They think little of war, little of creating machines merely for doing harm to alien peoples. That idea draws influence, money, opportunity to their aid. The aeronauts are driven by the inspiration of mental conquests over material difficulties. The abolition of frontiers is in their thought rather than the building them higher. They work now in a congenial atmosphere. They have thrilled the imagination and pride of the German people, and have a background of sympathetic feeling that, during a period when national finances are pinched, draws liberal appropriations from Parliament and generous contributions from private individuals.

The Lowest Priced Perfect Suction Cleaner Buyable

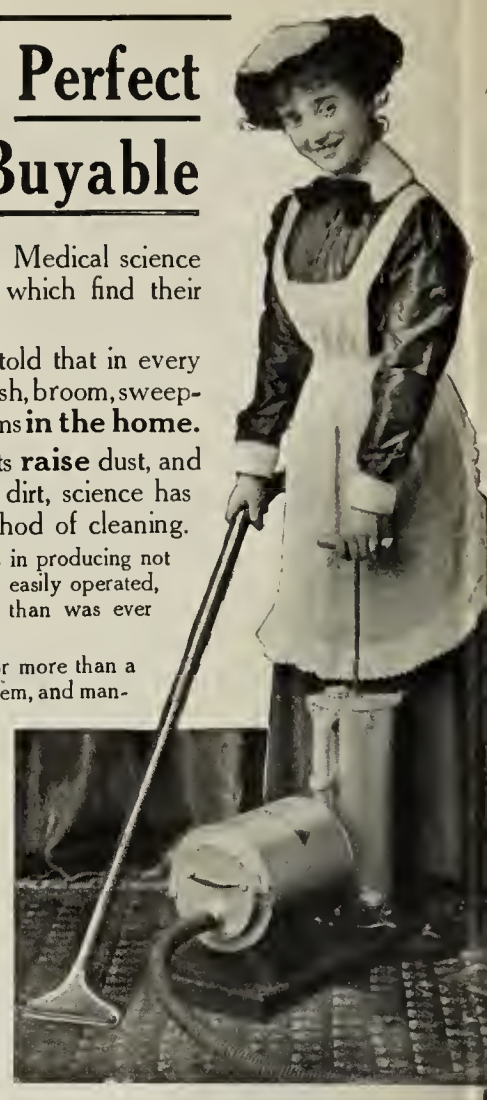
¶ A **cleanly** home is a **healthy** home. Medical science is a continual battle against disease germs which find their natural homes in **DIRT** and **DUST.**

¶ No husband—no housewife—need be told that in every American home is waged a daily war with brush, broom, sweeper and duster against dirt, dust and disease germs **in the home.**

¶ And because these household implements **raise** dust, and **cannot** do more than clean **some** of the dirt, science has solved the question with the **suction** method of cleaning.

¶ We have succeeded by long study and experiments in producing not only a perfect suction cleaner but one that is light, easily operated, efficient and that can be sold at a lower price than was ever thought possible.

¶ They have stood the test in hundreds of homes for more than a year, and now that we can absolutely **guarantee** them, and manufacture them fast enough to meet the demand, we announce the



"Peerless" $15

Dustless Home Suction Cleaner

¶ Greater simplicity, lightness, strength, are combined in this Home Cleaner. It weighs but 11 pounds, measures only 8 3-4 inches wide, is 22 inches long and less than 2 feet high—so light a child can carry it, so compact that it may be placed in any convenient closet or corner.

¶ It consists of two non-tarnishing, attractive looking white metal cylinders—one vertical and one horizontal.

¶ The suction is given by an easy running, easily operated plunger which draws in the dirt and dust through the nozzle and tubing, through two fabric bags inside the cylinder door. These bags hold the dust and at the same time filtrate the air passing through and out of the escape valve.

¶ It is simplicity itself to remove these bags after use, without the escape of an atom of dust. ¶ In using the **"Peerless"** the nozzle is merely run over the carpets, rugs, walls, curtains, furniture and mattresses; behind and in between registers, pictures; under chairs, tables, beds—into every nook and crevice—and not merely **surface** dirt, but dust right through to the back of rugs and draperies literally **vanishee.** ¶ No sweeping, beating or scrubbing—no flying dust anywhere and the **"Peerless"** makes the upheaval, discomfort, and hard work of fall cleaning **positively unnecessary.** ¶ It keeps your servants satisfied, your work and worry at a minimum, lasts a lifetime and above all **keeps your home epotless.**

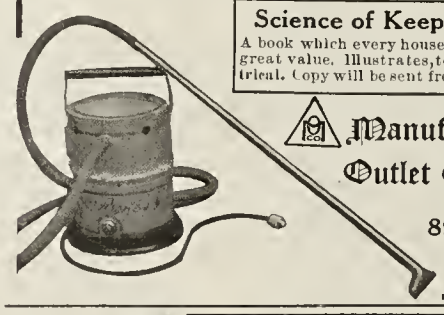
¶ The **"Peerless"** is the result of **specialization**—only in that way have we been able to make a vacuum cleaner that will **clean as perfectly as many at three or four times the price.** ¶ The cost of the **"Peerless"** is so trifling, its **necessity** in the clean home is so obvious that housewives will feel they must have it, and husbands will insist on its use in minimizing labor and safeguarding the health of his family. ¶ If you cannot buy the **"Peerless"** at your local store, we will send one, fully equipped with solid oak base, 9 feet of superior unbreakable wire-reinforced suction hose, brass tubing and nozzle, with full instructions, on receipt of **fifteen dollars in express or money order.** Under

This Absolute Guarantee: That we will send it at once; That we will immediately replace with a new one if damaged in transit, make good any part or supply a new machine if any defects show within a year from date of purchase; and refund at once amount paid if unsatisfactory.

The cost of the **"Peerless"** is less than **5 cents a day for one year.**

Science of Keeping the Home Clean—FREE

A book which every householder and every housewife will consider of great value. Illustrates, too, our Suction Cleaners, both hand and electrical. Copy will be sent free if you will send us your name and address.



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A Happy Marriage

Depende largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of iteelf, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

SEXOLOGY

(*Illustrated*)

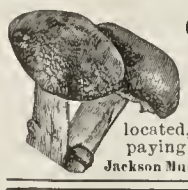
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Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
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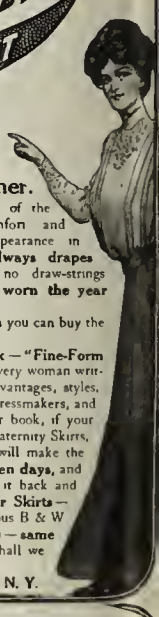
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Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

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To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the **Fine-Form Maternity Skirt** is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastee. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

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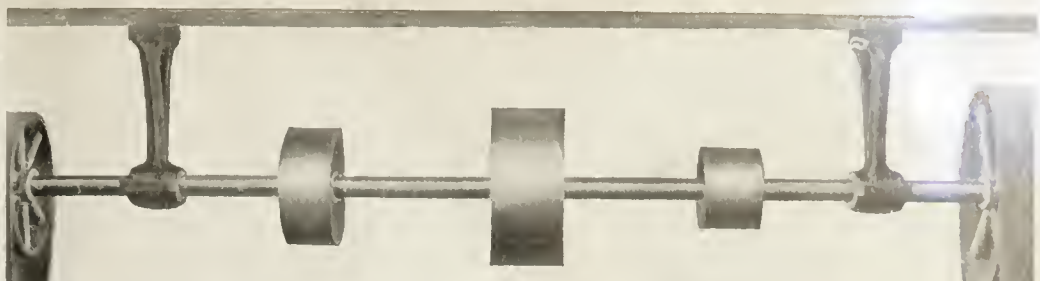
Duofold is thoroughly shrunken and *sizes are guaranteed.*
If your dealer hasn't Duofold garments write us for booklet giving weights, shades and styles, and the name of a dealer who sells them. Single garments and union suits for men, women and children.

$1.25 to $5 a garment

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Take down your shafting—your flapping belts and your friction clutches. They are losing you money every day by causing useless friction losses. Replace them with the most compact, efficient power units on the market—

DYNAMOS-MOTORS WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY CABLE-TELEPHONES-SUPPLIES

Hawthorn
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Motors

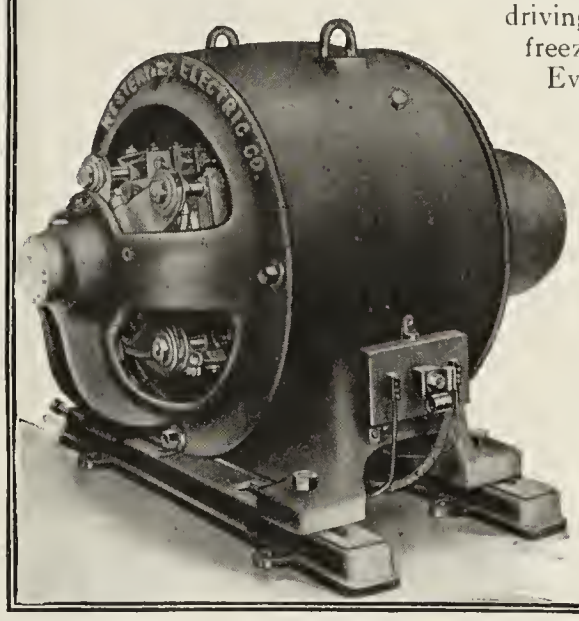
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"Hawthorn" Motors applied to machines—whatever their nature—**will reduce operating expenses 25 to 40%.** They will increase the quality and the amount of work turned out in a day by giving just enough power at just the right speed. They use power only when they do actual work.

"Hawthorn" Motors are made in various sizes and for all commercial circuits for driving everything from an ice cream freezer to the largest power machine. Every one is designed, constructed and tested by experts. **We guarantee their successful operation under all conditions.**

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Imitated everywhere; unequalled anywhere. To eat them is to become a chocolate connoisseur.

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For eating—unusual—less sugar, more pronounced chocolate quality—no thirst—digests easily. Flat cakes 10c.

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Runs out of doors or inside without overheating or freezing, winter or summer. No smoke, flame, sparks or odor.

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Is quiet—practically no vibration. By attaching a piece of pipe for extra air chamber, will throw a continuous stream of water 40 feet up in the air or 60 feet on the level. Fine for washing wagons and windows and for FIRE PROTECTION. Has pulley for running any machine which can be run by hand, and is so light it can be detached and taken anywhere in no time. It's built like an automobile, with the same care and same materials, and is so strong it should need no repairs for years.

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This Wonderful Power Pumping Plant costs less than a Windmill and is ALWAYS READY for Work



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It is written after fifteen years of experience in selling Reclamation Bonds.

During that time we have sold seventy separate issues, some of them running into millions of dollars, without a penny of loss to any investor.

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Reasons for Safety

Irrigation bonds are secured by first liens, given by individual owners, on the most fertile farm lands in America.

The mortgage indebtedness rarely exceeds more than one-fourth the land's value.

The debt is incurred for water rights, and the water immediately multiplies the land's value. The first crop usually sells for more than the mortgage—sometimes by several times over.

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Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest. There is no other large class of bonds based on equal security which now pays an equal rate. These bonds are issued in denominations of $100 and up, so they appeal to both small investors and large.

They are serial bonds, part of which are paid annually. Thus one may secure either long-time or short-time investments. Each bond paid off increases the security back of the rest.

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We handle Municipal, Public Utility and Corporation bonds, and as gladly supply one class as another. So the facts in our book are entirely unbiased.

But Irrigation bonds, for the reasons given, are now our most popular securities. They will be so with you when you know them.

That is why we issue this book—to extend information. To enable you to compare them with lesser securities. Please send us this coupon today for it.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

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Glove satisfaction is what you are after. That means comfort, wear and appearance during the entire life of the glove.

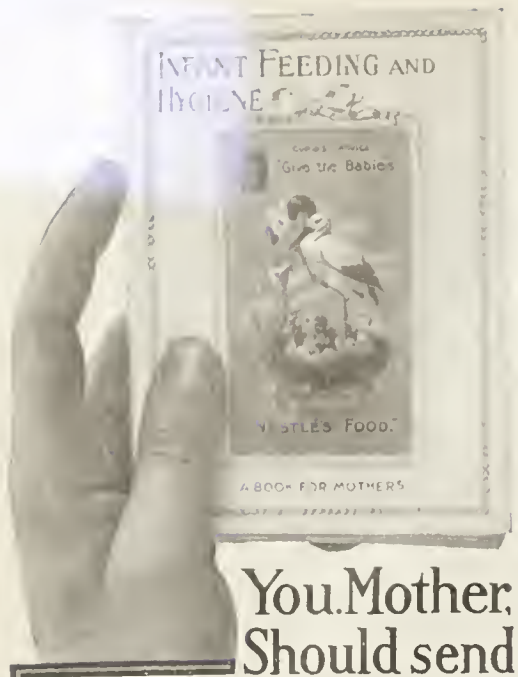
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You Mother, Should send Today for your copy of

THIS FREE BOOK

Most of the little troubles and maladies common to your little one can be entirely avoided when you know how to guard against them from the beginning.

This book gives you 70 pages of the most necessary information about the care and treatment of infants in health and sickness.

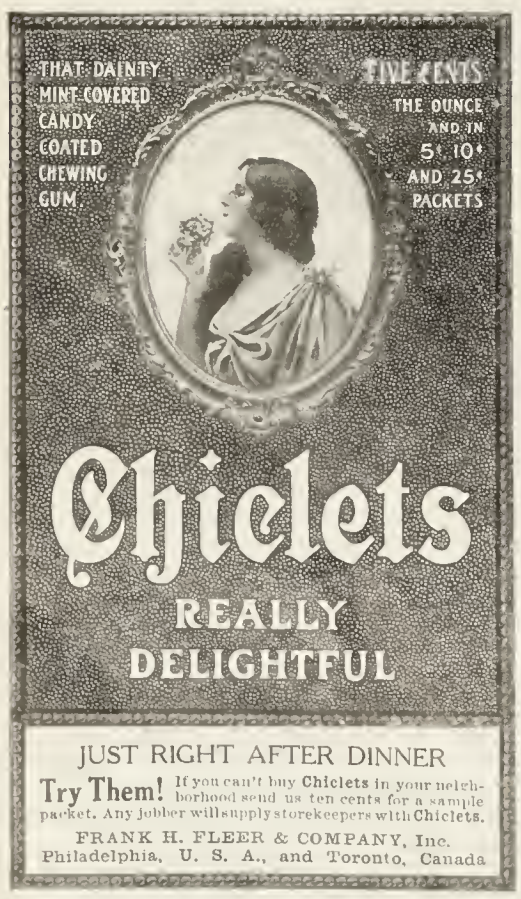
It contains many suggestions on the care of your baby during Teething and Weaning—the care of the eyes, mouth, ears and skin—and many other intimate talks on how to avoid the danger points in the early stages of the baby's life.

"Infant Feeding and Hygiene" will save you many an hour of anxiety over the health and welfare of your little one.

We will send this book free, today, Mother, together with a free trial package of NESTLE'S FOOD (enough for twelve feedings.)

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JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

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Winning Pennants

(Concluded from page 14)

were pleading with the umpire to stop the game, claiming they were unable to see well enough to play. The batter hit a hard line fly to left field. Ryan turned, ran rapidly back for perhaps twenty feet, saw that he could not get back far enough to catch the ball, and suddenly he conceived a remarkable idea. Turning like a flash, he stood still, facing the diamond, and put up his hands as if catching the ball. He seemed to make the catch and, whirling, he pretended to throw the ball across the outfield to Lange, as they were in the habit of doing when either caught a fly. Lange, now knowing what was happening, carried out the idea, pretended to catch the ball and stick it into his pocket, and he and Ryan, followed by the entire team, turned and raced for the club-house exactly as they would have done had Ryan caught the ball in reality.

A Perfect Pantomime

THE pantomime was carried out to such perfect detail that no one in the grandstand or on the players' bench realized that the ball had passed ten feet over Ryan's head. The umpire, who had lost sight of the ball, was convinced Ryan had caught it, and allowed the out. Every scorer in the press box was deceived and credited Ryan with a put-out, giving the game to Chicago by 7 to 6, whereas the actual score was 8 to 7, with Philadelphia having a chance for more runs and Chicago another half-inning to play.

For sheer speed in planning and executing a play, possibly the greatest ever made was by James Callahan, afterward a great pitcher in both the National and American Leagues, when he was a member of the Kansas City Club. Callahan was pitching, and one of the fastest base-runners in the League was on second base. Every time Callahan pitched the ball the runner ran a third of the way up to third base, so that both Callahan and his catcher, Fred Lake, were kept busy watching the runner, to prevent him from stealing third base. Callahan assumed pitching position, looked carelessly over his shoulder, purposely permitted the runner to get a big lead, and then whirling like a flash he sprinted for second base. He was twice as far from the base as the runner was, but his movement was so unexpected that the runner, hesitating just an instant before making a desperate run and dive back to the base, was touched out as he slid. The play probably never was made either before or since in professional baseball.

This thinking and acting at high tension and the intense concentration is exhausting nervously and physically, and toward the end of a hard season the strain tells on even the strongest. The majority of the players recuperate by sleeping for long periods, while others seek absolute escape from baseball during the hours that they are not on the fields. Often players flee to distant parts of the city in which their team is playing, or shut themselves up in their rooms to avoid admirers and cranks who want to talk baseball to them. During the terrific strain of the last month of last season Manager Chance of the Chicago Club rescinded his rules against poker among the players, and organized games himself, during which all mention of baseball was forbidden. The "worriers" break down. The majority, however, recuperate in sleep and awake refreshed. After a hard series of games in Boston or New York, players frequently will crawl into a sleeping-car berth and sleep during the entire ride to some Western city, emerging finally refreshed and ready for the fray.

The Life of the Umpire

YET occasionally one hears: "Those fellows have a snap: big salaries, good hotels, the best trains, and they work only two hours a day." That reminds me of a story. "Silk" O'Loughlin, the umpire, had a bad day, and in the evening, feeling embittered, he was bewailing the sad lot of an umpire to Tim Hurst, his fellow in misery. "An umpire's life is worse than a murderer's," wailed "Silk." "He is an Ishmaelite, an outcast, a thing despised, loathed, and hated." He must hide from his fellow men; he dares not talk to any one; he has no friends; he can not speak to the players; must hide in obscure hotels; conceal his identity; endure abuse, insult, and even assault.

"Why," he continued, waxing eloquent, "the worst criminal in the world gets more consideration and kindness; the umpire, hated, abused, insulted, and often hunted, stands alone with twenty thousand people shouting every insult, taunt, and villification known at him. From three o'clock in the afternoon until five he must—"

"Yis," interrupted Hurst, "but kin ye beat thim hours?"

$5 in solid nickel case $7 and $9 in gold filled cases



The new "I-T" is a watch of the highest type, manufactured by the money-saving systems used in making the Ingersoll watches.

Though of totally different character and made in another factory the "I-T" is the same value in proportion to price as the Dollar Watch.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The best 7-Jewel Watch

It has bridge model movement, found only in the most expensive watches heretofore; 7 ruby, sapphire and garnet jewels; compensating balance, automatically adjusting itself to heat and cold; micrometer regulator and every scientific feature of accuracy known to watch making. Closest time-keeper; handsome; will wear 20 years.

$5 in solid nickel case $7 in 10-yr. gold-filled case $9 in 20-yr. gold-filled case

Sold by *responsible* jewelers everywhere or prepaid by us. Insist on seeing it before buying. Write for "I-T" Booklet No. 58.

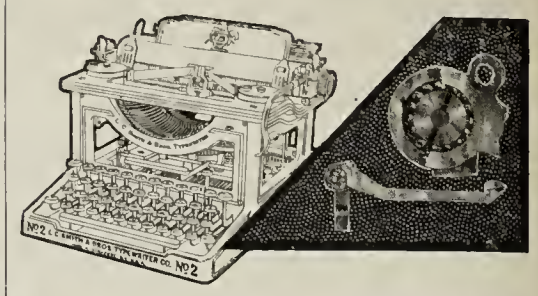
Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 58 Frankel Bldg. New York

Examine this Movement

Compare it with the most expensive



Ball Bearing Throughout



Every vital operating feature is Ball Bearing in the New Model

L.C.Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(ALL THE WRITING ALWAYS IN SIGHT)

Ordinary friction bearings are cheaper to make, but not cheaper in the end. Ball bearings properly made, as we make them, cannot grind themselves loose like common friction bearings. They work smoothly, noiselessly, accurately, without "play" or lost motion, indefinitely. They can't wabble.

Our ball-bearing carriage solves the problem of free-running combined with absolute rigidity. Our ball-bearing typebar segment permits a capital shift, the easiest known, yet thoroughly positive.

Our Gardner ball-bearing typebar joint insures, with least resistance, the accurate imprint of the types, *in their proper places,* always.

The ball bearings of the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter serve exactly the same purpose as the jewels in an expensive watch. A cheap watch, with pinion bearings, may keep good time at first, but the jeweled bearings keep on doing their work for a life-time.

Write for the Book. It's Free.

L.C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y. - U.S.A.
(Branches in all Large Cities)

Head Office for Europe, Asia and Africa:
18 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Ithaca Gun

Catalog FREE
18 grades, $17.75 net to $300 list

No. 4—$100, List



THE GUN THAT WENT TO AFRICA

Above cut shows the finest gun that went to Africa with the Roosevelt party, selected because the 1909 Ithaca lock is the simplest and only unbreakable lock; it operates in 1/625 of a second, twice as fast as other locks. Warranted to out-shoot any other make.

REMEMBER WE MAKE DAINTY LITTLE 20 GAUGE GUNS

ITHACA GUN CO., DEPT. 35, ITHACA, N. Y.

Windowphanie

MAKES STAINED GLASS OUT OF PLAIN GLASS

It is a thin, translucent material perfectly reproducing all the rich coloring of the most beautiful stained glass. Easily applied by anyone to ordinary windows, without removing them from the sash. Costs very little. Practically indestructible. Made in conventional patterns, also appropriate designs for any purpose. Suitable for doors, transoms, and windows in private houses as well as in churches, hotels, etc.



Write for free sample and catalog showing many beautiful designs of borders, panels, centerpieces and fillings in color. **Dealers Wanted.**

D. O. MALZ
19 E. 14th Street, New York

A Big $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"



No. 37—$2000. One of the 100.

for six months and a copy of my new book,

100 PLANS
Bungalows
Cottages
$400. to $3000.

Keith's monthly magazine is the recognized authority on planning and Decorating Homes. $1.50 year. News-stands 15c copy. Each 60-page issue gives several designs by leading architects.

Ask your Newsdealer for Keith's Books, they are,—

100 designs for Attractive Homes, $2,500 to $6,000	$1.00
100 designs for Cement and English Half Timber	1.00
192-page book—Practical House Decoration	1.00
182 Beautiful Interior Views of Halls, Living Rooms, etc.	1.00
Any one of these books and "Keith's" one year	**2.00**

M. L. KEITH, 429 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.



SPECIAL VALUES IN OLD VIOLINS

The Lyon & Healy collection now offers a number of fine specimens at exceedingly low prices. We will send a copy of our beautiful catalog of Old Violins — free. Prices from $50 to $10,000. Easy payments if desired.

Lyon & Healy, 14 Adams St., Chicago

We Seek the Advertisers Who Want Light

We seek mail order advertisers who are anxious for a way to reduce their selling costs.

We seek general advertisers who want to find ways to get more results for their money.

We seek the wise men—the good business men—the men who want actual proofs.

We will tell these men how, with absolute certainty, to pick out the agent who can outsell the rest.

We appeal for good business methods in advertising—such as you apply outside.

Employ salesmen-in-print on just the same basis as you employ salesmen-in-person.

Accept no unproved boasts. Sign no contracts. Put it up to the men to make good.

That is the only way to place men on their mettle—to keep them at constant white heat.

Cling to them as long as no other men can outsell them. But always leave room to give the better man a show.

Advertising has not been largely done on that basis.

The advertising agent has demanded a contract, binding the advertiser for from one to three years.

The contract was blindly made—made before the agent had started to show results.

Then, if the agent fell down, the advertiser found himself tied to a failure. There was nothing to do but quit.

We have abandoned contracts.

No client of ours binds himself to remain with us. None states how much he will spend.

We abide by results.

If any agent can prove the power to outsell us, our client is free to go.

But we urge the demanding of actual proofs.

Any agent who can outsell another can prove it beyond any question.

He can prove it without asking you for any commitment. He can prove it, if you wish, while most of your advertising still goes through other channels.

We shall welcome the time when advertisers in general awake to this fact, and employ it.

There is a way to prove if your advertising can bring better results than now.

There is a way to know if any agent can outsell the one you employ.

The way is easy, and the result sometimes has proved to be worth a fortune.

If you are interested, simply write us: "Please explain the way."

LORD & THOMAS

NEW YORK
SECOND NAT'L BANK BLDG.
FIFTH AVE. and 28th ST.

NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE AND OUTDOOR
ADVERTISING

CHICAGO
TRUDE BUILDING
67 WABASH AVE.

Address either office. They are equally equipped

[5]

A Problem Solved



Home Made Gas Light From Crushed Stone and Water

VOLUME for volume, this rural gas actually gives twelve times more light than the best city gas.

Like city gas, it is used in handsome brass or bronze chandeliers and fixtures of endless variety.

A simple twist of the wrist turns on a brilliant flood of light in any room in the house, day or night.

It has already driven the oil lamp with its grease, smoke, soot and smell, out of 176,000 town and suburban homes.

Takes some member of every one of these 176,000 homes, fifteen minutes once a month, to make all the gas the household can use.

***

The magic is all in the wonderful gas-producing stone.

This stone is manufactured in huge electric furnaces, in a temperature of over 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

When ready to use, it looks and feels like crushed granite and is then known as Union Carbide.

Union Carbide is packed at the factory and distributed through warehouses all over the country in sheet steel cans in which it may be kept for years.

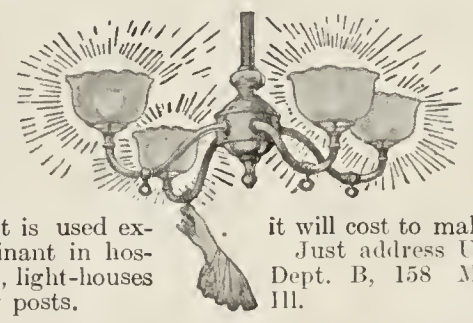
In these packages it is safer to handle and store than common coal, as it will not burn and can't explode.

***

The gas which this wonderful stone yields is genuine Acetylene.

And Acetylene, carried in iron pipes to ornamental fixtures, burns with a soft, brilliant, pure white light.

On account of its color, it is the easiest of all lights on the eyes, and is a boon to those afflicted with eye strain troubles.



It is not poisonous and one might sleep all night in a room with an open burner without harm.

For these reasons it is used extensively as an illuminant in hospitals, factories, mines, light-houses and government army posts.

To produce Acetylene, it is only necessary to mix Union Carbide with plain water in a small tank-like machine that is usually set in one corner of the basement.

The formula is simple, and the work can be handled by most any school boy.

Once a month he must fill the little machine with Union Carbide—the machine does the rest—it makes gas only when the lights are burning and stops making gas when they are turned off.

Anybody that can cut and fit pipes can install the generator, pipes and fixtures in two days without injuring walls or floors.

With such an installation you can make this glorious beautifying light in your own home for less money than same amount of light from kerosene would cost.

***

If you happen to live in the country, you can do as thousands of farmers have done—run the gas pipes to lights placed on your porches, in your horse and cow barn, or even in your barn yard and have all of them fixed up to light with a touch of an ignition button on post or walls.

Such a lighting scheme is not only a boon to the housewife and children, but it's a mighty handy convenience for the man of the house when he must do his chores after dark, or when he is called out in the night to attend a sick animal.

All these lights will be permanently fastened to ceilings, walls or posts, and enclosed in tight globes.

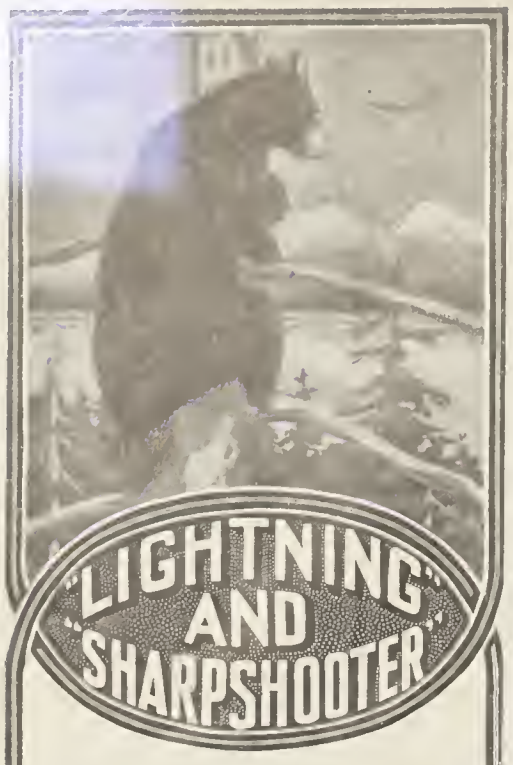
For this reason they are many times safer than lamps or lanterns that are so often tipped over with disastrous results.

Write us today how large your place and where it is located. Then we can mail our booklets and tell you how little it will cost to make this light yourself.

Just address Union Carbide Sales Co., Dept. B, 158 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.







WHICH?

USE EITHER

for Hunting

LARGE

or

SMALL GAME

FOR RIFLES ONLY
BOTH SMOKELESS

Send 12 cents in stamps for a set of six Pictures illustrating "A Day's Hunt." Address Dept. W,

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.

Wilmington, Del., U. S. A

TRY IT 15 DAYS Free

You'll LIKE the Never-Fail



Sold on Everlasting Guarantee

You Only Risk a Stamp

to get the **Never-Fail** Sharpener. Greatest Razor Sharpening device ever invented. Makes old Razors new. Puts perfect edge on dullest blade. Keeps your razor sharp.

No. 1 for Sofety Rozors—weighs 6 ounces
No. 2 for Old Style Rozors—weighs 8 ounces

Why Do We Send It on Trial?

Because you put your Razor in a **Never-Fail** Sharpener and it is sharp. There is never any time lost in shaving with a sharp Razor. No more dull, disagreeable Razors. No more honing. Fine for home use—indispensable for traveling.

How to Get It

Send us your full name and address and order Sharpener by number, and we will send it to you on a 15 day free trial. At the expiration of this time, you send us $3.00 or return the Sharpener.

One price buys full outfit complete. No extras.
REMEMBER: Any kind or style of Rozor con be sharpened with the Never-Foil.

NEVER-FAIL CO., 1036 Nicholas Bldg., TOLEDO, O.

25% to 75% Saved On Any Typewriter

Rebuilt by Us.

Let's Prove It To You

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
345 Broadway, New York
Branches in All Large Cities.

Brickbats and Bouquets

Kind Words and Bitter Spoken by Editors, Subscribers, and Readers, Regular and Occasional, About Collier's

"PITTSBURG, PA.
"Yours is the best exposition of the liquor question I have seen.
"JOHN M. GOEHRING."

✣

"CINCINNATI, OHIO.
"You first induce us to buy COLLIER'S by assisting us in our fight and then you sell out to the brewers and defend their publicity bureau in its attempt to prove that Lincoln was in favor of the saloon. You say you do not accept liquor ads. and then you accept pay for editorials in their favor. I have induced people to buy your paper because you were one of us, but you can bet your —— bribed heart I will do what I can to break you up. I am with God and against you and your kind in this fight.
"ELIOT G. MANIXON."

✣

"That the editor of a great journal of national circulation should write such nonsense about the subject that is foremost in the minds of the American people indicates a minnteness of mental caliber not characteristic of the swine family."
—*National Prohibitionist.*

✣

"NEW YORK, N. Y.
"And while I am about it, do let me tell you that I adore your editorials—all so piquant and yet mostly *kind*.
"ANITA FITCH."

✣

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
"For a paper covering the greater part of the interests of human life, as yours does, it seems to me singularly neglectful of the spiritual.
"ARTHUR MACDONALD."

✣

"CINCINNATI, OHIO.
"We consider your editorials the best in the world. BUOB & SCHEU."

✣

"DENVER, COLO.
"It is to be regretted that a journal that maintains such enlightened views in general should be so fanatical and bigoted on this subject (vivisection). I presume, however, that had you lived a few centuries ago you would have defended the burning of witches. E. C. WILSON."

✣

"PITTSBURG, PA.
"I have just noticed an editorial in this week's issue of your paper, and I certainly desire to thank you for your very kind remarks, and I can assure you that the same are very highly appreciated.
"I might add that I was determined to land Colonel Mann, and I think I succeeded in doing so, after persevering for over two years and refusing to be frightened by the many threats made to ruin me. It is a case of where they attacked the wrong man.
"SAMUEL DEMPSTER."

✣

"'Fingy' Conners has brought a libel action for $100,000 against COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Now, really, Mr. Conners, do you think you can find any jury that will consider your reputation worth that amount?"—Binghamton *Republican*.

✣

"'He said he paid no attention to the things said about him in such papers as COLLIER'S—a Munsey paper; 'all of these Munsey papers are owned by that fellow Spreckels.' The reporter here got in a word edgewise, meekly suggesting that COLLIER'S wasn't a Munsey paper, and asking whether the Spreckels mentioned was the one who had been agitating things in San Francisco. 'That's the d——d fellow I mean; he owns all of these Northern yellow journals,' said the Senator whom Major Hemphill, a brother Democrat, calls Old Molasses. 'I am responsible to the people of this section: I am responsible for my actions to them alone. As for these infernal yellow journals, it is none of their d——d business what I do.'"—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease

The antiseptic powder. It relieves Hot, Swollen, Smarting, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails; kills the sting of Corns and Bunions. All Druggists, 25c. Ask *today*. Don't accept any substitute.—*Adv.*



You Can Save From $5 to $40

Our direct-from-factory-to-you selling plan means a saving of from $5 to $40 for our customers.

Write for our Catalog 176. Look over our prices and compare them with others. That's all the proof you need.

Hundreds of thousands of Kalamazoo stoves and ranges are in use all over the country. Perhaps many in your own town. Ask their owners. Thousands have written us that there's nothing like the Kalamazoo—anywhere at any price.

We make buying and paying easy and convenient. Our catalog tells just how to know a good stove when you see it and use it. We sell for cash or we open charge accounts with all responsible people. We make all kinds of stoves and ranges for all purposes and for all kind of fuel. You can select your stove from the catalog and buy direct from the **manufacturer** for

Cash or Credit

You know the reputation of the Kalamazoo stove. You know the standing of the Kalamazoo Stove Co. Besides—you are given 360 days to test your stove. Your money back if the Kalamazoo is not just as represented.

We Pay the Freight

and guarantee safe delivery.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Michigan

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
TRADE MARK REGISTERED



The Largest Selling Toilet Soap

Palmolive Soap has the largest sale of all toilet soaps selling at 10c a cake or more. Think how good this soap must be to have outsold all other soaps at that price.

Don't you want to try the soap that so many women have chosen as best?

Palmolive is used in thousands of homes in the baby's bath. It is so pure and so soothing that it delights the most delicate skin.

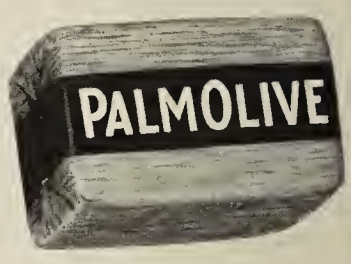
We get the palm and olive oils, from which it is made, in the Orient and by our special process, get our perfect blend.

Try Palmolive in hard, soft, hot or cold water—it will lather freely in any.

Send 4c in stamps for a generous sample cake and the free book, "*The Easy Way to Beauty.*"

See what this soap means to you. Compare it with other soaps. Price 15c a cake at your dealer's.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
350 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wis.



The A. H. Fox Gun—

"The Finest Gun in the World"



The Fox Gun is the highest development of the art of modern gun making. The best mechanical principles—many of them exclusive to the "Fox"—are combined with the finest workmanship and materials obtainable, regardless of cost.

No amount of labor or expense is spared to make the Fox Gun better than any other. It shows quality from muzzle to butt plate. It is conceded to be the "quality gun" of to-day, in a class by itself. Your gun dealer will be glad to show the "Fox" and explain its many advantages and exclusive features which no other gun has. The Fox Gun carries a most liberal guarantee, backed by a company which takes pleasure in doing everything possible to please and satisfy its customers. Beautiful art catalog sent free on request.

THE A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY

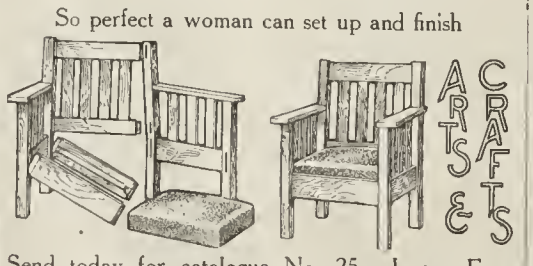
4702 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAVE HALF THE RETAIL PRICE

Highest Quality Made in Sections

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE

So perfect a woman can set up and finish



Send today for catalogue No. 25. Large, Easy Rockers, Chairs, Settees, Couches, Tables, Etc.

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE MFG. CO.
25 Fulton St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Are You Looking for a Chance to Go Into Business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet.

EDWARD B. MOON, 1 West Water Street, Chicago



4 H. P. Stationary Gasoline Motor Complete $69.00

10 H. P., Complete, $140

For FACTORY USE, IRRIGATION WORK OR ANY KIND OF PUMPING, FARMWORK, ETC.

GUARANTEED by a responsible concern.

Write for full description of 3, 4, 6 and 10 H. P. Stationary Engines

GRAY MOTOR CO., 112 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S

own account of his

African Trip

begins in the ***October*** Number of

Scribner's Magazine

The start of the famous expedition—the wonderful railway journey through a country that was like a "great zoological garden," his meeting with Selous, the famous hunter of big game, descriptions of the black tribesmen of his caravan, his outfit, guns, tents, etc., etc. Most interesting observations upon the effects of the English, German, and other white settlements. The illustrations from photographs by Kermit Roosevelt and others.

These articles will run a year, and will appear in no other publication. Subscriptions should be sent at once to secure the full narrative.

($3.00 a year)

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Any person who can secure subscriptions can make money on Scribner's this year. Liberal cash commissions and cash prizes. Write NOW for particulars.



A Practical Trademark

The Keen Kutter Trademark is a practical one.

It means something to you—it protects you—it makes an expert buyer of you—and it costs you nothing.

This trademark means, wherever and whenever you see it, that the tool upon which it appears is the best that can be bought—that it will outwear others—that it is perfect in quality, temper, balance, adjustment, and adaptability.

KEEN KUTTER

QUALITY TOOLS

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

are made to work. They are thoroughly tested at the factory to make sure they will do their work, then stamped Keen Kutter.

The guarantee of the maker goes with them, protecting you and the dealer who sells them. They are the only tools you know before trying will give long, hard, satisfactory service.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotton."

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. Simmons.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"WEARS LIKE IRON"

New Life and Looks to Old Doors

YOUR DOORWAY

Is to Every Passer-by an Index to the Character of What's Inside

Does yours do you justice? No need to wait until next repairing time, or put off refinishing it as a "task" to be dreaded.

JAP-A-LAC WILL MAKE IT LIKE NEW. Get a can to-day at your dealer's and everyone who knows what you're going to do will want to "help" with the transformation.

JAP-A-LAC is the hardest, most durable and lustrous colored varnish made. Applied according to directions it "sets" hard as adamant with a mirrorlike surface and "Wears Like Iron."

JAP-A-LAC is made in sixteen beautiful colors for refinishing every kind of woodwork, Bric-a-brac, Chandeliers, Floors, Furniture and every painted or varnished surface from cellar to garret.

JAP-A-LAC has no substitute.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers

If your dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name, with 10c to cover cost of mailing, and we will send a free sample, quarter pint can of any color (except gold which is 25c) to any point in the United States.

Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request.

Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

The Glidden Varnish Co. 2907 Glidden Bldg. Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

JAP-A-LAC Model Floor Graining Process solves the problem of "What shall I do with my old carpeted floor to make it sanitary and refined?" Your Painter can do it at a little expense or you can do it yourself. Insist on JAP-A-LAC



Hello, Brother!

Shed your pack, fill your pipe, and sit down—we want to have a little straight "Head Camp" fire talk with you. To get right down to "brass tacks," you've got your share of red corpuscles in your blood—you like the fields, and woods and waters—you like the solo of the reel, and the voice of the gun. It's an unfortunate fact that you, who love these things, cannot get more than from one to four weeks off in a year to enjoy them.

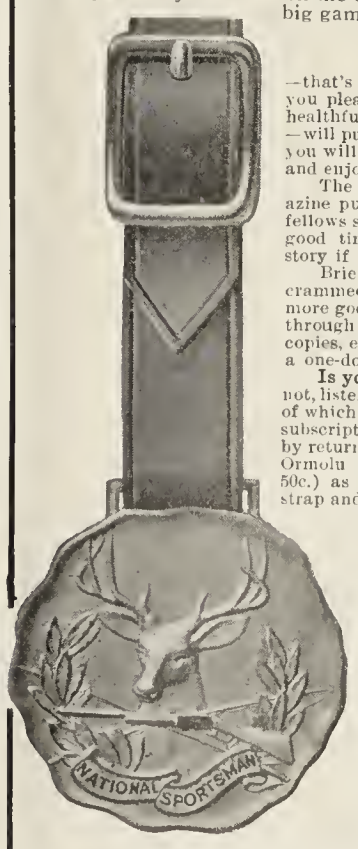
NOW LISTEN:—If we can show you how you can take a fishing or hunting trip twelve times a year for $1.00 without neglecting your work, will you take it? If we can take you into the big woods where you can smell the evergreens and hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small, will you come with us? Subscribe for the

National Sportsman

—that's the answer—and as this magazine comes to you each month, it will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of your every-day work to the healthful atmosphere of the woods and fields—will make you forget your troubles—will put new life into you—and in addition to your annual outing in the open, you will get from its contents each month during the year many a pleasant trip and enjoyable experience with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

The **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** is entirely different from any other magazine published. It's just like a great big camp in the woods, with 75,000 good fellows sitting around the fire, smoking and telling each other stories about their good times in the woods. Come in, Brother, join with us and tell us a good story if you have one, or just sit and listen, if you'd rather.

Briefly, the **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** contains each month 160 pages crammed full of stories, photographs of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will make any man with red blood in his veins read his copy through before he goes to bed, even if it takes all night. Think of it, twelve copies, each containing 160 pages, over 1,900 pages in all, sent to you postpaid for a one-dollar "William."



Is your blood warm yet, Brother? If not, listen to this: Send us $1.00, on receipt of which we will enter your name, on our subscription list for one year, and send you by return mail one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price, 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold plated buckle, together with a copy of our **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTING GOODS** containing **384 PAGES OF VALUABLE INFORMATION** for sportsmen, including a Synopsis of the Game Laws of all the States and Canada, Cooking Recipes for Campers, How to Use the Compass, Hints on the Use of Firearms, information about various kinds of powder, size of shot, etc., to be used, for different game, together with complete descriptions and lowest possible prices on all kinds of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Tents, Camp Outfits, Fishing Tackle and other goods of interest to lovers of outdoor sports. Can you beat this?



12 Copies National Sportsman at 15c each	$1.80
NATIONAL SPORTSMAN Watch Fob	50
Encyclopedia of Sporting Goods	10
Total Value,	$2.40

All Yours for $1.00

It's a whole lot for the money, but we know that if you once become a National Sportsman you will always be one.

Fill in attached coupon and mail to-day.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc., 91 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

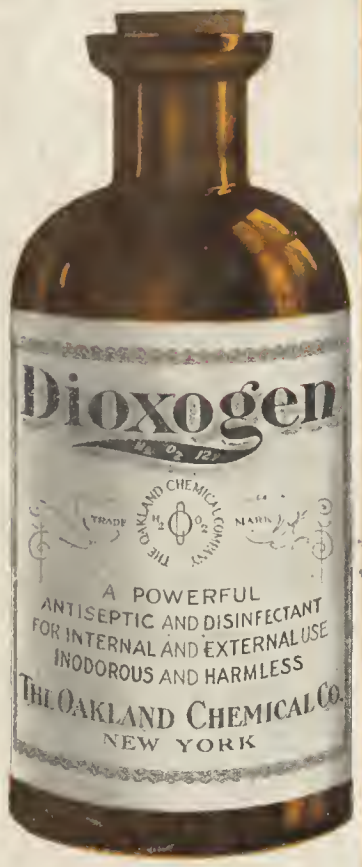
Enclosed find $1.00 for a year's subscription to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, a Watch Fob, and a copy of your Encyclopedia of Sporting Goods.

Name .....

Address in Full .....

.....

Send for 2-oz. sample bottle exactly this size.



If you have never used DIOXOGEN, or if you have been buying ordinary peroxide of hydrogen for personal use, we want to send you a 2-oz. bottle entirely without cost to you. The very best evidence of the advantage of DIOXOGEN is DIOXOGEN itself and we want you to try it at our expense. We will also send booklet fully describing its many uses.

Cut off and mail coupon or send postal mentioning this magazine today.

C.
Sept. 11

THE
OAKLAND
CHEMICAL
CO.
98 Front Street
New York

Check one of the following:

☐ I have never used **Dioxogen** or any peroxide of hydrogen. I would like to try **Dioxogen.**

☐ I am using a peroxide, but not **Dioxogen,** for personal use. I would like to compare **Dioxogen** with the kind I am now using.

.....*Name*

.....*Address*

.....*Druggist's Name*

Dioxogen

THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

is sold and recommended by many first-class druggists as the only suitable and efficient peroxide of hydrogen for personal, toilet and medicinal uses. These druggists **know the advantages of DIOXOGEN** and the **deficiencies of ordinary peroxide** for such purposes. There are many other druggists, equally honest and reliable, who have **not** investigated the comparative merits of the different grades, and, undoubtedly, honestly *think all peroxide is alike!* The following facts will prove of interest to these druggists and their customers:

Why DIOXOGEN, the *Pure* Peroxide of Hydrogen, Should Be *Sold, Recommended* and *Used* Exclusively for Personal, Toilet and Medicinal Purposes

1. *BECAUSE* the publicity given the many uses of **DIOXOGEN** has caused the market to be "flooded" with a hundred kinds, grades and makes of **ordinary** peroxide of hydrogen. Many of these are only suitable for bleaching and other commercial purposes and contain impurities and undesirable qualities which make them **totally** unfit for personal use. The name **DIOXOGEN** is your protection against these **inferior** grades.

2. *BECAUSE* **DIOXOGEN** does not contain acetanilid. **DIOXOGEN** keeps without it. Acetanilid is the preservative commonly used to keep ordinary peroxide of hydrogen from losing its strength. It causes the objectionable taste and odor characteristic of such preparations. The law requires a statement on the label if acetanilid is used.

3. *BECAUSE* **DIOXOGEN** is 25% stronger than the official standard; 33⅓% stronger than most and 50% stronger than many makes of ordinary peroxide. **DIOXOGEN** can be diluted with water to a much greater extent than ordinary peroxide of hydrogen and still be more effective. While ordinary peroxide may cost less than **DIOXOGEN** in the original package, it is more expensive in actual use.

4. *BECAUSE* **DIOXOGEN** does not spoil or become rank, and keeps just as well in open as in closed bottles, never varying in uniformity and efficiency. It is always the same because **always pure.** Lack of uniformity is characteristic of all makes of ordinary peroxide.

5. *BECAUSE*, when you buy "peroxide of hydrogen" without specifying **DIOXOGEN,** there is no guarantee of purity and quality. You may get "bleaching" peroxide, you may get "weak" peroxide, you may get "impure" peroxide, you may get "spoiled" peroxide. In **DIOXOGEN** you know just exactly what you **are** getting. The name is a positive assurance of quality; it is a **guarantee** of purity, strength and efficiency.

DIOXOGEN Has Many Every-Day Uses in Every Home

AS A MOUTH WASH, it bubbles about the gums and teeth, thoroughly cleansing them of all particles of decay and infectious substances; AS A GARGLE, DIOXOGEN removes the cause of irritation in the throat; DROPPED INTO CUTS, OPEN WOUNDS, OR SORES, it bubbles as long as infection remains and is a sure safeguard against further trouble. DIOXOGEN is the best kind of health insurance for every member of the family.

A booklet accompanies each bottle, giving over twenty other disease-preventing and personal toilet uses with full directions for each. Send for the free trial bottle and this booklet **today.**

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL COMPANY
NEW YORK



Copyright 1909 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

MAKE up your mind now that you are going to wear Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes this fall: For the certainty of being dressed in correct style; for the assurance of all-wool fabrics, when cotton-mixtures are the rule; for shape-keeping, high-grade tailoring; for real economy.

If your clothier offers something else, there's probably more in it for him than for you. No clothier will offer you better clothes than ours; every dollar they cost is in the goods. In these days of advancing prices of wool and of fabrics, the temptations to cheapen quality are strong; you'll find many lower-priced clothes; but none really equal in value.

Our mark in clothes is a small thing to look for; but it's worth insisting on, because it's a big thing to find. Send six cents for the fall Style Book, 32 pages, 25 handsome style illustrations.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

The Safest Way To Earn 6%

Investors—small or large—should inform themselves on Irrigation Bonds.

These bonds are secured by liens on the most fertile farm lands in America. The value of the security is in many instances four times the loan. The first year's crop often sells for more than the loan—sometimes by several times over.

Some of these bonds are municipal obligations, like School Bonds. They form a tax lien on the real property within the district.

They are serial bonds, so one may make short-time or long-time investments. Each year, as part of the bonds are paid, the security back of the rest is increased.

The bonds pay six per cent—a higher rate than one can obtain on any other large class of bonds equally well secured.

The bonds are for $100, $500 and $1,000, so one may invest either little or much.

These are ideal bonds, and they have become the most popular bonds that we handle.

We are the largest dealers in Reclamation Bonds. In the past 15 years we have sold 70 separate issues, without a dollar of loss to any investor.

Now we have written a book based on all this experience, and the book is free. Please send this coupon today for it, for you owe to yourself a knowledge of the facts.

Troubridge & Niver Co.

(Established 1893)

Municipal and Corporation Bonds

First National Bank Bldg., Chicago
50 Congress Street, Boston

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

282



STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS
Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

HOME STUDY

THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
OFFERS
350 of its classroom courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations.
The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.

CIVIL SERVICE

EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every [illegible] 16,712 appointments last year. Full information about all Government Positions and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission free.
Columbian Corresp. College, Washington, D. C.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 21

CONCERNING THIS ISSUE

THIS issue of Collier's contains the finest body of Men's Wear Advertising I have ever seen in a periodical of general circulation. Its advertising columns are practically a style review of the coming season.

I can remember when the general advertising of any special brand of clothing, shoes, cravats, collars, hosiery, shirts, umbrellas, or shaving tools was almost unthought of. You bought shoes by size and neckties by color. There was no name on them.

You bought an umbrella with about an even chance that it wouldn't turn inside out at the first hard storm. The idea of guaranteed socks was as far off as that of a handy appliance for stropping your razor blades.

If you wore ready-made clothing you simply went to your local clothier and bought the suit you liked, provided it fitted your pocketbook as well as your person.

There was no manufacturer's label on it. No matter how well it pleased you, you could have no assurance of getting the same thing again.

There was no such thing as a fixed standard, of style, quality, or price.

Now there are dozens of manufacturers advertising these lines regularly, who guarantee and maintain a rigid standard of style and quality.

They are compelled to maintain it. Why? Because their goods bear their name, and the future—indeed the very life—of their business depends upon satisfied customers.

In buying these advertised goods in preference to those which are without recognized reputation to maintain, you simply serve your own best interests. You are absolutely sure of correct style, unvarying quality and longest service.

It is advertising that has brought about these conditions. It is advertising that is tending to standardize all goods. And while progressive manufacturers and dealers benefit largely by it, it is you, the consumer, who receive the most benefit.

E. L. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"A Common Mistake"



Fall Painting

Means Economy and Winter Comfort

Winter is Hard on the Home. The rain and snow, sleet and ice penetrate unprotected surfaces, and when Spring comes moisture and decay have done their deadly work. Winter's mud grinds your floors. Winter's soot blackens your walls. Winter's steam discolors the finish of woodwork and furniture. Winter plays havoc with all surfaces of the home *unless they are protected* with the right paint or finish.

A coat of good paint *now* will protect your building. The proper finish will make your floors easy to clean and prevent them from wearing white. A coat of No-Lustre Finish will give your walls a beautiful finish, which can be kept clean by the occasional use of a damp cloth. Furniture and woodwork can easily be made soot-proof and moisture-proof by any inexperienced housewife.

Go to your paint dealer, tell him just what surfaces need refinishing and ask for the proper

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS, ENAMELS, STAINS AND VARNISHES

for the purpose. If you get the Acme Quality Kind you can feel satisfied that you are getting the very best. The Acme Quality Trade Mark on a package of paint, enamel, stain or varnish is like our signature to a check.

The following four Acme Quality Specialties are excellent examples:

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish. A beautiful, lustreless, washable finish for walls and woodwork.

Acme Quality House Paint (New Era)—Result of a quarter century of scientific research and practical tests.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac—Best quality stain and varnish combined. For floors, furniture and woodwork.

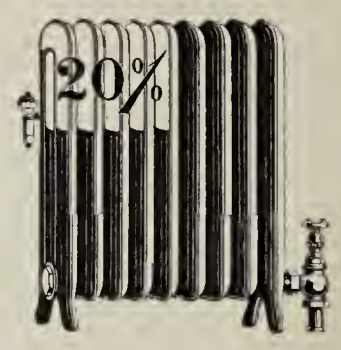
Acme Quality Floor Paint (Granite)—Hard, durable, quick-drying floor paint, saves labor and backache.

How to Get the Effect You Want. The Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes tells how to secure any desired finish on floors, walls, woodwork, furniture or on the outside of the house or barn. It not only enables you to tell your painter or decorator exactly what you want, but makes it easy for *you* to refinish the many surfaces about the home that do not require the skill of the expert.

Show your dealer this advertisement and he will give you one of these books, or write us and we will mail one FREE. Address Dept. P.

ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living.

Improve your steam heating

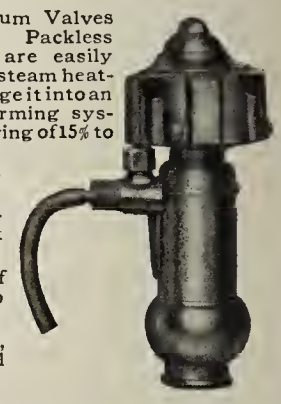


Air is the wasteful enemy of heat. It sneaks into radiators and piping through the ordinary air valves and radiator valves, and will keep any Low-Pressure Steam heating outfit from giving its fullest service. In ordinary weather, when the fire is low, air will steal into the radiator and make ineffective about 20% of its heating surface. This means heat shortage and fuel waste. You can get more steam, greater comfort, save fuel and care by adding to your outfit

NORWALL Vacuum Valves

These valves are much like the air valves now on your Radiators, except they are made to let the air out and *keep it out*. The steam is thereby held *all* through the Radiator; in fact, heat lasts 8, 12, or more hours after fire is banked. Gives early morning heat from previous night's fire, because the instant radiator is turned on steam fills the vacuum created.

NORWALL Vacuum Valves and NORWALL Packless Radiator Valves are easily added on to any steam heating outfit and change it into an ideal vacuum warming system, with a fuel saving of 15% to 25% (many report fuel saving as high as 40%).



No adjustment required—all done at the factory.

Made entirely of brass—nothing to wear out.

Send for free book, "New Aids to Ideal Heating."

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Write to Dept. G. Chicago
Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Success and Money Come to the man "WHO CAN"

The demand today in every line of business is for qualified men. There are always opportunities for the trained man. The man "who can" is the man wanted.

Qualify yourself for successfully earning a good salary by taking

The Home Study Course in Higher Accounting and Business Law

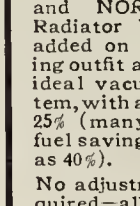
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INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, 67 W. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

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Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Method of instruction combines theory and practice. Approved by the bench and bar. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states.



Chicago Correspondence School of Law
505 Reaper Block, Chicago

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Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Broadway Central Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. $2.50. E.P. $1.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?

CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1 50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET B WITH MAP OF CITY.

SEATTLE, WASH.

HOTEL SAVOY

"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"

CONCRETE, STEEL AND MARBLE IN HEART OF CITY

210 rooms, 135 baths. English Grill. $1.50 up

SUMMER RESORTS

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. $4 to $6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

SIXTH "CRUISE of the ARABIC" to the MEDITERRANEAN and ORIENT

SAILING from NEW YORK JAN. 20, 1910

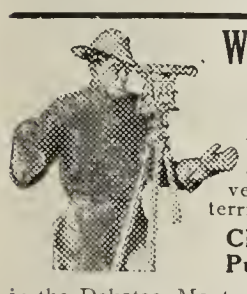
ALL EXPENSES INCLUDED for 73 DAYS at $400. and Up

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By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from 'Frisco, $650 and up. 12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, $400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.



Where Opportunities Await You

Are you interested in opportunities in money-producing activities? If so, investigate the wonderful new territory opened by the new

Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway

in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington. Opportunities are offered the business man, the farmer, the fruit-grower, the stock raiser, the dairyman, the poultry raiser, the professional man. Send for descriptive book No. 108 stating in your letter the particular line in which you are interested.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago



AUTOMOBILE JACKETS BLIZZARD PROOF

Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets.

PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of $2.35.

JOHN H. PARKER CO., Dept. 72
25 James St., Malden, Mass.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL



I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM

289 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri

Tell Me Your Roof Troubles



Let me tell you, FREE, how to cure for keeps, any roof trouble—tin, iron, steel, shingle, felt, gravel. Write now for Free Book on Roofs and ROOF-FIX, the great, guaranteed cure for roof troubles.

ANDERSON—"The Roof-Fix Man"

Department 16 Elyria, Ohio

Sept. 18

Collier's

Saturday, September 18, 1909

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $7.80 a year.

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500 latest model American Typewriters. These will go quickly—Order promptly. You save $65 by securing for $35 a machine which will do all the work of the $100 machines at the highest speed and covered by the same guarantee. The regular price of the American is $50, the special price is $35. The American is equal to the $100 machines because it has every essential feature and has eliminated 1,200 cumbersome, troublesome and easily broken parts of other machines. Its simplicity of construction, the absence of the thousand and one little levers, bars, screws and springs which make the cost of $100 machines, accounts for this unequalled offer. The absence of all these complicated parts makes the American tip the scales at 12 lbs. It's the only high grade machine that is really portable. The fundamental point of American superiority is the single type bar—one piece of steel—non-bendable and unbreakable by any stroke that can be delivered on the key, and this is the cause of its simplicity, durability, efficiency and compactness.

$100 Machine

- Universal Keyboard
- Print from Ribbon
- Type Bar Machines
- Adaptability for Rapid Work
- Various Degrees of Complicated Mechanism
- High Quality of Work
- Carriage Action—on Some, Light; Others Cumbersome
- Portability—Next to Impossible When Convenience Is Considered
- Durability—Varied
- Two-Color Ribbon Shift Only on Some Machines
- Tabulating Indicator. Some Have It, Some Charge Extra

Usual Price $100



$50 American

- So Has the American
- So Does the American
- So Is the American
- Speed Unlimited on American
- 1,200 Less Parts on the American
- Perfectly Aligned, Clear-Cut Impression from American
- Extremely Light, Ball-bearing Carriage on American
- Fewer Parts, Less Weight
- One-piece Bar, Fewer Parts Less Complex, Longer Life
- Two-Color Ribbon Shift on Every American
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Contains Latest Improvements: for office, home or traveling

Five Days' Free Trial

Don't buy the American on our mere say so, fill out the attached coupon and mail to us with references. We will ship you an American F. O. B., N. Y. Use it in your office, give it the severest test you can, note its simplicity, the durability assured by the use of only the very finest materials thruout, its efficiency, its compactness, its superior finish and its high speed. If the machine is all we say and you are entirely satisfied, keep it. send us $5 as a first payment, not $35 all in one lump, the balance you can pay at $5 a month for 6 months. Don't delay, simply fill out and mail the coupon. The machine will answer all questions. 10% discount for cash with order.

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Incorporated 1893
265 Broadway, New York City

SPECIAL TRIAL ORDER BLANK MAIL TO-DAY

AMERICAN TYPEWRITER CO., 265 Broadway, New York.

Gentlemen: I accept your special offer to COLLIER readers of a Model No. 8 American $50 Typewriter for $35. Send me one of these typewriters f. o. b., New York. It is understood that I may try the machine for five days. If satisfactory, I agree to remit $5 within five days of receipt, and pay you the balance price in six monthly instalments of $5 each. If the typewriter is unsatisfactory, I agree to repack it carefully, notify you within five days and hold subject to your order, or return it to the express agent who delivered it to me, as you may direct. Title of the American Typewriter to remain in your name till the machine is fully paid for.

Name.....

Address.....

Town .....

Ship by..... *Express* *State*.....

References:

Write for Views of SOUTHERN IDAHO

Your Name .....

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Columbia Trust Company, Portland, Oregon

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PORTLAND, OREGON

Remember, you can buy tickets to other points in Oregon as cheap as Portland

IS THE PLACE FOR YOU

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

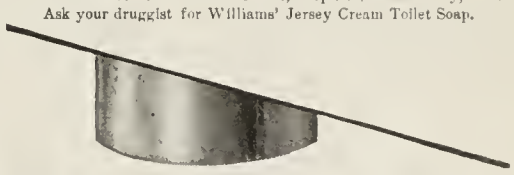


The oftener you shave the more you need Williams' Shaving Stick. You will find the reason in the lather.

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Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap.



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Write for special discount sheet and price list (together with the complete Marshall catalog). The house of Geo. E. Marshall is known for its first quality goods and our **special** discounts on **rarest** values may indeed **surprise** you.

Marshall's

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"F"irst and finest grade—diamonds are gems of the rarest beauty—

For instance, this perfect diamond, perfect in cut, perfect in color, of rare scintillating beauty—$46.00—$4 60 a month or 8 per cent off for all cash. Shipped on approval—not a cent down.

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PRICE LIST and SPECIAL DISCOUNT SHEET

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Send name and address on coupon—that is all.

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Dept. 4026
CHICAGO
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Address.....

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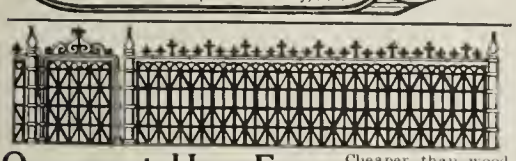
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, September 18, 1909

¶ Mark Sullivan, like President Taft, believes the South to be, just now, politically, the most interesting section of the United States. And so, Mr. Sullivan, having finished for the present his Comment upon Congress, will spend the two months until Congress again convenes, in traveling through the South.

The purpose of this announcement is to ask our friends in the South to write to us and tell us where Mr. Sullivan ought to go, whom he ought to talk to, and what he ought to observe. And such of our friends as care to make suggestions will bear in mind, we hope, that Collier's, as well as Mr. Sullivan, is interested in much more of the South than its politics. Industrially, during the next few years, the South is pretty certain to produce events more remarkable than any other section of the United States; and in its aspects which are less material than politics and industry, the South is forever full of charm and interest.

Of all the influences, direct and remote, which finally determine the subjects which this paper talks about—from among the million between China and Peru—the letters from our readers are the most interesting and the most vitalizing. Concerning these letters we once used these words:

> ". . . an editor's general impression of his correspondence, which stands to him for one of the most fertile channels of instruction, of first-hand and varied experience, that have ever enriched his passage through this vale."

We hope we shall receive from the South, during the next few weeks, many Letters to the Editor.

The Next Fiction Number

¶ The Fiction Number for October, dated September 25, will contain three strong stories, with a versatile range of theme and tone.

¶ David Gray writes a tale that imparts the superstition of the ocean. And when, as in this case, there is a youth whose navy uniform contains a timid soul, cooled even in fears which other sailors would scorn, "The White Birds of Sandakkan," presents a situation deeply dramatic. Midshipman French, a junior officer in the China squadron of the American navy, is walled out of wardroom comradeship because of his shrinking and delicate bearing. But he is appointed second-in-command of an expedition which is to trail in the wake of a suspected contraband ship.

The tramp steamer "Annie May," with the expedition disguised, comes upon the "Bedford Crescent" in the harbor of Hongkong. As the order is given to follow her out of the bay, a portentous mutiny appears in the crew. The boatswain declares to the captain that it is against the law of God and man to leave the port that night—that the vessel has been cursed by the great white birds which have swept about her, and have lit on her decks with the sign of death. As men sink down to die with the plague which envelops her, and the captain lies as a stone in his berth, Midshipman French wrenches himself into action; he commands the anchor to be raised, and with the whir of white wings ever within his ears he starts in pursuit of the British freighter. As he further proceeds, the story becomes more tense.

¶ When a "marrying man," who has survived three wives and ruggedly survived his grief, undertakes to prevent his son from wedding the daughter of a woman who has been overdivorced, he treads into complications like those encountered by Marcus Antonius Saterlee. In "Ma'am?" by Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Saterlee is racing across the country to thwart the match, when almost at the end of his journey he observes a "showy woman" across the aisle from him in the dining-car. Just at this moment the car, after a few brisk convolutions, settles into a ditch. In attempting to buy the horse and buggy of Grub City, Saterlee outbids the showy woman—then offers her a ride as far as she may wish to go. With a horse that creaks in action they embark upon a forty-mile road. A flooded river, an overturned buggy, and a few reminiscent details bring about an adjustment of the situation.

¶ In "Meddlers with Fate," by Allan Updegraff, it appears that a red tank station on the prairies, where freight trains doze on the sidings, is thoroughly versed in the habits of tramps, and impregnable to their fiction. But there was something—a glint of personality—about the ragged hobo who knocked at the tank-keeper's door, which made the woman of the house recall her denial of food. Yet she is taken with confusion at a request he makes for showing gratitude. As he moves away with the totter of the weary and sick, the thought of the tramp continues to probe the woman. Knowing that sixteen miles stretch out between him and the next tank-station, she realizes that he can not pull himself across the distance. She saddles her horse, and, leaving an important duty behind her, rides off over the plains to find him. The story describes the second meeting and its result.

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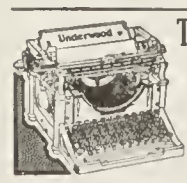


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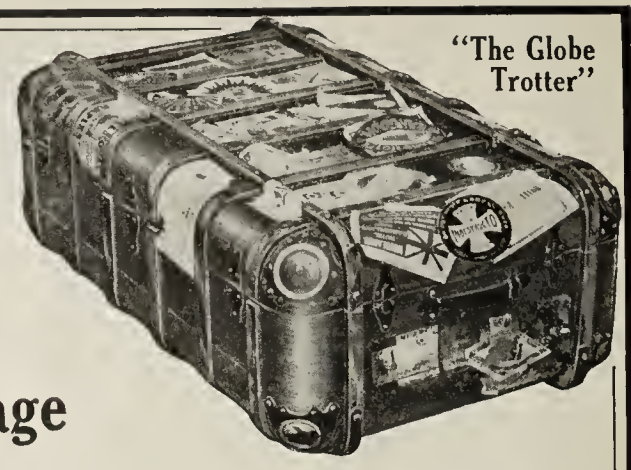
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"THATsALL" Garters

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Nothing *around* the leg

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Today, buy a pair of **"THATsALL"** Garters from your dealer. Or if he can't supply you, mail us 25c and his name, and we will send you a pair postpaid. Wear them 10 days. Then, if you're not satisfied, we'll refund your money. But we're so sure that you will be pleased that we'll even repay the postage if you don't like them. Send for a pair now.

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Collier's

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Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

September 18, 1909

Ballinger Should Go

IMAGINE NOT, O reader, that the controversy between PINCHOT and BALLINGER is a conflict of individuals. In it two great forces clash. BALLINGER talks about strict construction of the law. We shall speedily show that such remarks from his tongue should be accepted as an evil joke. He has pushed the law to its limit, if not beyond, against the public welfare. PINCHOT, in the administrative discretion left to him, has acted as attorney for the people of this country, living and to come.

As illuminating this Ballinger talk about respect for legal strictness, let us spend one moment on the Alaska land cases. *Immediately after his resignation as Commissioner of the General Land Office,* BALLINGER *became attorney for the Cunningham group. Are these men dummies for the* GUGGENHEIMS *and the Smelter Trust? The prize consists of copper mines and coal fields valued at several billion dollars.* What right had BALLINGER to take this job? Please glance casually at Section 190 of the Revised Statutes:

"It shall not be lawful for any person appointed after the first day of June, 1872, as an officer, clerk, or employee in any of the departments, to act as counsel, attorney, or agent for prosecuting any claim against the United States which was pending in either of said departments while he was such an officer, clerk, or employee, nor in any manner, nor by any means, to aid in the prosecution of any such claim, within two years next after he shall have ceased to be such officer, clerk, or employee."

As lawyers differ about the technical extent of this statute, we may confine ourselves to the spirit, of which Justice LAMAR of the United States Supreme Court, while he occupied the position now adorned by BALLINGER, made the statement that:

"Its design is to elevate the public service, so that it may inspire public confidence."

The facts are briefly these: A company in the State of Washington was accused of conspiracy to defraud the Government of valuable coal lands in Alaska. Public men and members of the Senate are interested in the company. The coal claims were included in a National Forest, but the Forest Service had never been notified of the hearings which were to be held by the Department of the Interior. When the Forest Service learned of the cases, it attempted to secure a postponement, and was told that the cases had already been considered, and millions of dollars' worth of land thus disposed of. Immediately, also, orders were issued that members of the Forest Service should not have free access to the confidential files of the Interior Department.

As Justice LAMAR pointed out, men in public office may acquire information and influence which would make them valuable as counsel against the Government after retirement. Other Secretaries have made a narrower interpretation of the law than Mr. Justice LAMAR. We leave the Cunningham land case, therefore, with the observation that it shows Mr. BALLINGER'S sense of legal safeguards and public etiquette not to be Quixotic.

Light on BALLINGER'S sympathies is also shed by the Truckee-Carson affair, which is in brief a proposed trade of perpetual water rights in California lands for the benefit of a private company. Only the interference of PINCHOT prevented the consummation of this deal. The Government is so entirely buncoed by the proposed agreement that it sounds ridiculous. In the Roosevelt Administration Secretary GARFIELD showed that a large part of the water-power sites already appropriated were under the control of two companies, and he withdrew many of the remaining sites from settlement. BALLINGER not only threw the land open to entry, but he suspended the ordinary procedure of the Interior Department, whereby preference rights are given to settlers and miners. Thus by extraordinary means he gave to power companies the opportunity to acquire vested rights before intervention by the President could be possible. He says no power rights were actually thus acquired. How does he know? ROOSEVELT'S idea was to withdraw them until they could be examined. We may observe in passing that among those persons who are securing the great water-power of the Western States are agents of the Standard Oil. We may also observe that a certain class of newspapers all over the country are fighting eagerly for BALLINGER. Among them may be mentioned, as examples, the Denver "News and Times," owned by ex-Senator THOMAS PATTERSON, and the Butte "Miner," owned by ex-Senator WILLIAM A. CLARK.

We have already referred to BALLINGER'S record in fighting WOODRUFF because of his virile land policy and appointing LAWLOR, a Southern Pacific asset, on recommendation of Senator FLINT. This Southern Pacific tool now gives advice to the United States Government on all matters pertaining to public land. For years the railroads have sought to pack public congresses in the West. GIFFORD PINCHOT has made powerful and unscrupulous enemies. Disinterested Western opinion has realized for years that the timber, the minerals, and the soil have long since become the loot of corporations whose political control of public servants is notorious. We know something of the Oregon land fraud cases. Other instances might be cited. Congress granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1882 every alternate section for forty miles on each side of its right of way. All mineral land was excepted from this grant, yet the Northern Pacific Railroad, by political influence exerted at Washington, pilfered thousands of acres of valuable mineral land. The Union Pacific is said to own every coal-bed on the line of its road. Had GIFFORD PINCHOT been in office at the time, the Government might have found a way to prevent this wholesale spoliation. His services can not be discredited by an official whose political career has been covertly but closely associated with predatory monopolies. PINCHOT is using public office as a public trust. BALLINGER is straining every nerve to make public office subsidiary to private snap. PINCHOT works for average obscure and struggling human life. BALLINGER works for those who already have too much. "He who steals from a citizen," CATO once observed, "ends in chains; but he who steals from the nation ends in gold and fine raiment."

News

"At the moment I am deep in the 'Life of Santa Teresa.' Are you learned about her? A most remarkable person even for that queer age. And the papers are full of flying machines. There's a limitation of mine for which you may chide me freely. I can not care one whoop whether they fly or whether they don't. Yet it's the most wonderful thing of my time."—From a Letter to the Editor.

QUESTIONS CONCERNING the North Pole are mainly of sporting interest. Flying is changing and enlarging the life of men. The imagination of no one person is reached by everything. SANTA TERESA has stirred others before our keen and cultivated friend, but events reach the depths for thousands, where history and poetry do for one; and events so great were seen at Rèims that history for centuries must devote to that week a brilliant page. And what a year it is: flying a certainty; North Pole discovered; Turkey reformed; Persia reformed; England's ideas of the ethics of taxation upset; India restive; China subjected to a mass of new impressions; the distance across the Atlantic further shortened; the distance across our continent about to be shortened; wireless improved; the everlasting power of sentiment dramatically illustrated in the fall of CLEMENCEAU. If the cave-man lived to-day, he could hardly repeat his now famous declaration, "Romance is dead." By science, contrary to many fears, wonder and mystery have been increased.

A Playwright Gone

CLYDE FITCH will be mourned by intimates who loved him devotedly. His energy, his warmth and vivacity, and something of an almost feminine sensitiveness and appeal, lent to his friendships more of emotion than is common with our northern races. Of his personality the key-note was affectionate enthusiasm. He loved delicate and graceful objects, and his home was crowded with them. As a playwright, he will be missed by many thousands. Probably no American dramatist now alive has given so much pleasure to so large a number. Critically considered, his work reaches highest in certain technical details, and fails most in conception and in consistent effect. He was an observer of separate things, whether in psychology or in theatrical devices, and his dramas therefore have not the sustained unity and force which come from the power of one idea. He died at forty-four, he loved life, and with luck he would have had twenty years of improvement ahead of him; twenty years of happiness; twenty years of added pleasures for the multitudes who would have seen his plays.

Vivisection

MANY MICE, tens of thousands of them, in fact, are suffering from cancer, ruthlessly inflicted upon them by cool-hearted science. Why don't our dear friends, the anti-vivisection humanitarians, [illegible] after these wicked experimenters? It is about the season when another outbreak of fool philanthropy is to be expected.

Land of the Free

THE AMALGAMATED COPPER COMPANY of Montana not long ago discharged from its service certain witnesses who had testified for the plaintiff in a damage suit against one of its subsidiary companies. An undertaker sat on the jury which awarded damages to the plaintiff in the same case. This particular undertaker had theretofore taken care of a large number of the bodies of men killed in the Amalgamated mines. The Amalgamated Company, which politically controls most of the public officials, directed the coroner no longer to hold inquests at the establishment of the juror, whose only offense was that he had performed his sworn duty, many other jurors in three different trials of the same case agreeing with him. Rarely, where deaths occur by accidents in the mines, is the corporation found to be responsible by the jurors selected by a serviceable coroner. There is a law in Montana, declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of that State, which requires that the cages which carry the miners up and down the deep shafts shall have gates. These gates prevent the miners from falling off the crowded cages, or being struck by wall-plates in their ingress and egress to and from the mines. Recently a miner was killed because of the absence of these gates. The coroner's jury which investigated his death returned a verdict that the man came to his death "from causes unknown," and the corporation, though clearly violating the law, was exonerated. At the last election in Montana the Amalgamated officials sent word to the leaders of one of the parties that certain candidates for office were objectionable to them and must not be nominated —and they were not.

Anarchy

A MACHINE POLITICIAN, returning to his Eastern home after an elaborate "study" of direct primaries in the West, declares they lead to "political anarchy." If so, pass them along. A little political anarchy is what we need. Great men, these machine idolaters. When a Republican Legislature sent the Democrat CHAMBERLAIN from Oregon to the Senate, they almost died. Times change slowly, but they do change, even in Pennsylvania, where that famous statue of MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY at present reposes in the freight house at Harrisburg.

Horace Greeley

GIMBEL BROTHERS, large advertisers, are raising a new shop at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, in the city of New York. All over a high board wall surrounding the block they have plastered the term "Gimbel Square." Rumors are flying about the town that, in this somewhat daring attempt to put themselves ahead of HORACE GREELEY in American history, they have been able to secure the tacit cooperation of the New York newspapers, through the large amount of advertising which they are prepared to dispense. They are the largest newspaper advertisers in the United States. When they open up a store in any city the value of any big newspaper in that city is increased at least a million dollars, because Gimbel Brothers not only advertise themselves, but they force other merchants to keep pace with them. It is impossible for us to believe these rumors, nevertheless, and we suggest a simple method of putting them to sleep.

The New York "Tribune" has the greatest stake. It might well give its editorial opinion of whether HORACE GREELEY deserves to be deprived of his tribute of fame by the power of money spent in advertising.

The "Sun" is a brilliant newspaper interested in American history. What does it think?

A powerful contemporary of GREELEY was RAYMOND. What thinks the "Times?" Does it believe that by a former episode it is estopped?

And for a similar reason must the "Herald" make no mention of the move?

The "Press" has been waging a war on the theatrical syndicate and making its great point the control of editorial opinion. What says the "Press"?

The "World" is the people's friend and the ardent champion of independence. Has it any views?

Mr. HEARST is known all over this country for his love of news and for his blushing devotion as a popular tribune. It is said that his paper was the first to enter into this tacit agreement. Is the statement true? If not, how does he stand on the question of naming public squares? After famous Americans or after dry-goods advertisers?

To the afternoon papers the same question might legitimately be [illegible]. If our paper, morning or afternoon, prints one line of editorial protest, the change will hardly be approved by any Board of Aldermen. If it does come to pass, how about Washington Square? What newspaper or dry-goods house will seize that name? Madison Square? Bryant Park? Franklin Square? Hancock Square? Lincoln Square? Columbus Circle? Sherman Square? Shall they all go to the public advertising bill? Hanover, Van Cortlandt, Stuyvesant, Manhattan, Claremont—shall these names, freighted with history, be removed from squares and parks that the dollar power may be conceded further?

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Edward Henry Harriman

February 25, 1848—September 9, 1909

Patchogue

SAD NEWS COMES FROM a town called Patchogue. To break the bitter tidings specifically, let us present a bit of a letter:

"I cast about for something else to read. . . . Need I say that I thought, first of all, of COLLIER'S? But at Patchogue the newsman said: 'COLLIER'S? Oh, no. That's the one paper you can't ever sell. Naw, you can't get COLLIER'S here.' But I did get it elsewhere. . . ."

What has Patchogue to say? Its name is one to which it should live up. He who passes through the place by the railroad finds it little dissimilar from other towns. Opposite the station may be seen the placarded allurements of the circus. Not far away is a sign proclaiming beers. The station itself has its one large waiting-room with the circular radiator in the middle. Outside, the "busses" wait patiently for commuters. All is normal. Can it be that this community is a whited sepulcher? It is pleasanter to think the "newsman" had drifted incredibly from the truth.

Harriman

ON SEPTEMBER 9 there died at his summer home, in the country, one of the most powerful men of the present generation, and probably the most powerful railroad captain who has ever lived. It was characteristic of his era that, the son of a poor clergyman, he left school at fourteen to carve his own career,—for such facts help to account for the strength and for the weakness of our great business kings. In the last years of his life Mr. HARRIMAN went through one change of attitude. He had been fighting the Government and the public all of his life, and was brought up in a school that favored doing what seemed promising in a business way and meeting public outcry with silence. Recently, however, Mr. HARRIMAN has frequently gone out of his path to explain and justify himself to the public. Had he been differently educated, his great powers might have been used uniformly for good, instead of being divided as they were. His best claim to public appreciation has been in his constructive railroad work. Although there was a great deal of the speculator in him, no man understood better than he what the equipment and service of a railroad ought to be. He never wrecked any property which he got hold of, and his ability in putting roads on a sound and paying basis was what made investors so anxious to put their money in property controlled by him, and this confidence was a large part of his power. In spite of his many inexcusable stock manipulations and his very much criticized doings in the Equitable, the Alton, the Union Pacific, and other companies, it has always been impossible to shake the belief of business men that control by HARRIMAN meant success.

Mr. HARRIMAN, like all other big railroad men, had the idea of a cross-continental line, which he was endeavoring to complete, but really more interesting among his unfinished plans were his extensions into Mexico, of which he characteristically was first to see the possibilities, and his intention to do for the Erie, which he saved last year, what he had formerly done for the Union Pacific. His greatest achievement remains his reconstruction of the Union Pacific, which he took when it was bankrupt. The soundness and brilliancy of his mind, on the side of constructive work, were illustrated as truly, and in a dramatic manner easily understood by the public, when he spent millions to cut off a ten-mile haul at Omaha, and millions more to cross Salt Lake. HARRIMAN would do anything to shorten the haul, for he thought in vast figures, thought creatively, and saw the future as vividly as the present. He would incur any cost to increase the train load, to get more traffic behind the engine, for that also was fundamental, and for such great ideas EDWARD HARRIMAN will be respected when his headstrong speculations have been forgotten. Perhaps the opposite of MARK ANTONY'S remark is nearer to the truth. The important good men do lives after them; the fleeting evil is interred with their bones. So let it be with HARRIMAN. We shall correct the errors of his era and long continue to admire the genius and courage of its biggest men.



Navajo Indians Riding Through the Cañon del Muerto

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT 1906, BY E. S. CURTIS (SEE PAGE 42)

Collier's

What It All Means



The Cascades, the Formal Gardens, and the Court of Honor at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

The Great West, Its History, and the Yukon Exposition—Canada and the United States—Attitude Toward Japan—New and Old Views of Alaska

By EDMOND S. MEANY

THE Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is a combination of dynamite and the cactus dahlia, for it assuredly proclaims beauty's conquest of the "wild and woolly West." The grounds stretch between the shores of Lakes Union and Washington, with the tides of Puget Sound pulsing near. To the east rise the snow-crowned monarchs of the Cascade Range, and to the west may be seen the smaller but more jagged Olympic Mountains, like a great celestial saw cleaving the clouds. Everywhere on the distant shores and foothills are the primeval forests. Portions of these famed forests have been retained along the edges of the Exposition grounds. Here, then, are the dynamic forces of the West—mountains and forests, glaciers, lakes and tides—and in their midst nestles this Exposition, a dainty gem by day, a brilliant diadem by night.

It was by no means accidental, this combination of beauty, grandeur, and elemental force. The site was chosen after careful and prolonged deliberation. To the ground selected, which was covered with the original forest, were brought the ablest talents of the architects and the landscape artists. The Seattle men, constituting the Board of Trustees, aware that their own people would bear the cost, haggled not a moment, but engaged the highest talent for all tasks, declaring that while their Exposition would be relatively small, it must be perfect in beauty, with the keynote of "life, color, and motion."

Beauty's conquest of the West is epitomized in the Forestry Building. Thirteen hundred logs were brought from the forests to rear this structure. The columned temple speaks of the forest in every one of its beautiful and dignified lines, while at the base of the columns cluster vines, mosses, and flowers. Like the American bison, these forest giants are disappearing all too rapidly. It may be that the next generation of men will find it impossible to reproduce such a building. All around the shores of Puget Sound the forests are falling and cities are rising in their places. It is natural that such new and vigorous cities should be self-conscious. A score of years ago it was written of Seattle:

"For not in vain the furnace smokes and smolders
With throes of Titans under Etna hurled,
And Atlas here must square again his shoulders
To bear anew the burden of a world."

Yet with all the self-consciousness there has evolved in a single generation this ardent love of the beautiful, this profound appreciation of the sublime. With this esthetic change in the far West has come another of more palpable and direct economic value. A dozen years ago, President Cleveland, just before the close of his second administration, created by proclamation a large number of forest reserves locating most of them on the Pacific Slope. In the State of Washington, out of a total of 45,000,000 acres of area, the new forest reserves comprised more than 8,000,000 acres. There arose a clamor of protest from such forceful types of men as prospectors, miners, timber cruisers, and loggers. Like all other changes in the broad and free West, the revolution in the case was swift and complete. Thoughtful men studied forest problems, approved the reserves, and petitioned for more. Cities saw protection for their sources of water, farmers looked into the future and beheld the supplies of water for ages of fruitful irrigation safely protected in those Government-controlled forests. The clamor of the logger and miner was silenced in the cheering approval from all sides.

From Exposition to University

THESE citizens of the West who had been expending boundless energies in exploiting natural resources seized instantly the new theme of conservation of resources. Holders of large timber areas have begun to manage them on scientific lines, the storage of water and the use of water power are receiving attention, and the last four years have witnessed a wonderful activity toward the construction of good roads. The Exposition [illegible] Building. In it was held the first American Congress of Road Builders, participated in by experts from all parts of the world.

One of the finest examples of this wholesome idea of conservation of energies and resources is found in the plan of the Exposition itself. For the first time in the history of such enterprises the trustees began deliberately to so build that every possible portion of the expended labor and money could be saved for permanent use. The site selected is a part of the large campus of the State University of Washington. The regents of that institution wisely joined in the employment of both landscape and structural architects. The result is that all the asphaltum roads of the Exposition, the flowers, shrubs, fountains, statuary, and a majority of the buildings will remain at the end of the Exposition as a splendid addition to the permanent equipment of the State's chief institution of higher education.

But there is a much broader significance to this Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. While it will compel the nation to make a new appraisal of the character and worth of the far Northwest, it has an international significance, the proportions and potentiality of which will be realized a decade hence much more pointedly than at present.



The Upper Multnomah Falls

One of the many beautiful waterfalls along the Oregon shore of the picturesque Columbia River

Over the spacious doorway of the log-cabin home of the Arctic Brotherhood at the Exposition is a coat-of-arms, in which are mingled the flags of Great Britain and the United States, and around them is the legend: "No boundary line here." That same feeling of brotherhood has come down from the Arctic Circle to spread the spell of its genial and wholesome cheer over the friend and the stranger at the Exposition. The Canadian and the American are not only congenial to one another, but they are working in perfect harmony for the general advancement of Western America. They are creating a continental patriotism. There is nothing unnatural about this. The tide that throbs at the gate of Seattle, when it begins to ebb, must pass along the shore of British Columbia before reaching the Pacific. These next-door neighbors have for years visited and played with one another. Now the first opportunity to work together finds their brawny shoulders tugging valiantly at the same great wheels. Kipling may have had Vancouver Island in mind when he wrote "The Foreloper," the last lines of which are:

"For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his last won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand."

Here is where the frontiers of two nations meet. The hatchet and the brand have blazed the ways through the wilderness of each, and hard on the heels of the pioneers have come the wheels and the whir of the twentieth century civilization. Neither nation has built a fortress to frown at the other. The best bulwarks anywhere and the only bulwarks here are the churches and schools, the newspapers and books, the railroads and steamboats, the baseball teams and the rowing shells. On the shore of Puget Sound at Seattle, the State of Washington has reared its chief institution of learning—the University of Washington. At the present moment plans are well advanced for the creation of the University of British Columbia. As these two institutions grow and thrive side by side it is inevitable that a thousand ways will open for the manifestation and cultivation of international fraternalism. This is the spirit which the Exposition has emphasized. It is so robust in its essence that it is surely destined to endure.

Pacific Festivals of Peace

REAR-ADMIRAL IJICHI, with the Japanese training squadron, was in the harbor of Seattle when President Taft touched the golden key to open the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition on June 1. At the same time there was present a fleet of American cruisers in command of Rear-Admiral Sebree. For two weeks these two admirals, with their officers and men, mingled freely in a series of joyful festivities. The dominant note throughout was the friendship between the two nations. Of course, it might be said that those speeches on both sides were only small contributions to a glad occasion. Still there was a ring of sincerity in the words that fell from the lips of those weather-beaten seamen. Besides that, an interpretation of this phase of the Exposition calls for more than a consideration of felicities by these representatives of the two navies. The Pacific Northwest has manifested a continuous friendliness toward Japan. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha has its American port at Seattle. Japanese enterprises are numerous and prosperous there. When the plans of the Exposition were expanded by the addition of the word "Pacific" to its title, the Japanese at once appointed committees to help raise the necessary funds, a Japanese banker was placed on the Board of Trustees, a site was chosen on the grounds, and a fine exhibit from Japan was assured. With consummate politeness and deference, these people from the Land of the Rising Sun respond to every call made along the lines of appreciation of art, intellectual improvement, or increase of international amity. More than ever

before the people of the Northeast are learning the truth of the lines:

"The Orient saw its Cæsar
When Nippon faced the sea;
Columbia found a neighbor,
The East had found its key."

It is worth while to reflect in this connection on the fact that in the very year, 1853, when Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry appeared in the Bay of Yeddo with his brusk but successful diplomacy, the northern part of old Oregon was set off and organized as Washington Territory. The region was a wilderness occupied by hordes of savages clad in the skins of wild beasts and using stone axes and knives. During the same years that Japan has made her wonderful progress, the wild Northwestern Territory has evolved into the prosperous State of Washington — the host of the visiting millions at the Exposition.

Our Front Terraces

THERE can be no doubt that this synchronous development has helped each of these two communities to understand and appreciate each other. In Japan the development has been an awakening, a rapid evolution.

From the standpoint of the aborigine in Washington, the development has been more than a revolution —it has been for them a conquest of devastation. In both cases, however, it has been a leaping forward. Japan, as key of the East, is unlocking the cells of the Orient's hermit nations. The Pacific slopes are becoming the front terraces of America. In giving point to these transformations, the Exposition at Seattle is clarifying a recently cloudy atmosphere and is blazing the way to smoother paths for the mighty changes now at their dawn.

Seward's Best Work

ALASKA was the real inspiration of the Exposition. Alaska will reap its richest rewards. No matter how beclouded may have been the nation's view of that Territory in the past, from this hour there will be no excuse for the continued use of the terms of ridicule employed to satiety when Seward made the purchase. Seward was asked on his deathbed what he considered the greatest achievement of his life, and he instantly replied: "The purchase of Alaska, though it will take another generation to appreciate that fact." That other generation is now streaming through the beautiful grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, and thousands of them are joining the chorus of praise for Seward's wisdom and courage in facing a storm of abuse to acquire for the nation this wonderland of the North. Polar bears are there, icebergs are there, it is true; but who can measure the countless millions of wealth also in that once despised region? During the last dozen years the most hardened skeptics have been convinced that Alaska was a treasure house of virgin gold. These same skeptics who visit the Alaska Building are now making many more concessions. It seems quite clear that the Territory possesses great wealth in copper, iron, coal, marble, tin, and petroleum.

The Exposition is proving these and many other things for Alaska. It is now known that the Territory possesses vast forests. Most of the trees are spruce. Water power is abundant. There is no good reason why this source of wealth should not be needed for the lumber markets, for even if the timber should prove inferior, as is sometimes claimed by lumbermen, the spruce and the adjacent water-powers mean an enormous supply of materials for the making of paper and pulp products. Any one at all familiar with that industry will appreciate what such supplies will mean to the United States within the next few years. Agriculture in Alaska has been the last to win its converts, and here again the Exposition is dispelling doubts. Tropical fruits do not grow in Alaska, but the Territory will yet come to our markets with a surplus of agricultural products. It is as demonstrable as algebra and geometry. The Alaska pioneers have proven the commercial value of their plow and harrow.



Orchards in the Wenatchee Valley

Fruit culture is fast becoming the most important agricultural development in the Northwest. At the Spokane Annual Apple Show a year ago the apples from this wonderful valley received the first prize



The Willamette River at Oregon City

Typical scene in a rapidly growing industrial town of the Northwest. In the timber districts the logging industry is opening the way for the farmer and manufacturer

A New Norway

THE products are here. The real surprise is that this should astonish so many well-informed people. Northwestern Europe and Northwestern America are strikingly similar. The Gulf Stream modifies one as the Japan Current does the other.

St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Christiania are all near the sixtieth degree of north latitude, and so is Valdez, while Sitka, Juneau, and Skagway all lie south of it. This Exposition at Seattle will be worth all it has cost if it convinces the world that Alaska is a fit place to sustain as good and as progressive a people as the Scandinavians, who have supported themselves happily in that similarly endowed region of Europe for centuries. In speaking of "The Destiny of the Northwest," Major Charles E. Woodruff, in a recent number of the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer," said: "The coast of Alaska, indeed, is almost identical with northern Scotland and that part of Scandinavia which we now think was the birthplace of the big, brawny, brainy, and blond race we call the Aryan—the type which by its very superiority, due to the long process of natural selection, has been able to conquer its way all over the world."

A Resuscitated Race

HERE is a suggestion that this Exposition of 1909 may be pointing its finger to the place where the finest of the Aryan stock may find its rejuvenation only to evolve a still more robust, vigorous, and brainy type.

The present is here with its definite charm and beauty, with its alertness and energy. The future beckons on those who are willing to dare and to achieve in fields relatively new but full of promise for the man or woman imbued with the spirit of the true pioneer.



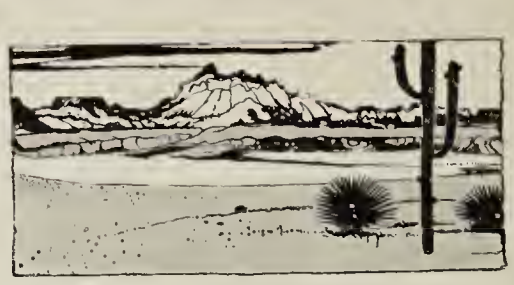
Waterfalls of the Spokane River at Spokane, Washington

The city of Spokane, built up around these falls, has as yet utilized but a small part of this power. It is estimated that this torrent alone has sufficient force to run all the mills of Massachusetts. With the development of the resources of the Inland Empire, of which Spokane is the industrial and commercial capital, it seems inevitable that this city is to be one of the important manufacturing centers of the continent. Idaho and Montana have much unharnessed water-power [illegible] to this



The Golden West

BY BLISS CARMAN



IN the golden dawn of the world,
When man emerged
From the mysterious East,
With the breath of life in his mouth,
And the tell-tale trace
Of the red clay still on his face,

He turned with inquisitive gaze,
A child of the light,
To follow the track of the sun
Through the void far blue,
Seeing it sink to rest
In a glorious golden west.

Then an unassuageable urge
Awoke in his blood,
The brooding spirit of Earth
Whispered a word in his heart,
And man went forth on the trail,
Knowing he should not fail.

AND the slow centuries
Measured his toilsome march,
While ever his face was set
To lands that lie beyond
The going down of the sun,
Where endeavor's requital is won.

From Egypt and Greece and Tyre,
From Assyria and Rome,
With color and pomp and joy,
Laughter and chants and war,
Moved the great caravan
Of wandering man.

Conquering mountain and sea,
Spreading through forest and plain,
Crossing the outer flood,—
The rim of the ancient world,—
He passed over new domain
Like the hosts of sweeping rain.

Traversing prairie and wood,
Waterway, desert, and range,
At last by the ultimate shore
Of the ageless sea,
His pack-trains come to rest
In our golden west.

HERE have the most high Ones,
The Overlords of the world,
The Archangels of man,
Brought their earth children at last,
To the happy land prepared
For those who have labored and dared.

O men and women born
Of the teeming and holy earth,
And led through the myriad years
By the impulse and vision divine,
Behold now what shall be done
With the heritage we have won?

Here with an empire to use,
Wealth beyond Solomon's dream,
And the balm and respite of peace,
In a garden of the world,
What is the news or the plan
Of Twentieth Century man?

I HEARD the Sierras reply,
Rank after rank as they rose
Through the golden and violet light,
"The destined days are at hand,
When my children shall arise
And assume the heroic guise,

"From the beginning designed
For the seraphs, and sons of earth.
They shall put off envy and fear,
And skulking merciless greed,
And be girded against all ills
With the vigor and poise of the hills.

"Here on this border of time
Where mighty morrows are born,
Emerging from ages of dream
And the dust of unreason and strife,
They shall grow wise and humane
With a gladness virile and sane.

"Primal in beauty and pride,
Christian in kindness and calm,
Modern in knowledge and skill.
Sons of the morning arise—
Earth's awaited and best—
From the golden west!"

The World's Fruit-Basket

The Growth and Romance of Fruit Farming in the West

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

OCCUPANCY is a better guarantee of sovereignty over empire than a thousand forts and treaties. Though Jefferson had purchased Napoleon's "Silent Empire," and Lewis and Clark had explored it more than a century ago; though Marcus Whitman had driven his gospel wagon into Oregon at the time Fremont set out to blaze the continental trail that resulted in the conquest of California in 1846, the real acquisition of our Pacific Coast came when the Luelling brothers, with patriotic heroism, carried their apple trees into Oregon in 1847, and the Argonauts trailed their picks and pans over the continent's rocky spine in the memorable year of '49.

The Luellings were sons of a Welsh Quaker planter and slaveholder in the Carolinas, who, through force of conviction, moved his family and negroes to Indiana, where he liberated his slaves and hired their labor for fixed wages. The sons became interested in fruit nurseries, and drifted across the three "I" States, leaving orchards behind them in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa.

Strong pioneer courage caused these brothers to cast their lives where most men only ventured with their dreams. Into two boxes, on an ordinary wagon, were carefully packed seven hundred grafted scions of apples, pears, plums, grapes, peaches, cherries, and flowering plants. And this a patient, world-serving ox-team hundered from the alluvial rolls of Iowa over the bad, barren stretches, the hot, parched desert wastes, the boulder-barricaded passes of the defiant Rockies, the deep, shifting sand-dunes of the Columbia, down to the valley of the Willamette, close to the shores of the Pacific seas. The heroism of this pilgrimage will yet be told in school stories, and in some way Oregon will some time fittingly memorialize it. There were days when the water that should have cooled parched lips and swollen tongues was fed to the frail and shriveled roots. There were days when the oxen could wear the chafing yoke no longer. There was food to get, shelter to find, and often unfriendly Indians to evade. But the scions lived to spread their roots in Oregon's virgin soil. They grew and ripened fruits the like of which the Luellings had never seen before.

Something Better Than Gold

THE colony that Dr. Whitman had brought into Oregon, through Congressional aid, to save the territory from falling under British control, planted Luelling orchards. These fruits found their way into the Sierra camps where miners, homesick from the States, were hungry and careless as to price. When the first shipment of apples was made from Oregon to San Francisco, fruit sold for two dollars a pound. The shipments increased, nor could the supply meet the demand until about 1860, when California became self-sufficient in its supply of fruits, one of the Luellings having taken into the Golden State more than a thousand selected trees.

From that time on California discovered that she had something better than gold. She expanded into a hundred interests, from scenery to prunes, and exploited all with industry. Divorced from the Eastern States by an inhospitable expanse of desert, California became a self-supporting country, to which men emigrated with a sense of finality that they might assume in going to Australia. They cut timber, grew wheat on fields of huge proportions, established great cattle ranges, and exploited fruit growing for profit. Then came irrigation in a somewhat amateur form, and the people began to farm.



The Apple and the Dollar

This dollar which in this photograph is defaced to comply with the United States counterfeiting laws, serves to show the comparative size of the apples which are taken from a Wenatchee Valley tree, and represent about a dollar's worth at retail prices

The feeling of the early Californians that they were geographically segregated from "the States" was controverted by the eloquent logic of Starr King, who saved the State to the Union. To California at that time came Ezra L. Smith, a young collegian from Illinois, who had been prominent in the young Republican Party and a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. He promptly became King's lieutenant in the California Senate. He created the enactments that established the University of California, and he became an enthusiast in California horticulture, and coordinated this infant industry under a State horticultural society.

Soon after the close of the war, at Secretary Seward's request, President Johnson appointed young Smith Secretary of the Territory of Washington, where he acted as Governor as well. To this unsettled northwest corner of our country he brought his horticultural enthusiasm. He fought for the conservation of the land grants that had been set aside for a future State university, and he encouraged the few farmers in the Territory to be disciples of the Luellings.

The Out-of-Door Alchemist's Shop

WHILE serving as Government surveyor of the Territorial boundary between Washington and Idaho, and Polk's compromise parallel of 49 between Washington and British Columbia, Mr. Smith made a careful study of fruit climates, altitudes, and soils. From these extensive observations he chose for himself a shelf of land at the confluence of the Hood and the Columbia Rivers. Here he became a resident of the State of Oregon, serving for many years as Speaker of the State House of Representatives, and, I am told, would more than once have been elected to the United States Senate had not his political independence and his great contempt for the cunning arts of the politician so alarmed, or annoyed, the party managers that they hesitated to elevate him to those honors which the people would have been glad to bestow.

In this Hood River Valley, which reaches back from the Columbia to the snow line of the rugged Mt. Hood, this pioneer of ideas and ideals devoted his interests principally to apple culture. The soil and air and glacial waters of the Hood River Valley and Ezra L. Smith became partners in the great out-of-door alchemist's shop.

Here, with his penknife, he would take a grain of pollen dust from the anther of a blossom to the pistil of a flower on another variety of tree. From the seed issue grew trees bearing a modified fruit. Patient labor and elimination gradually developed a more perfect apple. Orchards were planted, nurtured and sold, and new orchards planted again. Other valleys became interested in the Hood River fruit farms and emulated their ways.

This planter of orchards not only became known as the "Father of the Hood River Apple," but for many years he was president both of the Oregon State Board of Horticulture and the Northwest Fruit-Growers' Association; for so many years indeed that only recently, at an annual business meeting of these horticulturists, he refused to longer be a candidate. The vice-president seized the gavel, declaring: "All those in favor of E. L. Smith for presi-

dent will please walk out." Left protesting, he saw his unanimous election passing out through the door.

The advocates of a separate Pacific Republic, who were won over on grounds of rational sentiment by Starr King and his lieutenants, were bound to the Eastern States by strong ribbons of steel in the early days of Grant's Administration. And in 1883 the railroad to Portland went through and soon followed the Northern Pacific to Tacoma. This opened the market. Before this time Florida was our orange State, and oranges were a luxury. California soon delivered an abundance, and oranges became a common, though not an inexpensive, fruit. Before this time Michigan and Wisconsin were regarded as good apple States in the Central West, and Nova Scotia and New York apples were placed on the tables of the elite. The railroads soon put all these apples in the pie pan.

The University of the Apple

THE world got a good taste of Pacific fruit. The Departments of Agriculture and Interior at Washington sent special agents west to be escorted by Mr. Smith over these wonderful budding fruit lands. Hood River became the University of the Apple, and to its dean Germany, France, Russia, Argentina, China, and Japan sent special students to be tutored in the fine arts of apple-growing. Eastern produce merchants sent buyers West. The Niagara orchardists were puzzled that a bushel-box of apples, hauled more than three thousand miles, should bring a better price than a barrel of apples raised at home. The large, luxurious, costly crated cherries from the Dalles of the Columbia sold when the basket cherries of the East went to waste. The peaches and plums and grapes that came out of this wonderland induced many a Michigan and Delaware grower to correspond with land agents a continent's width away. And California gave us orange crops that were constant and abundant.

The Federal Government began to take a violent interest. It forgot the short-sighted speeches of Daniel Webster and other eminent statesmen who had denounced our great West as a hopeless and worthless waste. It did more: it forgot the academic issues of socialism, government ownership and control, and leaped into the ditch business on a magnificent scale. Where private capital hesitated, the Government boldly went. It locked up cañons, making great reservoirs where once there was but a creek. It robbed rivers of their flood waters, it diverted the entire flow of small streams, it lifted these waters across deep chasms with high-trestled aqueducts, it carried them around sheer precipices by riveting huge pipes to perpendicular rocks, and it spread them over deserts.

Uncle Sam went into the rain business. Where once only the tarantula and the rattler cared to live, he saw trees grow, flowers bloom, vegetables, fruits, and grains perfect, homes multiply, cities thrive, colleges spring into being, and civilization advance. From Yuma and the valley of the Rio Grande in the South, and from Chamberlain and Williston in the Dakotas through to the Sunset Sea, Government and private enterprise are building a paradise out of a wilderness. Millions of dollars are being invested and millions of people are settling. It is not a national movement, but a world enterprise, for its harvests go to almost every port. And almost every nation is studying these methods of horticulture and trying to duplicate these fruits.

The farmer is probably our most conservative citizen. He accepts reforms slowly, and seldom changes his habitat except through the sting of defeat. For this reason there is not as large a migration of Eastern farmers to the fruit fields of the West as the rewards for this labor would seem to invite. Horticulture is an exalted form of agriculture. It demands both intelligence and skill, and real success calls for an uncommon measure of commercial integrity. These conditions unquestionably account for the large element of literary and professional talent living the "bungalow life" in the fruit districts of California, Oregon, and Washington; and this same class of people are slowly fringing with their harrows the river banks of Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and Arizona, which are more remote from the metropolitan centers.

Orchards and University Clubs

IN THE cozy little Hood River Valley of Oregon, as an instance, where there are probably not more than four hundred orchards all told, there is a University Club of one hundred and ten members, one of whom conducts a most attractive and informative monthly magazine known as "Better Fruit," which is devoted to its subject. Worn-out professional people and those also who love the vast peace of the great out-of-doors, and who go West with a little money and much energy, find a haven. Frail men, who have promised their wives to die at forty-five, plant orchards on the slopes of Mounts Adams, Baker, Hood, or Shasta, and live until they grow ashamed to stare a cemetery in the face—and they eat shamefully. That which is true of Hood River is also true of the Yakima, Spokane, and Touchet Valleys of Washington; of the Rogue River, Umpqua, and Willamette Valleys of Oregon; of the Idaho, Montana, and Nevada orchard communities; and even more so of the great fruit valleys of California.

In all of these valleys there are hundreds of men who have made fortunes in the last ten years; in the next decade there will be thousands who gain affluence, and it may be less than a quarter of a century before we playfully talk this way of millions. For we are growing faster than at the rate of one hundred and fifty millions a century, and this on an ever-increasing ratio. This growth of population is a safeguard on fruit prices. Indeed it is likely that it will not be long before our exports on even these luxuries will be kept here to supply the demand at home.

When the Missouri River was still our frontier, Emerson wrote: "America is another word for opportunity." How much longer this may be true it is difficult to make an estimate. But for the wanton waste of our resources, and the treasonable indifference of our Congressmen, we could hope that this sentence might be true for centuries to come. Opportunity still lives for every State, but nowhere more obviously than for the fruit lands of the West. A prominent Eastern magazine editorially declares that, from the reports of "snap-fortunes" gained by settlers in the fruit lands, one would suppose that fortunes came easily, whereas the contrary is true, and then cites this case. A settler confesses that he landed at Wenatchee, Washington, in 1894 with his wife, two children, and but eighty dollars in cash. He rented a five-acre tract. (Please note out in Missouri and Maine—a five-acre tract.) He made a living off of it raising potatoes and tomatoes. He next rented twelve acres, and for five years cleared only a thousand dollars a year. In this time he was able to save only an even thousand, with which he made an initial payment on forty acres of fruit lands, and set out an orchard. In four years he got a small return from this. Two years later he picked ten thousand boxes of apples, which he sold for more than twenty thousand dollars. Since then he has done still better, and his orchard will gain each year for many years. A struggle story indeed—to begin with practically nothing and in thirteen years find himself, wife, and two children obliged to struggle along on twenty thousand dollars a year! Poor fellow! Pass the hat!



These fruits show the perfection of the many varieties that are grown in the Northwestern States

What a School Superintendent Did

THIS story is typical rather than exceptional. It is the sort of thing that is being done every year by hundreds, but, of course, it means work, and a conscientious application of intelligence and energy. Only a Wall Street plunger hopes to make twenty thousand a year without work, and he can't make it every year. No man can stay poor in these fruit lands. The people won't let him. If he works, he goes up. If he won't work, he gets out. They put him out. They operate a few jails as a concession to social interest, but no poorhouses. Of course the time will come when they will entertain the lazy man. It always does, but they are not that civilized yet.

Success here, as everywhere, depends upon the man, not upon his money. The man who rents land among the fruit fields is welcomed and assisted the first year, and perhaps the second. The third he is tolerated, the fourth sees his credit fall, and the fifth counts him as a failure. Good, unbroken fruit land can be purchased according to location from fifty dollars to a hundred an acre. This can be bought for half cash and half credit. If the man is poor he can clear it himself, and five acres ought, in the course of six years, to return him from two to three thousand dollars a year. If he can acquire ten acres, so much the better. From the first year he can do better than two hundred dollars an acre with strawberries and garden truck planted between his trees.

If one has money enough to buy his land, pay for its clearing and planting, a little constant and intelligently directed work will accomplish great results. The Superintendent of Schools at Dayton, Washington, planted his savings in orchards until he [illegible] hundred acres in perfect, mature trees. He [illegible] horticulturist, but his supervision of this [illegible] was his recreation. He now nets annually over fifty thousand dollars a year. A Tacoma society woman indulged herself in a sixteen-acre orchard at Ellensburg. She soon found herself harvesting over seven thousand five hundred boxes of apples a year, which sell for about seventeen thousand dollars. There are many in the Yakima and Hood River Valleys that do even better than this, but the average will not run as high. If an orchard is intelligently and skilfully handled, it ought to yield from seven to nine hundred dollars an acre, and if the earning falls below an average of four hundred to the acre there is probably something serious the matter.

Ten Acres of Contentment

THESE people have an abundant faith in their States, and learn to love their towns and counties. At the Seattle Exposition county buildings and booths were conspicuous everywhere. They exhibited their fruits, their grains, their schools, libraries, mountains, rivers, timbers, trouts, and homes. And everywhere one is confronted with such salutations as: "What Walla Walla wants is you," "Come out to Wenatchee and you'll do better," or "Come where the sun smiles upon you and the peach crop never fails," and "Here's where the homes are happy," "Yakima is not a 'has been,' nor a 'will be,' but an 'iser,'" or "You'll *like* Tacoma."

Around Wenatchee, Ellensburg, North Yakima, and Hood River you will find orchard lands selling for more than two thousand dollars an acre and paying an annual dividend of forty per cent on that valuation. A German and his wife, who had been perfecting a small orchard for a number of years, were offered a perfectly fabulous price for their little fruit farm. They considered the alluring offer, cried over it, and then replied that they didn't know what to do with so much money and that they did know what to do with the orchard. So they stayed.

A young novelist who had played with an orchard until it attracted a purchaser to whom price was of little concern, replied: "I've got ten acres of the finest apples, scenery, health, and happiness in America, and it's not for sale."

These stories can be collected by the thousands, and they are true. The semi-arid States that form the World's Great Fruit-Basket have but just begun to populate their reclaimable lands. Possibly in a generation, certainly within a century, these reclaimable lands will hold more closely knit communities than New England, for it means an average of a home to every ten acres, or sixty-four families to a square mile, as against four families to a square mile where farms average a hundred and sixty acres. And when this comes it will bring with it a more even distribution of wealth. These fruit communities now bear the appearance of an extended town, or a restricted suburban addition. Here the loneliness of the farmer's life is gone. Telephones and trolleys and automobiles, churches, clubs, and district graded schools are as much a part of the setting as the ditch or the tree. And in this unfolding of a wilderness the Government is playing an increasingly energetic part. New dams and ditches, reservoirs and locks are continually being built and planned. All this draws in upon the vanishing red man. During the summer just past an aboriginal American publicly admitted the end of his race. The Chief of the Flatheads, who have just lost their last reservation in Montana, proclaimed the last sun dance of his tribe. Where once his teepees stood orchards will soon be thriving. Next year the last ground of the Yakimas will be taken away, and the Klickitats have already gone. It is part of the world drama. The land famine is closing in.

The railroads that have brought San Francisco nearer to New York than Boston was to Philadelphia a century ago have been the cementing agents of our national life. The economic and political issues of Providence and Pittsburg are those also of Seattle and Spokane. We are a homogeneous people. The scenes along the Willamette in Oregon and the shadowy St. Joe in Idaho are strikingly like much of Wisconsin and Massachusetts, except that there are the great backgrounds of lofty pines and snow-capped mountains that the East does not possess. So with the people. They can not escape the impress of their environment. They are less cultivated than the East, but better educated. They have largeness of conception, boldness of action, lack of provincialism, and a venturesome spirit.

Kentucky's Slogan Applied

THE Pacific fruit growers are beginning to work collectively. Legislatures may make it a felony to ship a wormy apple across the State line—who in New York or London is going to prosecute? But the buyer of the worm doesn't go back to that kind of a box again. The reputation of a whole valley can be killed through the carelessness or trickery of one dishonest shipper. The Kentucky slogan, "United we stand, divided [illegible] becoming a commercial conviction in the [illegible]

(Continued [illegible])



The Skyline at Canon City, Colorado

The scenic grandeur of the Western States has never been appreciated properly by Americans. Lack of good roads has kept the tourist away from some of the most picturesque spots. This road shows what can be done. It is built over a high ridge, affording a wonderful view of the Arkansas Valley in Colorado



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Part of a Flock of 80,000 Sheep in Washington

Here is a type of the ranch that is passing. During the last half century the Indian reservations have constantly been made smaller until one by one they being [illegible]inated forever. The great cattle and sheep ranches that occupied their places are now fast being subdivided into orchards and intensified farms

The Field Agent of Settlement



The Cowboy's Contribution to American Civilization

By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

AT THE summit of a hill he stopped his horse and rested, gazing toward the setting sun. Rider and animal stood silhouetted against the tinted sky in that huge isolation which the waning light of evening brings.

Upon them hung the trappings of the cattle ranges, loose harness made for heavy use, yet beautiful. The low-crowned sombrero with its leather band, the neckerchief of vivid red, the sagging belt weighed down by the long revolver, the bearskin chaps, the huge stock saddle, the spurs, the coil of rawhide rope—all were in stern harmony. The horse was lean of flank, straight-necked: the rider sat with a loose grace which made the animal a part of him.

The sun's last rays shook their long shadows through the gray-green sage across a bare white patch of alkali. Far behind a herd of cattle grazed, enshrouded by a cloud of purple dust. Ahead a range of mountains rose in mystery of peaks and tangled cañons.

Eastward the country fell away to rolling hills; the hills to sealike plains. This was the wandering-place of herds, the region of the pastoral. Behind it, where the prairies lay, wide wheat fields yellowed in the summer sun and farmers bent their weary backs to plowing. And farther still, behind the country of the agriculturist, the whole earth trembled with the tread of toiling thousands and cities smeared the sky with smoke.

On the hilltop at the edge of all the cowboy rested, looking toward the west where solitary prospectors had gone before. The jingle of his spur broke in upon the silence. The lean horse started forward. The rider's body swayed in rhythm to the easy gait. They vanished in the deepening dusk.

In this same manner, were he standing in the path of an advancing army, one might see a cavalryman ride forward to an eminence and pause, outlined against the sky, before pressing onward. Somewhere to the right another rides, and to the left another. In a long, loose line, every soldier within hail of one on either side, they cross the country. They make possible the slow advance of the more cumbrous troops who come behind. Such a movement is marked always by a series of sharp skirmishes and wild adventures. Even nowadays its incidents make war seem picturesque.

The advance of the cowboys from the prairies bordering the Mississippi Valley to the last bunch-grass foot-hills within sight of the Pacific was made in such a skirmish line. The cavalry of industry's large army, they began a forced march westward at the ending of the Civil War.

The arrangement of the forces in this civilizing movement of which they were a part was exactly similar to that of soldiers in the country of an enemy. First came the scouts. From the days of Bonneville and Lewis and Clark these hardy men traversed the wilderness beyond the Mississippi. Trader and prospector and Mormon emigrant, they mapped out trails and built their lonely outposts, leaving enemies behind and roads as yet unmade. Finally the time came for the progress of the two main bodies—the farmers who would overwhelm the wide land and subjugate it with their plows; the hosts of toilers who would use its products to build cities. To prepare the way for these the cowboys, in a line that stretched from Canada to Mexico, swept on ahead. And where they rode the wilderness became a cattle range. They made the country pastoral.

That was the first great change. The men who had gone before had made temporary camps or at the best had founded isolated communities. The range was a wide conquest, a universal occupation never afterward to be abandoned. Its gradual encroachment on the West was the beginning of permanent industry; it was the preparation for the teeming life, the complex civilization of to-day.

The story of that conquest is the story of the West as it has been, the wild, free West of yesterday. The work is done; the cowboy is a vanished type. We boast of him in stories and we draw his picture to remind ourselves of a splendid past. In the halo of the picturesque his economic value has been lost sight of. Like many other men who have found life's keenest pleasures close to death, he was a constructive soldier. Probably he was the finest that the world has known.

He was a product of conditions in the East. He was lured westward by the hazards which the country offered him. It seems to be the case always that when industry needs a large body of men for some such special duty as this, civilization has just brought about conditions which supply the recruits. The hard times in the North, the ravaged farm lands in the South, the tameness of the Mississippi Valley whose elder generation of pioneers had transmitted fighting spirit to their sons—these things had brought restlessness. Also there was common then a certain well-known spirit, hard to describe, which makes boys rowdies when they stay at home and men of action when they go away. The West called and the East stood ready with a few thousand lean, hard-boned young men, endowed, above all other things, with that fine quality of moral courage known as "sand." They straggled to the cattle ranges, some with shoulders damp from the tears of fond good-byes, others hard-eyed with memories of what had driven them from home.

And then they got their tryings out. Sometimes it was a vicious horse, sometimes a pistoled bully taking fine delight in the baiting of a tenderfoot, again a circle of unshaven ruffians round a campfire, keen-tongued, searching the homesick soul's last depths with caustic, drawling wit. Always the West took the East, examined him with care to find his weakest, sorest spot, then tested his endurance to the uttermost by probing this. And when the East gathered his bruised frame from the sagebrush to remount the bucking animal, or clenched his whitened jaw before the ugly revolver muzzle, or wanly smiled back at the jeering faces—when he did this for the tenth time perhaps—he found himself no longer East, but West, accepted suddenly and among his fellows. By such rude, thorough processes they made cowboys from the best and strongest of the men whose restless spirit had led them to the range. Those who were too weak or vicious or small were winnowed out, rejected to drift away to gambling hells, to cattle-stealing, or to highway robbery. A few went back home.



When the sheriffs failed the cowboys held up the arm of the law

These cowboys soon became a race apart, distinct in dress and speech from all of those classes whence they had sprung. Their garb—from high-heeled boots to wide-rimmed sombreros, adapted to their work's peculiar needs—has become symbolic of the country where they rode. Ages yet to come will know it as the draping on a coat of arms proclaiming the New West. Their speech is nearly obsolete. The soft drawl of the South lurked in many of its vowels and slurred many of its consonants. It borrowed idioms from the Indian and the Mexican. Some of its words—as "latigo," "pinto," "pasear," and "bronco"—will linger as long as men use lariats and two-cinched saddles. Others are now seldom uttered except occasionally upon the stage. Clad in the regalia of the range, with their long, single-action Colt revolvers swinging by their thighs, they spoke this dialect from North to farthest South. As a rule they were young men; after thirty one begins to lose that toughness of bone essential to riding such as theirs.

Their life was hard. It developed high qualities of courage, quick minds, and iron bodies. It needed these. Their swift, civilizing movement across half a continent was a march replete with stern endurance testing periods, full of fierce emergencies.

The country over which they passed was a semi-arid region, plains rising to plateaus, then rolling foot-hills climbing toward mountain ranges. In its general features it was all alike. Sage-brush and greasewood dotted it. Its fertile soil was baked in summer, bleached with alkali. Distant streams flowed over it, their shores treacherous with quicksand, their currents shifting constantly and full of swift eddies. Steep-banked gullies crevassed its slopes, pitfalls hidden by a growth of brush. Prairie dogs and gophers pocked the level places with their holes. A country difficult for careful riders—the cowboys spurred their sweating mounts across it at the dead of night; they swam their horses through its unknown rivers; they traveled all day long beneath its summer sun; fifty miles was a small day's journey for them.

In this land they built the ranches like scattered outposts in the region of an enemy. When hostile Indians broke out from the reservations settlers fled to these ranches. From them men were always riding forth to hunt down stock thieves or to explore new places. All of them were much alike—a group of low log buildings where a stream wound lazily between two lines of rustling cottonwoods and dusty willows; a circular corral; a fenced pasture which included half a township, and, perhaps, beside an irrigating ditch, a patch of green alfalfa meadow. Enclosing this the unfenced range, wide sage-brush hills, and plains over which the cattle wandered seeking bunch-grass.

Twice each year—in spring and fall—they went out into the land and gathered the cattle for the roundup. Some of them rode far, in a wide enclosing fringe, beating down every cover, searching every ravine and gully for the grazing stock. As they searched they gradually closed in their circle, drawing nearer to the branding pen, the common center. They held the driven herds until these became one compact body at this place. It was wild riding—race against a fleeing steer, down hillside, into gully, up crumbling bank, then [illegible] open where the speeding horse [illegible] agile found way among the [illegible] holes; rush along the front of a [illegible] with flaming pistol and [illegible]

(Continued on page 30)











The Vani

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD S. CURTIS (SEE PAGE 4

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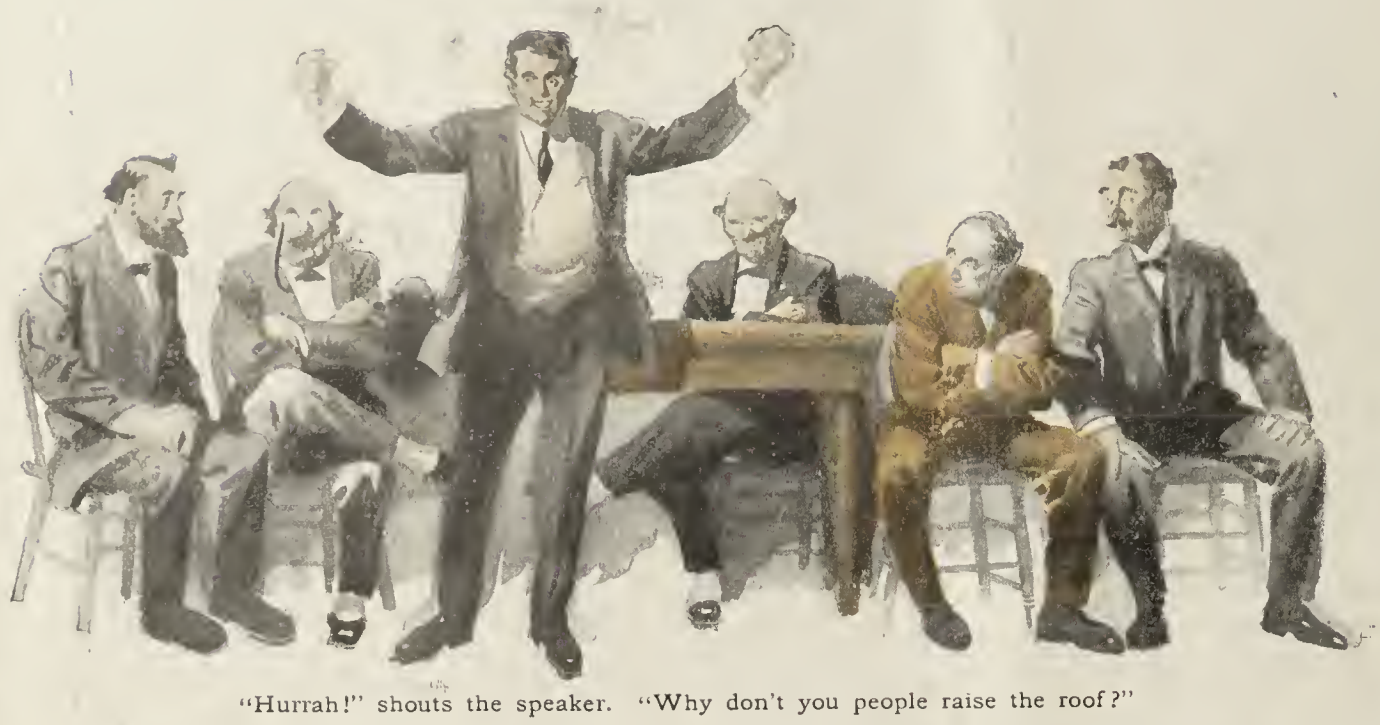
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Collier's

The Boosters

The Way the Communities of the Pacific States Are "Getting Together"

By LUTE PEASE



"Hurrah!" shouts the speaker. "Why don't you people raise the roof?"

SCRATCH a Westerner and you will find a booster. Tramp, millionaire, preacher, and cowboy are ever ready to tax the language in challenging the world to show our equal in climate, soil, and opportunities. Every State is "the land of opportunity," every county "the richest in potential possibilities," every town "the queen city." Development is the passion—almost the fetish. Better business, better buildings, better streets, better schools, better farms, better transportation, better government—back of it all is the booster. But the greatest marvel he has wrought is his organization—the booster clubs, development leagues, promotion committees, and commercial chambers, all the work of practically the last half-dozen years.

"We have got to get in line and organize," says the banker of Apple Valley to the leading merchant. "This section is just as good as Hood River, but people don't know it."

"Yes," says the merchant, "we have got the resources—we need the people."

They talk it over with the biggest wheat man, the biggest orchardist, and other leading citizens of the community, and agree that it would be a good plan to ask the booster club of the State's metropolis to send over its expert to "tell us how to do it."

The big club asks nothing better than such an opportunity, and sets a date. Dodgers are printed and mailed to the leading farmers and scattered broadcast, inviting everybody to attend the meeting.

The night arrives: the committee from the big club, headed by the publicity expert, is met at the train or boat by the citizens' committee with the town brass band, and escorted to the town hall. On the platform are the local dignitaries and their invited guests. Mr. Chief Booster is introduced.

"The first thing to do," says he with great emphasis, "is to appoint a committee of two who shall take charge of the doorways and shall see that no one leaves this hall during the meeting unless he has contributed to the fund we have got to raise."

Of course there is much laughter, but the committee is appointed and takes its stand with due solemnity. The speaker, a star evangelist of the gospel of community advertising, who has all the fire and magnetism of the revivalist, proceeds to conduct the meeting with something of the methods of the old-fashioned church-debt-raising affair. He begins by telling what the adjacent towns have done, rousing the local pride; shows the increased valuation of every acre of land by the attracting of new enterprises and the bringing of new settlers.

"The money spent in this way is not expended," he shouts; "it is an investment—crumbs cast upon the waters to be returned in a little while as good fat loaves. Now I understand that your bank here has so many hundreds of thousands of deposits, and I feel sure that this bank will be glad to head the list with fifty dollars a month for the year toward this fund."

The banker, who had decided to subscribe twenty-five dollars as his limit, squirms a moment, but in the pregnant silence he arises and says spiritedly:

"All right, put me down for fifty dollars—"

"Hurrah!" shouts the speaker, clapping his hands with great vigor. "Put Mr. Smith down for fifty dollars. Applaud! Why don't you people raise the roof?"

The banker, still standing, after the noise subsides, suggests, with a gleam in his eye, that the new bank recently founded also give fifty dollars a month, and that the leading merchant do the same.

"Of course they will!" shouts the booster.

The applause is tremendous—the meeting is warming up.

The two gentlemen squirm a little, but come through with the contribution requested.

"Now let's start the twenty-five-dollar contributions; we should have at least ten of that amount," says the speaker.

Three or four come in amid applause. There is a pause.

"Mr. Wilkins," says Mr. Booster to the last contributor, "you are an old resident of this community; can't you point out a few more men who should come in for this sum?"

"Well, there is Mr. Adams over there. He owns 1,200 acres adjoining town."

Mr. Adams squirms.

"I—I don't see how I can raise so much as that."

"Why, you sold off that big bunch of stock last week," persists his neighbor.

"Well—" Mr. Adams squirms a little more, "I'll give fifty dollars for the whole year," he says at last.

"Don't take that subscription," says Mr. Booster, with great impressiveness to the recording secretary. "A man who owns 1,200 acres like that, the value of which will be increased at least twenty-five dollars an acre, to give only fifty dollars, the increased valuation on only two acres! It's ridiculous! It is such men as this that have held back your community, and the sooner they realize that the public has no use for such mossback spirit the better."

This is pretty rough, but very effective.

The booster, to bridge over the pause, exhorts further. He tells the amount per capita that was raised by the neighboring town.

"I feel sure that this town is just as ready, just as public-spirited, and just as anxious to get on the map as those people over there."

"I'm going to give twenty-five dollars, mother," says an old farmer to his wife.

"We can do it some way, I guess," she replies, excitedly.

"Mr. Pilsen gives twenty-five dollars!" shouts the organizer. "Hurrah for the best booster in Apple Valley! Clap, you people, clap! Who will make it twenty-five more?" and so on until in half or three-quarters of an hour a little town of 1,200 or 1,500 people will have pledged from $4,000 to $5,000. A permanent organization is then quickly effected; the president and secretary of the new Chamber of Commerce are appointed, and a committee is named to find and employ a promoter of their own.



The California boosters return Oregon's call

Mr. Booster gives them a little more talk full of good advice, advertising suggestions, and general inspiration, and thus another unit is added to the chain of booster organizations which have combined to make a unit of the whole Pacific Coast for commercial and industrial development in every direction.

Two hundred different town booster clubs, headed by the California Promotion Committee, and having a membership of 30,000 leading citizens, work as a unit for California.

Ninety-three organizations in Oregon, representing every community of importance in the State, and headed by the Portland Commercial Club, form the Oregon Development League, perhaps the best organized and most united body of its kind in the country, though five years ago there was not a publicity bureau in the State outside of Portland.

In Washington, Spokane, "the metropolis of the Inland Empire," undoubtedly conducts the most vigorous campaign, full of original ideas and brilliantly executed details. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce, that fountain of the famous "Seattle Spirit," has taken initiative in some of the most important "get-together" movements of the Pacific Coast. Tacoma has a most vigorous organization; and Walla Walla, Yakima, and every important country town in the State is spending money and effort with great enthusiasm and prodigality. It is estimated that fully $1,000,000 has been raised for booster work on the Pacific Coast for 1909, not including the contribution to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Spokane is spending $70,000 for advertising alone, and Portland nearly as much.

All the big booster organizations, which include promotion committees, boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and commercial clubs, have active part in the Associated Chamber of Commerce of the Pacific Coast. This latter body, organized at San Francisco last October, largely at the instance of the Seattle chamber, "is the first positive and definite effort to unite the commercial interests of the entire Coast on subjects of common concern. The organization promises to become a powerful factor in advancing the welfare of the Pacific States, especially before Congress, and in relations with the Orient."

Here I would correct any impression that the booster is, of necessity, a real-estate man. Few real-estate men have any prominent part in the organizations. Town-lot or town-site booming has no place in the booster's movement. It is as substantial as it is new. It is the "community-of-interest idea." Bankers, wholesale merchants, governors, mayors, leading professional men, manufacturers are the leaders in the movement. The lessons of the old boom time were well learned. The modern booster has nothing to sell, nothing to promote, except the legitimate all-round development of the West—his town, his county, and his State. This accounts for the extraordinary unity and enthusiasm so manifest. It amounts to a passion, it is almost a religion.

"What helps the town helps you." "Build up the country first, the city will take care of itself." "Work for the West and you work for your State." Such phrases sound the keynote of this whole extraordinary movement. A few years ago jealousy was the rule; small towns hated the big ones; the big ones worked only for themselves, or wasted good licks upon one another's shins. The West was like a back-yard fence with a row of cats snarling and spitting at one another. All that is passing. The regulation commercial-club-after-banquet speech to-day begins: "The Pacific is the theater of the future's development; this Coast will no longer be the back-yard of the nation—it is destined to be the front door. Let us work shoulder to shoulder to that end," etc. It is no longer good form to knock the other town.

Some of the suggestive slogans are wonder workers. "Build and Boost, it builds your business!" "Tear down the shacks!" "Cut out cream-puff construction and build for the future, but *Build Now!*" Under such influences the rows of rusty old frame structures that once made the town look slovenly and backward are rapidly giving place to up-to-date reenforced concrete. San Francisco is almost awestruck at the miracle of its own rebuilding in three years. The booster spirit did it. The first shock of the big fire over, insurance millions pouring in, things looked brighter; pessimism was frowned upon, booster talk began: "Quitters? Not much! This town's all right; it wasn't the earthquake, anyway. Fire did it; any town may have a fire. We'll clean up and build up again. *Build now*—fire-proof—earthquake-proof,

too— Hurrah! everybody for the grand débris-cleaning day!" And the trick was done.

Everybody must take a hand at the boosting game. Wo to the leading citizen who won't *ante* according to his means and prospective benefit. Every newspaper, weekly or monthly periodical, must give space liberally on every possible occasion. One mustn't be lukewarm. "Watch Tacoma grow," "See Europe if you will, but see America first," "500,000 for Portland," "What Walla Walla wants is you," and "Buy your ticket to Boise," are the kind of phrasecological cocktails you are asked to pass along and to rubber stamp on your stationery. When you travel constitute yourself everlastingly a publicity agent. Whoop it up. It's brain-absorbing, dead-in-earnest, dollars-and-cents business, to which high-salaried experts are devoting long hours daily with staffs of stenographers and special writers in luxurious offices at the booster club headquarters. But do not get the impression that the booster movement is without distinctly esthetic influence. The boosters organize "flower-and-shade-tree-planting movements," "clean-up days," "rose festivals," flower carnivals. The first work of the small town getting the booster fever is for paved streets, a new lighting system, a high school, or a better water system. And the boosters join forces with all manner of other improvement organizations, women's clubs, etc.; they put ginger in every good roads' movement and every kind of enterprise for making the most of scenic advantages.

The fact that a little Willamette Valley town, or a Southern California village plants a flowered park alongside its railway station, because "it's good business," detracts nothing from the ensuing charm to the passing tourist, or welcome to the arriving colonist. The railroads, too, are stimulated to build more tasteful and substantial depot buildings. This same spirit has brought, even in small towns, the handsome club-house or luxurious headquarters of the commercial organizations themselves. But beyond everything else, in an ethical sense, is the broadening influence upon whole communities, and the promotion of kindly feeling between towns; the cultivation of such courtesy, for example, as leads one country town to cancel an important celebration-date conflicting with a festival at another. The very exercise of hospitality to visitors, as giving receptions, dinners, and automobile trips about the neighborhood, is not without an elevating influence.

"Let the Chamber of Commerce take it up," is the common suggestion in every Western town when any public matter comes up. The Chamber of Commerce, Commercial Club, Board of Trade, Promotion Committee—whatever it may be called—is the mouthpiece of the whole business community: it advises the City Council, the State Legislature, and Congress. It prepares statistics and reports, works for big State affairs, entertains distinguished visitors, fights a "Spokane Rate Case" to a finish. The club secures the cooperation of the railways, which grant colonist rates during certain seasons and provide special trains and excursion rates to State and county fairs, special agricultural and horticultural displays, irrigation conventions, and congresses of all kinds. The organization arranges the "Welcome to the Fleet," passes soothing resolutions during Japanese troubles, starts a "Made-in-California Day," gets up a great permanent exhibit of the State's resources, publishes a hundred thousand booklets or folders, starts a subscription for a relief fund after some disaster, carefully considers proposed laws, reaches out to secure for its city national conventions of every character, sends delegates to all public affairs of importance to the West, starts the movement for a Lewis and Clark, or an Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, organizes a great national apple show at Spokane—all of which is part of the Booster Game.

A lot of work is done without brass-band methods. If a town cleverly manages to secure some new industry or great private enterprise, it is not wise to brag. The newcomer wouldn't care to be told that he was "guided," or to have it known to everybody what, if any, special concessions he was offered. The secretary of the booster club is the repository of many business secrets. Time

(*Concluded on page 30*)

Patriotism and Waste

The Obligation Now Resting Upon the American People to Conserve the Natural Wealth and the Productive Vitality of their Continent

By CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE

THE laws of Congress for the distribution of both land and minerals contemplated that not more than a small parcel should go to any one individual. Thus, excepting the very early ones, our land laws have limited the amount which one person might enter to 160 acres. This is true of all lands, agricultural, forest, stone, coal, or otherwise. The Homestead Acts succeeded in getting the land widely distributed, but the commutation amendments, by which the five years of residence was commuted after a brief time by the payment of $1.25 an acre, have been from the outset the cause of speculation and fraud, resulting in unlawful concentrating in the hands of large holders of great and immensely valuable areas of the public domain.

Homesteads Swallowed in Timber Holdings

ACCORDING to H. H. Schwartz, chief of the special agents of the General Land Office, an "actual inspection of hundreds of commuted homesteads shows that not one in a hundred is ever occupied as a home after commutation. They become parts of some large timber holding, or parcel of a cattle or sheep range." He further says: "It has been my experience and observation in ten years' field service that the commuted homestead is almost invariably an entry initiated with a full intent never to make the land a home." Under the commutation amendments 35,000,000 acres of land have been acquired, which Mr. Schwartz estimates were worth more than $350,000,000 at the time the title left the Government.

In reference to the Timber and Stone Act, the same authority says that "not over a fractional part of one per cent of the timber lands purchased from the United States under this act is held, consumed, or even cut by the parties who make the entries." These timber lands, which cost $25,000,000 "at the date of sale, were reasonably worth $240,000,000."

It is a curious fact that the word minimum in the Timber and Stone Act, under which land not fit for agriculture "may be sold at the minimum price of $2.50 per acre," has been interpreted by the Land Department to mean maximum. That this term did not mean maximum was only discovered December 1, 1908, or thirty years after the law passed, at which time the perfectly obvious meaning of the law was attached to it by governmental order. It is useless to surmise as to the forces which led the Land Department to interpret the word minimum to mean maximum, and to maintain this interpretation for thirty years. But the result has been that the public domain has been despoiled of more than 10,000,000 acres of valuable timber land at not to exceed one-tenth of its real value.

The Unlawful Enclosure of Land

THE extent to which the fraudulent entries of land has been carried is but suggested in the past seventeen months' work of the special agents of the General Land Office, who have released from unlawful enclosure more than a million acres of public land, and have forced ninety-four convictions, leaving more than a thousand cases set for hearing and trial before local land offices. Added to these there are pending in the Department of Justice and in the United States courts more than a thousand more; and before the special agents are thirty thousand additional cases requiring investigation. To this must be added the obvious truth, that there are too many cases of successful fraud to every one that is detected.

Now that our national resources have largely passed into private hands, at the beginning of this twentieth century we have for the first time taken stock of our resources and find that they are not inexhaustible. On the contrary, they are extremely limited as compared with the probable future needs of the nation.

Of our mineral resources, coal and iron are those of the first importance. To manufacture our coal deposits took many millions of years of labor of earth and sun. Fortunately for us, the coal fields of the United States are more extensive and more valuable than those of any other nation. Until fifty years ago they were practically untouched, but during the last half century their exploitation has gone on with such ever-accelerating ratio that if continued our coal will be exhausted by the middle of the next century.

In taking coal from the ground, for every two tons extracted one ton has been wasted. The coal mined is consumed by methods which in many places utilize only a small percentage of its efficiency.

The Dissipation of Resources

PETROLEUM and natural gas, which are supplements to coal, are also subjected to wanton waste. Natural gas is now being wasted at the rate of a billion cubic feet a day, by being blown into the air. In Louisiana great spouting wells of gas are burning in the open atmosphere, doing no good whatever to anybody. It is estimated that there are thus consumed in that State alone seventy million cubic feet per day, more than enough to supply Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Pittsburg.

If the present rate of increase of exploitation of high grade iron ore continues, the supply will not last more than fifty years. In the not distant future it is certain that we shall be obliged to turn to the lower grade ores, of which the quantity is vastly greater, but the smelting of these ores will make a much heavier draft upon our coal supply.

Like coal and iron, the output of copper and zinc has more than doubled during recent decades, and the product of the past ten years is greater than the entire previous history of exploitation of these metals in this country.

Each year, not considering loss by fire, we are consuming three and one-half times as much wood as is grown. It is estimated that we allow twenty million acres of forest to be burned over annually. Of the timber we take, from one-fourth to one-half is lost by our wasteful methods of cutting and manufacture. Already within a little more than a century of the life of this nation approximately one-half of our forest products are gone. Our system of taxation of forests encourages rapid cutting rather than conservation. We must reform our tax laws concerning forest products; we must eliminate forest fires; we must use economically the wood cut; we must reduce the total amount used per capita until the growth of one year is equal to the consumption of that year.

Our water resources, including water for domestic purposes, for irrigation, for navigation, for power, are enormous. As yet they have been only very partially utilized. Fortunately, the water continues in undiminished quantities, being ever withdrawn from the ocean through the power of the sun, and ever falling upon the land. It is a perpetual resource.

Water Powers Owned by the Few

IF OUR streams are fully developed so as to furnish the greatest facilities for navigation, and at the same time the largest amount of water-power, this will reduce the quantity of coal required for transportation and for the development of the industries of the country by a relatively small amount, and at the same time will enormously decrease the erosion of the soil, since the development of the streams for navigation and for water-power will require the storing of storm waters in reservoirs and the maintenance of forests at the heads of streams. At the present time very large holdings of the best water-powers are in the possession of a few great corporations.

Of all of our natural resources the soil is by far the most important. The rich deep soil which originally covered the United States required millions of years for its manufacture, and it is the most precious of our natural heritage. Under natural conditions soil is formed somewhat more rapidly than it is washed away. Although our nation is very young, although more than half of our cultivated land has been cultivated less than fifty years, already the soils are seriously [illegible]

(*Continued on page*)



These

The Spirit of California

By RUFUS STEELE

I AM Ariel freed of a master;
I am Puck lacking Oberon's ban;
When the lotus is ripe, hark my Pandean pipe,
For I'm Peter the godchild of Pan.
I am Iris, my brush is a rainbow;
Endymion awakened am I;
In the breast of the tree Hamadryad I be—
With Sequoia I tickle the sky!

IN THE orchard I hang my round beacons—
Ah, Calypso, less potent thy lute!
And men come to seize and lean strip my trees,
For I'm nectar that sweetens the fruit.
My breath have I blown on the melon:
When the honey bee, laden, starts home
I follow his tracks, leave my kiss on his wax:
The poppy I've sprinkled with chrome.

I MASK me in gold in the wheat-fields,
And I laugh at the reaper's sure tread—
The sheaves are alined, it is me they would bind:
I am soul of the grain, I am bread.
In autumn men seek me in vineyards;
The purple which lures them is mine—
"The capture is nigh; quick, the press!" is their cry:
I am blood of the grape, I am wine.

O, I'M secret of life-giving rivers;
I am balm that exhales from Health's cave:
Consumed in each kernel, I live on eternal,
I am Master of Life, I'm its Slave.
From the battlements of the Sierra
The Pandean pipe I swing free,
And my far-floating tune, in the stillness of noon,
Weaves a spell from the peaks to the sea.

Collier's

The Value of Maneuvers

Mimic War Should Be Waged Annually for the Education of Staff and Field Officers

By Major-General LEONARD WOOD, U. S. A., Commander of the Department of the East

As large maneuvers as possible should be held each year on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf Coasts. I know of nothing which will give our officers and men better training or to tend to so effectively prevent a repetition of the confusion and difficulties which we experienced at the outset of our late war



The recent maneuvers demonstrated that our militia troops require more field training, and that the officers of the staff corps need much more opportunity to become fully acquainted with their duties under conditions of field service. They have also shown the excellent qualities of the militia

THE practical value of maneuvers is in giving officers and men of the regular army and organized militia training in the work they will be called upon to do in war, and in furnishing general officers of the regular establishment and organized militia much-needed training in handling bodies of troops approximating in size commands their rank would entitle them to, in furnishing the officers of the supply corps valuable and most necessary experience in supplying and transporting troops in campaign, and to officers of other staff corps—medical, signal, ordnance—practical training under conditions closely simulating those of war.

To be of the greatest value, maneuvers should require the rapid mobilization of all arms and assembling of necessary supplies, equipment, means of transportation, etc., and the transport of the same to the theater of the proposed operations. All this work should be on lines identical with those which would be followed in case of hostilities. If the maneuvers have been well-planned and conducted, the supplies and baggage, while sufficient, will be only that necessary for the well-being of troops in the field and the successful accomplishment of the object laid down in the general proposition governing the operations. This mobilization of troops calls for all that detailed preliminary work with reference to land and sea transportation which would be required in case hostilities existed. It tends to bring out the defects in the supply system, to demonstrate the competency or incompetency of the general officers and officers of the staff corps, the adequacy or inadequacy of the troops, and the condition of preparedness of the commands for actual service; in other words, shows whether we have a well-built, smoothly running machine, or a collection of loose, misfit parts to be assembled and fitted after operations commence.

Broken Country Should be Chosen

THE theater of operations, if well chosen, will be extensive, with forests, lakes, rivers, open country, broken country, swamps, etc. The opposing forces are mobilized at some distance from each other. When this has been accomplished, the commanding generals find themselves face to face under conditions very similar to those which would exist in case of actual hostilities. In front of them, from twenty to forty miles away, is a force of all arms representing a hostile army. The proper conduct of the operations imposes upon them a procedure which makes their movements as like those of war as it is possible to have them in time of peace. Each army commander makes every effort to locate the forces of the enemy, learn his strength, divine his intentions, and then check him, ultimately defeat him, and capture or destroy his forces. The staff departments, once they are informed as to the general scope and plan of operations, are called upon to support it by the maintenance of communications, prompt transportation of supplies, etc., etc. All this puts to a practical test the training which the officers and men of the various corps have received, and brings out their capacity to apply it. The line troops—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers—are each called upon to perform the proper work of the arm to which they belong. The cavalry, assisted perhaps by a corps of cyclists, is doing its best to locate the exact positions and strength of the enemy, and ascertain his movements; the opposing cavalry is doing all it can to prevent this being accomplished and obtain similar information. The main body of each force is being placed in what is considered by its commanding general the most advantageous position. Each army commander is studying the country over which he is to operate with a view to making the best possible use of it for offense or defense. The question of the intelligent use of maps immediately becomes one of great importance.

When the theater of operations is sufficiently large for the proper conduct of the maneuvers, the first two or three days will be largely occupied by each force in developing its antagonist.

It is difficult to overestimate the value to officers and men of this experience, especially when it is remembered that, owing to the very small size of our regular [illegible] its scattered condition, and the comparatively [illegible] force of organized militia, many of our general officers have never had an opportunity to command even a provisional brigade or division under conditions simulating those of hostilities. The actual work and difficulties of moving an army are at hand, and all the details must be carefully worked out: the time of marching, in order that the troops may reach the desired position at the right time; the selection of roads, so as to avoid confusion and delay; the selection of the camp sites, not only with a view to their suitability from a sanitary standpoint, but also their adaptability to the military situation, are questions which demand careful attention, for each general officer must, if he is to be successful, have his command so placed as to be ready for action at the beginning of operations on each day. The supply departments have to adapt themselves to the general's plan, and have rations and other necessities at the points indicated. The realistic effect is largely produced by the careful carrying out of all details of security and information, escorts for trains, etc., and the use of blank ammunition; the effect which would have resulted from the actual conflict is furnished by the decisions of the umpires, who accompany each unit and observe closely all the conditions which surround it, and decide what would have happened had it gone into action under similar conditions. They note its strength, the way it is handled, its position, amount of ammunition, the character and strength of the attack against it, use of cover, dispositions to receive the attack, etc., etc., and decide that either the defense has been successful or the reverse. If, in their opinion, the attack has been of such a character as would have resulted in the capture or destruction of a portion of the command, they decide what percentage of the command would have been lost and rule it out of action for the rest of the maneuver period. So each day, if the maneuvers have been carefully carried out, we find a constantly changing situation. Gradually a situation is reached closely approximating that which would have been reached under combat conditions. One army finds itself so depleted and exhausted that it is compelled to fall back. Then comes, with all its difficulties and opportunities, the situation incident to the pursuit of a retreating army: rear-guard actions, attempts to cut off the retreat, etc. Every movement made on either side, the methods employed, the physical condition of the troops engaged, the way they are marched, fed, and fought, are taken into consideration by the umpires, and they decide, as already indicated, in accordance with what they believe to be the merits of the case.



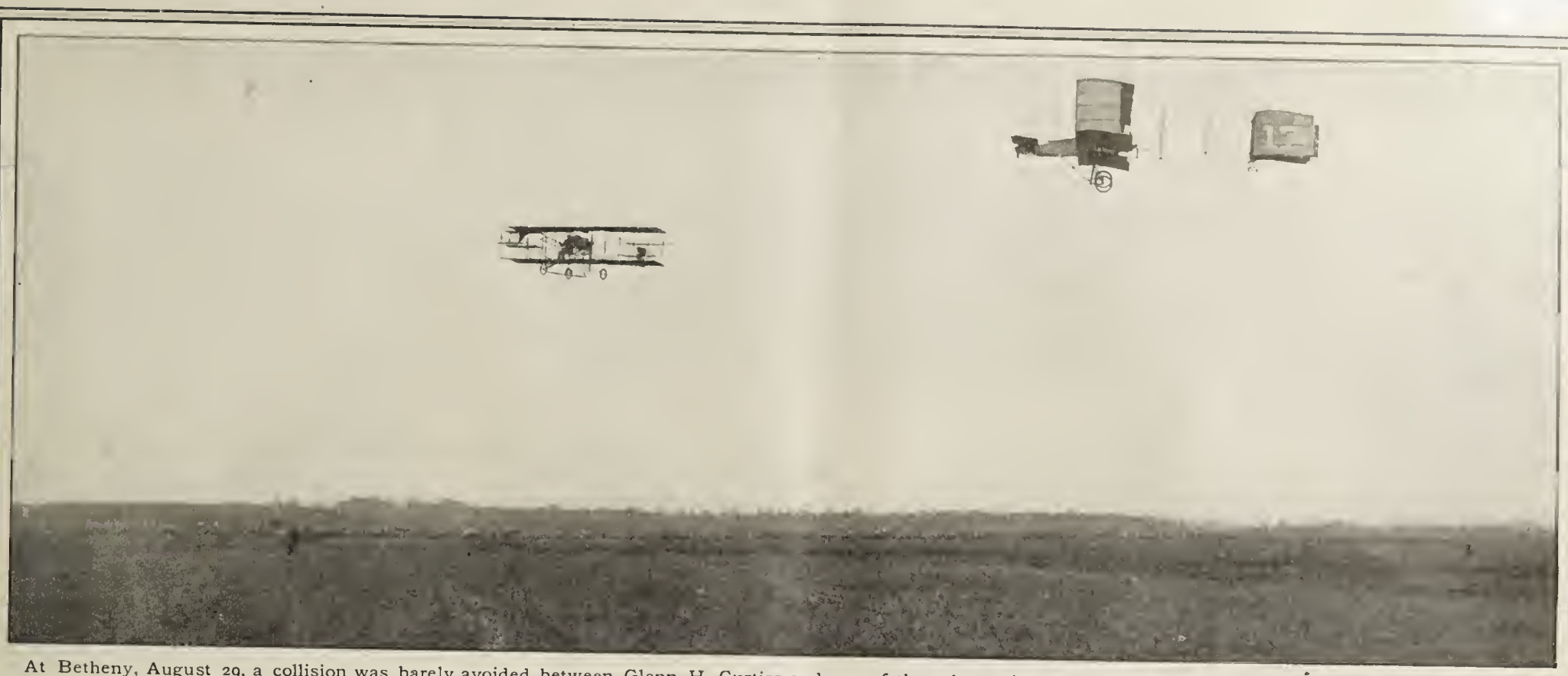
Major-General Leonard Wood

To make maneuvers especially interesting and valuable, not only to the troops engaged, but to the public, it is desirable that they should be held on ground on which fighting would probably take place in time of war. Such ground is furnished by the natural lines of approach to our great ports and seacoast cities. Operations in these areas demonstrate the facility or difficulty with which these places can be attacked, teach familiarity with the country and indicate the best methods of defense, and the further fact that seacoast defenses are not intended as, nor are they, a defense against anything except fleets, and that their real object is to prevent the entrance of fleets into our harbors, the bombarding of the cities on them, and the landing of troops at points immediately adjacent to the port. Once the public appreciates this, it will recognize the necessity for a well organized, efficient mobile land force to meet attacks from the land side. To obtain this it is imperatively necessary that we should organize provisional army corps, consisting of the troops of the regular establishment and the organized militia, with their rendezvous at strategic points; to this most important subject we have paid too little attention. The mobile troops of the regular establishment and of every organized militia unit should belong to one of these provisional corps, and should know the general rendezvous of the brigade and division to which they belong, and be prepared to join it on short notice. Officers commanding these brigades, divisions, etc., should be carefully selected in time of peace, and as large a portion of each army corps as is possible should be assembled each year in order that the officers may have a chance under conditions simulating those of war to handle bodies of troops approximating in size those they would be called upon to command in campaign. It is in this work that we are lacking, and it is the work above all others upon which will depend our success or failure in the early stages of war.

Actual War Except for Death

AS LARGE maneuvers as possible should be held each year on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf Coasts. I know of nothing which will give our officers and men better training or tend to so effectively prevent a repetition of the confusion and difficulties which we experienced at the outset of our late war. To repeat, well-conducted maneuvers involve everything in the way of preparation, mobilization, transportation, and handling of troops, the study of country, the adaptation of its features to the best military uses, use of troops on the battlefield, in short, all except the actual fighting, and they will serve to impress on our people the necessity for the maintenance of an adequate regular army and a thoroughly organized and efficient militia.

The recent maneuvers demonstrated the feasibility of an attack upon the city of Boston from the rear (most of our great seacoast cities are equally open to such attack), and the difficulty of meeting such an attack even when made by a small force; that maneuvers covering large areas can be held in this country without serious damage; that our militia troops require more field training, and that the officers of the staff corps need much more opportunity to become fully acquainted with their duties under conditions of field service. They have also shown the excellent qualities of the militia engaged and indicated what can be accomplished by these troops when properly trained.



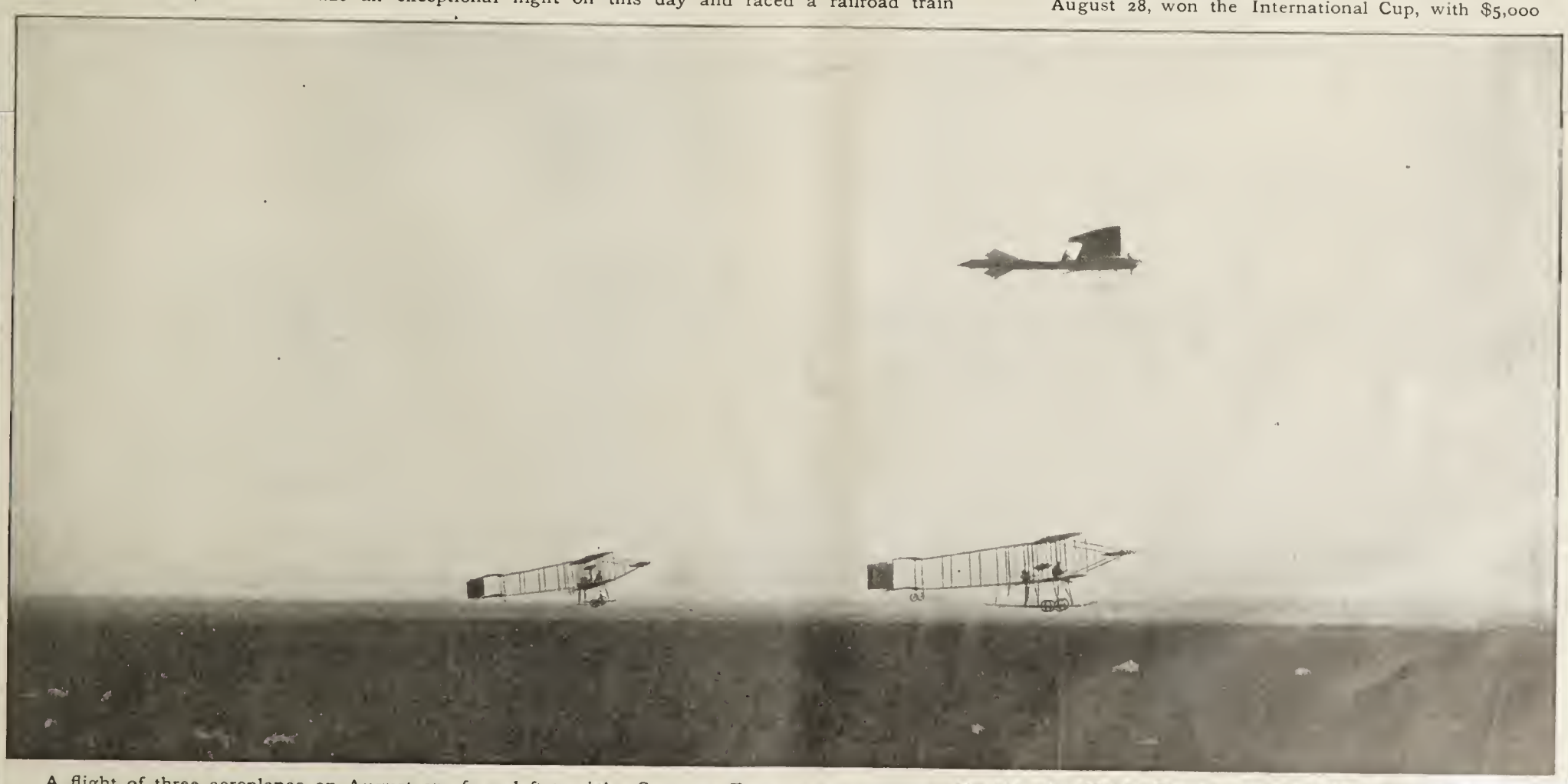
At Betheny, August 29, a collision was barely avoided between Glenn H. Curtiss and one of the other aviators. On this day the American won the eighteen-mile race in 25 minutes 49 seconds, bringing him a prize of $2,000, and came second to Bleriot in the lap contest. Bleriot rounded the course in 7 minutes 47 4-5 seconds



The bulletin board, on August 24, the day of President Fallieres's visit. Although the weather was unreliable, Paulhan made an exceptional flight on this day and raced a railroad train



M. Fallières inspects the Curtiss machine which, on August 28, won the International Cup, with $5,000



A flight of three aeroplanes on August 27—from left to right, Sommer, Farman, and Latham. On this day Henry Farman won the Champagne Prize of $10,000 for covering 112½ miles in 3 hours 4 minutes 56 seconds. This broke both the world's time and distance records for heavier-than-air ma[illegible]

The First International Air-Meet at Reims, France

What the World Is Doing:

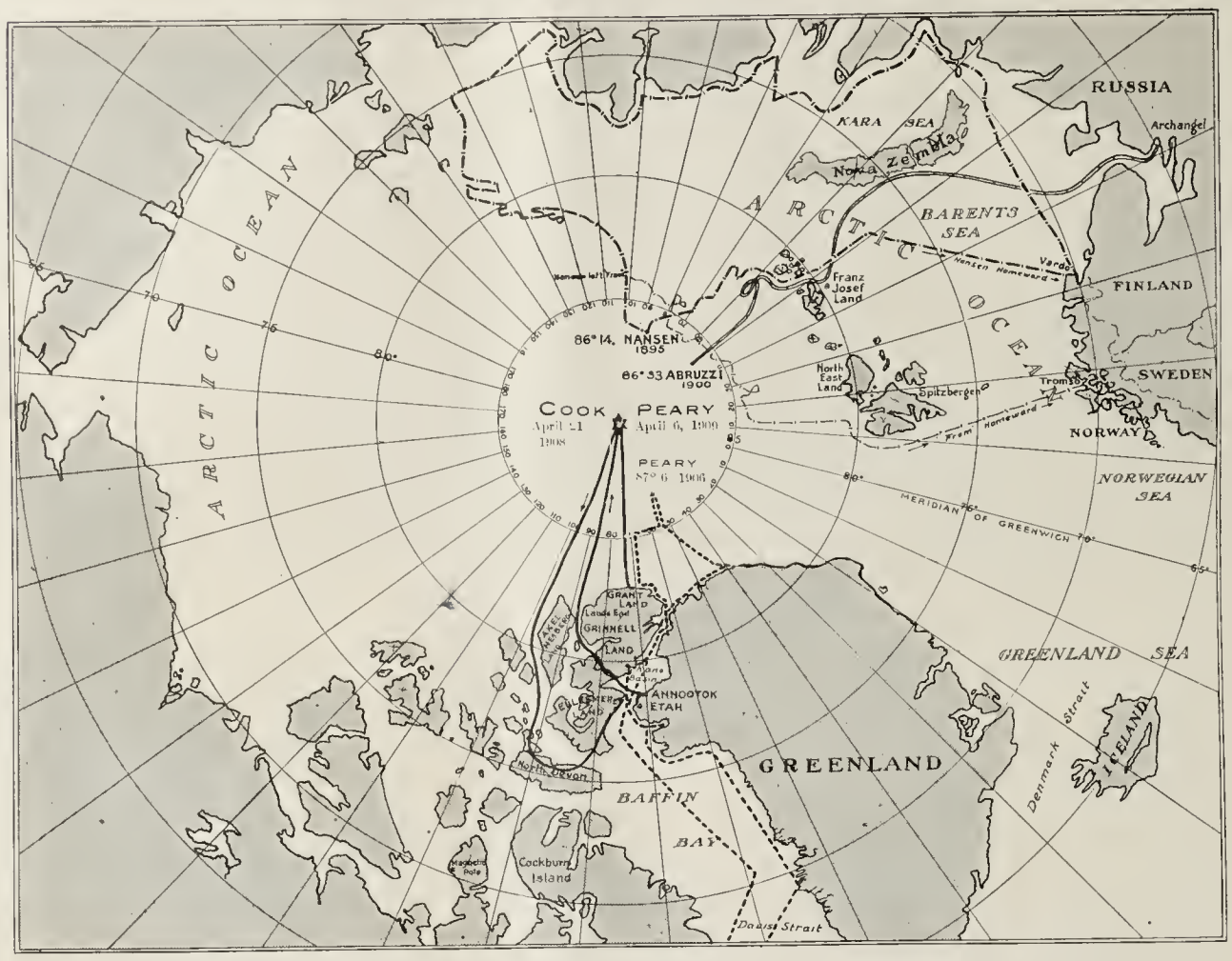
The American Flag at the North Pole



Fridtjof Nansen

The Norwegian explorer who came within 265 miles of the Pole, going by the New Siberia Islands in 1895. He was prominent in securing Norwegian independence

ON April 21, 1908, Dr. Cook's observations indicated that he was in sight of the Pole. Taking the story at its face value, the following are points of emphasis. The doctor buried a brass tube in the ice, containing a record of his achievement, and planted the Stars and Stripes above it. He describes the prospect as "an immensity of dazzling snow," in which he and his two men with their dogs were the only pulsating beings. He could not believe it possible that "this desolate region, without a patch of earth, had aroused the ambitions of so many men for so many centuries." Dr. Cook's rhetoric, as well as what real indications there may be in his favor, received a heavy jolt when Peary cabled his absolute disbelief. Commander Peary's warning to the world not to accept Cook's tale with too much seriousness, was published on September 8, and was promptly met with protestations of innocence by Dr. Cook



The routes taken by Dr. Cook and by Peary—also those of Nansen and Abruzzi



The Duke d'Abruzzi

The Italian nobleman who has recently been exploring the Himalaya Mountains, and who pushed north, in 1900, as far as 86° 33′, or within 239 miles of the Pole

WHATEVER be the sifted facts and the final result of the controversy which is now being waged, there is, apparently, no doubt that the North Pole has been discovered at last and discovered by an American. The mystery of the frozen North is no longer a mystery, and the goal of centuries of dreaming and effort is now behind us. Peary's report was accepted at once. Dr. Cook's will apparently divide opinion until all of his material has been examined.

The first statement of the discovery of the Pole came on the afternoon of September 1. From Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, by way of Copenhagen, came a cable from the Danish Government Inspector of Greenland that he had with him on board the *Hans Egede* Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who asserted that he had reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908. On the same afternoon a brief cable message from Dr. Cook to his wife, stating that he had been successful, was received in Brooklyn. The next morning in the New York "Herald" appeared Dr. Cook's first cabled story of his achievement—a document whose vagueness and somewhat curious phraseology failed to convince many and promptly aroused a storm of controversy.

On September 4 Dr. Cook arrived at Copenhagen on board the *Hans Egede*, and was promptly swallowed up in demonstrations of enthusiasm such as few, if any, explorers ever received before. King Frederick of Denmark and the royal family, all that was brilliant and distinguished in the society of the Danish capital, and the people at large joined in unrestrained enthusiasm in Dr. Cook's honor. On the evening of September 7, at the height of this reception, while Dr. Cook with a garland of pink roses about his shoulders was seated at a supper given by the editor of the Copenhagen "Politiken" to the foreign correspondents, came the news from Peary that he had "nailed the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole." A dénouement so dramatic has probably never occurred before in the history of exploration. The European demonstrations cooled very rapidly after Peary's absolute denial of all the claims of Dr. Cook.

The two discoverers are men of very different type and experience, and the preparations which each made to attack the mysterious North were different. To Commander Peary success came after twenty-three years of almost continuous polar research, during which he had made eight trials for the Pole. The quantity and quality of his equipment were known to all and discussed for months before he sailed, and he was accompanied by men of scientific knowledge, whose investigations would, it was hoped, fill in many of the gaps in our knowledge of the Arctic regions, whatever might be the result of the polar dash.

Peary sailed on the steamer *Roosevelt* on July 6, 1908. Professor Ross G. Marvin of the Civil Engineering Department of Cornell, who had been with the previous expedition, went along as assistant navigator. Professor D. D. McMillan and George Borup of Yale were the naturalists of the party. Dr. J. W. Kensell of New Washington, Pennsylvania, was surgeon—a position which Dr. Cook himself had filled on one of Peary's previous trips—and Captain Bob Bartlett, a Newfoundland man, had his old position as master of the steamer.

Dr. Cook, while not a novice at exploration, was little known to the public at large, and few were aware when he left America on the converted yacht *John R. Bradley* in July, 1907, that he intended eventually to make a dash for the Pole. Dr. Cook was born at Callicoon Station, Sullivan County, New York, in 1865 of an old Dutch family, originally called Kock. He was educated in the Brooklyn public schools, took his degree of M.D. from the University of New York in 1890, but only practised his profession incidentally.

He was surgeon on the first Peary expedition in 1891-92; assistant in command of the Miranda expedition which ended disastrously in 1894; surgeon and anthropologist of the Belgian Antaretic expedition, 1897-99, and surgeon in the Peary expedition, 1901. He also claims to have climbed Mount McKinley. His party on this his second attempt to ascend the great Alaskan mountain became divided and one-half returned to Seattle and alleged that Dr. Cook had failed. Cook came back later with the assertion that he had gone with one companion to the top. Although he had more or less evidence to support his statement, Mount McKinley is still, officially, an unclimbed peak.

Dr. Cook, according to his story, planned to make his dash in the winter on the theory that the ice would be firmer then and less broken by open water. He started from Annootok, near Etah in Greenland, February 19, 1908, and proceeded across Smith Sound and Grinnell Land westward. He had then eleven men and 103 dogs. The party reached Land's End on March 18, and from here, with two Eskimos and 26 dogs, Dr. Cook says he started on the final dash of 460 miles to the Pole. Between the 87th and 88th parallels there were indications of land ice, although no positive sign of land or sea. When the Pole itself was reached there was, in the Doctor's florid style, only "an endless field of purple snows. No life. No land. No spot to relieve the monotony of frost. We were the only pulsating creatures in the dead world of ice."

Peary's outline of his performance was published September 9. He left Sydney July 17, 1908; arrived at Cape York, Greenland, August 1; left Etah, Greenland, August 8; arrived Cape Sheridan, at Grantland, September 1, and wintered there; left the *Roosevelt* on sledges February 15, 1909; arrived Cape Columbia March 1; passed British record March 2; passed Norwegian record March 23; passed Italian record March 24; passed American record March 28; North Pole April 6; reached Cape Columbia April 23, arriving on board *Roosevelt* April 27; left Cape Sheridan July 18; passed Cape Sabine August 8; left Cape York August 26.

Commander Peary himself held the best previous record of 87 degrees 6 minutes, which he made on April 26, 1906. The record before that was made by the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, which pushed to 86 degrees

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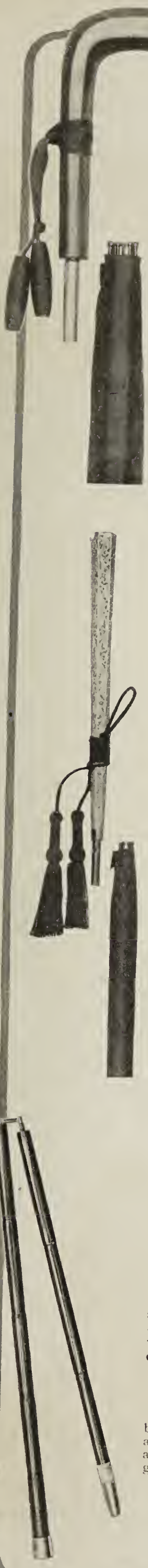
Dr. Frederick A. Cook

The man who claims to have first succeeded, on April 21, 1908, in terminating the quest of centuries. The definite record of these expeditions reaches back to 1553



Commander Robert E. Peary

Who reached the Pole April 6, 1909, with his eighth Arctic expedition. Lieutenant Peary has been engaged in exploration for twenty-three years



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And in addition, K & H umbrellas have all the "extras" which any umbrella can have—but which, as a matter of fact, no other umbrella does have.

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There is the non-rustable steel rod with nickel-dipped copper tip which does not wear off.

What is more, K & H Sterling Handles are all made in **heavier-than-ordinary-silver** (28 gauge) while K & H Virgin Color Gold Handles are **warranted not to show black seams.**

Each and every one of these "extras" is an exclusive feature of

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QUALITY Umbrellas

Anyone of the advantages named would give K & H umbrellas unquestioned superiority. Together they make K & H Quality absolute. You readily recognize it.

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K & H Quality stands for finished workmanship, original design, good service and exclusive advantages—all the result of attaining **our** umbrella ideals—and **yours.**

Look for the K & H trade mark on handle, rib or in crown of every K & H umbrella. It goes on no umbrella that falls short of K & H Quality—the highest. Hence it is your protection.

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The only guaranteed shoe laces

No other maker guarantees shoe laces; but it is only natural that we should, because we put out the best shoe laces ever made.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces have no equal for strength and long wear. Made of highest-grade long-fibre Sea Island cotton, especially processed.

They are tubular and pressed flat—no edges to fray and they won't come untied. They have patented tips—dull black fast color—that won't come off the laces.

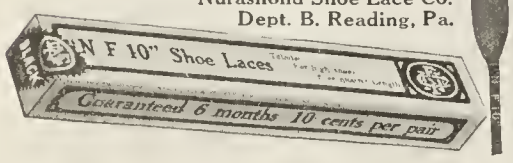
And we stand back of every pair of *"N F 10" Shoe Laces* with our

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10 cents per pair—black and tan, in four lengths for men's and women's shoes. At all shoe and dry goods stores, and haberdashers. Every pair of the genuine *"N F 10"* is in a sealed box and has "N F 10" stamped on the tips—your protection against imitations.

If your dealer hasn't *"N F 10"* we'll send them on receipt of price. Write us anyway for illustrated booklet which shows our complete line of shoe laces, including our patented *Nufashond* for oxfords

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The kind with the "Adjustable Back."

The only suspender that can be adjusted at five different points.

Fits All Wearers.

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Mr. Dealer, here is your opportunity.

Sample pair sent on receipt of $.50, postpaid.

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33 minutes on March 22, 1900. Nansen, the former holder of the record, got as far as 86 degrees and 14 minutes in 1895.

Expeditions into the Arctic regions have been made ever since Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed in 1553 "for the search and discovery of northern parts of the world," and the Scandinavian peoples undoubtedly ventured into the mysterious region long before that. Henry Hudson, in 1607, reached latitude 73 on the eastern coast of Greenland. The ill-fated expedition of the English Admiral Sir John Franklin to find the Northwest Passage is one of the most famous of Arctic undertakings. Franklin sailed in May, 1845, with two ships and 129 men. In all about fifteen rescue expeditions were sent out between the years 1848 and 1854, and a great deal of Arctic knowledge was gained, but the unfortunate Admiral and his men were never heard from except through the brief records they left behind them under piles of stones. The only really serious balloon attempt was that of the Norwegian Andrée, which started from Spitzbergen in 1897. Except for a message by carrier pigeon, received two days after his departure, and bits of wreckage, nothing has ever been heard of him or his two companions.

The holders of the farthest-north record at various times have been:

	Degrees	Minutes
1588—John Davys, Eng., ship	72	12
1594—Wm. Barents, Hol., ship	77	20
1607—Henry Hudson, Eng., ship	80	23
1773—J. C. Phipps, Eng., ship	80	48
1806—W. S. Scoresby, Eng., ship	81	50
1827—W. A. Parry, Eng., ship	82	45
1875—G. S. Nares, Eng., sledge	83	20
1882—A. W. Greely, Amer., sledge	83	24
1895—F. Nansen, Norway, sledge	86	14
1900—Duke d'Abruzzi, It., sledge	86	33
1905—R. E. Peary, Amer., sledge	87	6

Between these dates there have, of course, been various attempts, among the best known of which are the American expeditions conducted by Dr. E. K. Kane, 1854; by DeLong in the *Jeannette*, 1879; and the Ziegler-Fiala party in 1903.

Railroads in China

TWO treaties between China and Japan were finally signed September 4. China had wished to refer to the Hague Tribunal the most important matters in controversy, but Japan, with Great Britain behind her, preferred to carry out her will. Nevertheless, China was able to obtain far more consideration than she formerly had from Russia, and, in being forced to consent to wider gage for the Antung to Mukden railway, she did only what was an implied part of the Pekin agreement of December 22, 1905. One of the treaties, dealing with Itsientao, fixes boundaries satisfactory to China, creates open ports at Lungchangchun, Chutzeha, Taotokou, and Peitsokou, and forces China to borrow from Japan half of the money to extend the Kirin line eastward, an extension which is restricted to connections with the Korean line at Huining. The other agreement forbids China to extend the railway north from Hsiuimintun without Japan's consent, transfers the Tsaishichao line to the South Manchurian, and permits an extension on the south to Newchwang; gives Japan and China equal voice in the proposed railway station at Mukden city, and gives to the two countries joint mining privileges along the South Manchurian and Antung Railroads. The few other details further emphasize the control of Japan in Manchuria: the fact that the Portsmouth Treaty does not bother her, but also the fact that Japan's control is less absolute, as well as less extensive, than Russia's used to be, and that China has a growing influence in the settlement of her own affairs. One of the most important changes for the world at large is that there is no chance of any one nation now having a monopoly of the entire trans-Asiatic railroad facilities.

Japan's Business Delegates

FORTY-SIX Japanese bankers, merchants, Members of Parliament, and editors, representing the Chambers of Commerce of Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, Kobe, Yokohama, and Nagoya, are in the United States studying commercial conditions. Baron Shibusawa, one of the party, has expressed the delegation's views concerning the importance of friendly commercial relations between the United States and Japan. "We must go hand in hand with you," he says, "to develop the vast fields in the East. My wish is that your abundant capital, combined with our better knowledge of local conditions, shall result in starting a sort of cooperative business relationship." At the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York, Prince Kiniyoshi Kuni, a cousin of the Mikado, will represent Japan.

A Mayor's Troubles

MAYOR McCLELLAN of New York is in trouble again. A day after the removal by Governor Hughes of a borough president charged with various forms of graft, another borough president, the spectacular Bird S. Coler of Brooklyn, filed charges with the Governor against Mayor McClellan. These are, in substance, that the Mayor has been using his power to overhaul the offices of his subordinates as a weapon to punish men opposed to him politically. Accurate historians, in sympathy with McClellan, have called attention to the fact that the Mayor has ordered the investigation of the affairs of three borough presidents; two of these have been completed, and two borough presidents have been removed. The inquiry into Mr. Coler's office is not yet completed. On September 7 Judge Gaynor announced his intention of running for Mayor independently, but with hopes of a Tammany nomination. Judge Gaynor has some national reputation, and at the time of the last Democratic Convention at Denver was considered for the Vice-Presidency.

Speed in Travel

THE new accomplishments in speed are almost expected these days—it is difficult any longer to startle us. Ways to get from one place to another multiply almost daily, and distances disappear with each new sun. If we don't know where we're going, as the phrase has it, it least we're on our way.

The great *Mauretania* had scarcely made a new record for the east-bound Atlantic voyage when the *Lusitania* broke the west-bound record by nearly three hours. On the evening of September 2 the big Cunarder warped into her New York dock a few minutes before eight o'clock, four days out from Queenstown. She had left Queenstown Sunday morning and covered the course between Daunt's Rock and the Ambrose Channel lightship off Sandy Hook in 4 days 11 hours 42 minutes, cutting 2 hours and 56 minutes from the record made by the *Mauretania* on August 19. Her average speed was 25.85 knots. She was the first "Thursday boat."

The *Mauretania's* east-bound record was made on August 30. She made the trip in 4 days 14 hours 27 seconds. Her trip was also memorable for making a new record for mail and passenger transportation between New York and London. The *Mauretania* landed her passengers and mail at Fishguard, the new port of call for Cunarders in South Wales, instead of taking them on to Liverpool. Two trains were waiting, one for mail and one for passengers, and they covered the 260 miles between Fishguard and London in less than five hours. It was a great day for the little Welsh town, and all along the line of the Great Western Railway to London people gathered at the stations and cheered the trains as they shot past. The *Mauretania's* average east-bound speed was 25.40 knots..

Queenstown, it must of course be remembered, is in Ireland, and these records do not mean that one is able to travel from mainland to mainland in four and a half days. The actual elapsed time from New York to London, allowing five hours for the change of meridian, was 5 days 3 hours 40 minutes for the mail train, and 5 days 4 hours 28 minutes for the first section of the passenger train. In other words, passengers arrived in London on the evening of the sixth day out from New York and could get to Paris by the next morning.

On land, between three and five hundred miles are practically cut from the overland journey by James J. Hill's announcement that he intends to lop off ten hours from the running time of his fastest trains between Chicago and Seattle. This will mean a speed equal, or almost equal, to the fastest New York-Chicago expresses. The Burlington, Great Northern, and Northern Pacific have proposed to the Post-Office Department to put a new fast mail train in service between Chicago and Seattle to make the long journey in sixty-two hours. The fastest time heretofore was three days. This proposition from the Hill lines is due, it is assumed, to the fact that the St. Paul road will be in a position within two or three years to make fast time to the Puget Sound country and will, no doubt, go out after the mail-carrying business. The Burlington evidently hopes to capture the mail traffic before the St. Paul is ready.

By an alliance with the Louisiana Railway and Navigation Company, giving entrance from Baton Rouge to New Orleans by ferryboat, the Hill interests have just completed the last link in a line from the South to the Northwest which will compete with the Harriman lines. On September 1 the Frisco-Rock Island trains

Silk Socks 50c

THE greatest achievement in textile history. Genuine cocoon-silk half-hose now sell for the first time at the popular fifty cent price. Not mercerized, but **every thread guaranteed absolutely pure silk.** These socks are expertly knitted; seamless, shape retaining; fast color; and wonderfully good wearers. And American manufacturing skill enables you to get these remarkable half-hose at **fifty cents.**

Phoenix Silk Socks

Being made of pure silk, they are non-conductors of heat and cold and moisture: cool in summer, warm in winter; a relief for hot, aching feet.

Are made in nine richly beautiful fast colors:

black, navy, tan, burgundy, maroon, emerald, pearl-grey, taupe, helio.

SILK hosiery is now within reach of all—we've experimented for years to perfect these socks—we know they are the most remarkable hose ever produced. Don't wear cotton or lisle socks when you can get **better wearing, pure silk ones** for the same money.

Ask your dealer for Phoenix Silk Socks. If he hasn't them, show him this ad, or send us fifty cents for each sample pair you wish. Half a dozen in an attractive box for $3.00 postpaid.

Phoenix Knitting Works
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SCHLOSS FASHIONABLE Clothes for Gentlemen

are ready at the BEST Clothiers everywhere.

If you want to enjoy Clothes Luxury—without extra cost—ask any good Clothier to show you one of the 1200 New Fall and Winter Models just out. These are **"the Clothes Beautiful"** in the world of Fashion—indeed the standard Fashion for fine tailors and good dressers.

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A $25,000 Men's Fashion Book Free

The finest Fall Fashion Book we ever issued is now just off the press. Every new fashion—for every age and every occasion—is shown in a many-colored plate.

We have spent $25,000 to gather these styles and to picture them as shown in this book. The result is a classic in fashion.

Not the design of theorists, pictured in fashion-plate style. But the actual styles worn by men of refinement—gathered in every center of fashion by our own men on the ground.

This costly book is offered free to every man who wants to know what the best-dressed men will wear.

After Forty Years

Since 1869 Adler-Rochester Clothes have been known as the utmost in garments for men.

We were first to introduce into ready-made garments the highest attainments in the tailoring art.

We were first to send high-priced designers to the centers of fashion to gather ideas which smaller tailors could not get.

We were first to employ in a wholesale way the finest of custom tailors.

We were first to fit every type of man as the best tailors fit from individual measure.

And we have always, in all these arts, kept the ascendency, as nearly every man knows.

The book which we offer shows the final result of that forty years of experience. And it shows our choices from a thousand all-wool cloths.

Adler-Rochester Clothes

Not the Largest

Most of you think, perhaps, that Adler-Rochester Clothes have the largest sale in America. They have not. Our vast reputation is due to quality and style, not to size.

There are not enough experts developed, of the class we employ, to make clothes for one in a hundred.

In most cities and towns Adler-Rochester Clothes are supplied to only one dealer. And we supply that one dealer but a limited part of his stock.

The man who wears Adler-Rochester garments must always be the exception.

But those exceptions—young or older—can be usually picked out in a crowd. They are the best-dressed men you meet.

Not the Costliest

Nor are Adler-Rochester Clothes expensive, though most of you think that they are. Our suits and overcoats will run—like other good makes—from $18 up. Yet the best of them could not be excelled if you paid us $100 per garment.

We spend for making *four times* what some makers spend. We pay our tailors twice what we pay for our cloths.

There are not any clothes at any price on the market which give nearly so much for the money.

The reason is, our very small profits. They never exceed six per cent. Last year our average profit was exactly *97 cents per suit.*

Every penny we get, save that small profit, goes into the garments themselves.

That is why Adler-Rochester Clothes cost less than the commonplace.

For the One Man in a Hundred

This book is for men who want such clothes as only one in a hundred can get.

No matter what your age or vocation. We make the right clothes for all ages—for college or sport, for business or for society. This book shows them all, and in colors.

It is for men who want to know the right and the best, and where they can get it.

To them the book is free. Please send this coupon today for it:

L. Adler, Bros. & Co. C W 7
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me the Book of Fall and Winter Fashions in Adler-Rochester Clothes.

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A New Clasp that is 100% flatter, securer, stronger, smoother, lighter, and 100% more comfortable.

A New Grip that *draws in* the sock and tightens its hold at every movement—no slip or wear.

These Improvements

in Brighton Garters give a sense of security to the whole dress of the leg; a trim and sleek appearance to the ankles; a smooth and firm support to the socks; without rubbing, chafing or tiring the leg. *Pure silk*, wear-resisting webs in all colors; heavily nickeled brass, rustless metal parts with round edges to avoid wear or tear of socks. At your dealers—25c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty card in every box.

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give positive balance to the shoulders, direct and easy support to the trousers, freedom from all feeling of restraint, comfort in every motion. Exclusive artistic webs, firegilt mountings, elegant in finish. At your dealers—50c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty band on every pair.

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MENTIONING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

started by ferryboat across the Mississippi at Baton Rouge. This was Mr. Hill's successful but costly answer to Mr. Harriman for the latter's capture of the Illinois Central from Stuyvesant Fish when that road was in the Hill alliance.

Pellagra and Corn Foods

FROM two such widely separated points as Peoria, Illinois, and Durham, North Carolina, alarming reports have come concerning the spread of Pellagra, a disease new to this country and of mysterious origin. The only theory so far advanced to explain it is that its victims have eaten moldy corn. Evidence, however, is conflicting, both in North Carolina and in Illinois, cases having been noted among victims known not to have eaten corn or any of its products. The United States army has ordered one of its bacteriologists—an expert on tropical diseases—to go to Peoria and study the plague.

The Brewers and Saloon Reform

IN LINE with a general scheme of internal reform, the New York State Liquor Dealers' Association, at its convention in New York City, proposed to take the lead in saloon reform. The convention's resolutions called for a law which should allow licensed saloons to remain open on Sunday between 1 P. M. and 11 P. M. They proposed, also, to limit the licenses issued by the State Excise Department to one for every 750 inhabitants. They suggested that no Federal licenses should be issued to saloons which did not hold State licenses. The association is to have a committee of investigation, whose duties will be to find out the location of "dives" and to keep the members (the brewers especially) informed.

Under a new law in Michigan, all the beer signs were torn down before midnight of August 31 and all the free-lunch places closed up. Under the State law saloons must close at nine o'clock, though in cities the local authorities have the right to extend the closing hour to midnight.

Meanwhile the anti-saloon forces in the South are not lagging in their campaign. The new Alabama law is a prohibition measure, and is expected actually to close all places in such cities as Mobile and Montgomery. In Georgia Governor Brown has definitely pledged himself to veto any legislation favorable to the liquor interests until the prohibition law has had a full trial. According to George Kibbe Turner, whose article, "Beer and the City Liquor Problem," appears in the September "McClure's," the battle between the brewers and liquor dealers and the Anti-Saloon League has resulted, in the last few months, in a deadlock. Florida and Tennessee have been captured by the temperance forces, while Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri have been kept in line by the brewers. So far the Anti-Saloon League has been credited with "bribing" five Southern States, securing a referendum vote in another State, and has come close to winning the Legislatures of three other Southern States.

Peonage at Pittsburg

GOVERNMENT investigation into the M'Kee's Rocks plant of the Pressed Steel Car Company of Pittsburg has shown that the accusations against the company of establishing a system of practical peonage in order to break a strike of their workers were well founded. Some hundreds of the men who have been held captive have escaped, and their stories agree on the details of their treatment inside the stockade. The first reports of the clash between the strikers and the State constabulary were exaggerated. The trouble started when a special deputy, engaged in evicting some of the miners with their families from company houses, drew a revolver and fired it over the heads of women who were jeering at him. Directly afterward these same women attacked another deputy and broke his head with a brick. Following this the constables charged the crowd and other officers came up in a street-car. Only a score of revolvers were found in the possession of the strikers. These were used to supplement the volley of bricks. Before the firing of the deputies and strikers had ended, seven men were killed. No strike-breaker was included in the list of casualties, although the company's stockade is situated at the bottom of three hills and was exposed to attack. The Pittsburg papers, which had minimized the charges of peonage, were swung around to condemn the Hoffstot management after the Government investigation had begun.

A Hot Fight in Kansas City

THE proper function of a vigorous newspaper, according to the Kansas City "Star," is to fight for the people of the city. The "Star" is illustrating its theory by opposing with every resource at its command, the ordinance granting a renewal of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company's franchise at this time. These franchises do not expire for sixteen years, but the interests in control of the street railway system are attempting to secure an extension in time of fifty years, dating from 1925. The "Star" is centering its argument on the point that in sixteen years conditions will have changed so that any agreement made now, no matter how fair, would not serve the city's interests sixteen years from to-day.

The Baggage "Smashers"

STIRRED by the increasing number of complaints of smashed trunks from travelers, the Kansas Board of Railroad Commissioners has issued an order that baggage handlers must not tumble a trunk from a car door on to a brick or stone station platform. The practise of testing the strength of a trunk by this ancient method was encouraged by both the station men and the baggage handlers in cars. It was not easy to guess the exact point at which the open door of the baggage car would stop at the station platform, and, rather than hustle a truck, they merely dumped the trunk clear of the track.

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The Boosters

(*Concluded from page 23*)

was when a "publicity promoter" was not required to be a man of particularly high character. Now only trained men of reputation and all-round executive business ability are employed. They are ready and good speakers, and prolific of ideas, and enthusiasts in the work. The educational value of their talks and labors among business men is frequently acknowledged by the latter. "They taught us the value of advertising in our own business; they have shown us how to advertise in the right way."

"Tell the truth in your advertising; don't exaggerate; don't suppress facts; be frank—it pays in the long run." This is the advice one frequently hears these men giving at booster meetings, to the consequent good effect upon the publicity literature.

The most striking manifestation of the "get-together" spirit is the "Business Men's Excursion," initiated by the organized boosters. In 1905 a long special train, crowded with leading citizens of California, jolly, big-brained, broad-gage fellows, carried a wave of cordiality into Oregon on a visit to the Lewis and Clark Fair. They were entertained by the Portland Commercial Club. Some time later Oregon returned the visit, her representatives being received with enthusiasm throughout California. Since then the habit has become fixed. Puget Sound makes the grand tour, then Seattle and Tacoma individually. San Francisco dines with each of her sisters of the Northwest. "The Inland Empire Excursions," organized by Spokane and Walla Walla, have been tremendously successful. Southern California, headed by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, greets Portland, Puget Sound, and Spokane. Shorter excursions are interspersed between the larger. Luncheons, banquets, speeches, auto rides are the regular features of entertainment. The effects are marked. The leading business and professional men from end to end of the Coast come to know each other like neighbors and fellow clubmen. These exchanges of amenities have contributed enormously to the spirit of solidarity and mutual helpfulness. For example, the whole Coast will boost for San Francisco as the place of the next National Republican Convention. They have led to the union of the Chambers of Commerce, helped the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, aided in bringing the National Irrigation Convention to Spokane.

A party of "Honorary Commercial Commissioners" from the nine leading Chambers of the Pacific Coast have visited Japan, and now comes Japan with thirty representative commercial men and trade experts for a return visit. They are received by the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast. Heads of the transcontinental railroads have agreed to cooperate, "and the special train carrying the Japanese gentlemen to all the industrial centers of the United States is the most significant move yet made in the direction of a larger commerce with the Orient"—and has it not a deeper significance still?

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K



KNAPP-FELT derbies excel those of other makes in various ways. The high quality of the materials and the close, firm texture render excessive weight unnecessary; the only machinery used in Knapp-Felt construction is in processes where a machine can do better work—mere cost saving apparatus is disregarded; the noticeable elegance of style is the result of the most artistic handwork, the C&K kind, and the color is produced by the steadfast Cronap dye from formulæ orginated and developed in the C&K shop.

The Fall and Winter styles of exclusive C&K design are unquestionably proper and are of sufficient variety to afford an opportunity for the selection of a shape which will harmonize with the individuality of the wearer—a distinct advantage over the antiquated method of making one model whose only claim to propriety is the name inside.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe, the best hats made, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts, the next best, are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
842 Broadway, New York

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Benjamin Clothes MADE IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK creates and dictates fashions for all America. Here live the best-dressed men and the best-skilled tailors. New York Style is accepted by clothes-makers and wearers throughout the country as final and binding---as the decree of AUTHORITY, from which there can be no appeal.

Twice a year we launch a "New York Style Show" of **Benjamin Clothes** for Men and Young Men. Its purpose is to familiarize you with the *Authentic New York Styles* of the current season, as distinguished from styles which only mimic, and often mock, true fashion.

The "New York Style Show" for Autumn and Winter '09-'10 has just been inaugurated. You can see it at the **Benjamin** clothier's---always the *best* clothier---in your town or nearby.

If you prize the niceties of dress and prefer clothes of *metropolitan* grace and good form to garments lacking both, then survey the **Benjamin** Fabrics and Fashions now on view at your clothier's, or one within reach.

Our delightful "Book A. of New York Fashions" sent anywhere for 4 cents in stamps. It contains thirteen exquisite reproductions of *New York Styles and New York Scenes* in full colors. Address, Alfred Benjamin & Co., 436-440 Lafayette Street, New York.



Send For This Poster

("Troop A," Starting up Fifth Avenue, New York. Washington Arch in the background.)

WOULD you like a charming Military Poster for room or den—a Poster astir with dash and spirit? Above is a facsimile of the beautiful cover of our Autumn and Winter Book of NEW YORK FASHIONS, painted by T. K. Hanna. We have enlarged it to poster size, 19½ x 31½, and reproduced it in twelve brilliant colors and gold, ready for mounting and framing. Sent, postpaid, for 25 cents in coin or stamps.

Alfred Benjamin & Co. MAKERS, NEW YORK

For Fall, 1909
The "Herald Square"
A Corliss-Coon
Hand Made Collar
2 for 25c



"Herald Square" in three heights:
No. 1—1⅞ in.
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An ideal long striven for, is the square point collar with folds meeting in front. We have solved the many problems presented in its manufacture and present in our "Herald Square" the perfection of style in this type of collar.

The usual price—2 for 25c.

Any new style in Corliss-Coon Hand-made Collars is, as a rule, immediately copied in the ordinary machine-made collars. We submit without prejudice, that the perfection of style, set and fit attained in our "Herald Square" will be impossible to duplicate. It will therefore be a distinct advantage to you to accept no copy of this style.

Most of the best Furnishers have our "Herald Square" for immediate delivery. Those who have not, can get them for you without delay, or we will supply you by mail prepaid on receipt of the regular price. Our style Book will help you in your selection of appropriate styles for all occasions. We will send it to any address, gratis, on request. Write for it today.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. T, Troy, N.Y.



When You Specify—Insist On Carey's Roofing

AND you will insure *100% protection* for your building.

You will have a roofing of known quality—tested for 25 years; absolutely *standardized;* unvarying in manufacture, in texture, thickness and weight.

The Carey Roof is in a class by itself.

It has the unique quality of hardening—becoming stronger, more dense, in its *outer layers* as the years go by—

Carey Roofing is built, complete, by perfected machinery in our vast factories. You are positively assured of its superior quality *before* it is applied.

The Carey Roof is unaffected by extreme heat and extreme cold.

After the Baltimore conflagration, it was a common sight to see a Carey Roof standing alone in a whole district—the one roof that successfully resisted the flames.

The Carey Roof Standard

—While the wonderful, thick inner sheet of asphalt and other valuable ingredients—prepared and tempered by our special process—remains plastic and flexible. It never changes.

The Carey Roof Standard is your best guide to roofing satisfaction.

Architects and owners are fast realizing the uncertainty—the unsatisfactory results—of roofs manufactured, layer by layer, by workmen on top of the building.

Carey's Roofing is easy to buy. We have 46 general distributing points. Sold by leading dealers.

Before you select any roof, let us send you a sample—so that you can prove for yourself the superiority of Carey Roof quality; and our Book—full of photographs of buildings and interesting and important facts. Mailed postpaid on request. Address

The Philip Carey Manufacturing Company
35 Wayne Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio



Pacific Civilization

The Present Development of New Social Circumstances

By C. H. CHAPMAN

THE Seattle fair displays a world of material achievement which evokes wonder from the Eastern visitor, but to the wonder sometimes succeeds a sneer. "They are big enough out here in all conscience," he exclaims, "but what else are they? What are they doing to make life finer and happier? Climate and scenery aside, is the Pacific Coast a better place for men and women to live in than the older parts of the Union? What of their schools, their colleges, their literature, their art, their aspirations for human welfare?" Among authors the Pacific States have their share. California's literary glory shines with a luster at least as bright as Indiana's.

Portland's citizens have built by subscription a splendid art museum, in which there are hung the works of American and foreign masters and loan collections, and many contributions to these are made by wealthy Oregonians. In connection with this, a strong art school is rapidly growing. The cities of the Pacific States have their libraries, historical museums, and lecture centers, no less imposing and important in their community settings than the older cities of the East.

The Spread of Education

THE Pacific people are proud of their schools. If Jason Lee's old Oregon Institute and the Pacific University at Forest Grove have not yet attained the magnitude of Yale and Harvard, it is because the West works her colleges on a more democratic plan. The State universities of these sunset commonwealths are growing at a rate that will overtake the old endowed colleges of the East in probably less than twenty-five years. As an endowed college, our Stanford University, which is not yet twenty years old, has already overtaken Princeton in enrollment, with her century and a half of history behind her. Dr. David Starr Jordan was not very far wrong in saying that the educational pressure to the square inch is greater in California than anywhere else in the world. What with the generous rivalry between Stanford and Berkeley and a noble high-school system which covers every village in the State it could hardly be otherwise. California's State university is not less big than the famous ones of the Mississippi Valley. None of them can surpass its president in grandeur, nor do any of them teach the Oriental languages so well; Berkeley's Greek theater is not only the hugest thing of its kind in the world, but it is also the place where the first Sanserit play ever seen on this continent was acted by the students. Neither does the Lick Observatory depend entirely upon its size for its renown. The staff produce a dozen volumes of good astronomical literature annually and their star-gazing is highly esteemed among the learned. While many colleges on the Atlantic seaboard were yet wandering in the darkness of Biblical tradition, Professor Le Conte, at Berkeley, was preaching the pure doctrine of Darwinian evolution and gaining a hearing for it by his gracious persuasiveness. Pioneer work has been done at the University of California along other intellectual lines. Professor Hilgard of its faculty was one of the first men in the world to practise soil analysis, and long before Easterners had thought of such a thing he was holding farmers' institutes. In 1908, as the fruit of his early efforts, the University of California distributed 70,000,000 pages of printed matter and 15,000 personal letters among the farmers of the State. Sociology and natural science attract many more students than the classics, both at Berkeley and the University of Washington at Seattle. As evidence of the productive work of Pacific Coast faculties, let me say that about 57 per cent of the faculty of the University of California publish something every year, which is better than they do at Yale.

The high-school systems of California and Washington, which extend to every community, large and small, are supported in part by direct taxation, in part by the income from the irreducible school funds. The State universities have assumed a beneficent, if not entirely disinterested, supervision over them, which keeps their ideals lofty, though a trifle thin, stiffens their final examinations, and turns the young idea toward the freshman class. The trick is done exactly as it is in Wisconsin and Michigan. Oregon is a little belated in the development of high schools. A queer old theory which used to be cherished there by some leading men that education by the State ought to stop at the eighth grade has held them back.

This has not been, however, without its good effect. As a State of intensified farming interests, Oregon's specialty may be said to be real education. Oregon has come nearer than any other State to solving the problem of the rural school. Nebraska is the only State in the Union which has as few illiterates as Oregon. Washington, with less than one per cent, still has more. The youth of Oregon have been so well taught that only five in a thousand of them do not know how to read and write.

As an example of the West's interest in education let me state that Washington spends $8.02 per capita for schooling every year, while Massachusetts in all her intellectual glory spends $5.87, and New York, the land of swollen fortunes, can spare but $6.27. Washington is naturally a little complacent over this showing. The Pacific country possesses nothing quite so plentiful as ambition.

Some people like to believe that the superior political intelligence of the voters on the Pacific Coast has been developed by economic causes. A man who raises fruit and vegetables by irrigation dare not sit down and doze while his crops grow. He must keep on the alert. The success which follows might naturally lead him to try the effect of a little intelligent thought upon the problems of politics. There is much truth in this equation. There is probably more intelligence applied to politics in Oregon than in any other State in the Union. The Oregon Legislature has been bitted and tamed. For the most part it does what it is told, not by the bosses, but by those who pay its wages. If it refuses, then the people do it themselves through the initiative. If the Legislature attempts to play the dear old game of granting privileges to the corporations for cash the people put a stop to it by calling a referendum. By these two salutary devices the Legislature has been converted from a wasteful, pig-headed, and corrupt body into a lamb-like meeting of decent men who do the business they are hired for and go quietly back home. Even the difficult problem of electing a United States Senator without an orgy of bribery has been solved in Oregon. Now the election of an Oregon Senator is as commonplace as brushing your hair. The people say by the ballot whom they want chosen and the Legislature chooses him. That is the whole story. The bosses look on and weep, but nobody minds their tears. Washington elected Senator Jones under a primary law which it was predicted would break up the Republican Party. It did not, but it dried up some bubbling springs of corruption. In both Oregon and Washington the people say that if the Republican Party can not survive the strain of honest elections it is perhaps just as well to let it die.

No Thraldom of Precedent

FROM beginnings like these a civilization will develop that will be no mere repetition of Eastern achievements. It may be better or worse, but it will certainly be different. The people of the Coast have already struck out new paths for themselves in many directions. They have invented solutions for the ancient problems of civilization which are in some cases as original as the calculus was in Leibnitz's time and which may lead to results as sweeping. In a general way they are emancipated from the thralldom of precedent and are not afraid to try experiments. Ideas do not frighten them. The voters of Oregon in particular are ready at any time to sit down and ponder a new subject like proportional representation or a project for simplifying the State government. They will study the issue deliberately and vote with intellectual independence. California has not yet emancipated herself from Egyptian bondage to the Southern Pacific Railroad, though Los Angeles has applied the recall to a set of grafting city officers with a determined vigor which shows the power of that whip to keep the political rascal to his track. Tacoma and Seattle have taken long strides toward the municipal ownership of public utilities. The people of the Coast are resolutely determined either to untie or cut the Gordian knots of politics and economics. No difficulty is believed to surpass the power of human intelligence to conquer. In our modest way we believe that we are experiencing a renaissance of political life out here, and that before long the whole country will be sitting at our feet to learn how to manage things.



Something new

THE POWDER THAT SHORTENS THE SHAVE

COLGATE'S ANTISEPTIC RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

Soothing, Softening, Sanitary

The greatest improvement in modern shaving! Only two motions: just sprinkle the wet brush and lather your face. You cannot appreciate how well this powder is named, until you have tried it.

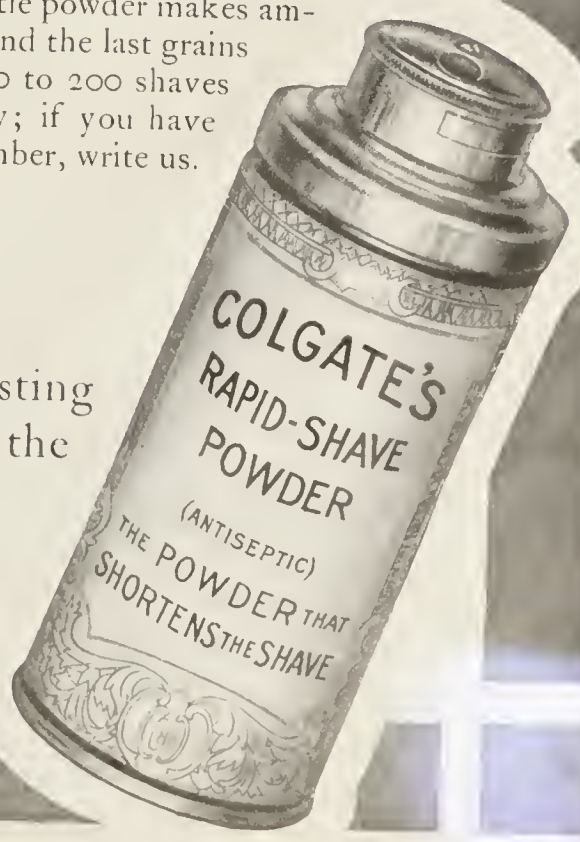
HYGIENIC. No soap that touches brush or skin is used again; fresh soap with every shave. No dust-collecting mug necessary. Chemists' analyses prove that it is not only aseptic, but also germicidal.

ECONOMICAL. A little powder makes ample lather; there is no waste and the last grains are as good as the first. 150 to 200 shaves in every can if used properly; if you have difficulty in securing this number, write us.

RAPID. Saves two shaving operations: 1. Wetting the beard. 2. Rubbing soap over the face, or making lather in a cup.

SIMPLIFIED SHAVING

This is the quickest and cleanest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that made by our famous Shaving Stick, the "Magic Wand of Shaving."



Trial Size Can Sent for 4 Cents

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ONE touch of good clothes makes the whole world kin.

To the man whose wardrobe is composed of the well-conceived, well-made Stein-Bloch clothes, one city is like another.

There is no East—no West. He is at home on Michigan Boulevard, on Broadway or in the precincts of Oxford Street, West, London.

Every suit, every overcoat, every raincoat, is made on lines and from materials drawn from the best usage in all parts of the world.

Americans, generally, know what the Stein-Bloch label stands for—clothiers and merchant tailors know it best. They know that the price is adapted to the bank account of every man who wants correct style and good fit.

It was no surprise to them that these clothes were chosen by Selfridge, the London merchant, as the representative product of well-dressed America.

Try on the Fall and Winter styles at your leading clothier's. Send for "Smartness," our booklet picturing these styles. Mailed free.

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IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Field Agent of Settlement

Concluded from page 19

until they turned and milled; twist and leap and sudden halt. At last the thing was done, and dust-grimed riders flung themselves from reeking horses to secure fresh mounts and begin again. Others roped the young animals and flung them prostrate for the searing of the red-hot irons, branding each according to the brand the mother bore. In the trampling chaos near the branding fires they threw their looped riatas among the stifling dust clouds; and their wiry broncos, standing legs implanted, grunted to the shock of the tautened nooses. From place to place each outfit went until its range was covered and its work was done. This was the first establishment of civil law, the fixing of a symbol of possession.

Indians and "Bad Men"

IN THE long hot summers they rode out from the ranches every day, every man traversing a wide circle whose circumference stretched many miles. Riding, they watched the range. They noted those who came and went. They kept track of every group of cattle, whither they wandered, whence they had come. They read the brands and earmarks, keen-eyed for any alteration. They kept close watch against any theft or loss. Thus they guarded the rude law which they had made.

The violators of this law of Mine and Thine were of two classes: renegade Indians and "bad men." Because both rustled cattle, the cowboys warred on both.

With the Indians the army did its best to deal. But the army was pitifully small; and it was hampered by successive maladministrations of interior affairs. Where it could not cope the cowboys did. In time at cost of many lives they tanght the different tribes that the range was not a pleasure ground for war parties. Apache, Cheyenne, Ute, Crow, and Sioux—they learned that lesson thoroughly. But the teaching was a bitter task. It left unmarked battlefields over all the West. It is a common story—the little group of men behind some shallow cover, slowly and systematically emptying their Winchesters into the ring of frenzied, naked riders, until the circle breaks and the savages melt away, or the cartridges run out and the forlorn hope becomes a massacre.

The task of eliminating "bad men" amounted to a loose, cooperative policing of wide areas. Most of these outlaws had been found wanting on the ranges and had drifted to the towns. They worked as a rule in little bands, rustling cattle, holding up stages, or robbing timid Easterners. The majority of them were rank cowards who had earned their reputations by murdering from behind; a few possessed indomitable nerve. In the open the ranchers usually succeeded in tracking down and breaking up their bands. As a rule such a cleaning out was accompanied by half a dozen hangings. In the towns it often happened that the vicious element grew strong enough to rule, even at times electing its own sheriff. Then came a period when no man's life or property was really safe. These periods usually ended after a revolver battle between a band of cowboys and the array of ruffians in the town's main street. Grim meetings of faultless marksmen, more than one of these encounters saw men on both sides fall, discharging their weapons on the ground by the pull of lifeless fingers.

Indian and "bad man" went because the cowboy decreed that the rights of property must stay. The range became quiet; the towns grew fit for women.

Finding Routes Across the Plains

TO SHIP the beef or find other pastures and new streams the cowboys drove vast herds across long distances. In the day the cattle traveled slowly and the ride was tedious among clouds of acrid dust. Fording deep rivers, men risked their lives at brink of shelving depths to keep the steers from swimming downstream, or crossed their horses where death lurked in sucking quicksands. At night they took turns watching while the herd slept. They rode slowly back and forth beneath the glowing stars singing the long, minor-noted ballads of the range. To the assurance of their voices the wide ranks remained quiet. Sometimes, however, there came a panic. A bit of shadow moved in the brush; a leaf stirred; a steer rose snorting. Instantly the herd was on its feet, stampeded, an earth-shaking thunder of hoofs, a dark, billowed sea flecked with gleaming horns. Then, while the sleeping cowboys by the wagons flew to mount and follow, their companions raced in blackness close beside the sweating bodies of the fleeing steers, or crossed before the rumbling front at breakneck speed. And when a horse missed his stride or found a dog hole the rider fell to mangled death.

In these long drives they picked the routes for easiest traveling. They followed them from year to year, improving them as time went on. Eventually these routes became roads, and subsequently railroads followed some of them.

The horses which they rode they captured wild and broke. This native stock had wandered many years over the pastures of the wilderness, a lean, hard-sinewed breed that knew no masters. The cowboys roped them, threw them to the ground, saddled them, and rode them. That was the taming process, a bone-racking struggle of an agile man to keep his seat and wear down a leaping, twisting, rebellious brute. They called it "bronco busting." When the man had mounted and had torn away the bandage from its eyes the horse buckled up and began to buck. It sprang high in the air, back arched, head down, all four feet close together; it came down with a muscle-rending jolt. It leaped again, turning as it left the ground. It reared, lolling its tongue, bellowing with rage. Sometimes one fell back on the saddle-horn. Always a lithe, unshaken incubus, the rider raked the bronco with his spurs, struck it with folded hat across the eyes, or sprang free as it fell, and then remounted. And in the end the animal, head hanging, dripping sweat, trembling with effort, gave up and obeyed the bridle.

In this manner they got from the wilderness a breed of horses whose sure-footedness and endurance make them valuable throughout the West to-day.

That was their work: long hours in the saddle riding recklessly, branding of cattle, fights with lawless men, lonely night vigils, fording of turbid rivers, taming of horses, and discovery of travel's routes. They drove their herds and made them multiply where bison herds had grazed; they brought the first rude law where Indians had roamed.

On the Skirmish Line of Civilization

THE farmers saw this new country, now secure, with towns to give them market. They took advantage of the homestead laws and followed westward. They built their barbed-wire fences and they plowed the sage-brush under with sleek, chilled plows. In a decade their grain fields were waving where the pasture lands had been. And the cowboys, seeking new feed for their cattle, were riding further to the west.

In this manner, while the other forces pressed behind, they rode, as cavalry advances, in a skirmish line that stretched from Canada to Mexico. They left the plains and climbed the rolling foot-hills to the Rockies. From the passes where the waters part they traveled onward, down the slopes which lead in time to the Pacific. In the south they crossed the shimmering deserts by the Colorado. In the north they followed the deep valleys of the Snake and the Columbia.

The farmers came on after them. As fast as the wilderness was pacified, as rude law came and little towns sprang up, they followed with their plows and seeders. They occupied the country of the pastoral. They made its soil yield those products on which other industries depend.

Then, as these products offered sustenance and material on which to work, the hosts of these more complicated industries followed in their turn. The toilers and the men who planned came to build the railroads and the mills. Their cities roared and hid the sky with smoke.

That was the movement. It took less than forty years. The last force is pouring in. The scouts have gone. The cavalry has disappeared. It is only a short time—a matter of five years or so—since the last of them vanished before a rush of colonist farmers in the north. And only recently in California the last of the large cattle companies announced the segregation of its holdings for their sale to fruit and grain growers.

There still remain a few isolated places where one can see a remnant of these riders—a bit of Arizona desert, a California hillside sloping to the sea, some grass land up in Washington. In such a spot you glimpse sombreroed herders drowsing at noontide or a solitary horseman seeking strays. But that is all. The range has gone. The cowboys have gone with it. In many other parts of the world there have grown up races of splendid riders, but none of them had the combination of intelligence and animal perfection to do what these men did in less than forty years. They made possible the mightiness of America.

I have worn one suit of Society Brand clothes and now feel that I would not care to purchase any other make.
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I now have a suit of Society Brand. They are the best I could find.
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I recognize in Society Brand clothes the style and good tailoring not found in any other make of clothes.
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It's me for a Society Brand fall suit.
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I have had the pleasure of wearing Society Brand clothes and believe in their superiority over all others.
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Have always been very much pleased with Society Brand clothes.
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I apply to you at this time because I am very much taken up with your style of clothes.
T. E. WALLACE, Key West, Fla.

Have been very much satisfied with the style, fit and durability of Society Brand.
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It gives me pleasure to state that your clothes are all that you claim for them.
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The Voice of America's Young Men

ABOUT

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES

No wonder we are overwhelmed with voluntary testimonials from all points of the compass. We are recognizing the specific demands of the young man. We are responsible for the more extensive recognition of the young man's trade, which, after all, is the real substance of the clothing industry. We are making young-mannish clothes which give you an air of dignity, aristocracy and class. Society Brand Clothes set you apart from the common herd instantly. They are different, yet dignified; dashing, yet refined. They are made of fabrics youthful in pattern, the mills weave our special youthful designs, even our linings and the shape and design of our buttons show the much-to-be-desired spirit of youth. We have succeeded admirably in fitting the young man body and mind. And to those men who are older than young men, but who wish to appear young we earnestly recommend our clothes. Ask your dealer to show you Society Brand clothes. They are sold in almost every community in the United States.

If your clothier doesn't sell them, write to us for Fashion Panels of 1909-10. Address

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Are your feet tender? The FLORSHEIM FLEXSOLE aids walking and prevents "that tired feeling."

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Weighs only 6 Pounds
Lifts 4000 Pound Car

Folds into tool box space 10½ x 3¼ x 3¼ inches.
Extension ladder instantly adjustable to any height axle.
It works with the foot. No handling required except to place it under the car.
Raises or lowers car ½ inch with each stroke of the foot.
"Rocking the car" will not topple it over.
Compound safety clutches hold the car firmly at any desired height.
The *"Spitzli"* Auto Jack is made of toughest malleable iron and each Jack is fully tested before leaving the factory.

Guaranteed to work every time. If it breaks or fails in operation, you can have your money back.

No. 12



Sold by reliable dealers, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price $2.50 and 35c additional to cover express charges.

Send for Free Booklet "G"
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SPITZLI MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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Half the money spent for chimneys would be saved if everybody bought Macbeth "Pearl Glass" lamp-chimneys.

Because Macbeth lamp-chimneys *never break from heat*—they *will melt first.*

Then they're handsome—clear—crystalline—and give a lamp a well-bred look.

Unless my name is on a lamp-chimney it is *not* a Macbeth.

...ve a boo... ...ich tells which chimney to get ...y burner made. It is free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

Patriotism and Waste

(Continued from page 23)

in their richness by erosion, and by the loss of valuable elements. Erosion over extensive areas has gone on so rapidly as to have removed a considerable percentage of the soil, and in some States extensive tracts have actually been converted into bad lands. So serious have been these inroads upon fertility that W. J. Spillman of the Bureau of Plant Industry estimates that on fifty per cent of our farms the production is falling off. The elements of fertility, nitrogen and phosphorus, must be restored. Of nitrogen there are illimitable quantities in the atmosphere, and through the means of leguminous plants and bacteria the soil may be enriched in this element. Also by the use of water-power nitrogen compounds may be produced and directly used as fertilizers. Thus there is a possibility that with a sufficient expenditure of care and money, nitrogen may be permanently retained in the soil in adequate quantities.

Criminal Waste in Exports

NOT so with phosphorus. This is the one fundamental element of fertility which is very sparse in the soil—not more than eleven-hundredths of one per cent—and there is no way in which to increase the amount except by the use of the natural segregation of this element. Experiments in Wisconsin show that fields which have been cropped for fifty years have lost more than one-third of their original content of phosphorus.

A simple calculation shows that if the four hundred million acres of cropped fields have lost their phosphorus to one-half this extent, there would be required, to restore the soil to its original fertility in this element, the full output of all of our phosphate mines at the present rate of exploitation for more than a century.

Notwithstanding this fact, forty per cent of our phosphates mined are being shipped abroad. By our methods of sewage disposal, we are dumping annually the equivalent of more than one million tons of high-grade phosphate rock into the sea. And Van Horn estimates that our total supply of this class of rock will not be more than sufficient to meet the demands for the next twenty-five years, provided the present rate of increase of exploitation continues.

To permit the exportation of one pound of phosphate rock is nothing short of criminal. To continue to dump into the sea through our sewage vast quantities of phosphates is far greater folly than it would be to dissolve ten times its present market value in gold in an acid and turn that solution into the sea. If our phosphates, when once used, are returned to the land they may be used over and over again, and thus ever help to produce abundant crops, and to nourish unnumbered millions of people.

A Billion Dollars Yearly Wasted

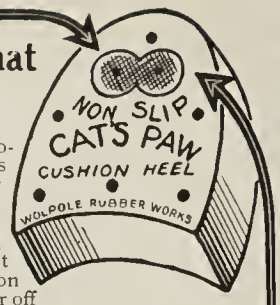
THE various forms of waste of our natural resources, in reference to which we can give definite estimates, and which are remedial, amount to at least $1,000,000,000 per annum. Yet Mr. Tawney of Minnesota, the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, in a speech in the House of Representatives, July 27, gives as a reason why the request of President Roosevelt for $50,000 for the use of the Conservation Commission was denied, and why he introduced the clause in the Sundry Civil bill preventing the scientific bureaus of Washington from co-operating with this commission, that the Government appropriations amount to great sums, and especially that the appropriations to the army and navy are enormous. Do not the facts in this paper justify me in repeating the statement made in the "World's Work" that "we should hold him responsible to the people for doing all possible to render ineffective the conservation movement," and that "all good citizens who know the facts should spread the truth abroad as widely as possible in order that he may receive the profound public condemnation which is his just due?"

The national forest now amounts to 100,000,000 acres, of which more than half was withdrawn from private entry during President Roosevelt's Administration—as were also the phosphate lands of the West.

Until recently the coal lands, without regard to value, have been disposed of at the ridiculously low price of from $10 to $20 an acre, the law fixing these minimum prices, depending upon location, having been interpreted as meaning maximum by the Land Department from 1873 to 1907, when President Roosevelt withdrew the public coal lands, approximately 67,000,000 acres, from entry pending classification. Recently the Secretary of the

(Concluded on Page 41)

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The Cat's Paw Rubber Heel never slips on wet or muddy walks. The **Friction Plug** prevents it. Moreover, this plug, being placed right where the friction comes, takes the wear off the rubber. Makes these heels actually outwear **Leather** heels. Because of this Friction Plug feature and the plain superiority of the rubber that goes into their manufacture—

CAT'S PAW

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RUBBER HEELS

are conceded by all to be the best on the market. Wear a pair. Learn for yourself the pleasure of walking with a light, elastic and natural step. Give your body and nervous system a rest from the ceaseless pounding and jar of hard heels against hard walks. At all shoe dealers. Put on by any cobbler. Price by mail, 35 cents. Send outline of heel.



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Double Hitch **Garter**

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Almost any garter will support the hose and give a fairly neat and presentable appearance to the ankle. But not one of them, with the single exception of the **Common Sense Garter**, can be worn all day long without the least discomfort—without binding, chafing or leaving an unsightly irritated crease around the leg.

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The Cleverest Sporting Encyclopedia ever Published

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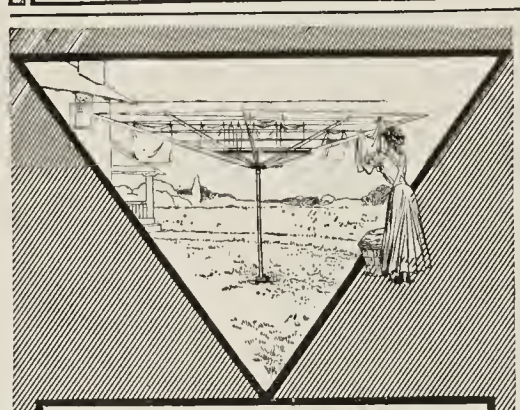
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BOOK OF SPORTS

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Banish Those Unsightly Lines
and ugly clothes posts that mar the appearance of your yard. The

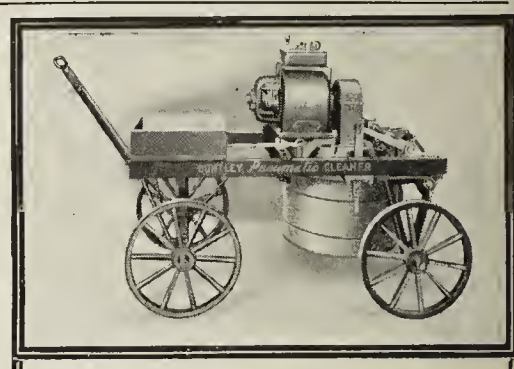
Hill's FAMOUS CLOTHES Dryer
overcomes those objectionable features.

In Use Saves endless tramping and lugging. *The line comes to you.* Sheets hung on outside give neat appearance and protect other pieces from public view.

Out of Use Folds up compactly to put away leaving no disfigurement behind.

Send for descriptive Folder 49 about this wonderfully clean, common-sense clothes drying contrivance.

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The Duntley Pneumatic Car Cleaner

For the general vacuum cleaning business—for railway cars and stations, office buildings, schools, colleges, theatres, sanitariums, hospitals, and other large buildings—this **Cleaner** costs less to buy and less to run than wagon outfits or stationary plants. **Price only $350.** Write today for complete description.

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1910 METZ Plan Car
A high priced car for
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Equipped with Bosch Magneto. Schebler Carburetor. Clincher tires. Lamps and Horn. Artillery wheels (heavy type if desired).

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One box ball alley costing $150, took in $513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $365, took in $1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing $840, took in $1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than $900 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining **EASY PAYMENT PLAN.** Send for it today.

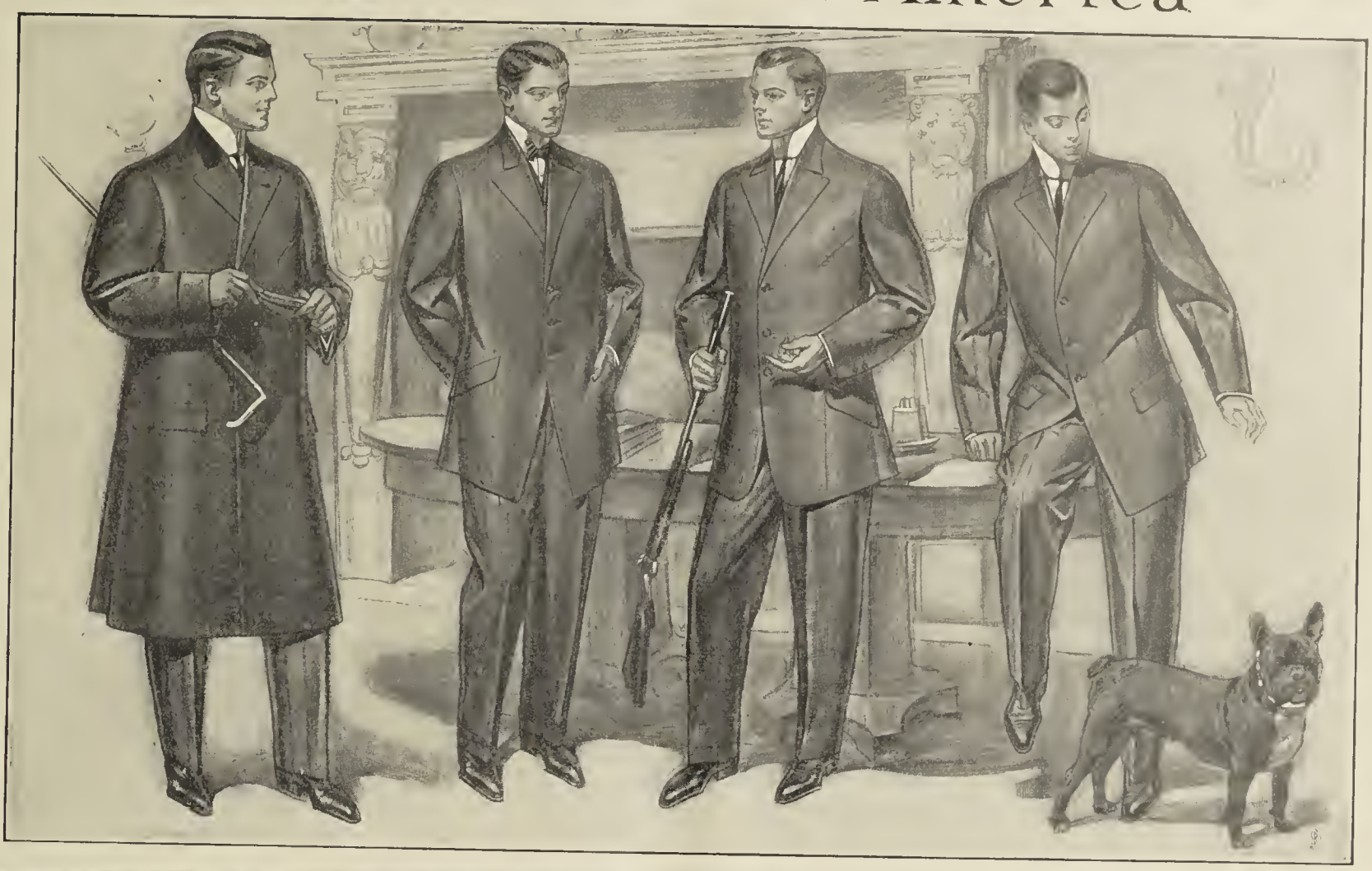
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FIFTY-NINE separate processes enter into the manufacture of "Sampeck Clothes" from the time a coat leaves the designer until it reaches the last examiner. Fifty-nine separate pairs of hands contribute their share to lend grace and good form, style and symmetry, shape and permanence to each finished garment.

One tailor *moulds* the shoulders. Another *shapes* the front. A third *inserts* the sleeves. A fourth is *pocket* expert. And, thus, it goes through fifty-nine processes, each tailor attaining truly wonderful adeptness in his specialty.

Think of what this *massed* and *marshaled* skill means! Think of how the cloth grows, *step by step,* under the patient manipulations of fifty-nine pairs of hands and under the watchful guidance of fifty-nine pairs of eyes into the "Sampeck" Suit or Overcoat that your clothier proudly shows you.

No individual tailor could possibly "turn out" garments level with "Sampeck Clothes" in pre-eminence of style, perfection of drape and nicety of balance, because no *single* mind and no *single* pair of hands can match *fifty-nine* minds and *fifty-nine* pairs of hands.

"Sampeck Clothes" are created *expressly* and *wholly* for Young Men. The models are *different-as-can-be* from those suited to older men. They have ease and poise—bold and original lines—an *athletic* fullness and freedom—the "air aristocratic."

The pictures reproduced above show "Sampeck Clothes" as they *are*, not as they *ought to be*. Any clothier who serves young men can show them *to* you or get them *for* you. Ask *yours* for "Sampeck Clothes" and take no garment *without* our familiar "Sampeck" label, which is attached to the inside pocket of *every* coat.

"THE COLLEGE ALMANAC" "B" of College Sports and College Styles. *You can have it for the mere writing.*

SAMUEL W. PECK & COMPANY, 806-808 Broadway, New York

Don't Throw Du
Stro



Stop the Everlasting Expense

A Keen Edge for
A Clean Shave
In a Minute

IF
YOU USE
THE

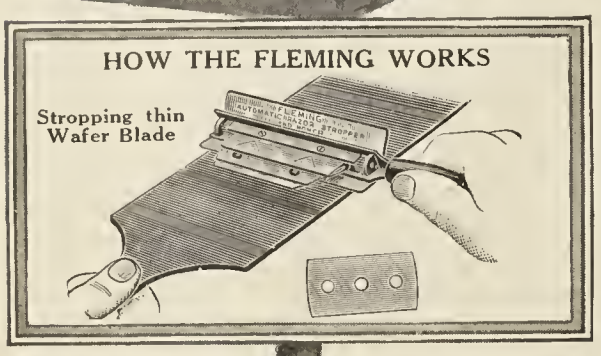
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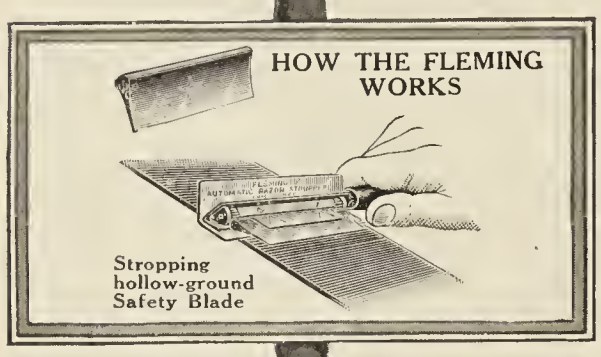
It Does the
STROPPING
For You

Better Than the
Most Expert
Barber Can Do It

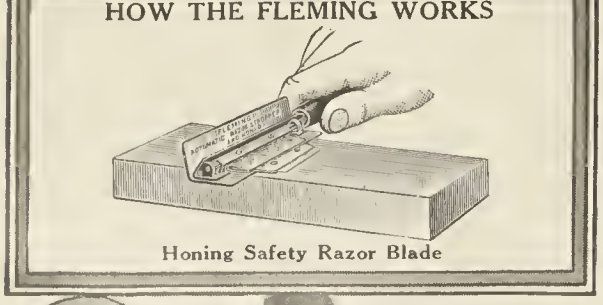
NO SKILL REQUIRED

All you have to do is to lay the Stropper flat on your Strop, forth, producing in a minute the keen, sharp edge necessary t









Not One Man in Fifty Strops his Razor properly. Not one in a thousand knows how to Hone a Razor. The almost invariable result is a "rounded edge," which might *scrape* but will not *shave*, and then he blames the Razor or buys a new one. It's the **STROPPING,** not the Razor, that's to blame!

Give Your Raz
well if properly
He Strops several
blade properly, it
expert you can't

The Fleming Strops and Hones All Razors and Bla

AND DOES IT IN A MINUTE, ALMOST WITHO

You Can Use the Fleming Stropper and Honer o

OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET IS WORTH READING—WRITE FO

FLEMING SALES CO.,

ll Blades Away -
o 'Em!

New Blades!

Your Present Blades
Will Last
Forever

TROPPER

It Does the
HONING
Too!

move your hand back and
lean and satisfactory shave.

Chance! Most any Razor will shave
d and Honed. Watch your barber.
ach shave. If *you* Strop *your* Razor or
ave *you* well. But unless you're an
r Hone either blades or razor *by hand.*

Old-Style and Safety,
FORT.

Strop or Hone
S FREE



Price
$2.

Any dealer who sells cutlery can supply you—
IF NOT, WRITE TO US

We will send the Fleming Stropper and Honer by registered mail on receipt of $2

We will send the Fleming Razor Strop—the best Strop ever made—by registered mail on receipt of $1

We will send the Fleming Razor Hone—a remarkably fine Hone—by registered mail on receipt of $1
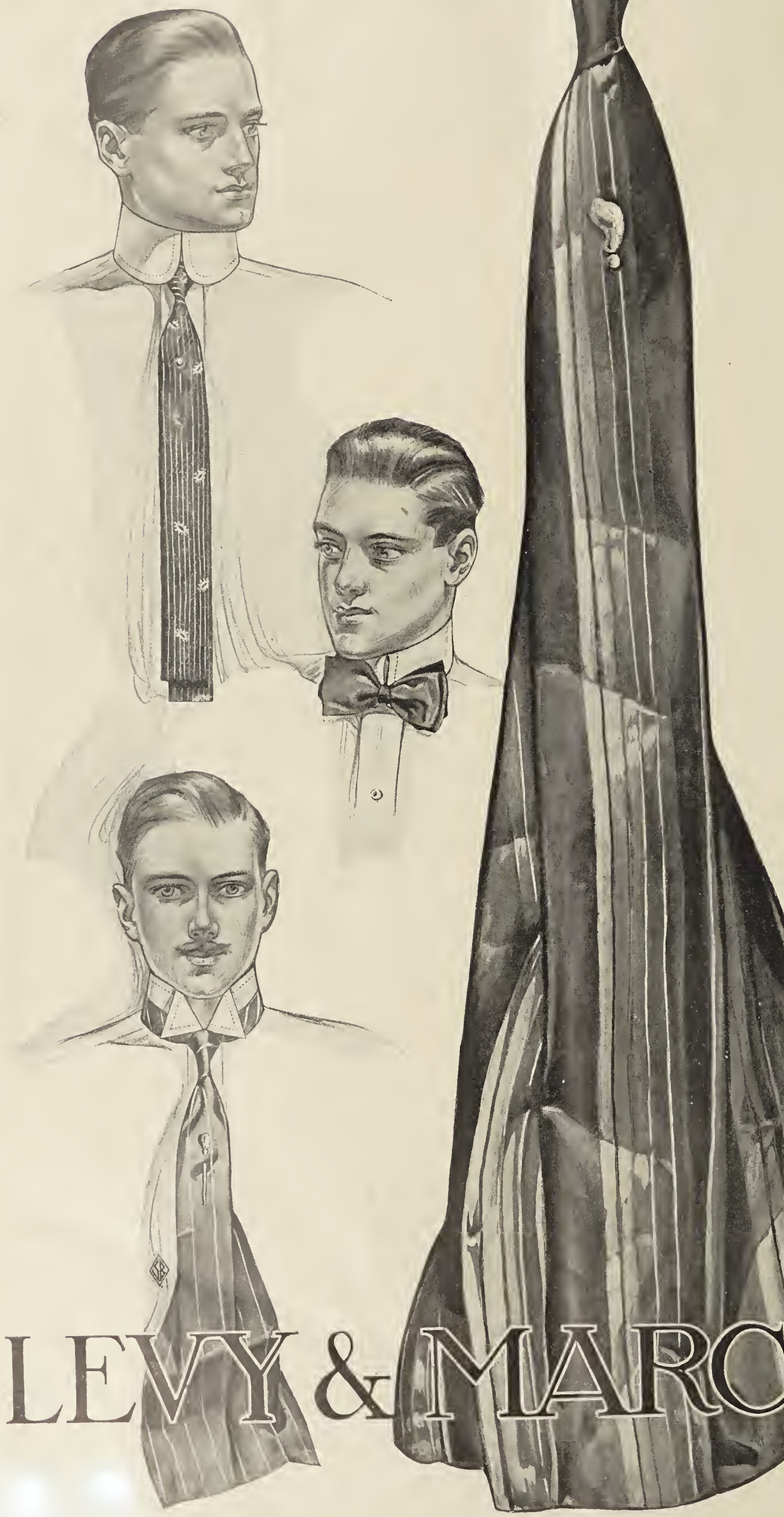
Fleming Sales Co.
253 Broadway
New York

53 BROADWAY New York

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LeMar Cravats

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.



A *NEW* brand of men's scarfs made by an *old* firm,—that's "LeMar." There are only *five* letters *in* our label, but *fifteen* years of experience in neck-wear making *behind* it.

Learn to buy your *scarfs* as you buy your Collars, Underwear, Shirts, and Gloves —by the *maker's* mark and by *this* mark—

LeMar Cravats

Every Shape and Shade

ONE PRICE

Half-a-Dollar

"LeMar" on *your* scarf warrants the fashion, fabric and finish—the fullness of cut —the grace of contour—the knotability and wear-ability—the *rarity* of the pattern and coloring.

Here are four of the favored Autumn Forms in "LeMar Cravats" There are dozens of others. *All* are described and pictured in our fascinating de luxe booklet A—"THE WELL CRAVATTED MAN." We will send it to you for a post-card.

Your dealer, though he *may* not have "LeMar Cravats" on his shelf, can obtain them for you. The best shops throughout America sell them.

While we *don't* invite mail orders direct from the wearer, if you *can't* obtain "LeMar Cravats" from your dealer, send in your order (with proper remittance) and *we* will supply you.

LEVY & MARCUS

MAKERS
729-731 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Mallory Hats
"CRAVENETTED"



All That You Like in a Hat

New, exclusive shapes and shades—becoming, refined lines—absolutely correct style—the finest fur felt—you get all these, *plus* the weather-proof feature which comes from the famous Priestley Cravenetting process. This treatment does not change the texture or appearance of the material at all—simply renders it weather-proof. That is why

Mallory Hats Stay New

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

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Derbies and Soft Hats
$3.00 $3.50 $4.00

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.
113 Astor Place, Corner Broadway, New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.



KOH-I-NOOR Pencils



One KOH-I-NOOR lasts as long as 6 ordinary pencils.

Made in Austria—known, sold and used everywhere. 10c. ea., $1 a doz. 17 different degrees—an exactly right one for every Purpose and Paper, and each degree always the same. Be sure you get the genuine, stamped "KOH-I-NOOR." Any stationer can supply you.

L. & C. Hardtmuth, Estab. 1790, 34 E. 23d St., New York City

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

To Manufacturers:

Is your business as large and as profitable as it might be?

If not, locating in LOUISVILLE may solve the question. For accurate, detailed and full information, write **COMMISSIONER, Bureau of Industries, Commercial Club, Louisville, Ky.**

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Interior has ordered a new scale of prices that are still absurdly low, and it is difficult to imagine what sufficient reason the Secretary can assign for disposing of the public coal lands for a fraction of their real value. According to a recent press bulletin of the Geological Survey, the prices fixed are rarely equal to a quarter of the royalties paid in the same districts for like coal lands among private interests.

It is perfectly clear that the interests of the nation demand that all of our mineral lands, and especially our coals and phosphates, should be perpetually withdrawn from private entry, and be operated under the Government upon a lease system. This is vital with reference to the phosphates in order to prevent their exportation. It is vital with reference to coal in order that fuel from the Government lands may compete with that from land privately held, and thus prevent monopolistic prices.

The Tide Just Beginning to Run

WITHOUT the widest and wisest system of education the poor will be led by impulse and not by reason. Without the widest and wisest system of education those who possess largely will continue to be controlled by individualism, as are the small group of men who own the anthracite coal of the country, a resource which it took millions of years of labor of sun and earth to manufacture, as if this privilege were granted from on high instead of from their fellow men.

By some men largely possessing I have been asked the question, whether the new movement of restrictive legislation is merely a temporary flood which will soon subside. To such I have said: "The tide is just beginning to run, the part of wisdom is to cooperate, to be fair to this generation and considerate of the generations to come, or you will be overwhelmed by a mighty tidal wave of mingled just indignation, passion, and prejudice."

The new movement can no more be stilled than can the tides, which depend upon the movements of the planets, because it rests upon as fundamental a cause—a severe limitation of the natural resources of the nation. The part of wisdom is to work with the movement, and not against it. It may be guided. It can not be stayed.

Those who play their part in this great revolution in ideals, the most fundamental and the most necessary that has ever confronted the nation, will receive the blessing of posterity.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Fruit-Basket

(Continued from page 17)

est and attractive package is the best agent in any trade. It was this truth that inspired the fruit-growers of Wenatchee, Missoula, the towns of the Yakima Valley, Hood River, and others to organize their fruit-growers into unions. The apples no longer went forth under the meaningless names of Ben Brown or John Jones, but with the guarantee of a great and wealthy valley. No grower was allowed to pack his own apples. The associations did it, and did it with conscientious care. "Find a bad apple and we'll give you the car" was their confident assertion. Eastern traders discovered that there was a valley standard. It was no longer necessary to send buyers West. They could order the standard products by wire. Ben Brown and John Jones discovered that the surest way to sell their fruits at the highest prices was to standardize and get the valley stamp on their box. But the union idea did not stop here. The associations set out to educate their members along the line of their occupation. The unions make liberal use of the telegraph wires, and so make a more intelligent distribution of wares than an individual could do. They set out to discover new markets. They married the orchardist to the horticultural schools of the State agricultural colleges and made of a trade a scientific profession. They taught caution and conservation. They showed that, though apple trees may live a hundred and fifty years, and though their valley lands were richer than the Asiatic province of Shansi that has been farmed for forty centuries, the original orchards of the Luellings had gone into decay through carelessness and neglect even in the virgin richness of the bank of the Willamette. But the fruit-growers' unions are doing most as a school of applied ethics. They erase jealousies and suspicion, and establish a trust and appreciation of neighbors and a spirit of fraternalism and patriotism.

"Do you want to go back to Germany?" asked a visitor who was inspecting a twelve-year orchard that had been planted and matured by a native of Cassel. Waving his hand in a broad sweep that took

Clothes Originality

IN striving to produce originality in clothes, there is always the danger of crossing the boundary line of good taste. Not so when the clothes are ordered to individual measurements through

Strauss Brothers'
National Tailoring Service

(Over 5000 local dealers and branch stores throughout the United States)

Employing the leading designers of the country, we create new fashions that win the stamp of approval of the best dressers. We show 52 authoritative styles, each of which may be modified to conform to your ideas and special requirements. In all cases the finished garments will adhere strictly to fashion edicts.

We are now showing 500 new and original weaves, in all colorings and designs, at prices ranging from $20.00 to $40.00 for made-to-order suits and overcoats, guaranteed to please perfectly. Call on our established local dealer and have your measures skilfully taken.



Fashion Magazine No. 11, entitled "Pointers" and 12 portraits of champion athletes sent free on request.

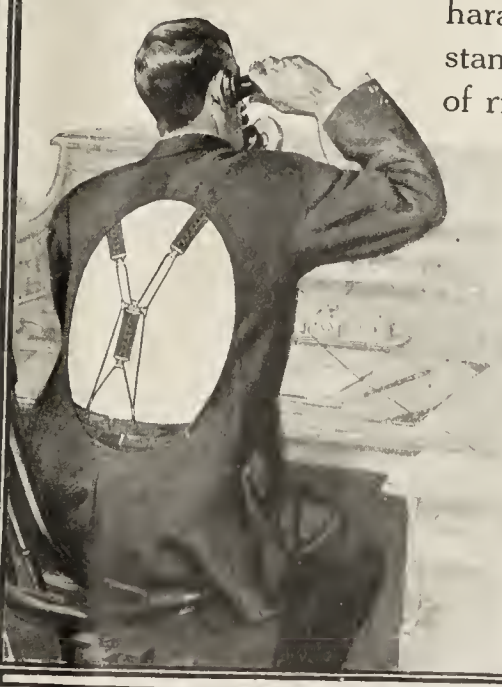


THE "KERMIT"
(from life)
One of Our 52 Fall Fashions

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
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Established 1877
CHICAGO

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

are the last word in suspender comfort. The suspenders the business man wears because he wants to forget himself and his clothes and not be harassed all day long by the constant pressure on his shoulders of rigid-back suspenders.



Light, medium and heavy weights. Guaranteed by makers.

Sold by all good dealers or by mail direct.

Price, 50 cents

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
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SHIRLEY MASS.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

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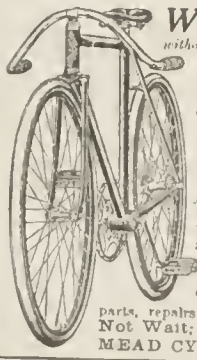


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Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital.

We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. **THE FIELD IS LARGE,** comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** fully explains special offer. **Sent Free.**

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without a cent deposit prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our *unheard of prices* and *our rebate offers* on highest grade 1910 model bicycles.

Factory Prices *Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our* large Art Catalog *full prepaid offer* ... in your town.

Rider Agents ... and selling our ... cheaper than ...

Tires, Coaster-Brakes, parts, repairs and sundries at ... Do Not Wait; write today for ...

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S ...

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A Fancy Vest Every Two Minutes.

An "R&W" White or Fancy Vest is demanded by some man every second minute of every twenty-four hours for 365 days a year.

This means that 840 men in the United States buy an "R&W" Vest every day.

This popularity is not the result of luck or a few days work. Each Vest represents the accumulated knowledge of many years of experience.

"R&W" White and Fancy Vests are stylish, fit perfectly and give excellent service.

Buy the only Vests known by name, from your local dealer.

$2.00 to $10.00

Write us and we'll send you our Text Book of Dress For Men.

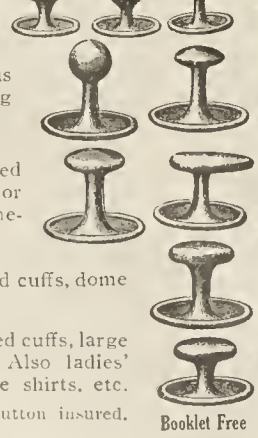
Rosenwald & Weil

Makers *Chicago*

KREMENTZ

COLLAR BUTTONS

For every special need of the particular man.



Shirt front, round or lens shaped heads, short shank.

Shirt collar front, lens or round heads, long shank.

Back of neck, extended head to hold scarf, or dome shaped head, medium shank.

Sleeves with detached cuffs, dome shaped, long shank.

Sleeves above attached cuffs, large head, short shank. Also ladies' shirt waists, negligee shirts, etc.

All dealers. Every button insured.

Booklet Free

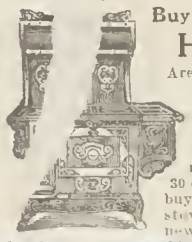
KREMENTZ & CO.

46 Chestnut Street Newark, N. J.

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Buy at Factory Prices, Save $18.00

HOOSIER STOVES



Are Wonderful "Fuel Savers and Easy Bakers." The 20 new 1910 improvements make them the finest stoves and ranges in the world. "Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low unheard of Factory prices." Hoosiers are delivered for you to use 30 days free in your own home before you buy. A written guarantee with each stove, backed by a Million Dollars. Our new 1910 improvements on stoves absolutely surpass anything ever produced.

Send tal Today for Free Catalogue

SIER STO ACTORY, 218 State Street, Marion, Ind.

WIGS and TOUPEES

Absolute non-detectable toupee.

to barbers. Send for Catalog.

Lombar ria Co., 495 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

in his trees, a noble view of Mt. Adams, a group of a half-dozen neighbors, and a small Liberty pole from which floated the Stars and Stripes in the brightest sunshine of July, he replied: "Could I get these in Germany?"

A British soldier recently wrote a play called "An Englishman's Home" that threw England into consternation. It pictured a peaceful English household suddenly attacked and wrecked by the soldiers of an invading army. The whole country went military mad. Schoolboys formed battalions and drilled daily on the green. Even girls went through the manual of arms. Years ago the brilliant English statesman, Disraeli, said: "Opportunity is more powerful than conquerors or prophets." The fruit men of the West, with no thought of shell or gun, in a country blessed with a vast peace, attend to their vines and their trees as did John Burns to his cows and bees.

It has taken more than a hundred years to make the choice acres we find at the Lexington or the Concord greens. But there is no part of their story that is not as much the rightful heritage of the Yakima Valley boy as the youth whose library window looks out on the yard of the Harrington house, where fell the first sacrifice for American freedom. To the Lexington lad will come with his legends of the West the story of how Marcus Whitman, with his "iron-tire" wagon, saved an empire to our flag, and how the Luellings, by carting with ox-team a bundle of twigs over thousands of miles of hardships, changed a vast wilderness into great States and proud cities and prosperous farms with millions of brave, happy people, and with opportunity awaiting many millions more.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Passing Red Man

Mr. Curtis's Photographs of the American Indian

LEADING librarians of England and America seem to agree that one of the most important single publishing enterprises in recent years is the "Photographic History of the North American Indian," by Mr. Edward S. Curtis of Seattle. For years Mr. Curtis has been working in anthropological photography. Appreciating the historical value of this work and the urgent need of having it carried to as complete a condition as possible, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan of New York contributed toward its publication: the edition will be limited to five hundred sets of twenty volumes, to sell at $3.000 a set. Mr. Morgan himself subscribed for the first hundred sets, which he distributed among English and American colleges and libraries. Through the courtesy of Mr. Curtis, COLLIER'S is enabled in this number to offer to its readers some examples of Mr. Curtis's work. In commenting upon Mr. Curtis's photographic achievements, ex-President Roosevelt once said:

". . . Our generation offers the last chance for doing what Mr. Curtis has done. The Indian as he has hitherto been is on the point of passing away. His life has been lived under conditions through which our own race passed so many years ago that not a vestige of their memory remains. It would be a veritable calamity if a vivid and truthful record of these conditions were not kept. No man alone can preserve such a record in complete form. Others have worked in the past, and are working in the present, to preserve parts of the record; but Mr. Curtis, because of the singular combination of qualities with which he has been blessed, and because of his extraordinary success in making and using his opportunities, has been able to do what no other man ever has done; what, as far as we can see, no other man could do. He is an artist who works out of doors and not in the closet. He is a close observer whose qualities of mind and body fit him to make his observations out in the field, surrounded by the wild life he commemorates. He has lived on intimate terms with many different tribes of the mountains and the plains. He knows them as they hunt, as they travel, as they go about their various avocations on the march and in the camp. He knows their medicine men and sorcerers, their chiefs and warriors, their young men and maidens. He has not only seen their vigorous outward existence, but has caught glimpses, such as few white men ever catch, into that strange spiritual and mental life of theirs; from whose innermost recesses all white men are forever barred. Mr. Curtis is rendering a real and great service; a service not only to our own people, but to the world of scholarship everywhere."

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn

And make you tired all over? Allen's Foot-Ease makes the shoes comfortable, rests and cools the feet and makes walking easy. All druggists, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.—*Adv.*



Gillette Safety Razor

NO matter how skillful a man may be with an ordinary razor he will occasionally nick his face—and there is always the danger of a *bad cut.*

The Gillette is safe. On some mornings a man is nervous or in a hurry and there are times when "his fingers are all thumbs"—then there's special comfort in the G[illette]. It requires no stropping or honing. He can shave quickly—clean up all the corners without a cut or scratch.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

Prices, $5.00 to $7.50. For sale everywhere.

You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

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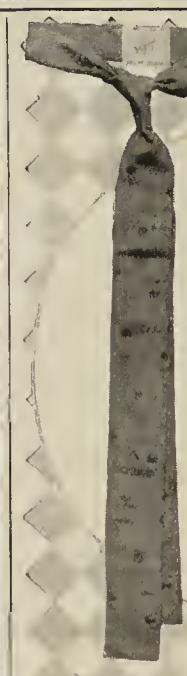


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MEN who know Suskana neckties swear by them. You can recognize Suskana ties by this label—a guarantee of quality, of style, —of your money's worth. They don't bind in the collar.

Susquehanna Silk Mills 18 West 18th Street New York

GUARANTEED MADE OF THE Suskana SILKS LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

YOU CAN'T BREATHE WRONG WITH

$1 BREATHE-RITE $1

If you have any regard for your health or personal appearance you should wear a BREATHE-RITE BRACE. It holds the body gently but firmly erect whether walking, standing or sitting. It corrects round shoulders, strengthens the back and enlarges the chest from one to five inches. Made of a white, washable, elastic fabric, weighs but 2 ounces and is always comfortable.

A blessing for growing boys and girls. One size fits anybody.

Sent anywhere on receipt of price. ONE DOLLAR.

BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., Room 1013, 45 West 34th St., NEW YORK

Send for descriptive booklet. Money back if not pleased. We have an interesting agent's proposition. Send for particulars today.



BINDER FOR COLLIER'S (Express Prepaid), $1.25

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address COLLIER'S, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York

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